

Into the Sea

1. Finding the way

A misty morning hangs heavy, the forest is cold and the streams are still. The birdsong from Langya Mountain is clear and melodious, amidst the lush foliage.

A sudden clap of thunder startled a flock of bluebirds, which fluttered their wings and flew into the clear sky. The man in gray scrambled down the hillside, covering his head to avoid the flying pebbles. After rolling on the ground, several bloody marks appeared on his face. He looked around in fear, and when he saw a tall maple tree in the distance, his eyes lit up, and he staggered toward it.

The wolf howls behind him grew closer, and the thick, stench seemed to be blowing right behind his ears. Tong Chu was afraid to climb the tree, so he trembled as he cast a spell, conjuring a ball of water to splash on himself in an attempt to mask the smell. Just then, he heard a rustling sound in front of him, and a head suddenly popped out from the dense foliage.

He trembled with fright and was about to scream when the man smiled, raised his index finger to his lips, and then jumped down.

Tong Chu cried out in terror, “Miss! There’s a demon down there…”

Before she could finish saying the word “beast,” the woman had already landed on the ground. She stretched out her left hand and shook it, and the silver bracelet that was originally around her wrist melted into hundreds of sharp silver threads as thin as needles. A silver longsword also appeared out of thin air in her palm.

Silver threads flew swiftly to the charging black wolf, piercing its body from all sides like sharp swords, pinning it in mid-air. It howled in agony, its limbs immobilized, fine beads of blood seeping from its wounds, instantly soaking its fur. The woman strolled over leisurely, twirling her sword with her right hand, and the massive wolf’s head rolled to the ground, the spurting blood not even touching the hem of her clothes.

The silver thread was pulled away, and the corpse fell to the ground with a thud. She avoided the crimson blood and walked to the still warm wolf demon’s side. With a flick of her longsword, a golden light flew towards Tong Chu. Tong Chu hurriedly caught it and found that

it was the black wolf's demon core.

The man, dressed in black and holding a sword, stood under the tree and said gently, "Come down, this monster is dead."

Just as Tong Chu was about to agree, a childish voice rang out beside him: "I understand, Master."

He jolted awake, turned around, and saw another girl emerge from beside him. She looked no more than thirteen or fourteen years old. Tong Chu stared blankly as she jumped down. After a while, he looked bewilderedly at the dense bushes, fearing that someone else might be hiding inside.

The woman tilted her head, seemingly finding it somewhat amusing: "Fellow Daoist, are you going to stay up there forever?"

"Huh? No, it's not." Tong Chu seemed to wake from a dream, swallowed hard, and slowly climbed down from the tree. He held up the demon core and said, "This, since you killed it, is yours."

"I don't need it, you can keep it." After she finished speaking, she sheathed her sword. The silver threads, still as pure as water, flowed back to her wrist and gathered into a beautiful, simple silver bracelet.

That makes sense. Why would someone who can so easily behead a demon beast need its demon core?

Tong Chu reluctantly put it away and cautiously asked, "What's your name, fellow Daoist? What are you doing in this desolate wilderness?"

"My surname is Lan. I was on my way to the Taixu Secret Realm in Jinzhou with my disciple when we happened to pass by this place."

"Fellow Daoist is going to the Taixu Secret Realm?" Tong Chu's eyes widened slightly, and he said excitedly, "I am too. With your excellent skills, young lady, you must be a disciple of one of the three great immortal sects."

"No," Lan Wu shook her head, "It's just a small sect."

"Me too!"

"I can see that." Lan Wu still smiled, appearing gentle and warm, but said, "To be chased by such a demonic beast, are you really going to the Taixu Secret Realm?"

Tong Chu was extremely embarrassed. He thought that this kind of demon beast that was about to transform was equivalent to the cultivation level of a Golden Core cultivator. Clearly, this girl was so young yet her cultivation was so profound and extraordinary.

After a long pause, he said, feeling frustrated, "I… will go and see for myself."

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, which was taken as her consent to his idea.

Tong Chu glanced at the black wolf's corpse on the ground, hesitated for a moment, and said, "Since we're all going to Jinzhou, why don't we travel together? That way we can look out for each other on the way."

Lan Wu readily agreed.

Tong Chu was somewhat surprised by her decisive attitude and couldn't help but ask her why.

The three walked and talked.

"I'm not good with directions and can't tell east from west. This is my apprentice's first time traveling with me, so I can't really rely on him. It's more convenient to have someone with me."

"How did you travel before, fellow Daoist?"

"Once upon a time… once upon a time, someone was with me." Lan Wu seemed to remember something, and lowered her eyes with a touch of melancholy, her voice as soft as a sigh: "But that was a long time ago."

II. Enemies

With Tong Chu leading the way, the three of them arrived in Jinzhou smoothly half a month later. After thanking him, Lan Wu took Ah Li to the entrance of the Taixu Secret Realm, which is Jinghai Town, and settled down.

Ah Li had never been ashore before and was curious about everything, especially human food. Even though it was too hot to eat, she still wanted to try it. Lan Wu simply took her to Tianxiang Pavilion, where she observed the various expressions of passersby on the street from a high vantage point while pouring herself a cup of tea.

During the few days she stayed there, she noticed that there were more and more cultivators in the town, but she hadn't seen anyone from the three major immortal sects. It made sense, since the three major immortal sects were always wealthy and powerful. Almost every disciple had a flying boat and a cave heaven formation. They usually shrunk to the size of a walnut and kept it in their storage rings. When needed, they could take it out and turn it into a square, luxurious mansion. Naturally, they would look down on the inns built by ordinary humans.

This is actually a good thing for her.

Lan Wu withdrew her gaze and quietly observed the little girl opposite her. A Li was eating with great relish, her round little face puffed up like a white and tender bun. When she ate her favorite food, she couldn't help but shake her head, and the little tuft of hair behind her swayed back and forth, making Lan Wu's hands itch, and she always wanted to reach out and touch it.

Just as she was getting restless, a commotion suddenly broke out on the street not far away. Lan Wu's ears twitched, and she leaned over, resting her chin on her hand and lazily looking down. She saw a yellowish stray dog running around in the street, knocking over several stalls and drawing a chorus of curses.

"Whose beast is this?!"

"Damn it, it knocked my shop down! I'm going to beat it to death!"

Lan Wu scoffed, thinking to herself that it was a dog demon capable of transformation; there was no way she could kill it. She wasn't going to get involved, intending to just watch the show, when suddenly a white-clad youth descended from the sky, forming a hand seal and shouting at the fleeing dog demon, "Freeze!"

A golden light suddenly struck the dog demon, causing it to howl in agony and crash to the ground. It struggled to get up several times, but couldn't even stand properly. As the boy landed on the ground, the crowd instinctively parted to make way for him, whispering among themselves, "He's a disciple of Haochen Mountain."

"Haochen Mountain, huh? That makes sense. Isn't that secret realm about to open? A lot of cultivators have come to the city recently."

Lan Wu narrowed her eyes slightly and glanced at the boy again. He looked to be about sixteen or seventeen years old, with a straight

posture and handsome face. Against the backdrop of Hao Chen Mountain's beautiful white academic robe, he appeared even more dashing and otherworldly.

Judging from the long sword he carries on his back, its spiritual pressure is awe-inspiring, and it has a deep blue hue, so he is probably a sword cultivator from Golden Feather Peak.

At Jinling Peak, both the peak master and his disciples hate monsters the most.

Sure enough, even though the dog demon was powerless to resist, the boy still stepped forward, drew his long sword from his back, and mercilessly pierced its left leg.

The piercing barking of the dog could be heard from afar. Lan Wu's eyelids twitched, and her gaze darkened slightly. Meanwhile, A Li had somehow gotten up to the window, frowning as she looked out and whispered, "He's so pitiful."

Lan Wu remained silent.

Ah Li turned back to look at her again, calling out pitifully, "Master…"

"What?" Lan Wu put down her teacup and looked at her. "Do you want me to save him?"

Ah Li nodded quickly.

"But why should we save him? We don't even know him, and besides, he's being chased by disciples of Haochen Mountain. He might have done something bad. Saving him would only get us into trouble." Lan Wu asked, "Have you thought about these issues?"

Ah Li stared blankly at her, then stammered, "No…no."

Lan Wu sighed and said, "A Li, this is the human world. Humans hate us demons. Moreover, demons have always followed the law of the jungle, and they often harm each other. Just because you feel sorry for them, do you want to save them?"

Ah Li lowered her head and said dejectedly, "I understand, Master."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then reached out and rubbed her head. In the end, she couldn't bear it and decided to help that dog demon.

At that moment, a cold voice rang out: "Chang Li".

Lan Wu suddenly froze, raised her eyes, and stared unblinkingly at the woman who was descending lightly from the sky like an immortal.

Ji Lingyue.

The boy, who was about to pierce the dog demon's second leg, turned around and saw her, and immediately smiled: "Third Senior Sister!"

Ji Lingyue, dressed in Haochen Mountain's spotless white robes, looked up and a chorus of exclamations arose around her. Even the person sitting at the table opposite Lan Yin craned their neck to look out, saying in surprise, "Even she's here. Does that mean Young Master Qing will also be here?"

What do you mean?

"You're really oblivious to what's going on around you. How many years has Young Master Qing been obsessed with her? Don't you know that?"

"I don't care about that, but since even she's here, the Taixu Secret Realm might really have a lot of good stuff."

"Even if there are good things, will you get them? They'll probably end up in the pockets of Haochen Mountain, Jintang Palace, and Yunxiao Pavilion."

"Sigh…that's true…"

Young Master Qing?

Lan Wu frowned upon hearing this, and then realized that the young city lord Qing was probably Qing Zibai. Her mood immediately soured. She sighed, rested her chin on her hand, and looked at the two senior and junior brothers on the street with a sullen expression.

After exchanging a few words, the boy named Changli nodded, threw the dog demon into the demon-binding bag, and followed Ji Lingyue to leave. After taking a few steps, Ji Lingyue suddenly frowned, slightly raised her hand, and a snow-white gyrfalcon flew out from her sleeve, flapping its wings and flying towards a tavern on the side of the street.

Ji Lingyue was stunned for a moment, her expression changed

instantly, and she quickly chased after him, landing lightly in front of the second-floor window facing the street. She glanced around and saw a gyrfalcon standing on an empty table, lazily flapping its wings. There was a half-cup of tea on one side of the table and chopsticks scattered messily on the other, as if its owner was in a hurry to leave and had been forced to abandon the meal.

Ji Lingyue's gaze shifted to the teacup, and after staring at it for a while, she reached out and picked it up.

It's still hot.

She looked up and saw the two people opposite her staring at her in disbelief. She lowered her hand and politely asked, "Excuse me, gentlemen, have you seen where the person who was sitting at this table just now went?"

The two people said "oh" twice, "They left suddenly, just before you came, it felt like only a short time apart."

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and continued to ask, "Did you two get a clear look at what the people at that table looked like?"

"Of course I saw it clearly. There were two women. One was in her twenties and looked quite ordinary. The other was a girl of about thirteen or fourteen, who was rather cute."

"…Is that so?"

After leaving the restaurant, Ji Lingyue stood on the bustling street, glancing back at the throng of pedestrians. Her gaze was distant and unwavering, as if she were looking through the crowd at something. Gu Changli followed her, looking around, and asked curiously, "Senior Sister, do you know those two people?"

Ji Lingyue said in a low voice, "I know one."

"Oh? Is he your friend, senior sister?"

"no."

"Who is that person?"

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, her eyes darting around, concealing a thousand thoughts, and coldly said, "They are enemies."

"Ah…" Gu Changli was stunned for a moment. He had never heard of

his senior sister, who was always indifferent to joy or sorrow, having any enemies. He muttered, “No wonder she ran away as soon as she saw her senior sister. So she is an enemy.”

Ji Lingyue stopped talking and turned to leave first. Gu Changli sighed and quickly followed. Soon, they disappeared into the crowd.

III. First Encounter

Forty years ago, in Qihuang Mountain, Lianzhou.

Lan Wu sat under the shade of a tree, hugging her knees listlessly, her lips already chapped.

She was a mermaid who had just turned two hundred years old and was able to transform into human form, but in reality, she was only equivalent to sixteen or seventeen years old in human terms. Underage mermaids should not have left the Kunlun Sea that protected them, but she overheard her father and mother’s conversation.

“Awu is of marriageable age, it’s time for her to get married.”

“Prince Shalang from the Shark Clan is interested in a marriage alliance with us. Let them meet in a few days, and if it’s a good match, then we’ll arrange it.”

She was instantly at a loss, both angry and aggrieved. Leaving aside the fact that the Shark Clan’s Shalang was burly and rough, with skin harder than stone—she utterly despised him—how could she possibly marry him? Then she looked at her twin sister, who was entrusted with important responsibilities, spending her days by their father’s side handling official duties. She was merely slightly less skilled, less talented, and less gentle than her sister, yet she was treated this way. Truly, each fish has its own fate.

In a fit of anger, Lan Wu packed her bags and left Kunlun Sea. She randomly chose a direction and walked without incident until yesterday, when a stinky old Taoist priest discovered her identity and began to relentlessly pursue her.

In a panic, she took the medicine given to her by the floating creature and hid her scent to avoid the white-bearded old man, only to discover even worse news.

She lost all her demonic powers and became a human who was

powerless to even kill a chicken.

Looking inward into her sea of consciousness, the once luminous mermaid pearl seemed to be obscured by a layer of gray mist, and she couldn't muster any power. She truly couldn't believe that the medicine Fuyou had mentioned, which could seamlessly disguise one as a mortal, was disguised in this way.

Once all demonic energy and power are gone, one becomes a mortal.

It took Lan Wu a long time to accept this fact. She didn't know how long the medicine would last, or when she would recover. She became increasingly irritable. After wandering around the woods like a headless fly all morning, she finally gave up and stopped, randomly finding a shady spot to sit down.

The cicadas' chirping in the summer was extremely noisy after a while. Under the scorching sun, the ground was burning hot. Lan Wu hugged her legs and sighed, listlessly resting her head on her knees, her beautiful eyes squinting weakly.

Even though her demonic powers were suppressed, making her indistinguishable from humans, her body still retained the habits of a merman. Prolonged exposure to the sun inevitably weakened her body, but she had already been lost in this deep forest for a long time, and her pampered legs were numb from walking, let alone finding water.

As her eyelids grew heavier, Lan Wu's body gradually swayed. Before she closed her eyes and completely fainted, she cursed Fu You for the 109th time in her heart.

What kind of lousy pills are these? They're going to kill her!

After an unknown amount of time, the girl, still half-asleep, let out a soft moan, her eyelashes fluttered for a moment, and then she suddenly opened her eyes. A faint blue light flashed in her eyes, then turned into a pure black. Her heart was still pounding, but she couldn't remember what she had just dreamed about. Lan Wu subconsciously clutched her chest, staring blankly at the dilapidated roof in front of her. After a while, she realized that she was no longer in the same place.

She quickly sat up, the drape falling onto her lap. The afterglow of the setting sun fell on her face, and Lan Wu subconsciously shielded her eyes. Through her blurry vision, she saw a Buddha statue covered in

cobwebs looking down at her with compassion.

The dilapidated temple was covered in dust, with only a clean area around her that had been simply cleared out, and within easy reach was a broken bowl filled with water.

Lan Wu suddenly felt parched, picked up the bowl and drank it down in a few gulps. As the water flowed into her stomach, she held the empty bowl and breathed a sigh of relief, finally feeling much better.

Just then, footsteps approached, and the person pushed open the crooked door, walked in against the light, their silhouette thin.

Lan Wu squinted at him, and only when she got closer did she realize that he was a boy of about fourteen or fifteen years old. The boy was dark-skinned and thin, with a cold and stern expression. He was wearing a faded gray shirt, with a short knife at his waist and a dead rabbit in his hand.

As she sized up the boy, he was also sizing her up.

The girl in the blue dress had a bright and beautiful face, with skin as white as snow and eyes that were bright and clear, filled with shimmering water. From her overall demeanor to the craftsmanship of her clothes and accessories, it was clear that she was a pampered young lady from a wealthy family.

I just don't know why I fainted in this desolate wilderness.

He looked away, silently took the rabbit, and squatted down on the other side, deftly beginning to skin and butcher it. Outside, the sunset was ablaze with fiery red. Lan Wu slowly stood up, first glancing at the sky before shuffling over to the boy's side, whispering, "Did you bring me here? Thank you."

Seeing that the boy ignored her and was only focused on the rabbit in his hands, Lan Wu shamelessly continued to ask, "What, what's your name?"

After another long silence, just as Lan Wu was wondering if he was mute, a dry voice came: "Aji".

Being able to speak is a good start. Lan Wu breathed a sigh of relief, squatted down next to him, and said with a smile, "My name is Lan Wu, Lan as in blue, and Wu as in beautiful."

"Where did you catch that rabbit? You're amazing!"

"Is this your dinner tonight? Are you going to bake it?"

"Where are we? I think we're still in the mountains."

"Do you know how to get down the mountain? I've been lost for ages today…" Lan Wu talked to herself for a while, but seeing that he didn't seem to care about her at all, she couldn't help but sigh. She rested her chin on her hands and asked without much hope, "Do you have any water? I'm so thirsty."

As soon as she finished speaking, a water pouch was handed to her. Lan Wu took it subconsciously and stared in astonishment at the boy who was still focused on dealing with the rabbit after handing her the water. She blinked.

He seems to be a person who is cold on the outside but warm on the inside.

She held the water bottle and took a small, demure sip, but couldn't resist and unconsciously drank several more, emptying the water pouch. Lan Wu immediately blushed, quite embarrassed, and stammered, "I'm sorry, I drank all your water…"

"It's alright." Aji finally turned her head and glanced at her. "There's a stream right outside."

Lan Wu then got a clear look at A Ji's face. Although her skin was a little dark, she had a delicate face and a pair of clear, beautiful, narrow eyes.

She thanked him and jogged out. Sure enough, there was a knee-deep stream about 20 or 30 meters away from the dilapidated temple. Lan Wu lay down on the bank, scooped up some water to wash her face, and drank a few mouthfuls before letting out a sigh of relief.

When she returned to the dilapidated temple with a wet face, Aji had already skewered the meat and was roasting it over the fire.

Lan Wu's stomach rumbled, and she quickly moved closer to him, saying, "Aji, thank you so much for saving me. Otherwise, I would have died and no one would have known."

"You won't die," Aji said calmly. "You just have heatstroke. You'll be fine after a rest."

"Even so, you're a really kind person to have brought me here to rest." Lan Wu asked with a smile, "By the way, how did you end up in these mountains?"

Aji didn't answer her, but instead asked, "And you? Why are you in this desolate place?"

"Me?" Lan Wu bit her lip, her mood suddenly becoming somewhat depressed. She said, half-truthfully, "I ran away from home. My father… my father wanted me to marry someone else, but I didn't want to, so I secretly ran away."

Aji turned her head to look at her. The girl's delicate face looked even more beautiful in the firelight. Her sorrowful emotions were written on her face, and she looked innocent and naive.

He relaxed his guard a bit towards Lan Wu, turned his head to continue turning the meat skewers in his hand, and said in a low voice, "It's dangerous for you to be out alone. You should go home soon."

"I'm not going back." Lan Wu frowned and said, "If I go back, I'll have to marry someone I don't like. No matter how dangerous it is outside, I'll be acting according to my own will. I'd rather suffer a bit than go back and let them arrange my marriage at will."

After saying these words, she felt much better, but she still insisted on asking Aji about her origins: "And you, you still haven't told me, what are you doing here?"

After a moment of silence, Aji said, "I'm on my way to Haochen Mountain to become a disciple, and I'm just passing through here."

"Haochen Mountain?" Lan Wu asked curiously, "What kind of place is that?"

Aji turned to look at her in surprise: "You don't know Haochen Mountain? It's the head of the three great immortal sects, located in Jixue Capital in Beizhou, which is hundreds of miles away from here."

The Immortal Sect, isn't that the place where those annoying cultivators who always claim to be subduing demons and monsters stay?

Lan Wu felt a surge of anger when she thought of the old man who had chased her around, and suddenly she also found the person in

front of her who was going to become her apprentice displeasing.

By this time, Aji had already cooked the meat. After cutting it open with a knife, she wrapped a large piece in clean leaves and handed it to Lanwu. Lanwu was stunned: "Give it to me?"

Aji nodded: "Weren't you hungry?"

That slight annoyance vanished instantly. Lan Wu smiled, carefully held the cup, blew on it to cool it down before taking a bite, but was still burned and cried out.

She gulped down several mouthfuls of water before feeling a bit better, but dared not take another sip, only holding it and staring at it with a bitter expression. Aji, somewhat puzzled, tasted her own and muttered softly, "It's not hot."

Lan Wu chuckled dryly, "I… I'm not in good health. I can't stand being too hot or too cold. I hope you'll forgive me."

Aji looked up at her, and after a long while, she reaffirmed her thought: "In this state, it would be better for you to go home quickly."

IV. Girl

Faced with a prospective Taoist priest, Lan Wu simply couldn't muster any affection for him. She decided to part ways with the boy after descending the mountain, but as a fish with terrible sense of direction on land, no matter how unwilling she was, she had to beg Aji to take her down the mountain first.

Fortunately, although Aji appears taciturn, she is actually kind-hearted.

According to him, Mount Qihuang stretches for dozens of miles, and the nearest town is a day's walk away. Before Lan Wu could speak, he offered, "Let me take you down the mountain."

Lan Wu was overjoyed and thanked them repeatedly. The two rested for one night and set off early the next morning.

Perhaps it was because of the burden of having Lan Wu along, but the town that Aji said could be reached in a day was still nowhere to be seen by dusk. He turned around, looked at the girl leaning against a tree and sighing, and clicked his tongue in exasperation.

"Rest here tonight." He picked up his dagger and walked deeper into the woods, instructing, "I'm going hunting. I'll be back before dark. Don't wander off."

"Okay." Lan Wu was more than happy to agree and sat down with a thud. When she turned around, the boy's thin figure was no longer visible.

This person is exceptionally reliable.

To think that I've lived for two hundred years and yet am being taken care of like this by a human child makes me feel ashamed.

Feeling ashamed, Lan Wu pondered for a while, then gulped down a few mouthfuls of water from her water pouch and decided to listen to A Ji and sit still.

The setting sun was like blood, and weary birds returned to their nests. When the last ray of light fell into darkness, Aji still hadn't returned. Lanwu patiently sat for a while longer, but found it unusually quiet, without even a chirping sound, which made her heart tremble.

She suddenly had a bad feeling.

After hesitating for a moment, Lan Wu stood up and followed the direction A Ji had left in.

As they ventured deeper into the forest, the temperature suddenly dropped. Lan Wu slowed her pace, groping for a branch to probe her way. After a few more steps, she suddenly heard a cracking sound. Startled, Lan Wu instinctively felt something ominous approaching and quickly turned to look in the direction of the sound. Under the dim moonlight, the shadows of the trees swayed, and the depths were pitch black, with only the occasional rustling of the wind.

She stared intently into the darkness, feeling goosebumps rise all over her body.

Just then, a figure emerged from the darkness. Aji, carrying two pheasants, paused for a moment when she saw her: "Lanwu? What are you doing here?"

Lan Wu's expression suddenly changed, and she exclaimed, "Watch out behind you!"

Aji reacted quickly, lunging forward and rolling away as she spoke, dodging the massive snake tail that was about to strike him.

Just as Lan Wu breathed a sigh of relief, a huge snake head emerged from the forest. Its red, vertical pupils stared coldly at the boy in front of it, and its gaping maw lunged straight at him. Lan Wu's mind went blank, but her body involuntarily rushed forward, grabbed the snake's snout, and rolled to the ground while holding its head.

Sharp teeth pierced her soft arm instantly, and she couldn't help but whimper in pain. The boy who had gotten up nearby saw this and his pupils contracted sharply. He called out in a hoarse voice, "Lan Wu!"

Lan Wu couldn't respond to him; she was lifted into the air by the snake, her body tightly coiled several times, her pretty face turning bright red. Aji looked around helplessly, then suddenly remembered something, gritted her teeth, drew the dagger from her waist, and pounced.

The snake demon's scales are as hard as iron, but its weakness is still its seven-inch mark.

With his keen eyesight honed from years of hunting, he dodged the sweeping snake tail and swiftly stabbed at its heart. Only the tip of the dagger penetrated before he was violently thrown away by a tremendous force. The snake demon also hissed in pain, fell off Lanwu, rolled and knocked down several bushes, and swam away at high speed.

Lan Wu regained her breath and began coughing violently while lying on the ground. After a while, she raised her head and saw the boy lying not far away. She paused for a moment and asked, "A-Ji?"

The boy was pale, bleeding from his mouth and nose, and had more than a dozen broken bones. Lan Wu stumbled and knelt down beside him, checked his breath, and found that he was barely breathing.

Even a cultivator who has tempered his bones and strengthened his body would not be able to withstand being whipped by the snake demon with ninety percent of its strength, let alone an ordinary human.

He's going to die.

When Aji woke up, Lan Wu was sitting under a tree, struggling to bandage her wounds. When she met his gaze, she said naturally,

“You’re awake.”

He stared blankly at Lan Wu for a long time before suddenly exclaiming and sitting up abruptly: “Snake demon!”

“They’ve already escaped.” Lan Wu smiled. “Thanks to you for saving me.”

“Me?” His expression was even more confused, and he subconsciously touched himself. “But I remember…”

“Oh dear, you were incredibly brave just now, rushing forward and stabbing that snake demon right in the seven-inch mark. Luckily, its demonic power wasn’t strong, and it only knocked you unconscious. Otherwise, even a great immortal might not have been able to save you.”

“Really?” Aji was even more confused: “I thought such a big monster must be very powerful.”

“That’s not necessarily true,” Lan Wu said, biting the knot in her teeth, her voice becoming muffled. “How many monsters have you seen…”

Aji was stunned for a moment, and his face suddenly darkened when he saw her bloodied and mangled right arm. He got up, pursed his lips, knelt down beside Lan Wu, took the knot from her hand, untied it, and re-bandaged it.

When the pressure on her wound was applied, Lan Wu couldn’t help but gasp. Her eyes reddened and became wet, making her look incredibly pitiful.

Aji paused for a moment before continuing to wrap the package. Lan Wu watched him quietly and found him to be surprisingly calm.

She tilted her head slightly, a hint of suspicion in her eyes.

Are human children always this calm when they encounter monsters?

Lost in thought, Lan Wu suddenly felt some warm liquid fall onto her arm. She was startled and looked at A Ji in surprise. He had a cold and expressionless face, but tears were falling one by one.

This person even cries quietly.

But as a merman, these tears felt scalding hot to her. Lan Wu trembled, somewhat at a loss: “You, you shouldn’t cry, we’re all still

alive, why are you crying?"

Aji sniffed and said in a muffled voice, "You almost died."

"Well, he didn't die, did he?" Lan Wu said, trying to sound relaxed. "He's turned bad into good. Our journey tomorrow will definitely be much easier." She laughed a few times after she finished speaking, trying to ease the atmosphere, but A Ji still had a stern face, making the atmosphere even more awkward.

Lan Wu: …

Feeling awkward, she simply shut her mouth and remained silent. But Aji spoke up again, asking, "Why did you block my way just now? We've only just met, don't you know how dangerous that was?"

"I know, but you're younger than me and look weaker, so I have to protect you." Lan Wu looked at him and whispered, "Besides, you're the first good person I've met outside. You even took me down the mountain. If I abandon you and run away alone, that would be too heartless."

Aji pursed his lips, looked up to meet her gaze. The girl's eyes were clear and bright, her expression gentle; she was speaking to him from the bottom of her heart. He looked away, curled his fingers, and whispered, "You're a good person."

Lan Wu was stunned for a moment, feeling somewhat guilty. This was because she wasn't human at all, but a demon.

"Thank you……"

"Alright," she said with a forced laugh, feeling awkward. "A real man shouldn't be all tears and thanking me like that."

Aji: …

He couldn't help but glare at Lan Wu, who stiffened, thinking to herself that his gaze was far too reproachful and resentful. The sight of a little boy looking at her like that truly gave her goosebumps.

Aji lowered her eyes, tying the knot on the bandage as she calmly asked, "When did I tell you I was a man?"

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then stared wide-eyed in astonishment, asking incredulously, "Aren't you? You…" She looked A Ji up and

down, her gaze sweeping over his handsome features, thin body, and gray cloth clothes: "You're a girl?"

Aji nodded and said, "My name is Ji Lingyue, Ling as in 'lingran' and Yue as in 'moon'."

After a long while, Lan Wu opened her mouth in a daze and stammered, "Ah, is that so? You…you, you have a good name."

5. Damn it.

As night deepened, the giant snake, almost blending into the darkness, slithered across the rugged rock face and rested in the deep forest stream, observing its prey by the moonlight.

Her slender body was entangled in the snake's tail and hung upside down. Before long, Lan Wu felt dizzy and her vision blurred. She heard rustling sounds, felt hard scales scraping against the ground, and felt the cold snake tongue lick her cheek. She suddenly shuddered and opened her eyes wide.

The black snake's crimson vertical eyes were inches away, reflecting her frail shadow: "I haven't seen a living merman for a hundred years. You little merman, why aren't you staying in the Kunlun Sea? What are you doing in the human world?"

Lan Wu panicked and denied it, "What are you talking about? Who is a merman?"

The snake demon sneered, "Stop pretending. I was only gone for a short while, and my wound healed. After thinking it over, the only thing that could have happened was biting you and drinking your blood. That kid is still alive and well. Wasn't it you who fed him your blood? In this world, only the blood of merfolk has this effect. Even if you are not a merfolk, you are still some kind of highly nourishing substance. Eating you will definitely greatly increase my cultivation."

Lan Wu froze, her face deathly pale as she stared at the snake's forked tongue, and cried out in a death throes, "You… if you let me go, I'll definitely be of great use to you…"

"A great use?" It tilted its head and hissed, "As a furnace or cauldron?"

Lan Wu was taken aback, not expecting this turn of events. Before she could speak, the snake demon chuckled and said with delight, "Yes,

how come I didn't think of that? Keeping you as a furnace is much more cost-effective."

It flicked its tail happily, its fangs secreting venom. After turning the girl around, it coiled around her body, its huge head sliding up her chest and affectionately rubbing against Lan Wu's neck.

Lan Wu shivered from the cold scales: "What…what are you going to do…"

You'll find out soon enough.

She felt a sense of despair and closed her eyes in fear, but then she suddenly heard a roar.

Compared to the snake demon that suddenly launched a second attack, Ji Lingyue was more like a venomous snake, following them closely and silently, relentlessly pursuing them all the way.

She was exhausted, covered in sweat, and her eyes were bloodshot, yet she still narrowly escaped attack after attack.

After being stabbed hard, the black snake went berserk and hissed, "You're asking for death!"

It released Lan Wu, turned around and lunged at the girl. Ji Lingyue rolled behind a tree, panting, and staggered to her feet. When the snake's head attacked, she instinctively used her dagger to block it. With a clang, the weapon flew out of her hand, and she was knocked to the ground by the impact of the hard scales.

A cold snake tail quickly crawled up her ankle and coiled around her. The stench of decay assaulted her face, and she opened her eyes wide in panic as she watched the black snake open its scarlet maw.

The sharp fangs pierced the flesh of her neck, and the cold venom was instantly injected. Ji Lingyue groaned, lost all color in an instant, and her body went limp like noodles.

Seeing that she had lost consciousness, the snake demon raised its head, and its body, as thick as a bucket, wrapped around the girl, trying to strangle her on the spot.

"Hey!" Suddenly, a clear voice called out from behind. Lan Wu trembled all over and mustered her courage to stammer, "Release her, or else… or else I'll self-destruct the mermaid pearl and make sure you

get nothing!"

"You," the snake demon sneered, "a weak and delicate little mermaid, would you dare to do such a thing?"

"Anyway, I'll die if you eat me. Being your furnace is worse than death, so I might as well kill myself!" Even though she had no demonic power left and couldn't control the mermaid pearl at all, Lan Wu still bluffed and said, "Think it over carefully. She's just an ordinary human. You won't lose anything by letting her go."

The snake demon quieted down, its red vertical pupils fixed on her, seemingly considering her suggestion.

After a while, it slowly loosened its tail that was wrapped around Ji Lingyue and threw her to the ground: "Okay."

Lan Wu pursed her lips and said with a look of grim determination, "Come here, I'll be your furnace."

"What a hassle." The black snake clicked its tongue, slowly crawling towards Lan Wu, its vertical pupils casting a cold glance at the unconscious human behind it: "I have to start all over again..."

Just then, a small mermaid not far from it suddenly reached out and sprinkled all the powder it was holding in its palm onto its head.

White powder swirled and settled on the black scales. Time seemed to stand still as both the man and the snake held their breath, standing motionless opposite each other.

After a while, Lan Wu asked softly, "Does it hurt?"

"You!" It roared in fury, its vision already bloodshot, burning as if on fire: "What have you done!"

Seeing that the medicine powder was working, Lan Wu immediately felt more confident and laughed boldly, putting her hands on her hips and saying, "You should try the medicine made by the high priest of the merfolk!"

"I'll kill you!" It was enraged and swung its tail, but missed. Lan Wu had already run to Ji Lingyue's side and dragged her into the depths of the dense forest. The black snake chased after them. Because it couldn't see, it attacked everything it touched indiscriminately, rampaging and destroying large areas of trees.

Lan Wu picked up the dagger that had fallen to the ground, then hoisted Ji Lingyue onto her back and stumbled away.

Perhaps her will to survive was ignited, because her back and legs no longer ached, and she soon shook off the snake demon, only vaguely hearing its painful hiss.

The person on top of her stirred and let out a short groan. Lan Wu was overjoyed and ran to a flat spot to put her down, calling softly, “Aji?”

Ji Lingyue slowly opened her eyes, her eyes flushed red. She stared blankly at Lan Wu for a while before saying, “Snake…”

“Snake? What snake?” Lan Wu didn’t want to mention that unlucky thing at all. She wanted to help her up and walk a little further away. “I used a little trick and it went blind. I guess snakes aren’t very smart, their brains are too small…”

“Blinded?” Ji Lingyue gasped for breath, then suddenly stopped. “Where’s my knife?”

Lan Wu was taken aback and handed the dagger back to her: “What’s wrong?”

She turned and walked back, weak but without hesitation: “I’m going to kill it.”

Lan Wu was taken aback: “Why kill it? Even if it’s blind, we might not be able to beat it. We’re lucky we escaped.” She grabbed Ji Lingyue and pulled her in the opposite direction: “Let’s go quickly, it would be bad if it caught up with us.”

Ji Lingyue struggled for a moment but couldn’t break free. When she looked back at her, her eyes were already bloodshot: “Monsters deserve to die. Strike while the iron is hot. Why should I let this opportunity pass?”

Lan Wu was stunned for a moment before letting go.

Ji Lingyue glanced at her, panting, then turned away and continued walking back the way she came, her figure gradually disappearing into the darkness.

Lan Wu was truly heartbroken that they said all monsters deserved to die.

She pursed her lips, and in a huff, walked quickly in another direction. After walking for a while, she stopped in frustration, scratched her hair, and let out a few “ah ah ah” sounds.

“So annoying!”

She stomped her foot, turned around, and chased after him with a resentful expression.

Unfortunately, her inability to discern directions caused her to wander aimlessly through the forest for a long time. When she finally managed to find her way there, the fierce battle was over. The area was like a hurricane had swept through, with trees within a radius of dozens of meters lying askew and fallen. Ji Lingyue sat alone under a tree stump, with a snake’s head at her feet.

Lan Wu looked in horror at the scene, which resembled a slaughterhouse. The headless snake body lay slumped on the ground, its heart almost pierced into a pulp, and a golden demon core the size of a date pit rolled wildly in the pool of blood.

Ji Lingyue heard the noise, turned around and saw it was her, her eyes lit up.

Her face was covered in blood, but she slowly raised a smile, opened her arms to show it all: “Is it beautiful?”

Lan Wu’s long eyelashes trembled, and she didn’t dare to meet her gaze, even taking a step back.

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, tilting her head in confusion. After a moment, she exclaimed in understanding and casually wiped the blood off her face: “Sorry, it looks a bit dirty.”

“You…” Lan Wu’s throat bobbed, and only now did she finally realize the awkwardness: “Are you crazy?”

They are not afraid of monsters, hate monsters, and enjoy killing monsters.

Is this normal for a human child?

Ji Lingyue blinked, then suddenly stood up, staggered towards her, and hugged her tightly.

Lan Wu suddenly shuddered and froze on the spot, unable to move.

The person in my arms was cold, and their bones were sore from being pressed against my skin, but their voice was unusually soft, as if they were gently coaxing a child: “It’s alright, it’s alright, the monsters are all dead, don’t be afraid.”

VI. Poison

How terrifying!

After the terrifying human child finished speaking, he collapsed limply to the ground.

Lan Wu suddenly jumped back a step, glanced at the dark woods around her, and then hesitated to take another step. She stood frozen in place, calculating the chances of getting lost if she ran away on her own. After a lot of internal struggle, she finally dragged herself forward and asked in a panic, “What’s wrong with you?”

Ji Lingyue remained silent, her eyes tightly closed, her face flushed, and her chest heaving more and more violently, as if she couldn’t breathe. Lan Wu sensed something was wrong, frowned, and squatted down to touch her forehead.

“It’s so hot…” she gasped, her gaze shifting downwards to the two small, bloody holes on the girl’s neck.

So that’s how it is. The snake was supposed to use the venom from her body, but it seems it bit Ji Lingyue instead.

Perhaps she was poisoned, which is why she acted so horribly.

Lan Wu comforted herself and relaxed a bit. She carefully avoided the bloodstains, picked up the knife, and stared at the stinking, headless snake corpse for a long time before gritting her teeth and cutting it open.

After removing the snake gallbladder, Lan Wu jogged back, pried open Ji Lingyue’s chin, and forced it into her mouth.

“Ugh!” Ji Lingyue frowned, instinctively about to spit it out, but Lan Wu covered her mouth, and with a movement of her throat, she swallowed the bitter, fishy stuff.

She opened her eyes uncomfortably, and through her blurry vision, she saw Lan Wu’s beautiful and ethereal face. The girl’s dark eyes stared at her intently, and she asked nervously, “How are you

feeling?"

"I…" She opened her mouth, as if a fire was burning inside her, forcing out fine beads of sweat that quickly soaked her clothes. She whimpered and choked out, "Water…"

"Okay, okay, I'll take you there." Lan Wu breathed a sigh of relief, bent down, picked her up, and ran towards the stream not far away.

Even through her clothes, she could feel the scorching heat. Ji Lingyue's body was burning hot, and her hot breath occasionally brushed against the back of her neck, sending shivers down her spine. For a merman who lived in the deep sea, this was unbearable. Lan Wu quickened her pace, placed the person at the edge of the deep pool, and then quickly moved away.

Ji Lingyue curled up on the ground, struggled to turn over, and put her palms into the cool water. She pursed her lips, her long eyelashes drenched in steam. Feeling a little better, she crawled forward and plunged headfirst into the pool.

"Huh?" Lan Wu was taken aback. Standing by the water, she could only see a thin body slowly sinking.

What are they doing?

Lan Wu stood on the shore watching for a while, and seeing that she didn't move, she gradually became anxious. After pacing around anxiously a few times, she gritted her teeth, jumped into the water with a splash, and swam towards Ji Lingyue.

Her soft, black hair flowed like seaweed, and the little mermaid, now in human form, had a fair complexion with only a hint of deep blue light in her eyes. She grasped Ji Lingyue's hand, which was floating in the water, lifted her long eyelashes, and met the girl's crimson eyes.

"…"

She froze for a moment, and before she could react, Ji Lingyue frowned and leaned closer, wrapping her arms around her waist and clinging to her like vines.

She looked up, her eyes slightly narrowed, and leaned closer with a bewildered expression.

A soft, moist lip was pressed against Lan Wu's chin.

A few breaths later, a splash suddenly appeared on the calm water. Lan Wu popped her head out in fright and, in her panic, pulled the person in her arms to the shore. Ji Lingyue clung weakly to her, her burning forehead resting on Lan Wu's shoulder, her long, wet eyelashes glistening with water droplets, as if she were crying.

Lan Wu was completely disoriented, her hands hovering in the air, not daring to touch her at all, her mind wandering wildly.

So…so snake gallbladders can't detoxify?

Judging from the person's current state, she could roughly guess what kind of poison it was.

This is troublesome. She has seen whales and dolphins mating in the sea, but what should she do when faced with a human, a thin, small, and young human?

Lan Wu frowned in distress. After a long while, she tentatively called out, "Aji?"

"Mmm…" Ji Lingyue let out a soft hum, her head drooping down, rubbing her face against Lan Wu's chest. Lan Wu carefully pushed her, but she easily pushed her down.

Seeing her slide back into the water like she had no bones, Lan Wu quickly grabbed her by the collar and pulled her up. After hesitating for a while, she asked seriously, "Aji, how old are you?"

Ji Lingyue kept her eyes closed and remained silent.

"Aji?" She shook Ji Lingyue's shoulder.

Feeling dizzy from the shaking, the girl let out a soft whimper and struggled to open her eyes.

Lan Wu repeated, "How old are you?"

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then said in a hoarse voice, "Ten, fourteen."

Fourteen, is fourteen years old considered young for humans?

She frowned, pondering the question seriously, but didn't notice the girl silently leaning closer, raising her head, and kissing her on the cheek again.

“!” Lan Wu shuddered, covering her face in shock, but Ji Lingyue still looked bewildered, her narrow eyes staring straight at her, her expression even somewhat innocent.

Upon meeting Lan Wu’s gaze, she slowly revealed a submissive smile, lowered her head ingratiatingly, took Lan Wu’s other hand, and licked it with her little tongue.

——

I am short

7. I'm sorry

Under the serene moonlight, the water flowing from the cliff face converges into a waterfall, resembling a silvery-white silk ribbon, neither cloud nor mist. The splashing water, pure white as snow, crashes against the dark green rocks, shattering into sparkling pearls that fall into the water's surface, creating ripples.

Amidst the roaring sound, Lan Wu wouldn't have been able to hear the girl's soft moans unless she was extremely close.

"Lan, Lan Wu…" Ji Lingyue called out in a sob, her slender fingers tightly gripping Lan Wu's soaked clothes, her legs trembling uncontrollably as they were submerged in water.

Lan Wu responded, pursing her lips, frowning, and swinging her arms slightly, as if she were doing something serious.

I wonder what Ji Lingyue will think after she wakes up.

Lan Wu numbly rubbed the slippery clitoris with her fingertips, her thoughts drifting away.

How did things turn out this way?

She was clearly an underage mermaid, yet she was doing this to a human.

"Mmm…" Ji Lingyue trembled, her vaginal opening contracted, and wet, lustful fluid flowed out, dripping onto Lan Wu's palm. She gasped for breath and buried her head in Lan Wu's shoulder.

Lan Wu hesitated for a moment, then gently stroked her back with the hand that was around her, comforting her, "Are you still feeling unwell?"

After a long while, Ji Lingyue gave a soft "hmm" through her sobs.

Lan Wu closed her eyes sadly.

After all, Ji Lingyue had become like this all to save her, and Lan Wu felt guilty. She rubbed her fingertips against the soft petals, kneading out the wet and sticky fluid, and then pressed and kneaded the sensitive clitoris.

The girl began to sob, curling her legs up and hooking them around Lan Wu's waist, her arms tightly wrapped around Lan Wu's neck, as if trying to squeeze herself completely into Lan Wu's embrace.

She started calling again, "Lan Wu…"

"What's wrong?"

"Cold." As she spoke, she shivered, her still burning cheeks pressed against Lan Wu's neck, and she couldn't help but rub against her.

Cold? Lan Wu looked at her suspiciously, and after a while, she opened her eyes wide in surprise: "Are you sick?"

Unable to get a response from Ji Lingyue, she simply carried the person ashore and sat down in a dry place.

Ji Lingyue's eyes were closed, her thick eyelashes glistening with moisture, and her honey-colored skin appeared pale in the soft moonlight. Lan Wu cradled her cheeks, feeling as if she were holding a ball of fire. She called Ji Lingyue's name a few times, but seeing that she remained dazed and about to faint, she hesitated for a moment before lowering her head and biting her own finger.

She had already fed this person a lot of blood to save him, but considering that he was just an ordinary human and might not be able to withstand it, she didn't want to do it again.

But now, we have no choice but to try anything, even if it seems hopeless.

She pinched Ji Lingyue's chin and smeared the blood onto her soft lips. The originally pale lips were instantly stained with a vibrant red, looking plump and luscious.

As she applied the ointment, Ji Lingyue frowned, subconsciously pursed her lips, her long eyelashes trembled for a moment, and she struggled to lift them slightly.

The sweet, fishy smell filled her mouth. She licked her lips, and her tongue touched the cool fingertip that was still resting on her lower lip. She naturally opened her lips and took it in. Her soft tongue stickily wrapped around Lan Wu's fingertip.

Lan Wu suddenly hissed, "Are you a puppy?"

She tried to pull her finger away, but Ji Lingyue hummed in dissatisfaction, squinted her eyes, and bit her fingertip.

“So energetic…” Lan Wu studied her expression and muttered, “It looks like it’s working well.”

A slight touch came from her waist. Lan Wu lowered her eyes and saw that a slender leg was hanging on her waist. She took the opportunity to pinch Ji Lingyue’s knee and bend it to the sides.

Although she was thin, her muscles were well-proportioned and firm to the touch. Judging from her skills, she probably wasn’t a pampered child before.

Lan Wu’s gaze shifted downwards, glancing at Ji Lingyue’s wet lower body, before quickly averting her eyes as if burned. Her previously cooled temperature rose again; her face flushed, and she forcibly pulled her fingers away from between the girl’s teeth.

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, stared at her blankly for a while, then cautiously leaned in and kissed her on the corner of her lips.

“You…” Lan Wu blinked helplessly after being kissed by her too many times, and couldn’t help but ask, “Do you remember that we’ve only known each other for less than two days?”

As expected, she received no response.

Lan Wu sighed, pulled the person forward, and let her sit on her lap: “Tell me if you’re not feeling well.”

She reached out and slid her hand down Ji Lingyue’s lower abdomen, her palm pressed against her wet inner thigh, her fingertips hooking up to part her soft labia, gently rubbing in the moist crevice, intentionally or unintentionally brushing against her clitoris.

What should we do next?

Lan Wu pursed her lips, touched the gurgling opening, and after coating her fingers with the flower fluid, she tentatively inserted one knuckle.

Ji Lingyue groaned and instinctively hugged her neck tightly.

She looked down and saw that the girl’s face was flushed and her brows were slightly furrowed, but she did not seem to be in pain. In

fact, her waist was swaying imperceptibly, and her sensitive clitoris was pressing against her palm and rubbing against itself.

Lan Wu felt relieved and stopped pushing further in, only gently thrusting in and out at the entrance. Even so, what would be a slightly warm temperature for a human was quite hot for her, especially the temperature inside Ji Lingyue's vagina, which was sticky and felt like it was melting her fingers.

Fine beads of sweat gradually appeared on Lan Wu's fair forehead. Her clothes clung tightly to her body, making her feel damp, hot, and very uncomfortable. She exhaled, and as her fingers moved in and out, more and more nectar was drawn out, staining the girl's thighs and glistening in the moonlight.

After going in and out like this dozens of times, Ji Lingyue's breathing became heavy again, and her body twisted more and more rapidly, the movement of brushing against her palm could be described as impatient.

"Ah…" A soft sound of water came from the point of their union. Ji Lingyue sat trembling in Lan Wu's arms with her eyes closed, her moist eyes flushed red. Lan Wu pressed her thin back and pulled her onto her shoulder, her fingertips withdrawing from the increasingly tight acupoint and pinching the slippery clitoris.

A groan, tinged with sobs, suddenly came from her arms. Ji Lingyue couldn't help but curl up, her lower abdomen cramping, and she shivered as she released a gush of fluid.

Once she started crying, she wouldn't stop. She nestled in Lan Wu's arms, sobbing, her shoulders trembling. Lan Wu was a little at a loss. She carefully wiped away her tears and asked softly, "Why are you crying?"

Ji Lingyue buried her head and stammered out a sentence, which Lan Wu didn't hear clearly. She leaned down and whispered to her cheek, coaxing her like a child, "Don't cry, did I hurt you?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head. After being coaxed for a long time, she finally slowly raised her head, looked at her with teary eyes, and choked out, "I'm sorry, I made you dirty…"

——

A short story every day

8. Where did you go?

The gray short-sleeved shirt was almost dry by morning after hanging out to dry overnight.

As Ji Lingyue hurriedly put on her clothes, her entire face turned red to her ears. Seeing how embarrassed she was, Lan Wu didn't dare to make a sound and moved to the side, further away from her.

After a long pause, Ji Lingyue clutched the hem of her dress and whispered, "I'm sorry."

Lan Wu was taken aback, thinking to herself why she loved saying sorry so much, but she readily agreed, "It's okay." After a pause, she added, "I should be the one saying sorry, you…I…"

Ji Lingyue shook her head, hesitated for a moment before turning back to look at her, then quickly looked away. "I know you're doing this to help me," she said, her face growing increasingly red, stammering, "It's alright. Girls in our village get married and become mothers at thirteen. I understand. I won't blame you…"

Her understanding only made Lan Wu feel more guilty. After a moment of silence, she coughed and handed over the demon core: "Here, this is what you killed. Take it."

Ji Lingyue hesitated for a moment, then did not refuse: "What's the use of this?"

"This, once you've formed your core, you can refine it and absorb the cultivation power within…"

Before she could finish speaking, Ji Lingyue suddenly looked up at her suspiciously: "How do you know so much?"

Lan Wu was taken aback, blinked, and stammered, "Well… actually, there are people in my family who cultivate Taoism, and I've been exposed to it since I was little…"

"Really?" Ji Lingyue didn't doubt it, and didn't even think that a family of cultivators would not have heard of Haochen Mountain. She nodded trustingly and carefully put the round demon core into her satchel.

After packing her things, she stood up and said, "Let's get going."

Lan Wu was more than happy to oblige, and quickly got up and stood beside her.

She was a bit taller than Ji Lingyue, so the girl had to look up at her. But after just one glance, she remembered what happened last night, her face flushed, and she lowered her eyes and walked forward first.

Lan Wu wondered if it was just her imagination, but she felt that Ji Lingyue had become much gentler. When she spoke, she no longer looked into Lan Wu's eyes, and her gaze would quickly sweep over Lan Wu, making her seem awkward and hesitant.

Lan Wu pretended to be calm, looking straight ahead without glancing to the side, but in her heart she was thinking about how to say goodbye to Ji Lingyue after descending the mountain.

Although things had already gone through this and that last night, Ji Lingyue said it was okay, so she… she didn't need to care too much.

Anyway, she was just an evil little mermaid, hardly a virtuous person.

In the afternoon, the town that Ji Lingyue had mentioned finally came into view. Lan Wu's heart lifted, and her sore legs regained their strength. She followed the girl all the way down the mountain.

Nestled against the mountains, the town features white walls and gray tiles, with people bustling about on both sides of the street, their shouts rising and falling, creating a vibrant and lively atmosphere.

Lan Wu left Ji Lingyue's side, looking around and wandering the street, finding everything she saw strange. Ji Lingyue was stunned for a moment, then subconsciously followed her, finally stopping in front of a wonton stall.

Ji Lingyue glanced at Lan Wu and saw her staring longingly at the steaming soup pot. She frowned and subconsciously pinched the small black bag hanging at her waist.

She asked, "Are you hungry?"

Lan Wu snapped out of her daze: "Ah, no, it's not that…"

Before she could finish speaking, she suddenly noticed an old Taoist priest with a white beard walking casually toward her from not far

away at the other end of the street. Judging from his face, it was none other than the Taoist priest who had been chasing her around before.

Lan Wu was startled, her expression changed slightly, and she hurriedly changed her words, saying, “I am indeed a little hungry. I just saw a pastry vendor over there, which would be perfect with wontons. Wait here for me, I’ll go buy two.”

She turned and left. Ji Lingyue sighed and subconsciously raised her hand. Before she could speak, she saw Lan Wu run away. She couldn’t help but sigh and squeezed her empty purse, feeling somewhat embarrassed.

A gentle breeze brushed past her ears, and the girl’s figure gradually disappeared into the bustling crowd.

Lan Wu ran a long way until the sounds of people around her faded away, then slowly stopped. The Taoist priest hadn’t chased after her, probably because he hadn’t noticed her. Lan Wu relaxed, wiped the cold sweat from her forehead, and looked around. She realized she had run to the outskirts of the city. This place was far less bustling than the market she had just been in; it was sparsely populated. Not far away was a simple city gate, and a road meandered out, pointing into the distance.

She paused for a moment, then subconsciously turned around to look.

The streets behind her were deserted, with only a few pedestrians here and there. Naturally, Ji Lingyue was nowhere to be seen. Lan Wu hesitated for a moment, then turned around and walked out of the city.

She planned to leave right there. After all, they had only known each other for two days. Although they had gone through life and death together, Ji Lingyue seemed to hate the demon race to the bone. She would inevitably be on tenterhooks if she stayed with Ji Lingyue.

Lan Wu left the town and walked further and further along the dirt road, but her heart felt as if it were being weighed down by a stone, and she felt somewhat uncomfortable.

After a while, she stopped and muttered to herself, “I told her to wait for me, but she’s not going to keep waiting, is she?”

Surely they wouldn’t be that stupid?

Lan Wu continued walking, but her anxiety grew. Finally, she sighed, squatted down in frustration, and rubbed her head in her hands.

It feels like there are two little people arguing incessantly in my head.

One said: "Why do you care about her? You're a demon and she's a human. You weren't familiar with each other to begin with, and now that she's run away, you'll never see her again. There's no need to worry about her!"

Another person said: Even if you are a monster, you should be a moral monster. It's really not good to just run away without a word.

Lan Wu frowned, huddled by the roadside for a while, then stood up with her lips pursed and turned to walk back.

We should, we should at least say goodbye.

Two hours later, Lan Wu returned to her original spot. She stood wearily in front of the wonton stall, but did not see Ji Lingyue.

After a moment of silence, Lan Wu rubbed her face and sighed silently.

She's the fool to think that Ji Lingyue would wait for her in the same place forever.

People were coming and going around her. Lan Wu turned her head and looked around. Just as she was about to leave, a passerby called out to her: "Miss."

Lan Wu turned around and hummed in confusion, "Are you calling me?"

The old woman nodded, looked her over, and asked, "Do you have a companion who is young and thin?"

"…Yes." Lan Wu was somewhat surprised and asked, "How did you know?"

"That's right, she's looking for you." The old woman smiled kindly and pointed east. "When I first came here, she asked me if I had seen you. She seemed quite anxious."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then looked in the direction she was pointing, only to see a crowded, bustling scene. She thanked her and quickly walked over.

Finding Ji Lingyue didn't take much effort at all. She stood in the middle of the street, looking around as she walked forward, anxiously asking passersby, her voice full of worry and concern: "Excuse me, have you seen a girl who is a little taller than me, looks about sixteen or seventeen years old, and is very pretty in a blue dress?"

"No, move aside!"

"Excuse me, do you have…?"

After being impatiently waved away several times, someone finally listened attentively to her question. Then, raising an eyebrow, they looked past Ji Lingyue at Lan Wu and asked curiously, "Isn't she right behind you?"

Ji Lingyue was startled and turned her head sharply.

Lan Wu felt conflicted, but she still smiled at her and said, "Aji."

Ji Lingyue's eyes reddened slightly. She quickly stepped forward, grabbed her wrist, and asked urgently, "Where did you go?"

"I…" Lan Wu hesitated, lowered her head, and said, "I ran too far and got lost. When I got back, I didn't see you…"

She became increasingly guilty as she spoke, after all, she had been running for two hours, and it was getting dark. The city was pitifully small, and even if she had gotten lost, she wouldn't have wasted so much time.

But to her surprise, Ji Lingyue gripped her wrist tightly, gave a soft "hmm," and said in a hoarse voice, "Don't run around alone anymore."

Lan Wu was taken aback and looked at her with some surprise.

Ji Lingyue led her back to the wonton stall, but the spot where she had been sitting was now occupied by other people, and the untouched bowl of wontons on the table was gone. Perhaps the stall owner thought no one would eat them after she left, so he took them away.

After Lan Wu heard what she said, she opened her mouth, about to say forget it, but then she saw Ji Lingyue pull her forward, take out a few copper coins and put them on the table: "Boss, two bowls of wontons, please."

"Alright, please wait a moment."

Lan Wu's expression changed, and she couldn't help but ask, "Where did you get the money?"

She had noticed it earlier: Ji Lingyue's pendant was missing. Although Lan Wu couldn't tell its value, the fact that Ji Lingyue had carefully polished it after getting dressed this morning suggested it must be quite precious.

As expected, Ji Lingyue looked at her and said calmly, "I sold it."

Lan Wu was shocked: "Sold? Sold where?"

Ji Lingyue remained silent.

Lan Wu said angrily, "If you don't tell me, I won't eat anymore!"

This trick worked. Ji Lingyue stared at her for a while before slowly saying, "It was sold to the jade shop over there."

Lan Wu nodded, grabbed her wrist, and this time it was Ji Lingyue who was being dragged away. She quickly walked to the shop called Pinyuxuan, and as soon as she went inside, she said, "Boss, we need to redeem the things we sold before."

There was only a middle-aged man with a mustache in the room. He glanced at them and then continued wiping the little trinket in his hand without paying any attention. Lan Wu, with her sharp eyes, noticed that it was Ji Lingyue's jade pendant.

She strode forward and said, "This is it!"

He then turned to Ji Lingyue and asked, "How much did you sell it for?"

Ji Lingyue obediently replied, "Twenty taels."

"Only twenty taels!" Lan Wu couldn't help but glare at her. She rummaged in her pocket for a while, then asked Ji Lingyue for the remaining silver and piled it all on the table: "Here's your money back, but give us back the jade pendant."

The man glanced at the loose silver, chuckled, and said lazily, "Young lady, there's no such thing as selling something and then buying it back at the original price. If you want to buy it back, you can, but it will cost fifty taels."

Lan Wu was taken aback: “Fifty taels? How could you do this? Isn’t this bullying?”

“If you don’t want to accept it, then forget it.” The boss gripped the jade pendant in his hand, turned around and walked towards the back room: “If you don’t have anything else to do, then get out of here and don’t delay my business.”

“You…you people…” Lan Wu was so angry at his attitude that she almost blurted out her secret. Ji Lingyue tugged at her and whispered, “Forget it, let’s go, I don’t want it anymore.”

“How can we let this go?” Lan Wu pursed her lips, gritted her teeth, and took off the scarlet jade bracelet she always wore on her wrist, slamming it onto the table: “This is for you to exchange!”

——

When we left Pinyuxuan, it was already dark. Looking up, half of the vast sky was dotted with stars, while the other half was still ablaze with fiery sunset clouds.

The owner of the wonton stall was placing bowls on the table when he saw them return. He couldn’t help but smile with relief: “I thought you two had left.”

Lan Wu nodded and sat down at the table first. Ji Lingyue followed a few steps behind her, sat down opposite her, hesitated for a moment, and then said easily, “Thank you.”

“It’s nothing.” Lan Wu said sullenly, stirring the fragrant seaweed soup with her chopsticks as she muttered, “That thing must be very important to you, you don’t need to sell it for me.”

Ji Lingyue blinked, subconsciously looking at her, her dark eyes sparkling. But quickly, she lowered her eyelashes and whispered, “I understand.”

9. What I owe you

During the meal, Lan Wu pondered how to say goodbye.

She ate the whole bowl of wontons without saying a word.

As she entered the inn, she was still thinking about how to say goodbye.

Then Ji Lingyue said to the accountant, “One double room.”

Lan Wu: “…”

Okay, let’s talk about it tomorrow.

The so-called double room was nothing more than a large bed with a partition half a foot high in the middle. After washing up, Lan Wu lay down on the outer side, but Ji Lingyue hesitated for a moment under the bed and whispered, “You sleep on the inside.”

Lan Wu tilted her head to look at her: “Why?”

“It’s safe inside.”

“Safety?” Lan Wu chuckled. “Do you think there will be robbers in the middle of the night?”

Ji Lingyue muttered, “That’s hard to say.”

Lan Wu was speechless, and suddenly felt that Ji Lingyue’s fourteen years of life were much richer than her two hundred years.

She turned to her side, propped her cheek up, and said lazily, “If that’s the case, why make me sleep on the inside? Are you trying to protect me?”

Ji Lingyue raised her eyes, hesitated for a moment, and nodded: “I can fight, you can’t.”

In her eyes, Lan Wu was fair-skinned and delicate, beautiful and frail, perfectly fitting the image of a weak and helpless young lady in her mind. At the same time, perhaps because of her harmless appearance, even though Lan Wu was older than her, Ji Lingyue couldn’t help but feel a protective instinct towards her.

“That’s a lie…” Lan Wu raised her fist, but then realized it wasn’t very convincing, so she reluctantly lowered it: “Fine, I’ll sleep inside then.”

She rolled over and went inside, placing her hands neatly on her lower abdomen. A moment later, she heard rustling sounds. Lan Wu glanced at her and hesitated, saying, “Aji, I…”

“Hmm?” Ji Lingyue pulled the blanket up to her lap and turned her head to look at her.

When Lan Wu met her clear eyes, her throat seemed to tighten

instantly. She looked away and said softly, “Never mind, let’s talk about it tomorrow morning.”

Ji Lingyue blinked blankly, hummed in response, extinguished the candle, and pulled the blanket up to lie down straight.

The room was plunged into darkness. In the silence, both breaths were low, as if they were afraid of disturbing each other. After a long while, Lan Wu finally succumbed to sleepiness, her eyelids drooped, and she drifted into a deep dream.

In the dead of night, she was awakened by faint sobbing sounds.

“Aji?” Lan Wu opened her eyes sleepily and turned her head to look over.

The pale moonlight shone through the window onto the ground, but even so, the room was still exceptionally dark. Lan Wu could only vaguely make out the outline of Ji Lingyue’s body. She seemed to be curled up in a ball, and her shoulders were still shaking.

“Aji?” Lan Wu blinked, gradually regaining her senses. She rolled over and leaned against her, gently pushing her body. “What’s wrong with you?”

Ji Lingyue froze for a moment, then let out a sob.

“You…” Lan Wu tensed up, pulling her shoulders and turning her around. What she saw was a face streaked with tears. She paused for a moment, then asked in a low voice, “Why are you crying?”

Ji Lingyue sniffed, looked at her sadly, and said in a hoarse voice, “Lan Wu…”

“Um?”

“I…I’m going to die…” Her long eyelashes trembled, and large tears streamed down her face. “I’m going to die…”

“What nonsense are you talking about?” Lan Wu looked at her, puzzled. Seeing her face flushed from crying, she couldn’t help but reach out to wipe her tears, but was startled by the burning heat emanating from her body. Lan Wu’s eyes widened suddenly, and she exclaimed in surprise, “You’ve had another attack?!”

Ji Lingyue choked back a sob, squinted, and nuzzled her cheek against

her cool palm, calling her name indistinctly: “Lan Wu, Lan Wu…”

Lan Wu stood frozen in place, her mind blank.

She thought the poison would only have flared up once last night and then be cured, but who knew it would be so ruthless!

What a vicious snake demon!

If that’s the case, how can she part ways with Ji Lingyue?

Lan Wu pursed her lips, lowered her eyes, and silently looked at the girl beneath her. Before she knew it, Ji Lingyue had slowly squeezed to her side, clinging to her arm as if grasping at a lifeline, looking pitiful.

After a moment, she sighed helplessly, finally made up her mind, bent down and leaned on Ji Lingyue, and whispered, “Ah Ji.”

Ji Lingyue frowned and subconsciously looked at her.

Lan Wu reached out and wiped away the tears from the corner of her eyes, while her other hand slowly slipped under her clothes and touched her firm waist and abdomen.

“Don’t cry,” she whispered. “I’ll stay with you.”

Ji Lingyue looked at her blankly, and actually stopped crying. She just raised her head in a daze and buried her face in her shoulder.

“Why is she so obedient?” Lan Wu muttered to herself, her fingertips sliding down her waistband and easily slipping between her damp legs.

“Good boy, open your legs.”

Two thighs trembled and parted, and Lan Wu’s fingertips slid smoothly into the wet crevice, prying open the full labia. The opening of the vulva, as soon as it touched the probing fingertip, fawned over it and secreted sticky nectar.

Ji Lingyue gave a soft hum, wrapped her legs around Lan Wu’s waist, and opened her body to her trustingly.

“You,” Lan Wu said, supporting her waist and whispering in her ear, “I guess I owe you something.”

10. Please cooperate.

A sudden gust of wind picked up at night, and even though the wooden latch was closed, the windows still rattled loudly.

Ji Lingyue was breathing heavily, and listening to the howling wind, her rationality seemed to return somewhat.

“Lan Wu…”

“Hmm?” Lan Wu’s face was close to her ear, her soft body pressed against her back, and her hands were still on her taut lower abdomen, soothingly caressing her smooth skin.

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, a belated shyness almost overwhelming her instantly. Her legs were wet and sticky, clearly indicating that she had just been through some roughhousing.

“I… um…” She tilted her head back, her legs trembling, and a warm flow gushed out, sticking to Lan Wu’s slender fingers.

Lan Wu placed her left hand on her waist and hips, while her right hand once again parted her labia, her fingertips rubbing against the clitoris with a deliberate or unintentional touch.

“What’s wrong?” she asked softly, gently biting Ji Lingyue’s earlobe with her teeth, her movements becoming increasingly gentle.

Still feeling the afterglow of the moment, her body was exceptionally sensitive. Ji Lingyue instinctively gripped the sheets beneath her, struggling to keep herself from crying out.

She groaned in a trembling voice, “No more…”

Lan Wu paused, glanced hesitantly at the trembling, thin back in front of her, and asked in a low voice, “Are you feeling better now?”

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and remained silent.

After a while, Lan Wu felt the burning hot body in her arms sink down, and the soft, wet petals slowly landed in her palm, rubbed against her, and then stopped moving.

Lan Wu was taken aback, then burst out laughing and couldn’t help but say, “Why are you so shy?”

Ji Lingyue subconsciously retorted, “Shouldn’t I be ashamed of doing

something like this?"

"That's not what I meant. It's just that," Lan Wu said sincerely, pressing her fingers together and slowly sliding them through the damp crevice, "we've already done it once. Besides, this is just to help you. You can be more open about it."

Ji Lingyue was startled and wanted to turn around to look at her, but at that moment, her nectar-covered fingers squeezed into her body.

The sudden feeling of fullness almost made Ji Lingyue cry out. Her body sank down a little more, and her vaginal muscles gripped Lan Wu's fingers tightly, coating them with slippery fluid.

Lan Wu's free left hand reached around to her front and carefully supported her lower abdomen to prevent her from feeling uncomfortable.

Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes, her long eyelashes glistening with moisture, her eyes reddening slightly. She whispered, "Lan Wu…"

"What's wrong?"

"What…what was it that you wanted to tell me before?"

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then unconsciously rubbed her belly with her palm before saying, "It's nothing, I just suddenly felt… since I have nowhere else to go, why don't we go to Haochen Mountain together?"

She couldn't just abandon Ji Lingyue and leave.

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, seemingly understanding something. She turned and glanced at Lan Wu, her dark eyes misty but still pure and innocent.

"Thank you."

Lan Wu was taken aback and looked at her in surprise.

She was so humble, as if she had never remembered what she had done to save Lan Wu, yet she was deeply grateful for Lan Wu's response.

Even if it was something she deserved.

"You really are…" Lan Wu sighed, somewhat bewildered, "I really

don't understand you, you're so cruel to monsters..."

Ji Lingyue blinked and gave a puzzled "hmm".

"Never mind," Lan Wu lowered her head and said gently, "Let's set off early tomorrow. The sooner we get to Haochen Mountain, the sooner we might be able to meet a powerful immortal master who can help us detoxify."

The girl's cool hair fell on her shoulder, and Ji Lingyue flinched, momentarily lost in thought. By the time she understood Lan Wu's words, the fingers inserted into her vagina were already moving in and out with the fluid, making a squelching sound.

Ji Lingyue gave a soft hum, and she could vaguely hear Lan Wu's gentle voice: "Ah Ji, cooperate with us, let's finish early and get some rest."

She pursed her lips, and after a while, she couldn't help but hum, "Ah Yue..."

"Um?"

"It's A-Yue," Ji Lingyue said shyly, clutching the crumpled bed sheet in her hand. "That's what everyone in our village calls me..."

Lan Wu chuckled and readily agreed: "Okay, Yue, don't squeeze so tight, you can't move."

Ji Lingyue froze abruptly, the blush spreading almost instantly to her neck. She glared at Lan Wu with a hint of reproach, but when she met the girl's smiling gaze, her face flushed again. She hurriedly looked away and buried her head in her hands like an ostrich.

"Ah Yue?"

Ji Lingyue closed her eyes, and when she was gently called her name, she trembled even more. After a moment, she slowly parted her legs, revealing her soft and alluring private parts. Sticky wetness slowly flowed down Lan Wu's fair and clean fingertips, making her slender wrists glisten with moisture.

"Ugh..." She closed her eyes, letting out an awkward whimper, and stammered, "Gently, gently..."

Since they opened up to each other, the two of them have become

much more comfortable with each other, living a life of traveling during the day and having a routine of intimate moments at night. Even so, Ji Lingyue still couldn't help but feel shy, but off the bed, she became more and more intimate and natural with Lan Wu.

And so, a month later, they arrived in the northern territory, weary from their journey.

It is obvious that Beizhou is located on the northernmost side of the Xuanyuan Continent, and is covered with ice and snow all year round. Haochen Mountain is even colder. Although it is the hot summer day, Lan Wu couldn't help but shiver as soon as she entered Jixue City. She looked up and saw towering snow-capped mountains stretching endlessly at the end of her vision. The peaks were shrouded in clouds and mist, as if they were connected to the heavenly palace.

"That's Haochen Mountain," Ji Lingyue said, her usually calm voice revealing a hint of longing and anticipation. Lan Wu hugged her arms, her face showing a bitter expression, and muttered, "It's so cold."

She grew up in the Kunlun Sea region in the south, where it was warm and pleasant all year round. She had almost never been cold, so she couldn't stand it when she came to such a place.

Ji Lingyue glanced at her, thinking to herself that Lan Wu was indeed delicate, but she still looked around and found a stall selling cotton-padded coats and fur coats, and pulled Lan Wu over there.

After buying clothes for the two of them, they didn't have much money left. They discussed it and decided to find an inn to rest for the night and set off early the next day, hoping to reach the foot of Haochen Mountain in one day.

After searching for a long time, they finally found an inn that wasn't full. The owner told them that it was the time when Haochen Mountain recruited disciples once every five years, so countless people came from all over the Xuanyuan Continent. They were able to get a room because someone who had been rejected had just returned to check out, and it was just a coincidence.

Lan Wu learned that unlike the Cloud Pavilion and the Golden Hall, which only admitted a select few and emphasized status and position, Hao Chen Mountain was the only sect that allowed anyone with talent to enter. Those with exceptional talent could enter the inner sect and receive meticulous instruction, while those with mediocre talent could still enter the outer sect to cultivate diligently and one day pass the

inner sect selection to enter the inner sect. However, if one had no talent whatsoever, even royalty would be turned away.

Originally, there was a secluded Penglai Island outside the three major immortal sects. However, on New Year's Eve more than a year ago, Penglai Island was attacked by demons. Overnight, the entire immortal sect was turned into a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood. It has not yet recovered, let alone recruit new disciples.

These days, many people come and go in Jixue City. Many are selected, but even more are rejected. Lan Wu looked outside the door and saw young men and women with ashen faces everywhere, and even middle-aged men and women crying their hearts out. She couldn't help but sigh and looked at Ji Lingyue, wondering if Ji Lingyue had any talent for cultivation.

Ji Lingyue appeared very calm and returned to her room after finishing her meal.

Lan Wu stayed downstairs for a while longer, asking the waiter for two buckets of hot water. When she entered the guest room, she found that the lights were off. Suddenly, a dark shadow loomed in front of her. Lan Wu was startled, but quickly recovered and reached out to support it.

Ji Lingyue, disheveled, buried herself in her arms, whimpering in discomfort. Her soft gray clothes were wrinkled all over, and her pink nipples occasionally peeked out from under her clothes.

Lan Wu understood, put her arm around Ji Lingyue's waist and picked her up. Ji Lingyue skillfully wrapped her arms around Lan Wu's neck, put her legs around Lan Wu's waist, and sat on Lan Wu's arm. Lan Wu was stunned for a moment, because she noticed that Ji Lingyue's buttocks were wet and bare, and she wasn't wearing any pants.

She blinked involuntarily, looked up at Ji Lingyue's tearful eyes, and felt a moment of confusion.

"Ah Yue…" she called out, but didn't know what she wanted to say. After a moment, she sighed softly and lowered her head to kiss the corner of her moist eyes.

After the clouds cleared and the rain stopped, Lan Wu carried Ji Lingyue into the hot water to wash up. Ji Lingyue was always very tired after finishing, and soon fell asleep wrapped in a blanket.

Lan Wu lay down next to her, but she was having trouble sleeping.

After all, she was just a little demon, and now she had to infiltrate a human's place of cultivation and demon-slaying, which was quite exciting. She was still wide awake in the middle of the night when the person next to her turned over and rested his head on Lan Wu's shoulder.

Lan Wu was taken aback and cautiously turned her head to look. The girl was fast asleep, but her body was curled up and she was hugging one of Lan Wu's arms, looking very insecure.

Lan Wu blinked, took a deep breath, and traced Ji Lingyue's facial features with her gaze, feeling more and more that she would be a very beautiful person in the future.

——

I'm so eager to write the plot where their identities are revealed and they break up later on _(:з」∠)_

XI. Introduction

The proverb "Looking at a mountain makes a horse run itself to death" perfectly describes this situation.

After leaving the inn in the morning, Lan Wu and Ji Lingyue did not stop and continued on their way until noon, when they finally saw the small town at the foot of the mountain in the distance.

Lan Wu's vision went black, and she stopped, hands on her hips, saying she needed to rest for a while.

Ji Lingyue glanced at her, then at the outline of the town in the distance, and obediently stopped. She took out a soft cloth from her bag, carefully spread it on the ground, and then invited Lan Wu to sit down with her.

Lan Wu sat slouching, leaning against Ji Lingyue, constantly sighing. Ji Lingyue, on the other hand, sat upright with proper posture, glancing around from time to time. After a short rest, she urged Lan Wu to get up and continue walking. Lan Wu reluctantly got up, practically hanging on Ji Lingyue's back: "I don't want to walk anymore. Is there a carriage? My feet are killing me."

Ji Lingyue struggled to drag her along, saying helplessly, "It's only

been twenty miles, why are you being so delicate?"

"Twenty li?" Lan Wu exclaimed in surprise, "I've never walked that far in one go!"

"You really are a rich heiress, aren't you?"

"I didn't use my legs much before," Lan Wu muttered softly. She glanced at Ji Lingyue's small frame, then straightened up and slowly followed behind her.

After another half hour, the sound of horses' hooves suddenly came from behind. Lan Wu turned around curiously and saw a convoy of horses approaching quickly about a hundred meters away. Soon they were right in front of her. The convoy consisted entirely of fine horses with glossy coats and a majestic appearance. There were nearly twenty carriages at a glance. On the carriage at the very front stood a flag with a flamboyant "Celebration" character written on it.

Lan Wu clicked her tongue, thinking to herself that this was what real style looked like, before Ji Lingyue pulled her aside to make way.

The convoy rumbled past them, the flying dust choking Lan Wu, who covered her nose and coughed silently. Ji Lingyue frowned, fanned the dust in front of her, and took out a water bottle, handing it to Lan Wu: "Have some."

Lan Wu coughed as she took the drink. Just as she unscrewed the stopper and took a sip, the convoy that had been passing by stopped in front of them. A moment later, a young man dressed in brocade robes and jade ornaments climbed out of the carriage, fanning himself with a folding fan, and looked at them.

He was a boy of seventeen or eighteen, with fair skin and red lips, even more delicate than a girl. After smiling, he jumped off the carriage and leisurely walked towards Lan Wu and the other girl.

Ji Lingyue frowned, instinctively stepping in front of Lan Wu and staring at him warily.

The young man stopped in front of them and asked politely, "Are you also going to Haochen Mountain, young ladies?"

Lan Wu was stunned for a moment, unsure whether he was asking Ji Lingyue or herself, and remained silent for a while.

Ji Lingyue, however, replied, "What's it to you?"

The young man clicked his tongue and said impatiently, "What business is it of yours, a servant, that I'm talking to your young lady?"

Lan Wu understood now, and a surge of anger welled up inside her: "Don't you know any manners? She's not a servant, she's my companion!"

"Companion?" The young man scoffed, shaking his folding fan. "Don't try to fool me, young lady. I, Qing Zibai, may not have much else, but I certainly have discernment. The two of you have completely different auras; you're clearly not from the same boat. I see that you have an extraordinary bearing, so you must be no ordinary person. Why suffer with this man? When we get down the mountain, we'll have to climb the Heavenly Stairs with great effort. But if you travel with me, I can give you a ride. What do you think?"

As soon as he finished speaking, Ji Lingyue subconsciously clenched her fist and glanced at Lan Wu cautiously.

Lan Wu frowned, looking at him with a puzzled expression. After a moment's thought, she suddenly opened her eyes wide and exclaimed in realization, "You don't have a crush on me, do you?"

"..."

Even Qing Zibai was taken aback by her direct question. He looked embarrassed and chuckled awkwardly, "To be honest, I have always admired beauty. Just now, as I passed by your side, I caught a glimpse of you..."

"Don't try to be all highbrow with me." Lan Wu interrupted him bluntly, "Let me be frank, I don't like skinny bean sprouts. With your small frame, our A Yue could take down three of you with one punch. You'd better not come here and make a fool of yourself."

Ji Lingyue: ...

She pursed her lips and quietly hid her fist behind her back.

Keiko stood there, stunned, as if she didn't understand what she was talking about. After a long while, she said incredulously, "How dare you talk to me like that?!"

Such a delicate human child.

Lan Wu tilted her head in confusion: "Why wouldn't I dare?"

"Do you know who I am?" Qing Zibai gradually became excited, his previous elegant demeanor completely gone. "My father, Qing Huai, is the famous Lord of Wangliang City! I am the young lord of Wangliang City!"

"So, your father is quite formidable," Lan Wu retorted coldly. "And what does that have to do with you?"

Qing Zibai was stunned, his face flushing red as if he had been greatly shocked. He raised his hand, his folding fan trembling as he pointed at Lan Wu for a long time before finally uttering a harsh threat, his voice trembling with fear: "You, you just wait!"

Lan Wu crossed her arms and watched his disheveled figure leave. After a long while, she shook her head and clicked her tongue: "So fragile. He can't even handle a few words."

Ji Lingyue could tell that she was still unhappy. After hesitating for a moment, she said, "You should have gotten into the car with him just now. Didn't your foot hurt?"

"It hurts, it hurts." Lan Wu put on a stern face and walked a few steps with a fierce expression. However, she felt the pain was even worse. She endured it without making a sound, but Ji Lingyue took a few steps forward and carefully supported her.

"Don't be angry. It's not like I'll lose a piece of my flesh if he criticizes me."

"That won't do either." Lan Wu couldn't believe that she could be so arrogant and demoralizing to others. She said with exasperation, "You're great, you're great in every way. When you reach the Core Formation stage and become exceptionally beautiful, everyone will love you. Then they'll regret it."

Ji Lingyue suddenly asked, "Will you like me too?"

"Of course." Lan Wu's eyes were bright as she said earnestly, "I like you now. You're a good person and you know so much. I really like you."

The so-called "steps to heaven" are nothing more than a series of stone steps that extend from the foot of the mountain to the mountain gate.

Lan Wu was initially a little nervous, but as she climbed, her mind gradually went blank, and she could no longer worry about having run into the cultivator's base camp. By the time she reached the 999th step, she felt as if her legs no longer belonged to her.

Ji Lingyue persisted, and seeing that she was about to collapse to the ground, she half-dragged and half-carried her to the Spirit Testing Stone to queue up.

The queue was very long, but the spirit-testing stone was as tall as a two-story courtyard. Even from a distance, Lan Wu could see the colors constantly appearing on the white jade stone. She drank water with a blank expression as Ji Lingyue explained, "Those with cultivation talent generally possess five spiritual roots: metal, wood, water, fire, and earth. Usually, the more spiritual roots one has, the more mixed the spiritual energy, and the more difficult cultivation becomes. Therefore, those with dual or single spiritual roots are considered to have superior aptitude. However, even among single spiritual roots, there is a difference in purity. The higher the purity, the higher the cultivation talent..."

Lan Wu seemed to understand, but not quite. Just then, a gasp of surprise erupted from the front of the group as a tiny, luminous green sprout appeared on the spirit-testing stone, looking full of life.

The person in front sighed with envy, "It's a single elemental root of the wood element."

"I wonder what kind of spiritual root I will have."

"I'm not counting on any spiritual roots, as long as I have them."

"That's true..."

Just as he said this, several people returned with ashen faces, clearly having failed to be selected.

Lan Wu was filled with apprehension, wondering if the spirit-testing stone would reveal that she was a demon. She hesitated for a moment and wanted to back out, but Ji Lingyue held her tightly. After struggling for a while, she unknowingly walked to the spirit-testing stone.

The two people who had spoken in front of them earlier had no spiritual roots. One left dejectedly, while the other, still not believing it, begged the Hao Chen Mountain disciple who was standing guard to

let them test it again.

The Hao Chen Mountain disciple, dressed in a white Taoist robe, looked impatient. With a wave of his hand, he sent him flying to the front of the Ascension Steps, and said coldly, “Next.”

Ji Lingyue exhaled and slowly stepped forward.

She glanced at the crystal-clear jade in front of her, hesitated for a moment, and then placed her hand on it.

A golden thread suddenly shot out from her palm, running along the jade to the top, bursting forth with dazzling golden light, and condensing into a golden longsword. For a moment, a clear, melodious sound seemed to ring out, like the striking of jade and the clanging of gold, but upon closer listening, nothing could be heard.

The Hao Chen Mountain disciple, who had just been looking impatient, raised his eyebrows in surprise and subconsciously said, “Golden spiritual root, it’s a single spiritual root.”

Suddenly, a crane’s cry came from the horizon. A gentle breeze blew by, and a young man riding a white crane stood before the Spirit-Testing Stone.

The man had a dignified and solemn face, his long, ink-black hair tied up with a jade hairpin, giving him an air of righteousness. Upon seeing him, the Hao Chen Mountain disciple immediately bowed and greeted him: “Greetings, Elder Qin! What brings Elder Qin here?”

“I just happened to be passing by.” After saying that, Qin Yu looked down at Ji Lingyue and said, “It’s been about ten years since I last saw you with a single spiritual root in the metal element. If you’re willing to come to Golden Feather Peak, I can take you as my personal disciple.”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback for a moment, then asked, “Who are you?”

Before Qin Yu could reply, the disciple hurriedly explained, “This is Elder Qin Yu, who is in charge of Golden Feather Peak! Elder Qin is one of the top sword cultivators in the Xuanyuan Continent. His willingness to take you as his disciple is a tremendous blessing for you. Why don’t you agree quickly?”

Amidst the envious gazes of the crowd, Ji Lingyue turned to look at Lan Wu, then asked earnestly, “Could you also take my friend as your

apprentice?”

Lan Wu, who was happily watching the commotion, was suddenly stunned. At the same time, everyone’s eyes were drawn to her.

Lan Wu: …

Qin Yu glanced at Lan Wu and said calmly, “That depends on your friend’s qualifications.”

Lan Wu immediately felt immense pressure. Ji Lingyue turned to look at her, full of hope, and said, “Lan Wu, why don’t you give it a try?”

Lan Wu, who had intended to slip through the cracks, had no choice but to step forward under everyone’s gaze. With a determined heart, she placed her hand on the object.

But in her anxious gaze, a blue wave rose slowly, transforming into a small fish floating on the spirit-testing stone. Gradually, the fish split into two, occasionally wagging its tail and playing around a small green sprout growing in the middle, looking free and agile.

Qin Yu said, “Dual spiritual roots of water and wood, not bad.”

Ji Lingyue said hopefully, “Then…”

“But I will not take her as my disciple. Golden Feather Peak specializes in swordsmanship, and her spiritual root is too gentle and not suitable for this path.”

Hearing his words, Lan Wu breathed a sigh of relief. She was really afraid that Qin Yu would take her as his disciple. Being around such a powerful person, she probably would be on tenterhooks all the time.

Ji Lingyue suddenly grabbed her hand and said seriously, “Then I will not become your disciple unless you also take Lan Wu as your disciple.”

After she finished speaking, the scene became tense for a moment. Perhaps shocked that she was bargaining with Qin Yu, everyone else was dumbfounded. Qin Yu also frowned slightly and looked at her with some displeasure.

Lan Wu immediately became uneasy and said, “It’s alright, Elder Qin doesn’t have to accept me.”

“But……”

"Even if I go to other immortal masters, we can still meet in the future." Lan Wu comforted her, "You have a golden spiritual root, so going to Golden Feather Peak is the best option for you. Besides," she smiled at Ji Lingyue and sighed, "I'm afraid of pain and can't endure hardship, so I definitely can't cultivate the sword path."

——

Have you reached the beginner level?

12. Lying

When Ji Lingyue carried the clothes and luggage to Qianyun Peak, she still had her brows tightly furrowed.

In her opinion, Lan Wu possesses dual spiritual roots and has excellent aptitude. Even if she doesn't cultivate swordsmanship, she would be good at alchemy or talisman cultivation. Coming to the mediocre Qianyun Peak would be a waste of her talent.

Unbeknownst to her, Lan Wu was more concerned with how to live comfortably.

Qianyun Peak has the most disciples among the five peaks. Even though it is located in Haochen Mountain, where snow is continuous, it is still spring-like all year round and lush with green trees, which is most suitable for Lan Wu's habits. The peak master of Qianyun Peak, Ye Qingjun, is a rare expert with five spiritual roots. Although he is not as specialized as other peak masters and has not reached the pinnacle, he is good at everything. For most people whose aptitude is not so good, this is the best choice.

But she was ultimately no one to Lan Wu, so she couldn't control her. Seeing that she couldn't persuade her, she let her be.

Lan Wu's residence, the Jianzhi Courtyard, had two rooms. Besides her, there was another girl. The girl, dressed in red with black hair, looked dashing and spirited. Upon seeing Lan Wu and the other girl, she enthusiastically ran over to help take their things, her eyes sweeping over them: "Which of you will be my fellow disciple from now on?"

"It's me." Lan Wu smiled. "My name is Lan Wu."

"My name is Yu Shanye." She led the way with a smile and said, "Since you can stay here, you are basically Elder Ye's personal

disciple. I heard that Elder Ye went to Dongzhou to deliver medicine and will not be back for a few days. When that time comes, let's go and see our master together."

Lan Wu nodded: "Okay."

After entering the empty room, Ji Lingyue naturally picked up the bedding and started making the bed for Lan Wu. Lan Wu tried to help, but instead made a mess of the place Ji Lingyue had just tidied up. Ji Lingyue, unable to bear it any longer, chased her off the bed: "Why are you so clumsy?"

Lan Wu, scolded by her, lowered her head and turned to fold clothes obediently. Yu Shanye's gaze swept over the two of them again, and she leaned close to Lan Wu and asked, "Which of you is older?"

Lan Wu said, "Of course I'm older."

"Then what is your relationship?" she asked hesitantly.

"They're friends." Lan Wu put the neatly folded clothes into the closet and muttered softly, "They're… pretty good friends, I guess."

Suddenly, Ji Lingyue's clear voice came from behind: "That's not how you stack it."

Lan Wu was startled and turned around, staring at her with wide eyes. Ji Lingyue squatted down and unceremoniously pushed her aside, then unfolded the clothes that Lan Wu had just put down, folded them up again, and put them away neatly.

Lan Wu twitched her fingers, carefully observing her tense profile, and belatedly realized that she was unhappy.

Why?

Lan Wu couldn't figure out what was making her unhappy, so she shrank to the side, not daring to make a sound.

After thoroughly tidying up the room, Ji Lingyue looked around and calmly said, "Alright, I'm leaving."

"Let's go now?" Lan Wu quickly stood beside her and looked at the sky outside. "Isn't Golden Feather Peak quite far? Why don't you rest for a while before you go?"

"No need," Ji Lingyue said, taking out a palm-sized jade flute from her

bosom.

Lan Wu blinked, recognizing it as the item Qin Yu had given to Ji Lingyue not long ago. Ji Lingyue brought it to her lips, frowned, and tentatively blew on it.

A clear flute melody suddenly rang out, and soon a white crane appeared in the distance. The crane flew closer and closer, and soon folded its wings and landed in the courtyard, stirring up a gentle breeze.

This crane is much larger than the average white crane in the human world.

Yu Shanye looked at the white crane in surprise, circling it a few times: "This…this is yours?"

Ji Lingyue said calmly, "It was given to me by my master."

Yu Shanye glanced at her enviously, then returned to Lan Wu's side and muttered, "Look at their master, she gave him such a nice gift as soon as they met. Our master, on the other hand, we don't even know where he is."

Lan Wu nodded, genuinely surprised that Qin Yu, that cold-faced man, would care so much about his disciple. She stepped forward, helped Ji Lingyue climb up, and looked up, saying, "Be careful."

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, and as she settled in to leave, Lan Wu suddenly called out to her again. She looked down and saw Lan Wu leaning closer, one hand covering her face as she whispered furtively, "Remember to ask your master for the antidote."

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then said in a low voice, "I understand."

The white crane rode the wind and flew away, soaring to the highest heavens.

Strangely, although Ji Lingyue could hear the fierce wind while sitting on it, she did not feel the knife-like chill.

Jinling Peak soars into the clouds, its summit covered in snow and frost. A two-story courtyard on the summit is Qin Yu's residence, while Ji Lingyue lives halfway up the mountain with her senior sisters and brothers.

Qin Yu has extremely high standards. He only has three direct disciples under Ji Lingyue, and all of them possess a single metal-elemental spiritual root. His eldest disciple, Gu Yu, is said to have just won the championship at last year's Immortal Dao Conference and has been in seclusion for a long time. His second senior sister, Meng Changge, is the renowned Red Blade Fairy, who spends her time slaying demons and monsters in the mortal realm and rarely returns.

Therefore, this huge Golden Feather Peak is currently only inhabited by Ji Lingyue and Qin Yu.

Upon reaching the summit, Ji Lingyue first went to pay her respects to her master and asked him about the antidote.

Qin Yu glanced at her sideways and said, "Let me see."

Ji Lingyue obediently approached and extended her hand. Qin Yu lightly placed his fingertips on her wrist and said after a while, "Let's go find the herbalist to take a look."

"Pharmacist?"

Qin Yu hummed in agreement: "It was an elder from Qianyun Peak. He went with Ye Qingjun to deliver the medicine and will be back in a few days." He paused and then said, "From what you just said, this poison will only make you sweat in the middle of the night, and it won't cause any problems at other times. If you can bear it, you can wait for her to come back before treating you. If not, I will take you to see the sect leader in a while. The sect leader also has a way to detoxify."

He asked, "What do you think?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback. Meeting Qin Yu's calm gaze, she hesitated for some reason.

After a while, she blinked and whispered, "I… I can bear it."

Qin Yu nodded, opened his hand, and a small porcelain bottle appeared in his palm: "These pills may be able to alleviate your discomfort. You have not yet abstained from grains. If you are hungry, you can go down the mountain to eat something. You can move around freely for the next few days. As for cultivation, it is not too late to start after the initiation ceremony."

Ji Lingyue accepted it: "Thank you, Master."

Qin Yu said calmly, "No need to thank me. Cherish these few days. Once you formally become my apprentice, you won't have so much free time."

At dusk, the sky above Qianyun Peak was ablaze with crimson clouds, the western sky ablaze like fire, a magnificent and spectacular sight. After sweeping the courtyard and washing her hands, Lan Wu sat obediently at the stone table, waiting for Yu Shanye to bring the food over.

"Ah, it's so hot!"

A steaming bowl of stir-fried bamboo shoots was placed on the table, followed by two bowls of steaming porridge. Lan Wu thanked them, picked up the bamboo shoots, and let them cool for a long time before carefully eating them.

Her eyes lit up, and she praised, "Your cooking is excellent."

Yu Shanye was relieved and said happily, "Of course, my family owns a restaurant in Zhongzhou. Stir-frying bamboo shoots is just a piece of cake. Actually, my specialty is a whole fish feast, including crucian carp, carp, whitefish, and red-tailed fish…"

Lan Wu suddenly lost her appetite and interrupted her, "Eat quickly, the food is getting cold."

"Oh, okay." Yu Shanye ate while daydreaming, "I wonder what our master looks like, and whether she has a good temper. If she could be as generous as Elder Qin and give us mounts, that would be wonderful."

A laugh suddenly came from outside the door.

Lan Wu and the other girl turned their heads at the same time and saw a girl of about thirteen or fourteen years old, dressed in a light blue dress, with a pretty and lively face, standing outside the door with her arms crossed and a playful smile on her face.

Yu Shanye couldn't help but ask, "Who are you? What are you laughing at?"

The girl smiled and opened her mouth, revealing a soft and mature female voice: "I laugh at your wishful thinking. Including the two of you, I have nine personal disciples, not to mention twenty or thirty inner disciples. I can't compare to Qin Yu, who only has three

disciples in total."

The two were taken aback and suddenly fell silent.

After a while, Yu Shanye stared wide-eyed in horror and stammered, "You, you…you are Ye, Ye…"

"How rude! You should call me Master." With that, the girl walked forward and plopped down in the empty seat next to the table.

Lan Wu stared at her intently, and couldn't help but ask, "Master… why do you look like this?"

"Oh, this isn't me." She glanced at Lan Wu and said lazily, "This is a doll I made based on my childhood appearance, containing a fragment of my spirit. I heard that two new apprentices had arrived, so I borrowed her body to come and take a look."

After saying that, she looked them both up and down and commented, "They're both quite good-looking."

Lan Wu said reservedly, "Thank you, Master."

"You are much more composed than her," Ye Qingjun said, then flipped open her palm and threw out two tokens: "Wearing these means you have officially become my disciple. As for the initiation ceremony in three days, I probably won't be able to make it back in time, so we'll skip the formalities of becoming a disciple. If you have any questions, just ask your senior brothers and sisters."

Lan Wu nodded blankly.

Ye Qingjun chuckled softly, stood up again, and said to Yu Shanye, "The food is quite good. From now on, the kitchen of Qianyun Peak will be in your hands."

Yu Shanye was taken aback, then greatly encouraged: "Alright, Master, won't you eat something before you leave?"

"What do you want to eat?" Ye Qingjun shook her head and turned to leave: "Dolls can't taste anything."

She came and went silently, quickly disappearing in front of the door. Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled, and her heart, which had been pounding, slowly began to relax.

It seems Ye Qingjun didn't notice anything unusual about her either.

She let out a breath, picked up the now-cooled rice porridge, and sipped it.

Lan Wu had walked too far today and her whole body ached. After finishing her meal, she washed up and went back to her room to rest early. As soon as her head hit the pillow, she fell asleep.

As night falls and the stars twinkle, the scattered lights on the mountain gradually go out, and the chirping of cicadas fills the air, mingling with the faint fragrance of summer flowers that drifts into the room through the window.

In this tranquil atmosphere, a gust of wind suddenly arose, and then a white crane flapped its wings and landed in the courtyard. The slender girl slid off the crane's back, her cheeks already flushed with an unusual blush.

She clutched her chest, panting heavily, and staggered toward Lan Wu's house. The white crane watched her retreating figure for a moment, then flapped its wings and flew back into the sky.

The door wasn't locked. Ji Lingyue pushed it open, staggered inside, and looked toward the spot where she remembered the bed.

In the dim darkness, she saw the silhouette of Lan Wu sleeping soundly.

She murmured softly and dragged herself over, her belt, coat, shoes, and socks falling to the ground one by one.

When she lifted the covers and crawled next to Lan Wu, she was only wearing a sweat-soaked undergarment.

Ji Lingyue looked up, her eyes red, at the girl so close to her. Her fair body heaved with panting.

Lan Wu's breathing was even, her expression serene. Her delicate face was bathed in a silvery glow from the pale moonlight, her eyelashes curled up, casting a fan-shaped shadow beneath her eyelids. Ji Lingyue stared blankly for a while, feeling inexplicably aggrieved. She carefully moved closer and nestled into Lan Wu's arms.

The scalding heat still woke the sleeping girl. Lan Wu was pressed tightly against her, her eyelids twitched a few times, and she finally opened her eyes with difficulty.

Through her blurry vision, she saw a fluffy black head nestled motionless in her arms.

"…A-Yue?"

Ji Lingyue gave a muffled "hmm," her bare legs intertwining with Lan Wu's. Lan Wu blinked, slowly regaining her senses, and reached out to touch Ji Lingyue's cheek.

"Why is it so hot?" she asked in surprise, her voice still dry from just waking up. "Didn't Elder Qin give you an antidote?"

"Master… there's no other way." Ji Lingyue closed her eyes, suppressing her guilt and shame, and said in a trembling voice, "Please, please help me, okay?"

13. No need to endure.

Lan Wu rolled over and pinned her down.

"Ah Yue…" she sighed, reached out and cupped her burning cheeks, and whispered, "Don't be sad, it's not your fault."

Ji Lingyue's long eyelashes trembled. She looked up at her, feeling even more ashamed. She pursed her lips, clutched Lan Wu's clothes, and carefully raised her head to kiss Lan Wu's chin.

Lan Wu narrowed her eyes and obediently lowered her head to make it easier for her to kiss her. Her fingertips parted the only piece of clothing she was wearing and pressed against the girl's smooth skin.

It's so hot…

She couldn't help but ask, "This poison, even your master can't cure it?"

Ji Lingyue hooked her arm around her neck and said in a hoarse voice, "Master said that the herbalist… the herbalist can cure it."

"Pharmacist?"

"Yes," she replied, "Master said that she is an elder of your Qianyun Peak, and went to Dongzhou to deliver medicine with Peak Master Elder Ye Qingjun… Perhaps she will return during the initiation ceremony."

Lan Wu paused, frowned, and pondered for a moment before

hesitatingly saying, "The initiation ceremony… they might not be able to come back."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback.

Lan Wu gently rubbed her eyes, causing a blush to appear: "In short, they won't be back anytime soon."

Ji Lingyue blinked, and after a long while, she blankly uttered an "oh".

She looked both dazed and obedient, with her narrow eyes wide open like a puppy's.

Lan Wu clicked her tongue and couldn't help but lower her head to place a kiss on the corner of her eye.

"Hmm…" Ji Lingyue groaned softly, obediently closing her eyes. Her legs unconsciously wrapped around Lan Wu's waist. After a while, Lan Wu felt a dampness in her lower abdomen. The girl twisted slightly in her arms, her wet thighs sticking to Lan Wu's thin clothes, leaving a wet patch.

She raised an eyebrow, her palm sliding down her lower abdomen, disappearing into the sparse hair, and pressing against Ji Lingyue's damp crotch. The soft flesh of her vulva was easily pried open, the narrow opening contracting and flowing with lustful fluid. As soon as her fingers were offered, she couldn't wait to take one of her knuckles into her mouth.

After more than a month of nightly revelry, Ji Lingyue's body had become so sensitive that she no longer needed lengthy foreplay.

Warm, wet kisses gradually landed on her neck and chest. She squinted comfortably, her mind hazy, until her body was suddenly filled. She shuddered and gasped, calling out, "Lan Wu…"

The girl lying on top of her hummed in agreement: "Do you feel uncomfortable?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head, put her two little legs on her waist, and started shaking her fingers while sucking on them.

She said in a hoarse voice, "Hurry up…"

Lan Wu wrapped her arms around her waist and began to thrust her

fingers in and out of her opening. Soon, the sound of gurgling water filled the air. Ji Lingyue moaned softly, tears welling in her eyes, and then groaned weakly, "Touch, touch…"

Lan Wu was taken aback, but quickly realized what she was talking about. She simply turned over and made her kneel on her lap.

"Hmm…" Ji Lingyue was momentarily dazed, looking at her blankly.

Lan Wu stretched out her wet fingers and looked down. Sure enough, the swollen little bud had tremblingly emerged, glistening.

She inserted her fingers back in, slowly grinding and rotating them against the flesh walls, her palm intentionally or unintentionally squeezing the wet clitoris. Before long, Ji Lingyue could no longer kneel and fell limply into her arms.

"Ah…" She hugged Lan Wu tightly, letting out intermittent moans. Lan Wu looked up and kissed her cheek, but Ji Lingyue subconsciously turned her head away, leaned in, and pressed her lips to hers.

Lan Wu froze.

During the month or so that she and Ji Lingyue were intimate, apart from the initial kiss on the lips when she was half-asleep, they never did that again.

Even though she's a little mermaid, she's still very innocent because she grew up listening to her father and mother's love stories.

Kissing is something only lovers can do.

Having sex with Ji Lingyue was a last resort, a temporary measure. If I were to kiss her in a moment of passion during the process, that would be disastrous!

Lan Wu's expression changed slightly. She raised her eyes and met Ji Lingyue's hazy, dependent gaze. The girl was gentle and soft, looking at her intently, like a little animal that was only loyal to her.

Her long eyelashes trembled, and for some reason, her heart softened again.

Forget it, we've already gotten to bed, why are we still arguing about whether or not to kiss…

Lan Wu sighed inwardly, closed her eyes, and gently parted her red

lips to carefully lick Ji Lingyue's lips. Ji Lingyue whimpered and subconsciously opened her mouth. Her soft tongue then slipped into her mouth and tangled haphazardly with hers.

Neither of them were very skilled, and they soon separated, panting. Ji Lingyue seemed to enjoy doing this. Once she caught her breath, she clung to her shoulder and kissed her affectionately.

Lan Wu bit her lower lip, and the fingers that were slowly thrusting in and out of her wet, soft hole gradually increased their speed.

The person in her arms was trembling, the sticky flesh of her vagina clinging tightly to her knuckles. In the passionate kisses, Lan Wu's usually fair face flushed, and a layer of fine beads of sweat appeared on her forehead. She thrust into the wet vagina dozens of times, squeezing out splashes of water, and then rubbed the slippery clitoris hard. Ji Lingyue suddenly shuddered, her toes straightening and curling, letting out a soft moan of unbearable discomfort. Her arms tightened around Lan Wu, and a surge of heat suddenly flowed between her legs, wetting Lan Wu's hand.

Ji Lingyue let out an embarrassed sob, trembling as she shrank into Lan Wu's arms, tears falling in a steady stream.

Lan Wu held her, gently stroking her back, and waited until she gradually calmed down before asking, "Want more?"

Ji Lingyue groaned and shook her head, seemingly extremely ashamed: "No more…"

"Is once enough?"

"Master, Master gave me a pot of medicine, and I don't feel as bad as before." Ji Lingyue hugged her slender waist tightly, as if afraid that she would continue to ask questions, and said in a trembling voice, "Let's… let's go to sleep."

Lan Wu glanced down at her fluffy head, unsuspecting, and used a handkerchief to wipe and clean her before hugging her and lying down on the dry inner side to sleep.

Ji Lingyue glanced hesitantly at the dark stain left by the bed, and stammered, "I… I'll help you wash it tomorrow…"

"No need." Lan Wu hugged her closer and yawned. "I'll wash it. If others see this, they'll think I'm bullying you."

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips. Seeing that Lan Wu had closed her eyes to sleep, she didn't say anything more. She carefully hugged Lan Wu's waist and slowly closed her eyes.

Lan Wu woke up from the heat not long after falling asleep. A soft body was pressing down on her, kissing her. At the same time, a hot, wet spot slid against her thigh. Lan Wu rolled over, pulled her legs up with one hand, and slid the other hand directly into the tight, wet opening. Fortunately, Ji Lingyue was flexible and only groaned before straightening up to meet her.

Lan Wu said in a low voice, "Didn't you take the medicine and get better?"

Ji Lingyue gasped for breath, tears welling in her eyes, and groaned intermittently, "I…I don't know, it seems…um, it's only lessened a little, a little bit of the symptoms…"

Her body heat had subsided before she went to sleep, but it surged back up again after a short while. She endured it for a long time, but couldn't bear it any longer, and started doing these lewd things again.

"I'm sorry," she choked out, "I didn't want to wake you…"

Lan Wu paused, her heart melting completely. She lowered her head and kissed Ji Lingyue's moist eyes, but Ji Lingyue instinctively closed her eyes and gently bit Lan Wu's lips. Lan Wu was startled, blinked helplessly, and entangled her tongue with Ji Lingyue's, seemingly trying to squeeze all the air out of her mouth. Ji Lingyue blushed from the kiss, her chest heaving violently. After a while, she weakly pushed Lan Wu's shoulder, but was stimulated by the sudden increase in speed between her legs, causing her to arch her back.

"Ah, ha ah…" Ji Lingyue trembled uncontrollably, tears streaming down her face. Suddenly, she straightened up and let out a long moan. Her flesh walls squeezed Lan Wu's fingers tightly, and then a stream of hot liquid flowed out, soaking her entire palm.

Once she recovered, Lan Wu turned her over and pressed her down from behind.

The nimble fingertips once again probed into the eagerly sucking acupoint, and Ji Lingyue's body trembled. She let out a sob and groan before her chin was pinched and her lips and tongue were sealed.

After the kiss, Lan Wu said breathlessly, "Tell me if you feel unwell.

Don't hold back. I will take good care of you."

XIV. Foundation Building

The introductory ceremony was held as scheduled.

The Seeking Immortality Platform was flat and vast, shrouded in mist, and could easily accommodate over a hundred inner disciples. In front of the platform were five jade-white stone chairs, with the sect leader sitting in the very center. She had a full head of white hair, but her appearance was surprisingly young, looking no more than twenty years old.

Beside the sect leader sat three people, and Lan Wu recognized one of them as Qin Yu. There was an empty seat next to Qin Yu, which was probably the seat of her master who couldn't make it back in time.

Lan Wu and Yu Shanye stood side by side on the path belonging to Qianyun Peak. Looking around, they realized that their group actually had the most people among the five columns.

Below Qin Yu was the most deserted area, with only two people standing there. One was Ji Lingyue, and the other was a tall woman wearing a white Taoist robe from Haochen Mountain, with a fiery red knife hanging at her waist.

Lan Wu looked away and unexpectedly caught sight of a familiar face.

The effeminate-looking boy stood with his head held high in the line belonging to the sect leader, his nose practically pointing to the sky.

Isn't this… that Keiko Shiro?

Lan Wu pouted, clicked her tongue in annoyance, turned her head back, and crossed her arms, lost in thought.

Their peak master of Qianyun Peak was absent, and she had come to this initiation ceremony purely to watch the excitement. But after standing there for a short while, she began to feel bored. All she could see was a vast expanse of white, contrasting sharply with the snow-capped mountains shrouded in mist in the distance—a scene of utterly serene and serene beauty. Lan Wu yawned and listlessly squinted her eyes.

Yu Shanye glanced at her and couldn't help but ask, "Why are you so sleepy? You usually go to bed quite early every night."

Lan Wu blinked, feeling a little guilty: “There were too many mosquitoes at night, I didn’t sleep well.”

“Really?” Yu Shanye turned around suspiciously and looked at the other four rows of new disciples. They were stepping forward one by one, kowtowing to become disciples, and then taking the gold medals from their respective masters.

After everyone had taken their tokens, the sect leader stood up. His voice wasn’t loud, but it clearly reached everyone’s ears: “This token is called a Life Token, symbolizing the identity of an inner disciple of Haochen Mountain. After the blood is dripped, the Life Token will recognize its owner. The array within can protect you all once. In the future, you must keep it safe and not easily hand it over to others…”

Lan Wu was taken aback and couldn’t help but look down at the plaque hanging on her waist. The plaque, from Qianyun Peak, was carved with a lifelike flower and a tree, full of vitality. After listening to the sect leader’s words, she picked it up, examined it from side to side, and then tentatively dripped a drop of blood onto it.

A golden light flashed, and two words gradually appeared at the bottom of the card: Lan Wu.

Lan Wu was startled, awestruck by the profound creations of the human race.

No wonder… no wonder the demons in the demon realm have always been unable to defeat human cultivators.

She was lost in thought and barely listened to what was said afterward. After the event ended, she subconsciously looked at Ji Lingyue and their eyes met.

Ji Lingyue smiled at her, but was pulled away by her senior sister standing next to her and walked towards Qin Yu. Lan Wu then slowly withdrew her gaze and returned to Qianyun Peak with Yu Shanye.

In the afternoon, the doll Ye Qingjun made came again, leaving behind a thick stack of books. Without Ye Qingjun’s possession, the doll was an object devoid of emotion and consciousness, acting rigidly and without any soul.

Lan Wu picked up a book and looked at it. It was filled with secrets of self-cultivation. She felt a headache just looking at it: “Why do I have to learn this?”

Yu Shanye also looked troubled: “This…isn’t this cultivation? Why are we still given books like in the human world’s academy? Do we still have to go to school on time?”

Doll: “Indeed.”

She reached out her hand, and a thin piece of paper flew out, its surface gleaming with gold, revealing several lines of elegant writing.

“On Mondays and Tuesdays, sword practice takes place on the main peak, with Elder Qin Yu as the instructor. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, calligraphy and Daoist practice take place on the main peak, with Elder Bai Wang giving lectures…”

There was still a long way to go. Lan Wu glanced at it briefly. It started at Chen Shi (7-9 AM) and ended at You Shi (5-7 PM), with only one day off on Sundays.

After a long silence, she raised her hand, covered her face in pain, and wondered if she had lost her mind and ended up in such a place.

When Ji Lingyue sneaked over that evening, Lan Wu was still tossing and turning in distress. Ji Lingyue climbed into bed and asked curiously, “What’s wrong?”

Lan Wu said weakly, “I don’t want to… go to the main peak for class…”

“Are you afraid of the cold?” Ji Lingyue tilted her head and obediently lay down beside her, comforting her, “It’s okay, I’ve gone to check. The school on the main peak is halfway up the mountain, so it’s not that cold. Besides, there’s a town at the foot of the main peak. If you feel bored, you can go and have a look around.”

Lan Wu sighed deeply, “My life has never been this regular.”

Ji Lingyue glanced at her, utterly puzzled: “What kind of life did you live before?”

Lan Wu sighed, turned to the side, and whispered, “I don’t care what day it is, I’m not going back anyway.”

She lowered her head and kissed Ji Lingyue on the cheek. Ji Lingyue blinked, wrapped her arms around her neck, and slowly brought her lips closer.

The next morning, before dawn, Ji Lingyue groped her way out of bed and hurriedly dressed. Lan Wu groaned a few times, opened her eyes with difficulty, and asked in a hoarse voice, "Why are you up so early?"

"Did I wake you up?" Ji Lingyue said, "Master told me to hold the Xuan Tie sword and practice horse stance for an hour in the courtyard every morning before going to class on the main peak."

Lan Wu: "…This is really not human."

"Don't say that," Ji Lingyue explained, "Master is strict with me because he has expectations of me and is urging me on."

After a long silence, Lan Wu asked hesitantly, "You're not going to do something else after class this afternoon, are you?"

Ji Lingyue nodded: "Master said that after 5 pm, we should run two laps around the main peak, and rest whenever we finish."

"Is that so…" Lan Wu blinked, and after a while, she couldn't help but lower her head and count on her fingers, exclaiming in surprise, "Then you can only sleep for three hours a day?"

"Three hours will suffice."

"How can this be?" Lan Wu couldn't help but say, "Besides, you're coming to my place tonight…"

Ji Lingyue looked at her, her face slightly flushed, and murmured, "It's okay, I'm not tired."

After saying goodbye, she straightened her clothes, bid farewell to Lan Wu, and left quietly, looking radiant.

Lan Wu turned over, lay on her side for a while, but still couldn't fall asleep, so she simply sat up and pulled a book from the table.

The cover of the book was inscribed with the words "Entering the Dao". Lan Wu glanced at it and saw that cultivators were divided into nine major realms according to their cultivation level. Each realm was further divided into three minor realms. Every time a major realm was broken through, a tribulation lightning would be attracted. The higher one went, the more powerful the tribulation lightning became.

"Foundation Building, Qi Refining, Golden Core, Nascent Soul, Out-of-

Body, Body Integration, Mahayana, Nirvana, Tribulation Transcending…" She frowned and muttered, "What a hassle."

Although she complained about how troublesome it was, she continued reading.

The preface states that ten thousand years ago, there was only chaos in the universe. Then, the light and pure air rose to become the heavens, while the heavy and turbid air condensed to become the earth. Those who drew pure air into their bodies became immortals, while those who drew turbid air into their bodies became demons.

The so-called foundation building is to learn to attract the pure energy of heaven and earth, which is what cultivators call spiritual energy entering the body and connecting the meridians, laying the foundation for future cultivation. Only after foundation building can one be considered to have truly embarked on the path of immortality.

Furthermore, even among beasts that have transformed into humans, those that absorb pure energy to cultivate are spirit beasts, while those that absorb turbid energy to cultivate are demon beasts.

However, the way to attract spiritual energy into her body was very different from her previous cultivation method. After thinking for a moment, Lan Wu thought that since she had no power now, she might as well try it. So she sat cross-legged and placed her hands on her knees as instructed in the book, guiding the spiritual energy into her body and circulating it throughout her body.

Upon reaching the sea of consciousness, the light-colored spiritual energy slowly enveloped the mermaid pearl shrouded in gray mist, only to quickly vanish without a trace.

She was taken aback and, disbelieving, went through it again. But the gray mist was like a ravenous beast, devouring all the spiritual energy she had drawn into her body.

Lan Wu: …

I feel like we're really doomed.

After the initiation ceremony, Lan Wu began to live the life of a schoolchild in the human world. She went out early and returned late every day, listening to the white-bearded old Taoist preach in a daze, or being taught swordsmanship and talisman techniques by various elders. She finally had a day off on Sunday and wanted to ask Ji

Lingyue to go down the mountain with her to visit Jixue City, which was dozens of miles away, but Ji Lingyue refused her out of embarrassment.

"My master wants me to go to the snowy mountains behind the mountain to chop firewood."

As Lan Wu wrote furiously, she asked incredulously, "What do you need firewood for?"

Ji Lingyue said, "Practice swordsmanship."

"…Alright." She could only compromise: "Then I'll go with Yu Shanye."

Ji Lingyue blinked, stopped copying the book for Lan Wu, and turned her head to say, "You also need to cultivate properly. Elder Bai Wang said that everyone else can now gather spiritual energy and won't be far from Foundation Establishment. Only you can't gather spiritual energy yet, and you even talked back to Elder Bai. Otherwise, you wouldn't have been punished by copying the 'Pure Heart Mantra'…"

"Where did I talk back?" Lan Wu retorted, unconvinced. "I was telling the truth. I wasn't slacking off. I really can't gather spiritual energy."

"How could that be?" Ji Lingyue frowned. "You have dual spiritual roots. As long as you follow the steps in the book, it should be easy."

Lan Wu muttered, "That's hard to say."

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and put on a serious expression: "Lan Wu, you have good talent and shouldn't waste your time. If you don't cultivate properly, I won't help you copy books anymore."

Lan Wu was taken aback, turned her head, and looked at her pitifully with her bright eyes: "No, if you don't help me, I definitely won't be able to hand in the five recitations of the 'Heart-Clearing Mantra' in three days."

Ji Lingyue couldn't help but soften when she saw the girl's round eyes staring at her. She sighed helplessly, looked away, and continued copying.

After a while, she muttered softly, "It's one thing that I didn't study before, so my handwriting is bad, but how come your handwriting is so bad too?"

Lan Wu stammered for a long time without saying anything, but fortunately Ji Lingyue didn't mind. She picked up her pen and clumsily wrote down a stroke and a dot.

Time flies like an arrow in the mountains. In the blink of an eye, Lan Wu had been staying at Haochen Mountain for almost a month. Today was another Sunday. She slept lazily until late morning before getting up. She sat up, yawned, and stared blankly at the bed next to her. Only then did she realize that Ji Lingyue had not come last night.

She was startled, quickly dressed, jumped out of bed, and pushed open the door.

Yu Shanye was watering the flowers in the yard when she heard the noise and was startled. She turned around and asked, "What's wrong?"

"I..." Lan Wu hesitated for a moment, then hurriedly said, "I'm going out for a bit, so you don't need to cook lunch for me."

Before Yu Shanye could reply, she dashed off. In the past, Ji Lingyue would always come to find her secretly on her spirit crane. Only when she actually ran did she realize that Golden Feather Peak and Hidden Cloud Peak were actually so far apart.

After finally reaching the foot of the mountain, a biting cold wind made her shiver. Looking up, she saw snow-covered pines and frost-covered trees covering the mountainside, with a winding path leading upwards that seemed to stretch endlessly.

She gritted her teeth, lifted her legs and climbed uphill. Finally, after half an hour, she saw a courtyard faintly visible halfway up the mountain. Lan Wu shivered from the cold, her breath turning into white mist in an instant. She struggled to the courtyard gate, pushed it open, and the bells tied with red ropes on the eaves jingled.

"A-Yue?" Lan Wu blinked, her long eyelashes quickly covered with frost, and her pink lips gradually lost their color.

Unable to gather spiritual energy to ward off the cold, her fragile body felt like it would soon freeze solid.

"Ah Yue..." She walked around the yard but didn't see anyone. Just as she was about to leave, she heard a rustling sound coming from the back of the yard.

Lan Wu hesitated for a moment, then slowly walked over.

Snowflakes fell softly, blanketing everything in white. Not even a bird could be seen. In the silence, only the sudden crunching sound of footsteps on the snow could be heard.

The girl who climbed out of the icy pool was only wearing a white robe that covered her ankles. Her wet black hair clung to her cheeks. She raised her head, and her fair, delicate face and slightly red eyes met Lan Wu's gaze in a daze.

Lan Wu stood frozen in place, staring blankly at her.

The girl frowned, her bare feet treading on the snow, and staggered toward her.

"Lan Wu…" She threw herself into Lan Wu's icy embrace, her body burning hot, and scalding tears streamed down her face. "Lan Wu… save me…"

Lan Wu suddenly trembled, and after a long while, she slowly wrapped her arms around her waist, asking incredulously, "A-Yue?"

15. My heart is filled with endless sorrow.

"Ah Yue…" Lan Wuqing couldn't help but shiver. Her body was burning hot in front of her, but a cold air rushed into her back, freezing her limbs and bones: "You, you've reached the Foundation Establishment stage?"

Otherwise, Ji Lingyue could not have changed her appearance overnight.

The spirit gathers into the body, the spiritual meridians are opened, the marrow is cleansed and the bones are refined, and the filth of the mortal world is removed, resulting in such a beautiful appearance.

Everyone says it takes a hundred days to build a foundation, but A-Yue's progress is a bit too fast.

As she was lost in thought, Ji Lingyue let out a sob and groaned, "It hurts…"

"It hurts?" Lan Wu was taken aback. Looking down at her trembling long eyelashes, she felt that standing in the snow was not a solution. Moreover, this person was only wearing a robe. Even though Golden Feather Peak was deserted, it was too presumptuous.

She picked him up and turned to walk towards Ji Lingyue's room.

The girl clung softly to her shoulder, her burning cheeks brushing against her neck. The warmth in her arms made Lan Wu unable to resist snuggling closer, drawing warmth from her as she quickened her pace.

As soon as I opened the door, a wave of warmth rushed towards me.

Lan Wu breathed a sigh of relief, thinking that Qin Yu still had some conscience and added a cold-proof formation to the house; otherwise, she would have really thought that Ji Lingyue was being abused.

She carefully placed the person on the bed, scanned her body from head to toe, and asked, "Where does it hurt?"

Ji Lingyue said in a trembling voice, "It hurts everywhere..."

It felt as if her bones were shattered and reassembled, her skin peeled off, and then regrown back onto her flesh. To make matters worse, the snake venom flared up at night, burning her entire body and forcing her to stumble and jump into the icy pool in the hope of relieving the pain.

She bit her lips so hard they almost bled. Her newly grown, thin skin was delicate and tender. Lan Wu simply carried her back, leaving red finger marks on her alabaster-like body.

Lan Wu asked, "Where is your master?"

"He went to Zhongzhou with... with Second Senior Sister..." Ji Lingyue finished speaking, then let out another sob, her fingers tightly gripping Lan Wu's clothes, tears falling in a steady stream: "Lan Wu..."

"I'm here." Lan Wu hugged her, completely flustered. "I'm sorry, I should... I should have come to find you sooner..."

She felt guilty and disgusted with herself for falling asleep so easily last night. She also knew that the pain was unavoidable. If Qin Yu were here, he might be able to give her some medicine, but now that he wasn't here, she could only endure it.

Now that things have come to this, all she can do is hold Ji Lingyue tightly, so she won't be all alone.

The two sat and lay down until the sun slowly moved directly overhead, at which point Ji Lingyue's tense body finally relaxed, and she collapsed into Lan Wu's arms, utterly exhausted. Lan Wu looked down and saw that Ji Lingyue was drenched in sweat, her small face as pale as paper, and strands of her long hair stuck to her face.

Lan Wu took out a handkerchief and carefully wiped her face, asking softly, "Does it still hurt?"

Ji Lingyue rested for a while before shaking her head, raising her hand, and a ball of golden spiritual energy appeared in her palm. Lan Wu glanced at it and couldn't help but smile: "You can use spiritual energy now."

Ji Lingyue gave a listless "hmm," withdrew her hand, and buried her head in Lan Wu's lower abdomen. Lan Wu was taken aback, then chuckled and patted her head. Seeing that her white robe was soaking wet and clung to her body, she couldn't help but ask, "Would you like to take a bath?"

"want……"

He said he wanted it, but huddled in her arms, not moving. Lan Wu looked around, about to ask where to boil water, when a hand reached out, and the wide sleeve fell down, revealing a slender arm.

The hand gripped Lan Wu's collar, and with a slight pull, Lan Wu was forced to bend over, meeting her gaze in surprise.

Ji Lingyue blinked, her dark eyes clear and bright beneath her curled eyelashes: "Lan Wu…"

"You…" Lan Wu twisted her neck uncomfortably. Although she knew that Ji Lingyue was in good health at the end of the month, her beautiful face, which had become several degrees more refined after the foundation building, still made her feel a little uncomfortable, especially since she was suddenly so close to him, which made her heart skip a beat.

She's not far off from the famously beautiful merfolk.

"W-what's wrong?"

Ji Lingyue frowned and hesitated before asking, "Don't you like how I look now?"

"How could that be?" Lan Wu quickly denied, "My eyes aren't blind."

"Then you…" She paused, then asked blankly, "Why don't you look at me?"

"Who said I'm not looking at you?" Lan Wu said, hurriedly shifting her gaze back. But after a short while, her cheeks gradually turned red, making her lively face appear even more radiant.

Ji Lingyue blinked, and a thought that inexplicably delighted her gradually surfaced in her mind: "Are you… are you shy?"

"What's there to be shy about?" Lan Wu coughed lightly and reached out to pinch her nose. "With your looks and no flesh on your bones, what would I be shy about?"

Ji Lingyue said in a muffled voice, "But your face is red."

Lan Wu: "I'm so hot! Who told you to stand so close to me and sweat so much? Oh dear, look at my clothes, they're all soaked. I need to wash them properly…"

Before she could finish speaking, Ji Lingyue reached out and tapped her chest. Golden light rippled from her fingertips, and in an instant, the sticky sweat disappeared completely. Lan Wu sat there, completely dry, staring blankly at her.

Ji Lingyue said calmly, "The cleansing spell is in Chapter Three of 'Entering the Path'." After saying that, she rolled out of Lan Wu's arms, shrank to the corner of the bed, and said in a huff, "Fine, you can go back. Anyway, I don't care anymore."

Despite saying that, when Lan Wu actually jumped off the bed, she turned her head uneasily, her dark eyes sneaking glances over. Lan Wu caught her red-handed, chuckled, and held out her hand: "Do you want to come down the mountain with me to Jixue Capital?"

Ji Lingyue subconsciously said, "But Master…"

"Anyway, he's not here." Lan Wu winked at her and smiled, "It's just the two of us. Consider it a celebration for your Foundation Establishment. I'll treat you to something delicious."

After hesitating for a moment, Ji Lingyue got up and pinched her fingertips: "Okay."

"…" Lan Wu's face flushed again. She turned her head in a panic and stammered, "You, you, you should put your clothes on!"

As the largest city in the Northern State, Jixue City is much simpler than those in other states, yet it is still grand in scale, prosperous, and majestic. The neighborhoods are well-organized, and from afar you can see the undulating noble residences, government offices, and ancestral temples. Even the street performers are very lively, and every few steps you can see some masked cultivators with low cultivation levels performing small tricks for passersby to earn money. It is no exaggeration to say that this is the place where mortals and cultivators live together most closely.

Ji Lingyue wasn't interested in the jewelry and rouge that ordinary girls liked, but seeing that Lan Wu did, she accompanied her into each shop, obediently offering her opinions. Lan Wu felt bad about it, so she took her to a clothing store to choose some clothes for her.

Ji Lingyue quickly refused: "Why buy clothes? I'll just wear my Taoist robe."

"Do you wear these all the time?" Lan Wu ignored her, her gaze sweeping over the various dresses. She pointed to a few and asked the shopkeeper to bring them down, then stuffed them into Ji Lingyue's arms: "Go try them on."

Ji Lingyue opened her mouth, but seeing that she couldn't persuade her, she helplessly went to change her clothes.

When she came out, Lan Wu was chatting with the shop owner with a smile. She turned her head and saw her, and her eyes lit up: "Beautiful!"

The shopkeeper also said, "These clothes are practically tailor-made for you, Little Immortal Master!"

Ji Lingyue blushed with embarrassment and tugged at the delicate hem of her dress: "This, this must be very expensive, right?"

"It's alright, just fifty low-grade spirit stones." Lan Wu said naturally, "I've already paid. Let the shopkeeper help you sort things out, and then we'll leave."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: "…Fifty? Where did you get so many spirit stones?"

"I have plenty of spirit stones." Lan Wu snorted, took the clothes and storage ring handed over by the shopkeeper, and then gave them to Ji Lingyue: "This is for you too. You've already reached the Foundation Establishment stage, so you should be able to use it."

Ji Lingyue was even more surprised: "Aren't storage rings more expensive?"

Lan Wu smiled and said, "Didn't I tell you? My family is quite wealthy. The things I brought from home can be exchanged for a lot of spirit stones at the Treasure Pavilion. You don't need to worry about spending too much, I can afford it anyway."

Ji Lingyue hesitated for a moment, looked up at her, and asked in a low voice, "Why are you spending so much money on me?"

"Why is there any 'why'?" Lan Wu tapped her forehead and said softly, "Do we need to be so particular about our relationship?"

Ji Lingyue blinked and her lips moved slightly.

But what is our relationship?

But before she could ask, Lan Wu had already walked briskly towards the door. Her bright and beautiful face was bathed in sunlight, looking gentle and content, with an open and honest mind.

Seeing that Ji Lingyue hadn't followed, she turned around and said lazily, "Come on, aren't you hungry?"

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, pursed her lips, and quickly walked up to her, walking side by side.

Looking at the intertwined shadows on the ground, she felt increasingly frustrated, and even wondered if it was because she was too young and inexperienced that she was feeling so sad and lost here all by herself.

I'm sure everyone can see that our A-Yue was a loyal puppy in the early stages, and she was the one who fell in love first???

16. The Last Time

Riding on the spirit crane, the two returned to Haochen Mountain at dusk, only to find a large crowd gathered at the mountain gate a

hundred meters below. Lan Wu looked down curiously, but couldn't figure it out for a while, so she urged Ji Lingyue to take her down.

Ji Lingyue glanced at her helplessly, then slowly descended on the crane, stopping a short distance away. Lan Wu jumped down and hopped around a few times outside the crowd, but was still completely blocked. She frowned in annoyance, then casually tugged at the sleeve of a disciple beside her and asked, "What happened?"

"It's nothing, Elder Ye just brought back a demonic beast, and everyone's just watching the show."

"Elder Ye?" Lan Wu was taken aback. "Which Elder Ye?"

"Who else could it be but Elder Ye Qingjun?"

Ji Lingyue stood beside her, her expression somewhat cold: "Demon beasts? Can demon beasts be brought into Haochen Mountain?"

"You don't know this, Elder Ye is not only an elder of our Haochen Mountain, but also a famous beast tamer. She can control both spirit beasts and demon beasts. The sect leader turns a blind eye to her. As for these demon beasts, as long as they don't hurt people, it's fine."

Ji Lingyue frowned disapprovingly and said, "A demon is a demon. It is violent and unpredictable and cannot be trusted at all. Moreover, we cultivate the Tao precisely to slay demons and eliminate evil. How can Elder Ye bring in demonic beasts so casually?"

Lan Wu glanced at her and couldn't help but retort, "What you're saying… I don't think monsters are as bad as you say."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback and turned to look at her: "Have you forgotten about how you were almost eaten by the snake demon before?"

"Well, that was just a coincidence that we encountered a bad monster. Humans can be good or bad, but can't monsters be too?"

Ji Lingyue suddenly sneered and said sarcastically, "There may be good monsters in this world, but unfortunately, I have never met one."

Lan Wu choked, never having been retorted to this attitude before, and didn't know what to do. Just then, a gentle voice came from deep within the crowd like timely rain, rescuing her: "Oh, isn't this my good disciple?"

The crowd gradually parted to reveal a person and a beast standing in the center. The woman in green had a smile on her face, and upon closer inspection, she did indeed resemble the puppet by about 50%. This must be her master, whom she had never met.

Behind her lay a reclining snow lion. Its fur was smooth and flawless, and its large, bright eyes were golden, giving it a sharp and wild appearance. Ye Qingjun stood in front of it, only half its height, making her appear even more delicate, as if it could be easily knocked away by its paw.

Lan Wu was stunned for a moment, then asked blankly, "Are you calling me?"

"Otherwise what?" Ye Qingjun beckoned to her: "Come, you take Xiaoxue to the back mountain of our Qianyun Peak for your master."

Lan Wu obediently stepped forward: "What about Master?"

"Of course I am…" She paused, then said dismissively, "Why ask so many questions? Just do what I'm told." With that, she handed the silver rope in her hand to Lan Wu: "When we get to the back mountain, the herbalist will take over."

Lan Wu: "The herbalist is back too?"

"What, do you need to see her?"

"I…" Lan Wu subconsciously looked back, only to see Ji Lingyue standing in the distance with a tense face, arms crossed, not even glancing at her. She couldn't help but purse her lips, feeling a little angry, and turned back to say, "I understand."

Holding the rope, she walked towards Qianyun Peak without looking back.

The back mountain of Qianyun Peak is rich in spiritual energy and lush with flowers and plants. Among them is a courtyard filled with spiritual herbs, which is the residence of the herbalist. Lan Wu led the snow lion, attracting many glances along the way. By the time she reached the herbalist's door, it was already dark.

She stood in front of the door and called out, then heard a creak as someone pushed the door open and came out.

Unexpectedly, the herbalist wasn't the kind old lady she had

imagined, but a woman who looked to be no more than twenty years old. She silently approached Lan Wu, her eyes clearly looking at her, yet seemingly unfocused.

After taking the rope, she turned and left.

Lan Wu was stunned by her aloof aura. After a long while, she hesitated and said, "Elder, then, shall I leave?"

The herbalist stopped, but didn't turn around: "Hmm."

What a strange person.

Lan Wu muttered to herself, then turned and went back to her own courtyard. Surprisingly, Yu Shanye wasn't there either. Logically, she should be researching recipes at this time. Lan Wu looked around but didn't see anyone, so she simply went back to her room, collapsed onto the bed, and curled up in a ball wrapped in the blanket.

After a long while, she let out a deep sigh.

As night fell and the stars twinkled, the lump on the bed finally stirred, then sat up abruptly.

Ji Lingyue did not come.

That's right, now that the herbalist is back, she should be able to detoxify immediately. Sure enough, once she recovered, she refused to come looking for her anymore; what a heartless little girl.

Lan Wu gritted her teeth, jumped out of bed and paced back and forth in the room a few times. The more she thought about it, the angrier she became. Unable to sleep, she simply went out, picked up the axe in the corner, and prepared to go to the back mountain to chop some firewood.

With a stern face, she stormed out of the courtyard. After taking only two steps, she saw a dark figure crouching on the stone steps not far away.

"!" Lan Wu was so frightened that her face turned pale. She quickly jumped back a step and raised the axe: "Who is it?!"

The dark figure moved slightly, slowly turning its head to reveal a face as smooth as jade.

"…A-Yue?"

Ji Lingyue glanced at her, then turned her head away without saying a word, burying her head in her knees.

After a long while, Lan Wu finally walked over to her side and asked, “What are you doing sitting here so late at night?”

Ji Lingyue remained silent. Lan Wu hesitated for a moment, then put down the axe, carefully sat down next to her, and awkwardly asked, “Why aren’t you saying anything?”

Ji Lingyue turned her head to the other side and said in a muffled voice, “You abandoned me today.”

Lan Wu opened her eyes wide and subconsciously said, “It’s because you don’t want to talk to me.”

“I’m not,” Ji Lingyue suddenly looked up at her, her eyes red. “I’m a little angry, but I won’t ignore you.” She bit her lip, seemingly holding back for a moment, before asking, “Lan Wu, do you like monsters?”

“There’s no such thing as liking…” Lan Wu sighed and said, “I just… I just feel that there are many good monsters in this world.” As she spoke, she turned to look at Ji Lingyue and asked seriously, “Can you accept my thoughts?”

Ji Lingyue: “No.”

Lan Wu: “…”

How come there wasn’t even the slightest hesitation?

Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes, as if she had made up her mind, and said in a low voice, “Lan Wu, you can’t change my mind, and I can’t change yours. So let’s not talk about monsters anymore, okay?”

Lan Wu said helplessly, “Does our disagreement disappear if we don’t talk about it?”

Ji Lingyue shook her head: “But if we don’t talk about it, you won’t be angry with me.”

Lan Wu was taken aback, and a pang of sadness welled up in her heart. After a long while, she asked in a low voice, “Why do you hate monsters so much?”

“Why?” Ji Lingyue’s eyes darted around, as if she was recalling something. After a while, she hugged her knees and chuckled softly,

"Maybe it's because I once saved a cat."

Lan Wu looked at her blankly.

The girl closed her eyes, her voice surprisingly calm, as if she were telling an insignificant story: "Later, she killed everyone in our village and ate their hearts."

"…" Lan Wu's body stiffened, her face turning pale and ashen, looking extremely unpleasant. After a long while, her dry voice finally managed to squeeze out from her throat: "I'm sorry."

"What did you say sorry for?" Ji Lingyue blinked haphazardly, suppressing the tears welling up in her eyes: "It wasn't you who did this."

Even though she said that, Lan Wu was still very sad, and her hands unconsciously clenched the hem of her dress on her knees.

After a while, a soft body gently leaned in.

Lan Wu suddenly came to her senses and saw the girl resting her forehead on her shoulder, looking docile and harmless.

"Ah Yue?"

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement and whispered, "Lan Wu, it's time."

Lan Wu didn't react immediately: "What time?"

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, then shyly raised her head, her eyes brimming with tears. Lan Wu met her gaze, and for some reason, felt a pang of unease, unable to resist reaching out to touch the corner of her eye. Ji Lingyue subconsciously closed her eyes, tilted her head, and rubbed her hand against Lan Wu's palm.

The scalding temperature immediately brought her back to her senses. Lan Wu asked in surprise, "Didn't you go to see the herbalist?"

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement and mumbled, "It's too late."

so……

"Please help me one more time," Ji Lingyue said softly, "This is the last time."

17. Water Spirit Root

When Yu Shanye returned from the foot of the mountain, it was already the middle of the night. She took the two bamboo cages from the doll and thanked her.

The doll responded expressionlessly, then turned and left.

"It really is true… it hasn't developed any intelligence of its own."

Yu Shanye muttered something as she watched her retreating figure, then carried the two bamboo cages back to the courtyard. After a quick wash, she was about to go back to her room to rest when she heard a strange noise coming from next door.

Yu Shanye paused for a moment, hesitated, then walked over and knocked on the door: "Lan Wu?"

The noise inside suddenly stopped, and after a few breaths, Lan Wu's voice came out: "What's wrong?"

Yu Shanye relaxed and said, "It's alright, as long as it's you, I'm just afraid of thieves breaking in."

"Where are the thieves here?" Lan Wu said subconsciously, glancing down at the girl trembling in her arms.

Her fingers were still stuck in the damp acupoint, slowly circling and grinding. Ji Lingyue's body trembled even more violently. She raised her head, her wet eyes looking at her pitifully, with a touch of bright color at the corner of her eyes, making her look extremely beautiful.

"That's true," Yu Shanye said cheerfully. "Then I'll go back. You should get some rest too, as you have to go to class on the main peak this morning."

"I know." Lan Wu heard her footsteps fading away and the sound of the door opening and closing before she resumed her thrusting, squeezing out gurgling sounds: "You've already reached the Foundation Establishment stage, why don't you try casting a sound-blocking spell?"

Ji Lingyue took a breath and said seriously, "That is, um… that's a mid-level spell. I, I haven't seen that part yet…"

Lan Wu chuckled and said softly, "Why are you so serious? I was just teasing you, can't you tell?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback and looked at her again.

The pale moonlight filtering through the paper window cast a soft glow on Lan Wu, making even her usually radiant face appear cold, except for her clear eyes which remained gentle and smiling.

She couldn't help but reach out and hook her arm around Lan Wu's neck, her warm lips pressing against Lan Wu's, her small tongue awkwardly licking her teeth. After Lan Wu involuntarily opened her mouth, she boldly hooked her arm around Lan Wu's neck again, pressing her down, their lips and tongues intertwining in a deeper kiss.

Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled, she glanced down at her, reached out and hugged Ji Lingyue's soft body, her movements quickening. After a while, Ji Lingyue let out a muffled groan, the two legs wrapped around her waist gradually tensed, and a stream of hot liquid flowed into her palm.

Ji Lingyue turned her head away from the kiss, breathing heavily, her cheeks flushed. Lan Wu leaned over and kissed her earlobe, whispering, "Are you still feeling unwell?"

Ji Lingyue wrapped her arms around her neck, feeling a soft, furry sensation on her shoulders. She flinched and whispered, "Mmm."

Actually, after reaching the Foundation Establishment stage, the symptoms didn't seem as intense as before. She no longer felt the burning sensation inside her body, but considering it was the last time, she resigned herself to it and admitted it.

Anyway, it wasn't the first time he had lied to Lan Wu.

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, then suddenly pulled the thin blanket over them. She kissed Ji Lingyue's neck affectionately, leaving red marks, her lips brushing against her collarbone, then slowly climbing up her delicate breasts to take the nipples into her mouth.

Ji Lingyue suddenly took a breath, pressed her palm tightly against Lan Wu's head, and involuntarily ruffled her silky black hair.

Lan Wu sucked the two red fruits until they were swollen and erect, and then the cool kisses continued downwards, kissing her flat stomach. She then lifted Ji Lingyue's thighs with both hands and spread them to the sides, and kissed her tender inner thighs affectionately.

Ji Lingyue froze abruptly, her eyes widening in fear, and she stammered, “Lan, Lan Wu, you…”

Seeing her fidgeting, Lan Wu simply squeezed her knees and leaned down to kiss her again.

The skin there was extremely tender, and even a little bit of sucking could leave ambiguous red marks. But because they were in the dark under the covers, Lan Wu could neither see the marks on the girl’s legs nor the girl’s delicate, rosy vulva from which glistening liquid was flowing.

She moved closer, following her instincts, and took it into her mouth.

“Ah!” Ji Lingyue exclaimed, instinctively raising her waist, but pushing her inner thighs even deeper into Lan Wu’s mouth. Lan Wu readily extended her tongue into the tight passage, her nose occasionally touching the swollen clitoris that was peeking out, which would elicit even more uncontrollable moans from Ji Lingyue, and the warm fluid would flow even more freely, completely wetting Lan Wu’s chin.

Ji Lingyue trembled and cried. Her buttocks were wet, and her vaginal fluids were flowing everywhere, even slowly soaking the sheets beneath her.

Lan Wu raised her head and gently nibbled at the trembling flower bud. Ji Lingyue involuntarily squeezed her legs together, tears streaming down her face. She moaned softly, her whole body flushing red, like a boiled shrimp.

At this moment, Lan Wu left the water source where she was about to reach the top, crawled up and kissed Ji Lingyue’s neck, reaching out her hand as Ji Lingyue sobbed.

It was moist and soft there. As soon as her fingers touched it, they sank into the warm water. Lan Wu skillfully found the entrance, squeezed through the tender flesh and slid into the depths of the orifice. Ji Lingyue immediately cried out and gasped, but her lips were sealed again.

Lan Wu’s lips were wet. Ji Lingyue realized what was on them and was too embarrassed to open her eyes, but she still obediently opened her mouth and let her kiss her.

During their brief separation, she couldn’t help but accuse him: “How

could you kiss me, kiss me in that place…"

Lan Wu looked at her red, tear-stained face, chuckled, wiped away her tears, and whispered, "We've already done it, why can't we kiss?"

Ji Lingyue couldn't argue with her, and her body was getting hotter and hotter, almost as hot as when she was poisoned.

Seeing her like this, Lan Wu frowned in puzzlement and muttered, "Are you feeling unwell? You've clearly leaked so much fluid."

"!" Ji Lingyue stared at her with wide eyes, trembling for a long time before stammering, "You, don't you know any shame?"

"Why should I be shy?" Lan Wu chuckled and leaned down to kiss the tip of her nose. "This is the truth, listen to me if you don't believe me."

Sure enough, once the two of them quieted down, Ji Lingyue could hear the clear sound of water coming from below. Each time her supple fingertips slipped inside, there was a soft, squelching sound.

Overwhelmed with shame, she let out a groan, her voice trembling with tears.

Lan Wu added fuel to the fire by teasing her, "You should be the one with a water spirit root."

"You, you shouldn't say anything…" Ji Lingyue sobbed, burying her head in her arms like an ostrich, wanting to end this lovemaking as soon as possible: "Hurry up…"

Lan Wu raised an eyebrow, hummed in agreement, and increased the pressure.

The hot, fleshy opening clung tightly to her knuckles, and no matter how she stirred it, it would bring out splashes of fluid. She was biting so hard that sometimes it would even pull out some of her sensitive flesh.

Ji Lingyue had been trying to hold back her moans, but in the end she couldn't help but groan. Her delicate face was covered in sweat. Although she was not very old, when she was caught up in passion, her eyebrows and eyes already showed a bit of charm.

Lan Wu blinked, suddenly lost in thought, thinking that this person

might grow up to be a bewitching fox spirit.

At some point, the girl's moans gradually subsided. Lan Wu looked down and saw that the girl was biting her lip tightly as if she couldn't bear it. She then reached out her finger and gently pressed it against the girl's lips, freeing the red lips from under her teeth. Ji Lingyue breathed pitifully, and her pink tongue subconsciously wrapped around Lan Wu's fingertip that was pressing against her lips.

Lan Wu's eyes darkened, and she forcefully thrust her knuckles inside. After fucking her hard a dozen times, she noticed that Ji Lingyue's body suddenly tensed up, and the soft flesh inside her vagina tightly gripped her fingers. Warm vaginal fluid gushed out, and the girl hugged her tightly, closed her eyes, and let out a long moan.

Lan Wu pulled her into her arms and gently stroked her back to comfort her. Only after she slowly relaxed did she pull her fingers out.

Although a cleansing spell could completely refresh her body, seeing Ji Lingyue panting heavily, she still went to the bathtub and threw in a few fire beads.

The cool water immediately emitted white steam. Lan Wu tested the water temperature and then took Ji Lingyue into the water.

As her body immersed in the hot water, Ji Lingyue couldn't help but let out a comfortable groan. She stretched her legs out, but her still damp and sticky inner thighs rubbed against Lan Wu's lower abdomen.

Lan Wu was taken aback and looked down at her: "Is it not ready yet?"

Ji Lingyue was stunned for a moment. Before she could speak, Lan Wu pulled her hot body into her arms, her hand skillfully sliding down her lower abdomen, her fingertips kneading her clitoris.

Ji Lingyue immediately went limp, opened her mouth, but then silently closed it, obediently opening her body. Lan Wu turned her over, pressed her against the rough wooden tub wall, touched her wet opening, and squeezed her finger inside.

"Mmm…" Ji Lingyue groaned sensitively, her vaginal muscles gripping Lan Wu's fingers tightly, her body still lingering from the afterglow of her recent orgasm. But she tried to relax her body, lowering her hips to swallow Lan Wu's fingers, and then turned her

head to seek Lan Wu's kiss.

Lan Wu's free hand enveloped Ji Lingyue's tender breasts, and the girl moaned softly, with Lan Wu swallowing more of her sounds.

"Hmm, hmm…"

She nestled in Lan Wu's arms like a docile little animal, whimpering and snuggling closer. Lan Wu's heart softened, and she gently kissed the back of her delicate neck, whispering as Ji Lingyue's body tensed up.

Ji Lingyue let out a muffled groan, reaching another climax. She snapped out of her reverie, lying boneless in Lan Wu's arms, closing her eyes wearily. Lan Wu parted her legs, withdrew her fingers, and gently massaged her waist to make her feel better.

Are you sleepy?

Ji Lingyue rubbed her face against her shoulder in response.

——

Okay, now we're going to move on to a certain part of the story.

18. Illness

The sky was clear and cloudless. On the altar, a dozen or so new disciples stood scattered about, trying out the sword control technique they had just learned.

Ji Lingyue kept a solemn expression, her fingertips brimming with spiritual energy as she steadily controlled the iron sword, keeping it suspended in the air. Qin Yu glanced at her approvingly, then turned his head to look at Lan Wu beside her, but unconsciously frowned.

Lan Wu formed a hand seal, chanted the incantation, raised her sword finger, and pointed it at the iron sword placed on the ground. She shouted, "Rise!"

Under her expectant gaze, the black sword remained motionless, showing no sign of cooperation.

Lan Wu: …

Qin Yu: "You didn't even use a single bit of spiritual power. Haven't you even reached the Foundation Establishment stage yet?"

Lan Wu murmured, "Really not."

"How could this be?" Qin Yu frowned, took a few steps forward, and pointed two fingers at her forehead. Lan Wu was startled and dared not move. She was trembling with fear for a while before meeting Qin Yu's suspicious gaze: "Your spiritual veins are unobstructed and there are no blockages. The only reason you haven't established your foundation is that you haven't been cultivating diligently."

After saying this, Qin Yu looked at her more sternly and said, "On the path of cultivation, apart from a few geniuses, one must endure hardship and persevere to make steady progress. Although I don't know how you managed to be lazy, you should study and practice even harder in the future."

Lan Wu felt wronged by his words, but she couldn't reveal the real reason. She could only lower her head and obediently listen to the scolding, feeling very unhappy.

Seeing her sullen expression, Ji Lingyue couldn't help but say, "Master, Lan Wu didn't slack off…"

"What? You live with her every day?"

Ji Lingyue was speechless, and stammered, "No, no."

"Then don't speak up for her. If you really consider her a friend, you should supervise her more closely." Qin Yu said indifferently, "After all, there are differences in lifespan among cultivators."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, fell silent, and watched him turn and leave.

After a while, she looked at Lan Wu and hesitated, "What Master said… also makes sense."

"But I didn't slack off." Lan Wu said dejectedly, "Oh well, if I can't build a foundation, I can't build a foundation. Maybe I'm just not cut out for it."

"Don't say that," Ji Lingyue said anxiously, about to comfort him again, when a sarcastic voice came from beside her: "You're quite self-aware."

Ji Lingyue frowned sharply, turned her head angrily, and said, "Qing Zibai, what are you saying?"

Qing Zibai scoffed dismissively, but when he met Ji Lingyue's gaze, he immediately put on a smile and changed the subject: "Don't be angry. My family recently sent me some green lotus that grows on the top of Tianshan Mountain. It makes a delicious tea. If you want one, I can send you one, okay?"

Lan Wu: …

How can some people change so quickly? They were so disgusted with Ji Lingyue when they first met, but now they're all over her, not even getting angry when she treats them coldly. It's been more than a month, and they still haven't given up.

She grew increasingly annoyed and simply turned to leave. Ji Lingyue was taken aback and instinctively asked, "Lan Wu, where are you going?"

Lan Wu huffed, "Skip class!"

Ji Lingyue: "If Master finds out, you'll be punished by copying the 'Heart-Cleansing Mantra' again!"

"Fine, I'll copy it!"

Watching her walk away, Ji Lingyue's lips moved slightly, and she whispered, "But every time, I'm the one who helps her copy…"

Qing Zibai: "What?"

Ji Lingyue paused, turned her head, and glared at him irritably: "Get lost."

Meanwhile, Lan Wu walked aggressively along the mountain path, only to be caught red-handed.

"Master, Master…" she said guiltily, "Didn't you go down the mountain?"

Ye Qingjun said, "That's right. I just came down the mountain and received a message from Elder Qin saying that you are not ambitious and should be disciplined properly."

Lan Wu couldn't help but mutter, "Elder Qin is such a grown man, why is he still complaining?"

Ye Qingjun was silent for a moment, then suddenly smiled and said, "I think so too."

She patted Lan Wu's head and said, "However, your cultivation is sluggish, which is really not right, so I came back to take you to see the herbalist."

Lan Wu was terrified and unable to escape, so Ye Qingjun dragged her back to the back of Qianyun Peak. Heartbroken, she allowed the herbalist to examine her. Seeing her pale face, Ye Qingjun assumed she was frightened by the herbalist's cold expression and kindly comforted her, "Don't be afraid. She has this expression when she examines anyone. She's just very shy and gets nervous around people. You don't need to worry that you have some serious illness…"

The herbalist suddenly said, "That's not necessarily true."

Ye Qingjun was taken aback, then turned to ask, "What, is my disciple really seriously ill?"

The herbalist was silent for a moment, then said, "Her heart is flawed."

Ye Qingjun blinked, looking at Lan Wu in surprise. Lan Wu felt uneasy under her gaze and couldn't help but ask, "What's wrong?"

"There may be only one in tens of thousands of cultivators with a flawed core," Ye Qingjun explained. "Before a cultivator with spiritual roots forms a golden core, there is a colorless core in their dantian. As spiritual energy gathers into the body, this core absorbs spiritual power and gradually condenses into a golden core."

"And you, there is no pure heart in your dantian."

Lan Wu: …

Of course not. After all, she's different from humans; she only has one mermaid pearl, residing in her sea of consciousness, which is not open to outsiders. But if they believe she has a flawed heart, then she has escaped a calamity.

Lan Wu breathed a sigh of relief and asked, "Then does that mean I'll never be able to cultivate the Dao?"

"Not really." Ye Qingjun patted her head gently and said, "A loyal heart can be filled with medicine, but… it's just much more troublesome."

As they stepped out of the herbalist's courtyard, the two women, one

older and one younger, simultaneously saw the girl standing outside the gate. Hearing the noise, Ji Lingyue quickly turned around, looked Lan Wu up and down, and then respectfully bowed: “Elder Ye.”

Ye Qingjun chuckled: “I know you, Lan Wu’s good friend. Are you here to wait for Lan Wu?”

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, then hesitated before asking, “What illness does Lan Wu have?”

Lan Wu: “No…”

“Yes,” Ye Qingjun said.

Ji Lingyue immediately tensed up: “What’s wrong with her?”

“Her loyalty is flawed.” Ye Qingjun betrayed Lan Wu without hesitation, and even explained it in detail. Ji Lingyue’s expression turned serious after hearing this, and she indeed pressed for an answer: “Then, what medicine does she need to take?”

Ye Qingjun tilted her head and glanced at her, then looked at Lan Wu, whose face was blank. She smiled and handed the note that the medicine seller had given her to Ji Lingyue: “Perfect timing, you can help look for it too.”

“Qiwang Branch, Snow Mountain Ginseng…” Ji Lingyue looked at the string of herbs and was somewhat surprised: “Aren’t these all rare and precious medicinal herbs?”

“Yes,” Ye Qingjun said softly, “So, this will be a very long process, do you understand?”

Ji Lingyue was silent for a moment, then put the note away: “I understand.”

Time flies, and the New Year is just around the corner. Even though entering the immortal sect means leaving behind the mortal world, many disciples still ask for leave to go home, and Yu Shanye is one of them.

Before leaving, she excitedly told Lan Wu that she would bring back some of her family’s specialty dried fish. Before Lan Wu could refuse, she left happily. Lan Wu watched her swaying figure as she went, afraid that she would fall off the sword.

In the following days, she lived alone in Jianzhi Courtyard. When she got up on the morning of New Year's Eve, she found that it had snowed the night before. The outside of the window was covered in silver. The mountain path, which was usually bustling with people, was deserted. Feeling bored, she took a broom and swept the courtyard.

After a while, she leaned on her broom and looked into the distance at Lengfeng Peak in the far north.

Ji Lingyue is still up there.

This story begins about two weeks ago. That day, Ji Lingyue came to find her to attend class together, but they happened to witness someone mocking and shoving Lan Wu. Lan Wu's face immediately turned cold, and she rushed forward like a firecracker, kicking the person to the ground and breaking both of their arms without hesitation. If Lan Wu and Yu Shanye hadn't reacted in time and caught her on either side, she probably would have broken the person's legs as well.

Because she seriously injured a fellow disciple, Ji Lingyue was punished by being sent to Lengfeng Repentance Cliff for three months, and she hasn't come down yet.

Lan Wu pondered for a while, locked the door, and headed to the small town at the foot of the main peak. She bought some food and put it in her storage bag.

Then, she wrapped herself up tightly and walked towards the cold peak amidst the wind and snow. By the time she reached the foot of the mountain, she was panting heavily. Lan Wu bitterly raised her head, glanced at the peak that almost touched the clouds, sighed deeply, and resignedly began to climb the mountain.

Cold Peak is perpetually bitterly cold, with winds that cut like knives, making its climate even harsher than that of Golden Feather Peak. Because it is a place for disciples to reflect on their mistakes, the rooms are even equipped with arrays that suppress the flow of spiritual energy, making it impossible for people to gather spiritual energy to ward off the cold.

Ji Lingyue started copying books at dawn, then practiced swordsmanship after her body became frozen stiff. Once she warmed up, she continued copying books. She repeated this process until night fell, when she was cold and hungry, and her hands were so stiff that

she could barely hold a pen.

Just then, she keenly heard footsteps outside. To her surprise, the door to the cabin was pushed open, and a snowman rushed in.

By the dim candlelight, Ji Lingyue finally recognized the face that was red from the cold. She ran over in astonishment and helped the person up, only to find that the person was as cold as ice.

“You, how did you get here?”

Lan Wu struggled to her feet and said haltingly, “Today is New Year’s Eve. Everyone else has gone home. You can’t celebrate the New Year, and you’re being punished in this wretched place because of me. Of course I have to come and keep you company…”

Ji Lingyue paused in her act of brushing away the snowflakes from her brows, and said blankly, “But you can’t gather spiritual energy…”

“So what?” Lan Wu tilted her head back and said nonchalantly, “It only took an afternoon to climb, much shorter than the way we came to become your disciples.”

Suddenly, Ji Lingyue felt a lump in her throat. She pulled Lan Wu to sit on her hard couch and hugged her cold hands to warm them up.

Lan Wu felt a little embarrassed. Once her hand regained feeling, she couldn’t wait to take out the glutinous rice balls and pastries she had bought. Unfortunately, after walking in the wind and snow for so long, the glutinous rice balls had long since cooled down and weren’t as pretty as when they were fresh out of the pot. They didn’t look very appealing. She sighed regretfully and was about to put them back when Ji Lingyue snatched them first, picked up a spoon, and swallowed one whole. She smiled at Lan Wu with her eyes crinkling, “They’re very sweet.”

Lan Wu smiled, but still took the cake back: “Don’t eat it, it’s getting cold. Eat this instead. This flaky pastry is quite crispy and delicious. The red bean paste cake is also very good. You’ll definitely like it.”

She handed one to Ji Lingyue, and Ji Lingyue ate one, her cheeks puffed out. Lan Wu was very happy feeding her. She glanced out the window and exclaimed, then took Ji Lingyue’s hand and walked out of the house.

“I heard that Jixue holds its annual fireworks display down the

mountain today, and we should be able to see it here too." As Lan Wu spoke, she was startled by the wind and snow. Ji Lingyue was taken aback and quickly cast a snow-repelling spell on her to keep her warm.

Just then, dozens of golden rays suddenly rose from the distant, brightly lit area. At their highest point, just as they were about to go out, they suddenly exploded, illuminating almost the entire sky.

In the pitch-black night, it seemed as if a thousand trees were in full bloom, their petals falling softly like rain.

Lan Wu's bright eyes reflected the shimmering light, sparkling brilliantly. Ji Lingyue couldn't help but look at her, tightening her grip on her hand slightly.

"Lan Wu…"

"Um?"

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and said earnestly, "Thank you for coming to keep me company."

"What are you thanking me for?" Lan Wu asked with a smile. "Is it really necessary for you to thank me every time I spend a New Year with you?"

Ji Lingyue countered, "Will you spend the New Year with me from now on?"

"Otherwise," Lan Wu said casually, "I'm not going anywhere else. If I don't stay with you, who else can I stay with?"

19. Penglai Island

"Senior Sister Ji."

"Hello, Senior Sister Ji."

"Senior Sister Ji."

The young woman ascended the steps from the foot of the mountain. Her fair face was framed by a pair of narrow, cold eyes, like icy stars. She carried a long black sword on her back, her steps hurried, and she exuded an aura of unapproachability. However, upon hearing the greetings from the outer disciples, she politely nodded in response.

Her snow-white Taoist robe fluttered like a butterfly. When she reached the fork in the road, she turned and headed towards the verdant Qianyun Peak.

Along the way, she saw many senior brothers and sisters who greeted her familiarly: “Junior Sister Ji, here to see Lan Wu again?”

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement and casually asked, “Is Lan Wu on the mountain?”

“Yes, I just saw her.”

Ji Lingyue thanked him and quickened her pace, soon arriving at the Picking Branches Courtyard.

The courtyard was filled with flowers and sacred trees, and birds chirped melodiously. Ji Lingyue looked around but didn’t see anyone, so she walked to the shady sycamore tree in the southeast corner of the courtyard and looked up.

Amidst the lush green leaves, a white hem of clothing dangled from a gap. Ji Lingyue smiled and called out in a clear voice, “Lan Wu.”

After a moment of silence, a rustling sound came from above, and a head peeked out from behind a tree trunk.

“You’re back?” Lan Wu’s soft black hair fell down, her eyes were bright and lively. She sat up and landed lightly. Ji Lingyue was startled and subconsciously reached out to catch her, but Lan Wu casually brushed her away.

Seeing her land steadily on the ground, Ji Lingyue asked in surprise, “You, you can control spirits?”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, quite proudly: “While you were away, I reached the Foundation Establishment stage!”

Although he only managed to condense a fragmented core, he still needed to absorb more spiritual energy than others to barely establish his foundation. But it was still better than not being able to accomplish anything for the previous five years.

“That’s great!” Ji Lingyue smiled happily, but after a while, her smile faded, and she hesitated, “But I… I couldn’t find the medicine when I went out this time.”

After entering the Qi Refining stage, the disciples of Haochen Mountain can take on some simple sect missions and go out with their senior brothers and sisters to slay demons and monsters. Ji Lingyue, in order to find medicine, always travels to all over the country and doesn't return for one or two months each time.

Lan Wu paused for a moment, looking at the girl who was now almost as tall as her, and said with a soft heart, "It's okay, I've already condensed my inner core anyway. It'll just mean that my cultivation will be slower in the future. If I can't find it, I won't look for it."

"No," Ji Lingyue shook her head, thought for a while, and then led her toward the back mountain: "Let's ask the herbalist again."

Lan Wu couldn't resist her and was dragged to the back mountain, where she saw the herbalist squatting in the courtyard, mashing a spoonful of elixir into the mouth of a white cat. The white cat howled and yelped, its tongue lolling out from the bitterness. Seeing someone coming, it quickly darted over and jumped into Lan Wu's arms.

Ji Lingyue frowned and was about to grab the scruff of its neck: "Get off."

"Hey, don't be so fierce," Lan Wu knew that she hated monsters, and even had little affection for monsters that couldn't yet transform into humans. But after several years on Qianyun Peak, this snow lion had become quite familiar with her, so she couldn't help but defend it: "Alright, alright, go play somewhere else."

She put the kitten down and watched it disappear into the bushes before straightening up. Ji Lingyue seemed to want to say something, but in the end, she held back and went into the herbalist's yard first.

Over the years, the medicine man met with them more often, and the length of their conversations increased day by day.

After examining her, she said, "She is still capable of cultivation, but it will be dozens of times slower than normal. If she wants to return to normal, it would be better for her to cultivate a complete Danxin."

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement and said in a low voice, "All that's missing are the Yunzhi fruit and the sea pearl."

Lan Wu shifted her sitting position uneasily.

The Yunzhi tree bears fruit only once every forty years, and the sea

pearls are actually the tears of mermaids. Unfortunately, in her current state, even when she cries, she doesn't shed small pearls, but rather ordinary small water droplets.

These two are harder to find than the other. She opened her mouth, trying again to persuade them, "Forget it, I think…"

Ji Lingyue interrupted her: "If I can find them all, then you don't need to worry about it."

Lan Wu looked bitter, feeling guilty and restless. She left with Ji Lingyue, her mind heavy with worries. On the way, they encountered Yu Shanye, who was holding Xiao Xue.

Yu Shanye's eyes lit up when she saw them: "Oh, that's exactly what I was looking for."

"What's wrong?"

"Master said that there seems to be a Yunzhi tree on Penglai Island, which should be bearing fruit soon." Yu Shanye stroked the white cat in his arms and continued, "In recent years, Penglai Island has been in decline and has received many favors from our Haochen Mountain. This year, Master asked the three of us to deliver medicine to her. After we explain the situation, Penglai Island should do us a favor."

Lan Wu was surprised: "I can go too?"

Yu Shanye hummed in agreement: "Master said you've been on this mountain for five years, it's good for you to go out and take a look around."

Lan Wu was so excited she almost jumped up, and Ji Lingyue also looked delighted, muttering to herself, "Then, only Haizhu is still undecided."

Lan Wu froze abruptly, her headache returning.

A few days later, after Lan Wu handed over the thick stack of papers to Elder Bai as punishment, the three of them set off.

Yu Shanye was also dragged into helping this time. His hands ached from copying so much that he couldn't help but say, "The books you've copied over the years could probably fill half a room."

"Of course." Lan Wu said as she climbed onto Ji Lingyue's spirit crane,

"I can recite this 'Qingxin Jue' by heart."

Yu Shanye turned her head and saw the two of them sitting comfortably. Then she looked at the spirit sword under her feet and was furious: "Can you two squeeze in so I can get on too?"

"No," Ji Lingyue said coldly. "Danbai is wary of strangers."

"…Me, give birth?" Yu Shanye stared at her in shock: "In the past few years, I've fed it at least several hundred fruits."

"That won't do either." Ji Lingyue said, stroking the white crane's neck: "Danbai, let's go."

"Ugh, you two…" Yu Shanye watched their figures gradually disappear into the distance, then flew up on his sword and sped off to catch up: "You two are so annoying!"

Meanwhile, thousands of miles away on Luoluo Island in Nanzhou, a shadow gradually emerged from the water.

The woman was slender and walked step by step toward the shore. Her bare feet touched the sand, and water droplets fell, leaving a trail of wetness behind her.

A light blue dress appeared out of thin air, perfectly fitting the woman's slender body.

Lan Yuan stopped in her tracks. Her cascading silver hair gradually turned black, and her azure eyes turned pure black. She squinted at the clear sky, raised her fingertips, and dozens of colorless little fish formed from water vapor gradually appeared, floating in the air.

"Go find it," she said calmly.

20. Kind-looking

Penglai Island has always been mysterious, hidden in the middle of the East China Sea. Apart from the disciples on the island, outsiders can hardly find a way in or out.

Standing on the shore, lighting talismans and waiting for the islanders to come and fetch him, Yu Shanye kept rambling on: "Before the incident, Penglai Island was much more famous than the three great immortal sects. Perhaps it was because the spiritual energy here was abundant that the disciples of Penglai Island were always a cut above

their peers in cultivation. Back then, everyone longed for Penglai, and countless people sought immortality and became disciples…"

Ji Lingyue continued, "It's a pity that such a thriving immortal sect had its foundation largely destroyed by demons overnight."

Lan Wu glanced at her, feeling that she was implying something, but it was indeed the work of a demon. She couldn't argue, and she didn't have any sense of collective honor as a demon. She could only hum in agreement and subconsciously look south.

The East China Sea extends southward to connect with the South China Sea, and the Kunlun Sea lies deep within the South China Sea. Considering the speed at which cultivators travel a thousand miles a day, it doesn't seem that far.

Just as she was lost in thought, Yu Shanye said, "They're here, they're here."

Lan Wu subconsciously turned her head and saw a small boat emerging from the hazy sea mist, slowly approaching them. Standing on the boat was a young man in green robes, with handsome features and a face like jade. As they approached the shore, he cupped his hands and said, "Chu Ji, a disciple of Penglai Island, has come to welcome the three fellow Daoists."

Ji Lingyue nodded and calmly said, "Thank you for your trouble."

She was the first to board the boat, followed by two naive young men who looked on in amazement.

Chu Ji sized up the three people and, recognizing Ji Lingyue as the person in charge, said to her, "Senior Ye has already informed the island lord of the purpose of your visit. However, the Yunzhi Tree has not yet borne fruit, so I'm afraid you will have to stay on the island for a few more days."

"This is troublesome."

Seeing the two of them exchanging polite words, Lan Wu, having nothing to do, looked around. The embankment was no longer visible behind her, and the surrounding area was shrouded in mist. The waves were silent, and this sea area seemed to be completely shrouded in a barrier. Human fishermen who accidentally entered the fog would only return to their original place in a daze, while cultivators, although able to enter, would also get lost in the fog if no

one guided them.

She couldn't help but wonder how those monsters who attacked Penglai Island had managed to break in.

If she didn't ask, Ah Yue might take the opportunity to criticize the evil of monsters, so to avoid trouble, she simply shut her mouth and obediently remained silent.

After an unknown amount of time, the fog at the bow of the ship gradually dissipated, and looking ahead, an island gradually came into view. Sunlight also pierced through the fog in an instant, shining warmly on us.

The closer she got, the more she could feel how towering the island was. Lan Wu had to look up, shield her eyes from the light, and squint at the celestial palace in the clouds.

A refreshing sea breeze carries the fragrance of flowers from the island. Occasionally, exotic animals lie on the shore, rolling and resting. A flock of bluebirds lets out clear cries as they fly through the swirling clouds and mist, skimming over the towering, gleaming golden roofs, and perching on the sacred trees that cover the mountains and plains.

This island, like Mount Buzhou in mythology, soars into the heavens, standing alone in the center of the East China Sea, connecting the sea and the sky.

Yu Shanye couldn't help but sigh, "No wonder everyone asks where Penglai is; it truly is a paradise on earth."

Chu Ji shook his head, his face showing worry: "Fellow Daoist flatters me. It's a pity that Penglai would have been even more magnificent than it is now."

As they spoke, the small boat stopped at the connecting embankment. Chu Ji stepped off the boat and led the three of them up the mountain: "The Yunzhi Tree will probably bear fruit in about half a month. During this time, you are free to walk around the island. You are honored guests, and the disciples of Penglai Island will treat you with courtesy."

On the way, they encountered several disciples in blue robes. After recognizing the Haochen Mountain attire worn by the three of them, they all politely stopped, greeted them, and addressed Chu Ji as

Young Island Master.

Seeing the three looking at him in surprise, he smiled sheepishly and said, "To be honest, the current master of Penglai Island is my father, Chu Jiangchi."

Yu Shanye exclaimed, "Oh dear!" and quickly said, "So it's the young island master! My apologies for not recognizing you!"

Lan Wu secretly stepped on her foot and whispered, "Can't you be a little more dignified?"

"What do you know? This is a matter of manners." Yu Shanye's eyebrows furrowed, and she gritted her teeth, saying, "Let go of your foot."

The two whispered to each other behind her, while Ji Lingyue walked ahead alone, talking to Chu Ji: "Where is the young island master taking us now?"

Chu Ji: "Of course we're going to see my father. You are honored guests, so we can't neglect you."

Yu Shanye was surprised again: "We have come all this way, covered in dust. Wouldn't it be disrespectful to meet the island lord looking like this?"

Chu Ji chuckled and turned around, saying, "Fellow Daoist, there's no need to worry. My father is a gentle man who enjoys interacting with the younger generation. You all don't need to be so reserved."

Just then, a kind voice rang out: "Ji'er".

Chu Ji was taken aback, turned around, and said happily, "Father!"

Hearing the sound, everyone looked up and saw a tall man standing on the steps not far away. The man had a dignified face and a majestic bearing. He looked righteous and awe-inspiring, more like a martial arts master from the mortal world than like many immortal elders.

Ji Lingyue was the first to react, cupping her hands and saying, "Greetings, Island Lord."

Lan Wu was a beat slow to react, and then bowed, saying, "Greetings, Island Lord."

"No need to be so polite," Chu Jiangchi chuckled and stepped down

the stairs. “I heard that several young fellow Daoists have come to deliver medicine this year, and they are even the prized students of Elder Ye and Elder Qin. How could I not come to greet them personally?”

He smiled and was about to say something when his eyes swept over the face of a girl standing behind him, and he suddenly paused.

Ji Lingyue keenly sensed that something was wrong with him, frowned, and looked behind her as well.

Lan Wu suddenly met her gaze and blinked blankly.

She opened her mouth, silently asking: What’s wrong?

Ji Lingyue shook her head and turned back suspiciously, only to see Chu Jiangchi looking calm, as if his momentary lapse in concentration was just her imagination.

Chu Jiang asked gently, “I wonder which young friend needs Yunzhi fruit?”

“It’s me,” Lan Wu said politely. “I know that the Yunzhi fruit is extremely precious, and I am truly grateful that the island lord is willing to give it to me.”

“Not at all,” Chu Jiangchi naturally reached out and patted her shoulder. “I find you to be a kind young friend. May I ask where you are from and how old you are?”

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then hesitated before saying, “I am… from the Southern Continent, and I am twenty-two years old.”

“Yeah……”

He was about to ask again when Ji Lingyue, who was standing next to him, stepped forward and subtly shielded Lan Wu behind her, saying, “Island Lord, we have also brought this year’s medicine.”

As she spoke, she gestured to Yu Shanye: “Where’s the medicine?”

“Oh, oh,” Yu Shanye reacted, took out a square box from his storage bag and handed it to Chu Jiangchi: “This is this year’s snow ginseng and Linglong Heart. Master said that if we prepare it according to the previous prescription and drink it for three courses of treatment, it should alleviate the symptoms.”

Chu Jiangchi was taken aback, and as if he had just realized what was happening, he said "Oh" and reached out to take it, saying, "Thank you, young friend."

After bidding farewell to Chu Jiangchi, Chu Ji escorted them to the house where they would be staying for the next few days. Ji Lingyue thanked him, and only after he had walked away did she close the door, frowning as she asked, "Have you met Island Master Chu before?"

Lan Wu was completely baffled: "No? I've never left home before!"

"Do your parents know him?"

"Impossible?" Lan Wu shook her head: "My parents rarely leave home either."

Yu Shanye was confused and couldn't help but interject, "Why are you so nervous? Is there a problem?"

Ji Lingyue was silent for a while, then said, "I don't know, I just… I just feel like something's not right."

"What could be wrong?" Yu Shanye exclaimed and pounced on the bed. "This is Penglai, a celestial sect that has stood for hundreds of years. Don't overthink it."

Ji Lingyue hesitated and said, "But he said Lan Wu looks kind…"

"So what?" Yu Shanye said nonchalantly, "Maybe Lan Wu just has an average face."

Ji Lingyue: …

She couldn't help but glance at Yu Shanye, and out of the corner of her eye, she suddenly noticed that there were two beds in the room: a large bed that could accommodate two people and a small bed that could only accommodate one person. At this moment, Yu Shanye was lying comfortably on the large bed.

Then look at Lan Wu, who is lifting her clothes and crawling to the other side.

Ji Lingyue's face darkened, and she strode over, grabbing Lan Wu's collar: "You want to sleep here?"

Caught off guard, Lan Wu was grabbed by the neck like a cat being

pulled by the neck, her face full of terror: “No, is it not allowed? Could it be… that you want to sleep with Yu Shanye?”

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then closed her eyes in exasperation: “Yu Shanye, go sleep in the small bed.”

Yu Shanye: “Why… Ouch!”

Without further ado, Ji Lingyue used a levitation spell to throw her directly onto the small bed: “My cultivation is higher than yours.”

Yu Shanye struggled to sit up in bed, angrily saying, “You, you’re bullying your fellow disciples!”

Ji Lingyue dusted off her clothes, sat down leisurely, and said coldly, “You’re not convinced?”

Yu Shanye paused, recalling the times she had brutally beaten Qing Zibai, who was also a fellow disciple, over the years, and swallowed her anger with a wronged expression: “Haha, how could that be? How dare I disagree?”

21. I’ve got you!

On the second day after arriving at Penglai Island, Lan Wu and Ji Lingyue went to see the legendary Yunzhi Tree.

This tree did not grow in the sunlight; instead, it grew in a damp cave next to a long stretch of beach. Standing under the tree, one could faintly hear the sound of the waves crashing.

Lan Wu examined the sapling, which was more than a meter tall, and said with some disappointment, “It’s so unremarkable.”

“It’s good enough if there is anything.” Ji Lingyue stood beside her and pondered, “Penglai Island has been in the sea for hundreds of years, could there be more information about the merfolk?”

Lan Wu was startled: “Why did you suddenly bring this up?”

Ji Lingyue turned her head and blinked blankly: “Because, all that’s missing is Haizhu.”

Lan Wu hesitated for a moment, then muttered, “…I don’t think so. Merfolk are spiritual beings that were born when the world was first created in ancient times. Because of a rumor that eating their flesh and blood could grant immortality, they were massacred. From some

generation onwards, they hid in the deep sea and never came out of the world."

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement: "I know. The book says that they were born in the sea and were originally an independent sea race. Unfortunately, they later made an alliance with the Demon King and, in the name of the Sea Emperor, led the entire sea race to join the Demon Race."

Lan Wu couldn't help but say, "Well… they were all slaughtered like that back then, so joining the demon race for protection isn't really wrong, is it?"

Ji Lingyue looked at her expressionlessly: "Do you want to discuss this with me?"

Lan Wu: "…I don't want to."

With her hands behind her back, she slowly walked around to the other side and discovered a clear pool in the corner of the cave. She raised an eyebrow, reached out to touch it, and sniffed it, exclaiming in surprise, "This is fresh water!"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: "Fresh water?"

"Yes, it's still running water." Lan Wu tilted her head thoughtfully and said, "The part of Penglai Island that is submerged below sea level is probably still quite large."

"Whether it's big or small is none of our business." Ji Lingyue couldn't help but nag, "If you put more effort into cultivation, even if you can't improve your spiritual power, you can still improve your swordsmanship, and you won't always be scolded by my master…"

Lan Wu covered her face with a headache, jumped up and walked out, muttering, "Stop talking, stop talking, you're going to become an old-fashioned person like your master."

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, feeling somewhat wronged: "I was only doing this for your own good…"

On the way back, I unexpectedly ran into Chu Jiangchi again.

Ji Lingyue immediately tensed up and moved closer to Lan Wu with some wariness.

Chu Jiangchi didn't care about Ji Lingyue's resistance to him and still maintained a friendly demeanor: "Have you seen the Yunzhi Tree?"

Lan Wu nodded and said politely, "Thank you very much, Island Lord."

"No need to thank me. The Yunzhi tree bears fruit once every forty years, and it produces two fruits at a time. I'll give you one, and we still have one. Not to mention, we've been able to get through these years thanks to the generous help from Haochen Mountain."

As he spoke, he patted Lan Wu's shoulder again and sighed, "Young friend, you have excellent potential, you can't let it be wasted."

Ji Lingyue was startled, her brows furrowing sharply, while Chu Jiangchi casually said goodbye and left. Once he was out of sight, Ji Lingyue quickly grabbed Lan Wu's hand and asked, "Did he use his spiritual sense to examine your body?"

Lan Wu nodded: "He saw it yesterday. This island lord is really too informal, just like your master."

"How can this be the same?" Ji Lingyue said, dissatisfied. "Why would he do this for no reason?"

"How would I know?" Lan Wu stared at her, both of them filled with doubt.

She was certain she had never seen Chu Jiangchi before, yet Chu Jiangchi acted as if he had seen her face before. However, after so many years on Haochen Mountain, even the herbalist hadn't detected anything wrong with her body, so he probably couldn't tell anything either.

"Could it be…" she hesitated, cupping her face in her hands, "that I really have an average face?"

Ji Lingyue: "…Don't talk nonsense." She glanced at the vast sea and sighed, "It is indeed beautiful at first glance, but it is isolated by the sea and sparsely populated. If I stay here for too long, I really can't stand it."

Lan Wu couldn't help but laugh: "I thought you didn't like crowds."

Ji Lingyue glanced at her: "I just don't like talking to other people."

She took Lan Wu's hand and walked back with her side by side: "Our Haochen Mountain is the best. Let's go back as soon as we get the fruit."

Lan Wu nodded and said gently, "Okay."

Half a month later, the four of them stood together under the Yunzhi tree.

Sure enough, the tree only bore two fruits, about the size of a fist, but a bright red color.

Chu Ji carefully picked one of them, placed it in the box, and handed it to Lan Wu. Lan Wu thanked her, carefully took it, and looked down to see a hideous face staring at her.

She was startled, her hand trembled involuntarily, and the box fell to the ground. The round, red fruit rolled out and fell into the clear pool where Lan Wu had discovered it last time.

After a moment of silence, Yu Shanye asked, "Why did you throw it away?"

Lan Wu, still shaken, exclaimed, "There's a face on that!"

"Is it possible?" Yu Shanye asked hesitantly, "that it has another name, called the Human-Faced Fruit?"

Lan Wu: "…Really?"

She looked around and saw that the people were staring at her like she was an idiot, so she said awkwardly, "Then, then I'll go down and pick it up."

"No, I'll go instead." Chu Ji coughed lightly and smiled, "You are all guests, how can we trouble you to go into the water?"

Upon hearing this, Lan Wu quickly tried to dissuade him, but Chu Ji became even more resolute, saying in a relaxed tone, "Don't worry, it's just a small matter. I'll be right back."

After saying that, he cast a water-repelling spell and jumped in gracefully.

As soon as he entered the water, Ji Lingyue comforted him, "It's okay. It's understandable to be startled the first time you see it. I was startled when I saw it too."

Yu Shanye chuckled and said crisply, "You're surprised? You didn't even blink."

Ji Lingyue ignored her, picked up the box, turned around and picked the last remaining fruit from the tree and packed it away, waiting for Chu Ji to return so they could go to say goodbye to the island lord and embark on their return journey.

Half an hour later, Lan Wu broke the silence first: "Why hasn't he come up yet?"

Several heads gathered around the edge of the pool, looking down.

Unfortunately, this place is located in a cave, which is dark and dark. Even though the pool water is clear, it is not easy to see what is underwater.

Yu Shanye hesitated and said, "How about we wait a little longer?"

"What are we waiting for?" Ji Lingyue objected: "Half an hour has passed. Even an ordinary mortal could swim back and forth in that time, let alone a cultivator."

The island owner's son disappeared right under their noses; they felt no one would believe it if they told anyone.

Ji Lingyue hesitated for a moment, then said, "Never mind, I'll go down and take a look."

"Wait," Lan Wu pulled out a silver rope from her storage ring and wrapped it around Ji Lingyue's waist. "If anything seems wrong after you go down, just tug on the rope."

If you can't escape even with your cultivation level down there, what use is a rope?

But seeing Lan Wu's worried face, she didn't say those words, and nodded in compromise: "I understand."

After saying that, she lightly jumped into the water.

Lan Wu nervously gripped the rope, slowly loosening it inch by inch. After a long while, the rope still exerted a downward force, gently sliding away from her palm.

Yu Shanye was somewhat surprised: "Is it that deep down there?"

Lan Wu: “Yes, I noticed that before…”

Before she could finish speaking, the rope suddenly taut and slid down a considerable distance. Startled, Lan Wu quickly grabbed on, but was pulled so hard that she tumbled to the ground and rolled towards the pool.

She exclaimed in surprise, “Yu Shanye!”

Yu Shanye reacted quickly, lunging forward to hug Lan Wu’s waist. With his other hand, he drew a short sword from his waist, and flames immediately surged up from the silver blade, plunging it into the ground as if it were tofu.

With a sharp screech, a deep mark was left on the hard stone surface. Seeing that they were getting closer and closer to the pool, yet still unable to stop their downward descent, Lan Wu quickly tried to pry her hand away: “Let go of me!”

Yu Shanye said urgently, “If you don’t loosen the rope, I won’t loosen it!”

“I…you…” Lan Wu looked bewildered. Before she could even call her a fool, there was a splash, and the two of them fell into the water and were quickly dragged to the dark bottom by a huge force.

The underwater world was far from calm, as they had imagined. Before long, Yu Shanye was swept away by the undercurrent, and Lan Wu completely lost her bearings, her body being tossed and turned, with only a string of rising bubbles in her vision. In a panic, she cast a water-repelling spell, and in her dizziness, her back slammed hard against the hard stone wall.

Hmm…

She coughed painfully, choking on water. Her throat burned, and when she tried to cast a water-repelling spell, her damaged heart couldn’t muster any spiritual power. An unprecedented feeling of suffocation quickly overwhelmed her, her heart and lungs felt like they were being torn apart. Lan Wu struggled to straighten herself, but was swept around by the turbulent current, crashing against the uneven stone walls.

After being hit several times, she almost passed out. The last bit of air escaped from her mouth, turning into bubbles and dissipating.

Just then, a hand wrapped around her waist, and a cool sensation filled her throat. Abundant air rushed into her throat, and Lan Wu let out a sob, panting heavily as if granted a pardon. It took her a long time to open her red eyes and meet Ji Lingyue's anxious gaze.

She was very close to her, with long, flowing hair behind her like seaweed. When their eyes met, their noses almost touched.

Silence fell over her for a moment, and Lan Wu stared at her blankly, as if she could hear the sound of blood flowing through her pulse.

Ji Lingyue placed her fingers on Lan Wu's throat, the golden light shimmering lightly at her fingertips. Seeing that Lan Wu was still having difficulty breathing, she couldn't help but frown and gently rubbed the thin skin on Lan Wu's throat. It was more like soothing than casting a spell.

"It's alright," the girl said softly, her voice coming through the water, gentle and hazy, "I've caught you."

——

I almost became a fish that drowned in the water.

22. Underground Palace

A moment later, four people emerged from the water and sat on the cold, damp stone slab, looking at each other in bewilderment.

Chu Ji clutched the fruit in his hand, his face bitter, and asked in a hoarse voice, "Why did you all come down?"

"I should be asking you that," Yu Shanye said irritably while casting a spell to dry himself. "Didn't you say you'd be up in a bit?"

Chu Ji: "…Who knew there would be such a hidden current underwater."

Ji Lingyue knelt down beside Lan Wu. Seeing that Lan Wu shook her head to indicate that she was alright, she felt relieved and turned back to say, "This is much stronger than ordinary undercurrents. I am now at the early stage of the Golden Core realm, and I couldn't control my body in the water just now. I barely swam a short distance before being swept back."

"If you can't even swim out, don't even mention me," Yu Shanye

complained, glancing behind him out of the corner of his eye, but suddenly froze: “Wait, where…where is this place?”

What comes into view is an extremely spacious area, with a dozen or so luminous pearls scattered around, illuminating a small corner of the world and revealing several white jade pillars carved with dragons and phoenixes, as well as dilapidated palaces and houses with only broken walls and ruins remaining.

Where light cannot penetrate, darkness completely engulfs the area, leaving it lifeless and silently exuding a chilling desolation.

Chu Jiqing couldn’t help but shudder and whispered, “I don’t know either.”

“What do you mean you don’t know?” Yu Shanye frowned. “Isn’t this your island?”

“Although this is my family’s island, this is the first time I’ve ever known that there’s such a place down here.”

“Stop arguing.” Lan Wu couldn’t help but interrupt them, glancing at the ruins behind them and feeling a chill run down her spine. “Should we just go back the way we came?”

Ji Lingyue agreed: “Then I’ll give it another try.”

Chu Ji jumped up in a flash: “I’ll go with you.”

Yu Shanye opened his mouth, seemingly wanting to go into the water even more, but after glancing at the pitiful Lan Wu, he sighed and said, “Then I’ll stay.”

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, thought for a moment, and then stuck another talisman on Lan Wu. Yu Shanye’s teeth ached at the sight, and he muttered, “Alright, alright, I’m here with her, what could possibly happen?”

Ji Lingyue remained unmoved: “Just in case.”

After the two went into the water, the surroundings became quiet again. Lan Wu looked around uneasily, then slowly moved to Yu Shanye’s side. Yu Shanye raised an eyebrow and looked around as well, but couldn’t figure it out. He couldn’t help but chuckle, “You’re such a coward.”

"You don't understand," Lan Wu whispered, "I have a bad feeling."

"What kind of premonition could you possibly have? Your divination skills still haven't passed Elder Bai's test." After saying this, Yu Shanye realized that she had also lowered her voice along with Lan Wu. She coughed lightly, put on a stern face, and said in a deliberately serious tone, "Anyway, don't scare yourself. There's no one around here."

"I didn't say there were people," Lan Wu muttered, "What if there's something else?"

Yu Shanye: "…I'm warning you, don't try to scare me with your ghost stories."

"Who scared you?" Lan Wu peeked back and forth, and after a while, she couldn't help but say, "I was just about to ask you that."

"What?"

She pointed behind her and said, "Is that black stain over there… dried blood?"

Yu Shanye instantly got goosebumps. Her eyes widened and she stammered, "…Lan Wu, are you sick? Are you sick? I'm still here with you. If you scare me again, I'll leave you behind and go find the two of them in the water."

Lan Wu blinked, amused by her: "You laugh at me for being timid, but you're not much better yourself."

"Isn't it because you're being paranoid here?" Yu Shanye's face flushed with anger. Just as he was about to argue with her, he saw Lan Wu's expression change and she froze, motionless.

"You again!" Yu Shanye was furious and jumped up. "I'm going into the water right now. You stay here by yourself!"

Lan Wu grabbed her arm, her face pale: "Didn't you hear me?"

Yu Shanye retorted angrily, "What did you hear?"

Lan Wu opened her mouth: "Crunch, crunch…"

She mimicked him expressionlessly, her voice extremely soft, hovering near Yu Shanye's ear, yet it sounded even more eerie.

"Creak, creak…"

Yu Shanye suddenly shuddered and said in a panic, "Alright, alright, I give up, stop making these strange noises."

Lan Wu was taken aback, raised her eyes, and said blankly, "That sound just now wasn't made by me."

Yu Shanye: "…"

The two stared at each other blankly for a long time before slowly raising their heads and looking up.

A deathly pale face was facing them.

The person struggling to move forward in the water suddenly stopped. Chu Ji was taken aback and looked at Ji Lingyue with a questioning look, only to see her hurriedly pull out a talisman from her bosom.

The talisman floated on the water, flashing a faint golden light before instantly turning to dust and disappearing into the turbulent, razor-sharp current.

Ji Lingyue's expression changed. She turned around, stepped on the stone wall, and swam back without hesitation. Chu Ji was stunned for a moment. He glanced at the faint light above his head, then at her rapidly disappearing figure. He gritted his teeth and continued swimming upwards.

"Lan Wu!" Ji Lingyue called out anxiously as soon as she broke the surface of the water. The response was a loud bang. She was startled and stared at the scene before her, her pupils shrinking in shock.

A giant crimson snake was chasing after the two girls, but upon closer inspection, it was discovered that it was not a snake, but a rare blood vine. Even more bizarrely, a human head was growing on the top of the vine.

The vines that spread from the main body of the blood vine are covered with barbs, each as thick as a bucket, and they lash out at the ground, occasionally scattering pieces of gravel.

Lan Wu's right arm was already covered in blood. She ran around protecting her head, shouting, "Fire! Your fire, burn it!"

Yu Shanye shouted in despair, "It's no use!"

For a mere Qi Refining stage cultivator to face such a colossal object is

like an ant trying to shake a tree; even if he were to fling out a tiny flame, it would have absolutely no effect.

Ji Lingyue snapped out of her daze, climbed ashore, and as another vine lashed out at Lan Wu, she leaped past it, narrowly hooking Lan Wu's waist and rolling to the side.

Lan Wu nestled in her arms, coughing a few times from the smoke and dust, her face covered in soot. When she saw it was her, she exclaimed with surprise and joy, "A-Yue!"

23. Chu Chunhan

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, pulled her to her feet, and asked, "How did you manage to provoke such a thing?"

"What do you mean we provoked it?" Lan Wu said, feeling very wronged. "Yu Shanye and I were sitting peacefully when it suddenly hung upside down from the sky, which startled us."

Yu Shanye jumped to their side at that moment, panting, and said, "Isn't this all because of your bad luck?"

As soon as she finished speaking, Ji Lingyue frowned, drew her black longsword from behind her, and slashed backward.

A vine fell to the ground with a thud, and red blood gushed out. The exposed section seemed to writhe like flesh and blood, and new tails quickly grew out as they watched in astonishment.

Lan Wu's face was pale, and she murmured, "What the hell is this?"

Ji Lingyue made a snap decision: "Run!"

"Run, run where?" Yu Shanye asked, confused. "Go into the water?"

"What if it's not afraid of water, and we can't get out for the time being? Going into the water would be a dead end, wouldn't it?" Ji Lingyue pointed into the darkness: "Run in, let's hold on a little longer, and once Chu Ji gets out, we can notify the island lord and be saved."

As she spoke, she grabbed Lan Wu and ran towards the collapsed main hall first.

Footsteps echoed through the empty underground palace. Scattered luminous pearls illuminated the black stains on the ground. Lan Wu

glanced at them hastily and realized that these traces, resembling dried blood, were almost everywhere, as if a fierce battle had taken place here.

Could it be that the group of monsters from six years ago actually came from this place?

The three ran up the steps towards the highest point, which was also the best-preserved palace. The vine demon seemed to suddenly become agitated, its pale face contorted in a ferocious roar, and its vines danced in afterimages, repeatedly striking behind them.

Ji Lingyue kicked open the door and rushed in first, but what came into view was not the usual palace layout, but a circular stone altar.

A stone statue stood on the altar, its hands outstretched and raised in the air as if holding something, but now it appeared to be empty.

Lan Wu was momentarily stunned when she felt a sharp pain in her ankle. A vine as thick as a wrist wrapped around her leg several times, its sharp thorns digging into her flesh, instantly pulling her away.

“ah!”

Ji Lingyue was startled and quickly turned to grab her, but grasped only air. She drew her spirit sword and hurried after her, leaping onto a collapsed stone pillar. With a push of her toes, she soared over Lan Wu’s head. Two golden halos appeared behind the girl, her face hidden in the shadows of the backlight. Like a god of death, she fell from above, piercing through the vines and pinning them firmly to the ground.

With a deafening roar, golden spiritual light burst forth, emanating from the spirit sword and sending up dust dozens of meters high, illuminating the entire underground palace for a moment.

The vines on Lan Wu’s feet instantly turned to dust, and blood gushed from several blood holes, quickly soaking her entire calf. She stumbled to her feet and bumped into Yu Shanye, who was running towards her. Holding a handful of talismans in each hand, she shouted, “Get out of the way!”

Ji Lingyue abruptly sheathed her sword, took a few steps forward, grabbed Lan Wu’s waist, and pulled her to the ground.

Yu Shanye threw away all the mess of talismans in her hand and

collapsed to the ground, clutching her head. The next instant, a series of loud explosions rang out, and an extremely shrill scream pierced their eardrums. The blood vines were blasted backward by the fire and lightning talismans, and then wildly flailed in all directions. In an instant, the entire underground palace trembled, and pebbles rained down like rain.

Ji Lingyue knew something was wrong and raised her voice: "Get up, the underground palace is about to collapse!"

"Huh?" Yu Shanye was stunned: "Then, then, what do we do?!"

"Go up!" Ji Lingyue raised her head, looking at the grand hall that remained unmoved even amidst the earth-shaking tremors. Suddenly, she noticed a plaque hanging above it. Lan Wu also saw it, her bloodless lips moved, and she read the words on it in a hoarse voice: "Hall of Longevity…"

"The Hall of Longevity, my foot! If we don't run now, we'll all be dead here!" Yu Shanye was so angry that her eyebrows stood on end. She got up and, together with Ji Lingyue, helped Lan Wu run into the main hall.

As she jumped onto the altar, she angrily cursed, "I've never seen such a hideous monster! It's neither human nor ghost! If I fall into the hands of a monster like this, I'll die… Ah!"

A dark tunnel appeared beneath her feet, and before Lan Wu could grab her, she vanished. Startled, she turned to look at Ji Lingyue, only to see blood-red vines billowing high behind the girl.

When…when did you catch up?

Lan Wu's eyes widened in horror, and she moved instinctively, staggering towards the unsuspecting Ji Lingyue. Ji Lingyue was stunned for a moment, looking at her blankly, but soon her expression changed. Instead, she took a step forward and hugged Lan Wu tightly, exposing her back completely to the danger.

"Don't……"

No sooner had she finished speaking than the thorny vine lashed down, exploding into a cloud of blood mist behind the girl.

Ji Lingyue coughed up a mouthful of blood, the hot, foul liquid splashing all over Lan Wu's face. Lan Wu opened her eyes wide in

shock and fell backward with Ji Lingyue, plunging into the dark tunnel.

Water, it's water again.

Lan Wu struggled to get her head above water, coughed a few times, and then cried out hoarsely, "A-Yue! A-Yue!"

The sound echoed in the narrow passageway, but was quickly swallowed up by the rushing water. Fortunately, there were no whirlpools or turbulent currents here. Although I was swept far away by the current in the blink of an eye, I was still able to float.

She looked around but saw no one surfacing and heard no response. Gritting her teeth, she dived back down, scanning the bottom with her eyes.

This time, she saw a white figure floating in the water.

Lan Wu quickly swam over and managed to grab her hand and pull her over. But she saw that Ji Lingyue's eyes were closed and blood was constantly flowing from her mouth and nose. She panicked and swam upwards with her in her arms, emerging from the water.

After being pulled from the water, the smell of blood immediately intensified. Lan Wu tucked her wet hair behind her ears, cupped her pale face, and said helplessly, "A-Yue, you, you wake up… don't scare me…"

Seeing that Ji Lingyue had no reaction, her eyes quickly reddened, she choked out a sob, rummaged through the medicine she carried, poured out a few hemostatic pills, and stuffed them into Ji Lingyue's mouth. Even so, Ji Lingyue just held them lifelessly without making any swallowing motion.

"Don't do this, A-Yue… A-Yue," she called her name helplessly. After a while, she suddenly realized something, raised her injured right hand, squeezed out blood and dripped it into Ji Lingyue's mouth.

"Swallow it, Yue," she pleaded in a low voice, on the verge of tears, "Please, just swallow it…"

But apart from the sound of rushing water, no one around her could respond.

She blinked, took a few quick breaths, and suddenly leaned in,

lowering her head to kiss the girl's lips.

She bit her tongue, and her mouth was filled with the taste of rust. Lan Wu trembled as she hugged the thin body in her arms, pushing the pills and blood into Ji Lingyue's throat, and her slightly cool tears fell.

Just as she was in despair, Ji Lingyue's eyelashes trembled, and she slowly opened a crack.

She didn't understand what had happened, but she could see the glistening tears in Lan Wu's eyes. Her usually smiling face was filled with fear, making her almost unrecognizable.

"you……"

She opened her mouth, touched the soft tip of her tongue, and before she could react, she swallowed instinctively, swallowing the pill and the hot, fishy liquid together.

Lan Wu opened her eyes wide in surprise: "You, you're awake!"

Ji Lingyue raised her hand, her fingertips touching the corner of her reddened eyes, and said weakly, "Why are you crying?"

"You scared me to death," Lan Wu pouted, wanting to hug her tightly, but afraid of touching the wound on her back: "Does it hurt? Can you use your spiritual energy to heal your wound?"

"I…" She started to speak, but then she couldn't stop coughing, and blood and foam welled up in her mouth again. Lan Wu was horrified and quickly said, "Okay, okay, don't talk!"

"Can……"

"Don't talk!" Lan Wu patted her chest and pulled out a jar of healing pills. Although the quality was average, it was better than nothing. "Quick, take these pills too."

Ji Lingyue obediently opened her mouth and swallowed with difficulty.

She then realized that her mouth was sticky and wanted to ask Lan Wu what she had been fed, but with Lan Wu staring at her with her big eyes, she didn't dare to speak.

Lan Wu breathed a sigh of relief when she saw how well-behaved the

girl was. She looked around and found that there were also luminous pearls on the wall in this section, which illuminated the dark passageways with their flickering light.

Staying in the water all the time wasn't a solution, so Lan Wu put Ji Lingyue's arms on her shoulders and said, "Hold on tight, I'll get you out of here."

Ji Lingyue nodded, hugged her neck, and softly leaned against her back.

With her hands free, Lan Wu used the water to move towards the left side of the stone wall. When another passageway appeared in front of her, she quickly grabbed the ground and struggled to pull the two of them up.

As soon as she climbed up to catch her breath, she pressed Ji Lingyue onto her lap and used the dim light to check her injuries.

What she saw made her gasp in shock.

Ji Lingyue had three long wounds on her back, deep enough to expose the bone. Her flesh was torn open, and blood was gushing out, soaking her white clothes red.

Despite being injured like that, she didn't utter a sound of pain; she's incredibly resilient.

"Try sealing the acupoints to stop the bleeding." She said as she helped Ji Lingyue up and made her sit up against her.

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, and a faint light appeared at her fingertips, like a flickering flame about to go out. She managed to press her Qihai and Guanyuan acupoints twice before letting her hand fall limply. She whispered, "Okay, all done."

Lan Wu nodded, found some topical ointment, sprinkled it on her wound, and then wrapped it with strips of cloth, bandaging the wound. Ji Lingyue trembled all over in pain, but remained silent, biting her lip so hard it almost bled.

"If it hurts, just yell it out," Lan Wu wiped the cold sweat from her forehead and pinched her chin to make her let go. "You were really reckless just now."

"I didn't do anything reckless," Ji Lingyue retorted softly. "I know

what you're trying to do, but you're so weak. It's better for me to take that hit than for you to take it."

"You…" Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled, her heart aching and tender, and she couldn't say anything. She carried Ji Lingyue on her back, leaned against the wall and stood up unsteadily, preparing to walk into the dark passageway.

"Yu Shanye is probably here too, let's look for her."

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement and obediently leaned on her shoulder: "Your legs…"

"fine."

Lan Wu lifted her up a little, her fingers touching something hard. She glanced at it and saw it was Ji Lingyue's life tablet hanging at her waist. But the name engraved on it was much dimmer than before, and a crack had appeared on the smooth surface of the tablet.

When Ji Lingyue first joined the sect, the sect leader said that this life tablet could protect her once. Now it seems that Ji Lingyue survived that attack because the tablet blocked a lot of the damage.

Lan Wu fell silent and limped deeper into the passageway.

In the boundless darkness, a luminous pearl was placed at intervals on the dark walls. The place was like a maze, with three or four forks at each intersection. Lan Wu carefully left her marks and walked and stopped for an unknown amount of time before turning into a square dark room.

She looked around and found a few iron chains scattered in the dark room, a table in the corner, and nothing else.

Lan Wu sighed, turned her head, wanting to talk to Ji Lingyue, but found that Ji Lingyue's eyes were closed, and she was lying unconscious on Lan Wu's shoulder. She didn't know when she had lost consciousness.

We need to find a way out quickly.

Lan Wu was anxious, but her eyes were fixed on the dried bloodstains on the iron chain, and she walked up to it as if possessed.

She reached out and touched it, then sniffed it, and her expression

changed instantly.

This is… mermaid blood…

Lan Wu took a few steps back, feeling both surprised and suspicious. Just then, she heard a rustling sound coming from the passageway. She froze, hurriedly turned around, but found no other way out. She could only hide behind the table with the unconscious Ji Lingyue, holding her breath and not daring to move.

Not long after, a gaunt, dark figure slowly emerged from the passageway and silently climbed to the wall with the iron chains hanging on it.

It raised its hand, its long fingernails digging into the wall, scraping at the already blackened bloodstains, muttering to itself, "Mermaid blood, my blood…my…"

Lan Wu felt a chill run down her spine, but she couldn't help glancing outside. She saw that the dark figure had only a few sparse white hairs on its head, a short body, and moved on all fours, like an animal.

Suddenly, the dark figure stopped moving, as if frozen into a sculpture. After a moment, it raised its head, twitched its nose, and turned its head to sniff around.

Oh no!

Lan Wu was startled, her gaze falling on her still bloodied right hand, and a strong sense of crisis suddenly rose within her.

When she looked up again, she met a pair of blood-red eyes.

The monster's eyes almost bulged out of its face. Suddenly, it let out a maniacal laugh and hissed, "Mermaid blood!"

"My mermaid blood!"

Without hesitation, Lan Wu picked up Ji Lingyue and ran. A cold wind approached from behind, and the monster caught up in an instant, its withered fingers tightly gripping her neck.

She was immediately pushed forward, and before losing control, she managed to throw Ji Lingyue away, making gurgling sounds in her throat: "A-Yue…"

Ji Lingyue rolled on the ground, coughed twice, and another mouthful

of blood and foam welled up in her mouth. Her eyelashes trembled, and she struggled to open a crack in the door, where the scene before her was reflected in her blurred vision.

Lan Wu was choked until she couldn't breathe, her face quickly turned red, and her eyes became bloodshot. Ji Lingyue whimpered and barely raised her hand. The black spirit sword flew out of its sheath and stabbed straight at the dark figure on Lan Wu's back.

The creature's ears twitched, and it nimbly dodged, its grip loosening slightly, allowing the girl beneath it a moment to catch her breath. Lan Wu exhaled, then abruptly rolled over, drawing her short sword to stab it. Unexpectedly, it reacted even faster, clamping down on Lan Wu's wrist and twisting it forcefully. With a crack, the short sword clattered to the ground.

The shelf holding the luminous pearl was knocked over by the spirit sword at the same time, and the pearl fell from the height, rolling to the side of Lan Wu's head, illuminating her two faces above and below.

The dark figure pressing down on Lan Wu suddenly stiffened. Lan Wu gasped for breath amidst the excruciating pain and looked up, only to discover that it was an old man who looked like a skeleton. The old man's face was sunken, with only a pair of blood-red eyes that bulged out strangely, revealing a beast-like, bloodthirsty cruelty and madness.

But now, fear slowly crept into those eyes.

He trembled all over, stared at her, and said in a shrill voice, "Chu Chunhan!"

——

Although no one has asked, I want to give you a heads-up: the later scenes will all focus on the two of them getting together. Judging by the looks of it, there are still about ten more chapters of plot to go. Those who want to see more explicit content are advised to wait until later.

24. Found

After calling out this unfamiliar name, the old man jumped off her as if he had been burned, muttering something under his breath. After a while, he chuckled strangely, seemingly oblivious to the two of them, and staggered away.

Lan Wu was still in shock until someone hugged her tightly, which made her tremble and slowly come to her senses.

"Ah Yue..." She had barely uttered a sound when she let out a soft groan of pain. Her right wrist was red and swollen; it had been broken by that person. Ji Lingyue, her eyes red, grasped her hand, but unfortunately, her spiritual power was insufficient to heal her. She looked up at the bruises on Lan Wu's slender white neck and asked in a hoarse voice, "Does it hurt?"

"It's alright..." Lan Wu coughed lightly and asked, "Did you hear that just now? What did he call me?"

"Chu Chunhan," Ji Lingyue repeated, then asked, "Do you know this person?"

Lan Wu shook her head: "Never heard of it."

"That......"

Before they could finish speaking, footsteps suddenly echoed through the passageway. The two women tensed up simultaneously, and under their anxious gazes, a white figure emerged from around the corner.

"Lan Wu!"

Lan Wu immediately breathed a sigh of relief: "How did you find me here?"

Yu Shanye ran over and was stunned to see their miserable state: "I've been wandering around here for ages, and when I saw the marks you left, I followed them... Wait, how did you two end up like this?"

"It's a long story," Lan Wu said weakly, raising her hand. "Quick, help me."

Yu Shanye quickly knelt down beside her, set her bones, and then flowed red spiritual energy upwards, gently merging into her wrist. After doing this, she went to look at Ji Lingyue and saw that her face was as white as paper, and she seemed to be more seriously injured. She hurriedly rummaged through her storage bag and took out various spiritual herbs.

"I got these from the pharmacist. Take a look and see which one works."

These medicines were much better than the two of theirs. Lan Wu picked out a jar of Rejuvenation Pills, fed one to Ji Lingyue, and then took one herself. The dull pain in her throat immediately lessened. After resting for a while, she and Yu Shanye helped Ji Lingyue back to the water's edge.

"Are we really going to go down with the water?" Yu Shanye muttered to himself, "I've gone around in circles so many times, how come I haven't seen that old man?"

"Did I break my own arm?" Lan Wu rolled her eyes at her and snorted, "Believe it or not, I'm definitely not staying here any longer."

Without hesitation, she went into the water and, just in case, tied Ji Lingyue to her back with a rope.

"That's not what I meant." Yu Shanye sighed, obediently following behind her, and muttered, "I really don't like water."

The three of them drifted downstream, and after an unknown amount of time, they saw the passageway split into three forks ahead. Lan Wu sensed the wind on her right and, overjoyed, swam ahead first. Unexpectedly, as soon as they entered, the current suddenly became rapid, and the passageway became winding and rugged, like a mountain road with eighteen bends, leaving them dizzy and disoriented.

Lan Wu quickly grabbed Yu Shanye, and hearing her scream, she couldn't help but raise her voice: "Calm down!"

"You're telling me to calm down!" She grabbed Lan Wu's arm and exclaimed in horror, "What kind of way are you leading me?!"

"I……"

Just as Lan Wu was about to explain, she suddenly saw the sky brighten. She was startled, then opened her eyes wide in surprise. In an instant, she was rushed out of the cave, paused briefly in the air, and then plummeted down.

After a few splashes, Lan Wu, panting, carried Ji Lingyue ashore. Looking up, the setting sun was like blood, and the sky was full of red clouds. Penglai Island stood quietly on the sea a few miles away.

This is a very small island. Cool water flows out from a cave in the rock wall, and white water droplets float in the air, forming a

waterfall like a curtain of silk.

Yu Shanye laughed twice, then lay weakly on the ground, murmuring, “You, you did a good job…”

Soon, disciples from Penglai Island, having heard the news, came and took the three of them back. Ji Lingyue was taken away to heal her injuries, while the other two went to see Chu Jiangchi.

Upon seeing them, the man’s tense face finally relaxed. He dismissed those around him, turned around and carefully examined them, then sighed, “Fortunately, you came out safely, otherwise, I wouldn’t know how to explain it to Haochen Mountain.”

Chu Ji stood beside him, a look of guilt on his face: “I told my father as soon as I came out, but when I rushed back, the waterway was blocked…”

Yu Shanye let out an awkward “Uh,” and said, “Well… it’s probably because I blew up the underground palace.”

“The underground palace…” Chu Jiang paused for a moment, then said in a low voice, “Never mind, it’s good that you’re all alright.”

He sighed and continued, “Now that you have seen it, I, Chu, need not hide it. The existence of this underground palace has been a secret that our Chu family has guarded for thousands of years. Only the island lords of each generation knew about it. Unfortunately, the previous island lord passed away suddenly without leaving a word. In the six years since I succeeded him, even I do not know what this underground palace is used for.”

Lan Wu and Yu Shanye exchanged a glance, then cautiously asked, “What does the Island Master mean?”

“Young friend, you are wise. I will speak frankly.” Chu Jiangchi said seriously, “I hope you will not speak of the matter of the underground palace. Since our ancestors kept it a secret, there must be a reason for it. I do not want to cause any trouble. I hope you can understand.”

Lan Wu nodded and said, “I understand. Don’t worry, Island Master Chu, the three of us will definitely not reveal this matter to outsiders.”

Chu Jiangchi smiled and nodded: “You are all disciples of Haochen Mountain, and your character is trustworthy. With your words, I am at ease.”

Lan Wu quickly replied politely, "Not at all, it's what we should do."

But at the same time, she had many questions in her mind.

Besides the underground palace, how could there be a secret room beneath Penglai Island that seems to have imprisoned merfolk? Does Chu Jiangchi know about this, and how much does he know? Who is Chu Chunhan? And who is that old man?

Lan Wu hesitated, about to ask, when a clear, distant cry rang out. The group immediately looked up, following the sound. Chu Jiangchi frowned in confusion, muttering to himself, "Someone wants to come ashore?"

He turned his head, told Chu Ji to take Lan Wu and the others to rest, and then walked alone toward the small boat moored on the shore: "I'll go take a look."

Seeing him leave in a hurry, Lan Wu pursed her lips helplessly, shook her head and refused to go back with Yu Shanye, saying, "I'm going to see A Yue."

"Okay." Yu Shanye yawned listlessly and muttered, "You should bandage it up again too."

Lan Wu hummed in agreement and turned to walk towards the medicine hut on Penglai Island.

The small house, filled with the fragrance of herbs, contained only a bed. Ji Lingyue slept peacefully, her wounds having been cleaned and bandaged again. Her face was still pale, and her lips were bloodless.

Lan Wu moved a stool and sat on the edge of the bed, propping her chin up and staring blankly at her. After a while, she sighed wearily, put her arm on the edge of the bed, and lay down, closing her eyes.

When Meng Changge strode into the medicine hut, this was the scene before her. The two girls, one sitting and one lying down, both appeared to be asleep, but their hands on the bed were clasped together. She paused for a moment, then quietly walked to the bedside and reached out to touch Ji Lingyue's forehead.

A moment later, Meng Changge's tightly furrowed brows relaxed. She looked down at Lan Wu, who was sleeping soundly, and carefully picked her up and placed her next to Ji Lingyue.

Chu Jiang stood quietly outside the door, waiting for her to come out before asking, “Fellow Daoist, are you relieved now?”

Meng Changge hummed in agreement and said apologetically, “I was quite rude just now. I did not mean to offend the island lord.”

“I understand.” Chu Jiangchi nodded gently: “The two of you are from the same school and have a deep sisterly bond. Your concern can cloud your judgment, and I understand.”

Meng Changge was still embarrassed: “Even so, I will still pay for the spirit stones to repair that small boat.”

“No need, it won’t cost much.”

As he spoke, he politely extended a hand and said, “Please.”

Meng Changge nodded and followed him to her temporary resting place. As soon as she entered, she saw Yu Shanye carrying a plate of food out of the kitchen. Yu Shanye was surprised to see her: “Senior Sister Meng, what brings you here?”

Meng Changge smiled, bid farewell to Chu Jiangchi, and sat down at the table: “Junior Sister’s life tablet was damaged. I happened to be nearby, so Master urged me to come and check on the situation.”

Yushan Ye Oh ” sat down opposite her, and put down her bowl and chopsticks.

“Didn’t you start fasting?”

“Yes,” Yu Shanye nodded and said seriously, “But this is my family’s traditional skill. I’m afraid I’ll get rusty if I don’t practice it for a day. Besides, Lan Wu hasn’t started fasting yet, and I was just about to send her over.”

“Don’t go, she’s already asleep.”

As she spoke, Meng Changge took the chopsticks without any hesitation, took a bite, and asked, “When we arrived earlier, Island Master Chu said that you encountered a sea monster and were unfortunately injured. Is that true?”

Yu Shanye blinked, remembering Chu Jiangchi’s instructions, and said a beat late, “It was indeed our carelessness.”

Meng Changge asked with some doubt: “What kind of sea beast could

have injured my junior sister like that?"

"Uh… it's a sea snake with a human head."

Meng Changge was taken aback, raising her eyebrows in surprise: "I've seen snakes, and I've seen people, but I've never seen a snake with a human head. Is there a corpse? I'll go take a look."

"How could there be?" Yu Shanye panicked and quickly tried to cover it up: "I'm really tired after talking to you for a while. Senior sister, you can take care of these dishes. I'm going to go inside and sleep."

"Okay, get some rest."

Yu Shanye hummed in agreement and hurriedly slipped into the room, her retreating figure appearing quite flustered. Watching her disappear through the door, Meng Changge shook his head and muttered to himself, "Really, she can't even tell a lie."

The next day, just as dawn broke, she went to visit her junior sister again. Unexpectedly, as soon as she entered the door, she saw Ji Lingyue jump up from Lan Wu's side in a panic and stare at her with wide eyes.

"Senior Sister?"

Meng Changge walked over, puzzled: "What's wrong? Why are you so nervous?"

"What are you doing here, Senior Sister?" Ji Lingyue asked in surprise. "Weren't you traveling around?"

Meng Changge patiently explained it to her again. As she spoke, Lan Wu, who was still curled up sleeping, seemed to have been disturbed and let out a soft hum. Ji Lingyue subconsciously turned to look at her and lowered her voice, saying, "Senior sister, why don't we go outside to talk?"

"Go out? You're still injured." Meng Changge looked her over and said, "But this Penglai Island is really amazing. Despite such a serious injury, you look much better today. Perhaps we can set off to leave in a few days."

"Senior sister, are you coming back with us?"

Meng Changge hummed in agreement, then subconsciously pressed

the fiery red blade at his waist: “On the way back, I’ll happen to pass by the Hundred Treasures Pavilion. I still need to buy a sword prototype for my master to take back with me.”

She wanted to say something more, but Lan Wu let out an uncomfortable groan. Meng Changge paused and saw her junior sister turn her head, looking at her with a hesitant expression.

Meng Changge: “…Alright, I won’t say anything then.”

She had wanted to ask what had happened yesterday, but now that she looked at the situation, if she made any more noise, Ji Lingyue would make her feel guilty.

Meng Changge sighed and muttered to herself as she walked out, “They have such a good relationship.”

Ji Lingyue recovered quickly as expected. Three days later, she was able to get out of bed and walk freely without anyone’s help. Lan Wu, the only one who knew the truth, kept her achievements hidden, only proudly puffing out her chest when others praised Ji Lingyue’s recovery speed.

The group quickly bid farewell to Chu Jiangchi, who expressed his reluctance to part and hoped that they would visit often when they had time.

Lan Wu nodded repeatedly, secretly wishing she could leave as soon as possible.

The island and the mad old man beneath it both gave her a bad feeling. She had originally wanted to ask Chu Jiangchi about it, but she figured it would be pointless. She didn’t know if he was telling the truth or not; an island lord claiming to know nothing about the underground palace beneath the island was something Lan Wu didn’t believe at all.

Even Chu Jiangchi’s kind face now felt awkward to her.

After leaving Penglai Island, they traveled without stopping, and in just two days, they entered Changheng City, where the Hundred Treasures Pavilion was located. This city was exceptionally prosperous, with vermilion buildings blocking out the sun, pavilions and towers layered upon each other, and numerous magical arrays floating in the air, constantly sending teleporting cultivators into the city. The streets were bustling with people, most of whom wore

magical robes, giving the impression that even throwing a stone could hit a powerful figure.

Upon hearing this, Meng Changge laughed and said, “That’s natural. Changheng, like the City of Demons, is a city built by cultivators. The residents are mostly cultivators. In such a place, the currency that circulates is not gold and silver, but spirit stones. My junior sister and I will go into the Treasure Pavilion in a while, and you two can wander around as you like. There are many good things here.”

Yu Shanye was extremely envious. He opened his mouth and said the same thing he had repeated countless times along the way: “Why am I not a Golden Core cultivator? Otherwise, I could have gone in too.”

Lan Wu: “What’s wrong with shopping with me? Aren’t you satisfied?”

“What do you mean by ‘satisfied’?” Yu Shanye crossed his arms and glanced at her sideways: “This is the Hundred Treasures Pavilion, rumored to contain everything in the world, a Hundred Treasures Pavilion where you can buy anything as long as you have money! Don’t you want to go in?”

“I don’t want to.” Lan Wu refused outright: “Anyway, the best batch of things is definitely priceless. It’s better to not see them and not get them, so as to avoid the torment of wanting to buy them but not being able to.”

Yu Shanye was silent for a moment, then said, “…What you said actually makes some sense.”

After Ji Lingyue left with Meng Changge, Lan Wu’s expression changed, and she turned and ran towards the most crowded street.

Yu Shanye quickly followed, asking, “Where are you going?”

“Buy a gift!” Lan Wu said urgently. “They’re only gone for a short while. I need to buy a suitable gift before they come back.”

“A gift? A gift for whom?”

Lan Wu looked at her like she was an idiot: “Of course it’s A-Yue, she’s turning nineteen soon.”

Yu Shanye suddenly realized: “So that’s how it is. You’re quite the actor. I really thought you weren’t interested in the Treasure Pavilion.”

Lan Wu smiled smugly: "That's… um?"

She paused for a moment, then reached up and touched her shoulder, finding her palm damp with water.

Where did the water come from?

Lan Wu stopped, frowning as she looked around. The passersby beside her hurried by, and it seemed no one was bored enough to play a trick on her.

Yu Shanye asked, "What's wrong?"

Lan Wu hesitated and shook her head: "It's nothing."

She put her hand down and continued walking towards the shop.

At this moment, a woman in blue standing at the end of the street suddenly stopped what she was doing, turned her head slightly, as if sensing something.

The vendor hesitated for a moment, then cautiously called out, "Young lady? Do you… do you still want to buy something?"

Lan Yuan snapped out of her reverie, glanced down at the mask in her hand, and said calmly, "Buy it."

She tossed down a few spirit stones and turned to leave. The man was taken aback and quickly called out, "Miss, you've given too much!"

"It's alright," the woman lazily raised her hand and put the cold mask on her face. "I don't need it anyway."

25. Chaos

Ji Lingyue stood in front of a display stand and carefully picked up a silver bracelet placed on it.

With a gentle flick, the bracelet melted as if in water, extending into several needle-thick threads, but to the touch, those threads remained cold and hard.

The attendant from the Hundred Treasures Pavilion standing nearby said at the opportune moment, “This bracelet is called the Thousand Thread Bracelet. It is made of Northern Abyss Living Iron and can be used as both an ornament and a personal weapon. The higher the wearer’s cultivation level, the more and sharper the silver threads will grow. In the end, a single silver thread can be used as a sword.”

Ji Lingyue asked, “What if it’s used by someone in the Foundation Establishment stage?”

The attendant paused for a moment, then hesitated and said, “Foundation Establishment stage, um… can also grow a silver thread, which can be used as a rope. By the way, there’s also a simple protective formation on it, which can help in case of danger.”

“Really?” Ji Lingyue held it and twirled it a few times, somewhat tempted. “How much is this?”

“One thousand high-grade spirit stones.”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: “A thousand?”

“Yes, Baibaoge does not accept bargaining.”

She pursed her lips and quickly calculated all her assets in her mind. She realized that if she bought it, she would be penniless, and her plan to get a high-grade spirit sword would have to be postponed.

However, Lan Wu would look very beautiful wearing this bracelet.

After hesitating for a while, Ji Lingyue gritted her teeth and said, “One thousand it is, I’ll buy it.”

Why are you wearing such stupid clothes?

Lan Wu was taken aback. She turned her head and looked at the woman standing beside her with her arms crossed. She hesitated and asked, “Are you talking to me?”

“Otherwise what?”

Ugh, what an rude person!

Lan Wu put down the hairpin in her hand, put on a stern face, and said righteously, “Fellow Daoist, we are strangers, and you don’t need to point fingers at me. Besides, I am wearing the Daoist robe of Haochen Mountain. The Daoist robe of Haochen Mountain is the most elegant and refined among the three major immortal sects. Do you have any taste?”

“Fellow Daoist? Complete stranger? Haochen Mountain?” Lan Yuan’s voice rose higher and higher as she looked at her incredulously: “Lan Wu, have you lost your mind?”

Lan Wu: “…”

That disdainful tone sounds familiar.

She frowned, staring at the woman’s eyes and delicate chin through the mask for a while, an unbelievable thought gradually surfacing in her mind.

“Blue, Blue Iris?!”

“Ah ha,” Lan Yuan scoffed, “So my dear little sister still remembers me after all?”

Lan Wu blinked quickly, glanced at Yu Shanye who was admiring other jewelry not far away, grabbed her, and walked out. Once they were alone, she turned around, surprised, and said, “How dare you come to a place like this? Do you know how many cultivators are here?”

“If you can come, why can’t I?”

“I am not like you.”

“Why is it different?” Lan Yuan sensed something was wrong, touched her forehead with her fingertip, and her expression suddenly changed: “What’s wrong with you? Is that a elixir in your body?!”

“This is a long story…”

“Who cares how long or short the story is,” Lan Yuan suddenly frowned, her voice hardening. “You’ve been playing around outside long enough. Come back with me now, and we’ll talk on the way.”

Lan Wu was taken aback: “No.”

“What did you say?” Lan Yuan raised an eyebrow. “Say it again.”

A long-lost sense of oppression washed over her, and Lan Wu subconsciously shrank back. Realizing what was happening, she straightened her back and pretended to be calm: “I’m not going back. I’m doing just fine outside, why would I go back?”

“Stay here? Lan Wu, what’s wrong with you? Staying with a bunch of humans, even wearing these clothes, do you remember the blood feud between our race and the human race? If our ancestors saw you like this, they would be furious!”

“Stop using our ancestors to pressure me!” Lan Wu couldn’t help but raise her voice. “You’re the one being unreasonable. I’ve been gone for five years, and you didn’t even look for me. Now you suddenly appear and want me to go back. What’s going on? Does Father need a princess for a marriage alliance?”

“What nonsense are you spouting?” Lan Yuan was furious. “What do you think of Father Emperor? I can tell that in the past few years since you left, you’ve really gone astray with humans!”

Lan Wu retorted, “At least these humans treat me well, unlike you, who have ignored me for years!”

“Smack!”

After a sharp crack, Lan Wu’s face quickly turned red. She froze, looking up at Lan Yuan in disbelief. She saw that Lan Yuan’s hand, which was raised in the air, was trembling slightly, and her chest was heaving violently, as if she was very angry.

“You think I came to find you willingly?” Lan Yuan slowly clenched her fists, gritting her teeth as she said, “I know you were unhappy in the sea. After you escaped, Father and Mother were very worried and wanted to bring you back. I was the one who persuaded them to let you relax. For the past few years, I’ve checked your soul lamp every day. As long as the soul lamp was intact, it meant you were safe and sound. Now it seems I was wronged by your kindness, which led you to have such rebellious thoughts!”

“…If that’s the case, what are you doing here now?”

Lan Yuan said coldly, “I have my reasons, you don’t need to know.”

Lan Wu suddenly felt a lump in her throat, and the grievances in her heart were once again overwhelmed by anger: “You, you are always like this, arranging things for me without explanation, and never

respecting my opinions. I'm telling you, I will never go back! I'd rather die out there than go back!"

After saying that, she stomped her foot angrily, turned around and left. Just as she turned onto the street, she ran into Yu Shanye, who was looking around. When Yu Shanye saw her, he breathed a sigh of relief and ran over: "Where did you go? You just disappeared all of a sudden."

"It's nothing," Lan Wu shook her head and said dryly, "Let's go back."

Yu Shanye hummed in agreement, and as they walked back side by side, she held up the disc in her hand, showing it off to her: "Guess what I found? The latest demon-finding device! It's said that once a demon gets close, its pointer will… huh?"

She blinked, looked at the wildly spinning pointer on the disc, and slapped it in confusion: "Is it broken?"

Lan Wu was startled and turned her head in surprise, only to see the woman in blue approaching her. Lan Yuan grabbed her belt, lifted her up abruptly, and said in a cold voice, "Today, you have to leave whether you like it or not."

Yu Shanye was startled by the sudden appearance of the person. When he came to his senses, Lan Wu had already been grabbed and lifted into the air. At the same time, the pointer of the disc stopped and pointed steadily in the direction they had left.

She suddenly gasped, shoved the things into her bosom, and hurried after them, shouting, "Help! There's a monster! A monster has kidnapped the young cultivator!"

Meanwhile, Meng Changge was slowly leaving the Treasure Pavilion with her junior sister. She glanced at the bracelet the girl was clutching tightly in her hand and still found it unbelievable: "You spent a thousand high-grade spirit stones for Lan Wu?"

Ji Lingyue felt that there was something strange about what she said, blushed slightly, and covered it up by saying, "She is my best friend."

Meng Changge was shocked: "How come I don't have a friend like that?"

"We'll meet again someday, senior sister…"

Just as she stepped out the door, a sudden gust of wind blew by. Amidst screams, all the stalls on both sides of the street were overturned, and Ji Lingyue was also blown backward, only vaguely seeing a blue shadow rushing past.

Meng Changge helped her up and couldn't help but say, "Who is this? So unruly! Isn't it forbidden to fly in the air in Changheng City?"

No sooner had he finished speaking than three or five cultivators leaped past him on their spirit swords, chasing after the blue figure from before.

Meng Changge: …

For a moment, she wondered if she had remembered the rules wrong. Just then, the girl in red arrived, panting, riding her spirit sword. When she saw them, her eyes lit up: "Senior Sister!"

Meng Changge responded and subconsciously asked, "Why are you the only one here? Where is Lan Wu?"

Yu Shanye exclaimed in a panic, "Lan Wu has been captured by a monster!"

"What?!"

The two spoke at the same time. Ji Lingyue's expression changed, and she asked anxiously, "What monster?!"

"I don't know, a woman in blue," Yu Shanye gestured to her, "wearing a mask, suddenly jumped out and kidnapped Lan Wu!"

She paused, then abruptly turned her head to look in the direction where the group had disappeared. Meng Changge's expression was grave. As he spoke, he had already flown a considerable distance away: "I'm going to chase after them now. You two be careful and follow behind."

"Alright!" Yu Shanye breathed a sigh of relief and was about to join Ji Lingyue when she saw Ji Lingyue jump onto her flying sword and disappear in a flash.

Yu Shanye: …Having a high-grade spirit sword is already quite remarkable.

"What a nuisance." After traveling for more than ten miles outside the

city to the fields, Lan Yuan glanced at the few cultivators who were chasing closely behind her, clicked her tongue, and stretched out her right hand, conjuring a silver longsword.

Lan Wu struggled desperately: “Let me go!”

“If you keep acting up, I’ll knock you out and take you back!”

Lan Wu said in embarrassment and indignation, “I’m the same age as you, can you please stop treating me like a child!”

“Are you acting like you’re the same age as me?” Lan Yuan glanced at the handprint on her face and finally softened a little: “Be good, we can talk about it when we get back.”

As she spoke, she turned her toes and twirled her sword, stirring up water vapor in the air. Suddenly, the world around her rippled like water.

The woman’s clothes fluttered, and her long hair gradually faded to an eerie light silver. She raised her eyes, looked at the several long swords that leaped down from above and thrust at her, and sneered coldly, “You’re courting death.”

Lan Wu exclaimed in alarm, “Wait…”

Before he could finish speaking, a stream of water condensed from the tip of the Blue Iris Sword, swirling and transforming into a gigantic dragon that roared and lunged at them.

When Meng Changge arrived, she saw five or six cultivators trapped in the water, convulsing and struggling, on the verge of suffocating. Enraged, she drew her red sword from her waist, and five golden halos appeared behind her.

Lan Yuan keenly sensed that this person was significantly different from the previous fodder. She did not confront him head-on, but instead took a few steps back. As Meng Changge caught up, she flicked her wrist, and a flash of cold light appeared as her longsword flew out like a silver snake.

Meng Changge reacted quickly, blocking the attack with the back of her knife. Her hand was immediately numb from the shock. She frowned, realizing that the demon’s strength was comparable to hers, or even stronger. With a quick thought, she drew another knife and slashed at the demon’s left arm, which was holding someone and

making it difficult for him to move.

Lan Yuan quickly dodged to the side, but caught a glimpse of a cold glint behind her out of the corner of her eye, and was suddenly startled.

When did the people approach?

She had no choice but to let go, striking the person behind her with her left palm while holding her sword horizontally in front of her with her right hand, blocking the attack of the two long knives.

With a loud bang, Lan Yuan was sandwiched between Ji Lingyue and Meng Changge, her silver hair dancing wildly in the wind. The golden and blue lights collided, bursting out with extremely dazzling light.

Lan Wu plummeted from the sky, not even prepared to land, when Yu Shanye, who had rushed over, grabbed her by the collar. She gasped for breath, looking at the brilliant light with fear, and murmured, "No, the commotion… was too loud…"

Yu Shanye was taken aback: "What?"

In the damp air, accompanied by a surge of demonic energy, Meng Changge stared at the deep blue eyes so close to his face and suddenly realized something: "You're a merman?"

Lan Yuan said with disgust, "What's it to you?"

"Mermaids live in seclusion, so why are you here, trying to capture my junior sister?"

"Your junior sister?" Lan Yuan sneered, and a magic array appeared beneath her feet, instantly whipping up a fierce wind and water blades: "What a junior sister!"

Ji Lingyue's clothes were instantly torn in several places, forcing her to jump away from Lan Yuan. After regaining her footing, she couldn't help but glance in Lan Wu's direction. She wanted to go and see what was going on, but after hearing Meng Changge's words, she decided to stay here and stop this merman no matter what.

Lan Wu's loyalty is only missing a sea pearl.

Several faint spiritual lights appeared in the distance, indicating that the more powerful cultivators in the city had noticed the anomaly.

Lan Yuan realized she couldn't linger, so she raised her hand to shake off Meng Changge, bent her waist, and thrust her sword towards Ji Lingyue.

She decided to deal with this weakling first before tackling Meng Changge.

Caught off guard, Ji Lingyue managed to block the attack, and several cracks instantly appeared where the sword had struck her. She groaned from the force of the powerful demonic energy, a metallic taste rising in her throat. The silver-haired woman, however, continued to advance without hesitation, dozens of colorless water blades appearing beside her and thrusting at Ji Lingyue once more.

At the critical moment, someone suddenly rushed in from the side, grabbed Ji Lingyue, and shielded her.

Lan Yuan's pupils suddenly contracted, and with a flick of her wrist, she managed to change the direction of the water blade, cutting down a swathe of trees and leaving several dents in the ground.

As she was reeling from the shock, a long blade pierced her right shoulder with a soft thud, penetrating her flesh and emerging from her chest. Lan Yuan cried out in pain and reacted swiftly, gripping the blade. A misty blue demonic aura rapidly surged from her palm, flowing along the blood-stained blade to the hilt. Meng Changge quickly released her grip and jumped back a step to avoid being entangled by the icy rope that had instantly materialized.

"Hmm!"

She gritted her teeth, shattered the long sword, and fell from the sky, landing awkwardly on one knee. Lan Wu turned around in alarm, meeting her shocked and disappointed gaze. Her body stiffened, and her throat seemed to be blocked, unable to utter a sound.

The oppressive aura of several cultivators approaching was almost within reach. Lan Yuan coughed, wiped the blood from the corner of her mouth, stumbled to her feet, and flew away into the distance without looking back.

"etc……"

Ji Lingyue was startled and raised her hand, manipulating the spirit sword to stab at her back. Lan Wu tackled her to the ground, causing the sword to miss its mark and only grazed Lan Yuan's left arm,

leaving a bloody mark.

She looked up, bewildered and surprised, wanting to question Lan Wu, but saw that Lan Wu's eyes were red and she hissed, "What are you doing? Do you want to kill her?!"

Ji Lingyue trembled at her shout, and raised her voice in grievance: "Lan Wu, she's a monster! She kidnapped you and hurt so many people! Can't you see that!"

Lan Wu lost control and said, "She only wanted to escape, not hurt anyone! I wasn't hurt at all, how could you do this?! How could you be so cruel!"

"Lan Wu!" A stern voice suddenly interrupted her. Meng Changge suppressed her anger and said coldly, "Your kindness should have its limits. Junior sister did nothing wrong. If you want to blame her for wanting to kill that merman, you should blame me. I was the one who stabbed that merman just now!"

At this moment, the arriving cultivators landed on the ground one by one. Meng Changge glanced at her, then, not wanting to say anything more, she quickly sheathed her sword and turned to explain the situation to them.

Lan Wu knelt on the ground, looking completely lost. Ji Lingyue bit her lip, fighting back tears, and pushed her away to get up. Yu Shanye, who had been holding her breath, finally came over and couldn't help but say, "Lan Wu, you were really in the wrong this time… They were trying to save you."

Lan Wu remained motionless for a long while before raising her head and looking at Ji Lingyue with red eyes.

Supported by Yu Shanye, Ji Lingyue picked up her tattered spirit sword. She turned and took two steps, then suddenly stopped, her voice trembling as she said, "You, you didn't mean it, I know. I will pretend… pretend I didn't hear what you just said."

Lan Wu was stunned, her face drained of color. After they slowly walked away, she closed her eyes in pain, covered her face, and let out a muffled, hoarse groan.

"ah……"

——

Offending both sides achieves the goal

26. The Cold War

At the summit of Golden Feather Peak, Qin Yu took a sip of hot tea, looked at Meng Changge who was standing properly in the room, and asked, “Did anything happen during this trip?”

“Nothing major happened.” Meng Changge finished speaking, then pondered for a moment and added, “However, my junior sister and the others were clearly hiding something about Penglai Island, and on their way back, a mermaid suddenly appeared and tried to kidnap Junior Sister Lan.”

“A merman?” Qin Yu frowned. “Why would she do that?”

“I don’t know. I asked Lan Wu, but she couldn’t explain it either.” Thinking of this, Meng Changge was still a little angry and couldn’t help but say, “This Lan Wu usually seems nice, and she’s also Junior Sister’s friend. I didn’t expect her to be so unable to distinguish right from wrong. She got angry with Junior Sister over a mermaid.”

Qin Yu said calmly, “After all, he is Ye Qingjun’s disciple.”

Meng Changge couldn’t help but click his tongue: “Who knows how many demonic beasts are being raised on Qianyun Peak? Is this still a celestial sect? How can the sect leader keep letting Elder Ye do nothing?”

“Them…” Qin Yu frowned, hesitated for a moment, and said, “Forget it, you don’t need to worry about your junior sister anymore. Let them handle their own affairs.”

Meng Changge pursed her lips, thinking of Ji Lingyue’s taciturn and dejected appearance on the way back these past few days. She felt that things were not so simple, but since her master had spoken, she could not say much and just lowered her head and replied, “Yes.”

On the way back to Qianyun Peak, Yu Shanye followed behind Lan Wu with a heavy heart. After glancing at her back several times, he finally couldn’t help but call out, “Lan Wu.”

Lan Wu paused, turned around, and her snow-white cheeks were illuminated by the cold moonlight, making them appear almost transparent.

A summer night breeze swept by, carrying the chirping of cicadas. Only the two of them were on the winding mountain path, and the entire mountain seemed to be asleep.

Under her gaze, the spirited girl hesitated for once, and slowly asked, "Lan Wu, do you… know that merman?"

Lan Wu was taken aback, her eyelashes fluttering a few times, her mind in turmoil as she asked, "…Why do you say that?"

"Because that's how it looked. The situation was chaotic at the time. My senior sisters were busy fighting with that merman, so they couldn't see clearly, but I could."

"You've been so worried about that merman. Your senior sister thinks it's just your overflowing sympathy, but I think you're simply concerned about that merman. Lan Wu…" Yu Shanye looked up at her and said seriously, "Am I right?"

Lan Wu gazed at her silently, her heart pounding anxiously before slowly calming down. After a long while, she sighed and said frankly, "Yes."

She turned and continued walking up the mountain, her voice soft: "I've known her for a long time, you could even say we're very close."

Yu Shanye hurriedly caught up, somewhat surprised: "How come you have such a close relationship with a merman?"

"This…this is a private matter of my family, and I cannot disclose it. But Yamaha, she really is not a vicious monster. She just wants to take me back."

As she spoke, she looked at Yu Shanye without much hope, thinking that if she was suspected, so be it. But then she saw Yu Shanye blink and suddenly realize, "Could it be, could it be that your family is also one of those demon-taming families?"

Lan Wu was taken aback: "What?"

"You're still pretending with me," Yu Shanye said with a smile. "I know that there is a kind of family in our cultivation world that believes that monsters can be used by humans. They not only do not hate monsters, but they also capture some little monsters, raise them from a young age, form beast contracts, and coexist with monsters for generations. Our master comes from such a family. You should have

said that your family is one too."

Lan Wu: "…You're so smart."

Yu Shanye relaxed: "Then why didn't you explain it clearly to your senior sisters back then?"

"It was too chaotic back then." Lan Wu felt a headache coming on whenever she thought about what happened that day. "Please don't tell anyone about this, okay?"

Just as Yu Shanye was about to ask the reason, a thought flashed through his mind, and he convinced himself again: "I understand. Your kind of family is an anomaly in the cultivation world and is often pointed at and gossiped about. Don't worry, I'm not such a shallow person. No matter what your background is, you are my best friend, and I will keep it a secret for you."

Lan Wu turned to look at her, deeply moved: "Thank you."

"By the way, can't we tell Ji Lingyue either?"

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then her voice turned serious: "No."

Yu Shanye gave an "oh," then abruptly asked, "When do you plan to make up with her?"

"This isn't something I can decide," Lan Wu said dejectedly. "How can I ask to make up after saying those things to her?"

Yu Shanye: "…I think you seem to be underestimating your importance to her."

Based on her simple observation, if Lan Wu had sincerely apologized and taken the initiative to make amends, Ji Lingyue would have forgiven her two days ago, instead of continuing the cold war until now.

Lan Wu was even more upset: "That's why I'm even more afraid to go."

She took a breath and said in a deep voice, "Words from important people are more hurtful. She is clearly the person closest to me. I was angry then, but instead of blaming my senior sister, I took my anger out on her first."

Recalling Ji Lingyue's aggrieved and hurt look at that time, Lan Wu

felt extremely guilty, as if her heart was being pricked by needles. In the past few days, although they had traveled together, they had not had any communication or contact at all, as if they were strangers.

No, even strangers can nod politely when they make eye contact, but she only dares to quickly avoid their gaze. Lan Wu sighed and couldn't help but say, "I seem to be really bad."

Seeing her so downcast yet unwilling to show any kindness, Yu Shanye simply didn't know what to say: "You're really… so awkward."

Before they knew it, it was their first Monday after returning, and also the first day of the year's advanced spell class. The disciples, who had separated due to their different cultivation progress, sat down in the same room again. When Lan Wu entered just in time, there were only a few tables left in the last row. She and Yu Shanye sat down together, turned to the page about forming a bond in their books, and then sat there in a daze, resting their chins on their hands.

Yu Shanye nudged her with his elbow and asked in a low voice, "Have you sent the gift yet?"

Lan Wu shifted her arm to support her cheek, glanced at Ji Lingyue who was sitting properly at the front, and said weakly, "No."

Yu Shanye was taken aback and said with exasperation, "No! What a great opportunity, and you missed it! Now she's definitely even angrier!"

Lan Wu rolled over again, this time lying face down completely: "Really?"

"Look at you! Do you even know what that rich dog Qing Zibai gave her yesterday?"

Lan Wu pursed her lips, closed her eyes, and said, "I don't want to know."

In fact, she already knew. On her way to the main peak that morning, she overheard at least ten people gossiping that Qing Zibai had spent a fortune to give Ji Lingyue a top-grade spirit sword, which was truly catering to her tastes.

The more she thought about it, the more annoyed she became, and she couldn't concentrate on the lesson at all. However, Yu Shanye

poked her several times. Lan Wu couldn't take it anymore, so she sat up straight and asked angrily, "What are you doing?"

Yu Shanye looked pale and winked at her.

"What? Is your face twitching?"

A burst of laughter erupted around them. Lan Wu was startled and sensed something was wrong. She turned to face Ye Qingjun's smiling face and asked, "Why are you so sleepy? Didn't you sleep last night?"

Lan Wu froze, then stammered, "No, no."

"So you don't want to listen anymore," Ye Qingjun narrowed his eyes and said slowly, "It seems you have mastered the technique of forming a bond that I taught you today. That's right. The Spirit Beast Forest will open in a few days, and disciples above the Foundation Establishment stage can enter. I hope you can form a bond with a low-level spirit beast. If you can't, then copy the 'Tales of a Hundred Beasts' a hundred times. What do you think, disciple?"

Lan Wu's eyes widened: "This…I…"

"It's settled then. I hope that one day I will see your contracted beast."

27. Fishing in troubled waters

Behind Qianyun Peak, in the continuous mountain range, there is a lush forest stretching for several miles. The climate here is warm and the spiritual energy is abundant. Most of the wild animals living in this forest are docile and have clear spiritual realms. For example, Ji Lingyue's white crane and red cypress were captured by Qin Yu from here.

Ye Qingjun's teaching style has always been casual. After obtaining the sect leader's approval to open the Spirit Beast Forest barrier, she threw them all into it at once.

Lan Wu, being a Foundation Establishment cultivator, naturally dared not venture into the depths of the dense forest. She subconsciously glanced at Ji Lingyue and noticed that she was standing with Qing Zibai and two other girls, their faces expressionless. She wondered what Qing Zibai had said to her. She nodded, turned, and walked into the depths of the forest. The four of them quickly disappeared into the distance.

Yu Shanye asked her if she wanted to come along, but Lan Wu knew that if she came along, Yu Shanye wouldn't be able to get into the area where the mid-to-high-level spirit beasts stayed, so she shook her head and headed southwest alone.

On the outskirts of the forest, there were mostly ordinary animals that had not developed intelligence. Lan Wu strolled over to a spring, and seeing that no one was around, she sat down, intending to relax there for a while and then go back to copy books when it was time.

Suddenly, a rustling sound came from behind her. Lan Wu was startled, pricked up her ears, and looked back warily.

The shadows of the trees swayed gently in the breeze, and a squirrel emerged from the grass, clutching a pine cone in its paws. It tilted its head and looked at Lan Wu, its large brown eyes clear and bright.

Lan Wu breathed a sigh of relief, beckoned to it with her finger, and the little guy obediently ran over and rubbed against her finger.

"Good boy." Lan Wu patted its head, and finding that it had no intelligence, she let it go. She turned around, preparing to wash her hands with the water, but as soon as she bent down, she saw a dark shadow rapidly approaching the surface from the bottom of the water.

Lan Wu: !

A dark figure emerged from the water, and a pair of bare, pale arms, dripping wet, wrapped around her neck, suddenly pulling her into the water.

Lan Wu choked on a mouthful of water and quickly cast a water-repelling spell. All she could see was her long, seaweed-like hair. She struggled frantically in the water, punching and kicking the person holding her.

Suddenly, a muffled groan reached her ears, followed by a pleasant voice that could no longer contain itself: "Lan Wu! Are you crazy?!"

Hearing that familiar voice, Lan Wu was startled, her eyes widening in surprise. She brushed her hair aside and finally saw the person in front of her clearly.

A mermaid who looked remarkably like her was floating in front of her, her long, silky silver hair flowing smoothly in the water.

Lan Yuan had a stunningly beautiful face with pointed ears. Her blue eyes, which were slightly narrower than Lan Wu's, were upturned, and a beauty mark at the corner of her eye added to her allure. She frowned and glared at Lan Wu, her red lips pressed tightly together. Beautiful silver scales covered her bare chest and flowed down her slender waist, where they tapered into a long fishtail that swayed gently in the water.

Lan Wu stared at her blankly for a long time. When she saw the faint scar on her right chest, her long eyelashes trembled and her eyes reddened. She wanted to hug her, but she didn't dare. After a long while, she choked out, "I'm sorry."

"You still know you're sorry?" Lan Yuan said through gritted teeth, "Weren't you quite conscientious when you were protecting that human?"

Lan Wu remained silent, listlessly floating in front of her, her eyes drooping.

Lan Yuan was so angry that she felt a tightness in her chest. After a moment of restraint, she asked coldly, "I'll settle accounts with you for these things later. First, tell me honestly, what exactly happened?"

Lan Wu glanced at her uneasily a few times, hesitated for a moment, and then carefully recounted what had happened. Sure enough, Lan Yuan's expression became more and more distorted as she listened. Finally, unable to bear it any longer, she grabbed Lan Wu's ear and said, "Are you an idiot? You dared to take that kind of medicine so casually! Taking it is one thing, but how could you dare to come here with humans to become their apprentices?! Do you think you've lived too long?!"

Lan Wu didn't dare to breathe loudly and obediently let her scold her. After Lan Yuan finished venting, she saw Lan Wu's pitiful, tearful appearance and felt a lump in her throat. She was speechless with anger: "How can you be my sister?"

Lan Wu lowered her head, so ashamed that she wanted to curl up into a ball.

"That's enough," Lan Yuan released her hand and said in a deep voice, "I'm injured right now and I'm too lazy to scold you anymore. Once I've recovered, you can come back with me."

"I……"

"What, you're still not willing?"

Lan Wu pursed her lips and whispered, "Yes."

The anger she had just suppressed suddenly flared up again, and Lan Yuan couldn't help but raise her voice: "Is this human world so wonderful that you're so reluctant to leave? You don't even want to go home?"

"But what can I do if I go back?" Lan Wu asked back. "In the sea, you and your elder brother follow Father Emperor to handle official business every day, while I am the only one left in the palace. Even if I want to help with something, I will be refused. They all say… the little princess doesn't need to worry about anything, she can just have fun."

"Isn't this good?"

"Is this a good idea?" Lan Wu said in a hoarse voice, "It seems like all I have to do is become a beautiful empty shell, and when the time is right, I can use this title to marry into another sea tribe. I can see the end of my life at a glance."

Lan Yuan retorted, "That's not it. It's just that you're the youngest, and Father and the others spoil you a bit. They don't want you to shoulder those heavy responsibilities…"

As she was talking, she suddenly remembered why she had come out to find Lan Wu, and her body stiffened.

Wait, if it really is because of that…

Lan Wu didn't notice her absent-mindedness and shook her head, saying, "But I don't want this kind of pampering. Anyway, the sea doesn't need me. I can learn some skills outside, and it won't affect you in any way. Why do you insist on taking me back?"

Lan Yuan snapped out of her daze, her heart still churning with turmoil. The thought was too terrifying for her to bear, so she simply said, "How long can you hide, Lan Wu? Even now, many humans are eager to hunt merfolk in pursuit of immortality. If you can remain safe, I naturally won't interfere. But the question is, if something truly bad happens, can you bear the consequences?"

"I can."

Lan Yuan was taken aback by her decisive answer and couldn't help

but frown as she carefully examined her younger sister.

Lan Wu's features were clear and her expression was calm, showing no signs of the sulking or bravado that she had imagined.

She was actually serious.

Lan Yuan remained silent for a long time before finally sighing and giving in, "Alright, since you put it that way, I won't force you anymore."

"real?"

Lan Yuan hummed in agreement: "But Lan Wu, you can stay in the human realm, but you can't stay here. I don't want to go too far, but if you remain obstinate, I don't mind making a scene here and exposing your identity in front of them."

"But……"

"There's no room for discussion," Lan Yuan said coldly. "I'm still recovering, so you have time to consider. But if you haven't made up your mind by the time I'm healed, then I'll make the decision for you."

Half an hour later, Lan Wu, dressed in white, climbed out of the water, holding a floating water ball in her palm. The water ball was crystal clear, and a small silver fish floated inside, lazily flicking its tail.

In this form, Lan Yuan's demonic aura was almost nonexistent, and she possessed little power; she could almost perfectly mimic an ordinary silver carp.

The two hadn't reached a consensus on whether to leave or not, but Lan Yuan reluctantly agreed to Lan Wu's wish to take her back to heal her injuries. While everyone was busy catching beasts and forming contracts, Lan Wu planned to sneak back to Qianyun Peak ahead of time, but after walking for half an hour, they were still wandering around in the forest.

Lan Wu stopped and looked around blankly: "I think… I'm lost."

Lan Yuan: "You're really something, let me do it."

She flicked her tail, spun around in the water sphere, looked at the trees around her that all looked almost identical, and after a while,

shook her head and pointed in a direction: “There.”

Lan Wuren replied, “Okay.”

She strode towards the direction Lan Yuan pointed, and before her was still an endless forest. After another half hour, Lan Wu’s pace slowed down, and finally she stopped and asked, “Do you even know the way?”

“How could I not know the way?” Lan Yuan looked up at the sun in the sky. “Isn’t it afternoon now? Isn’t this the north?”

Lan Wu paused for a moment: “It’s not even noon yet.”

Having finally figured out the direction, the two fish awkwardly turned around and hurried towards the exit of the Spirit Beast Forest. However, their plan to sneak back to Qianyun Peak had failed. When Lan Wu walked out of the forest, many people had already returned from outside the barrier and were crowding around Ye Qingjun, showing her their achievements.

A gentle and elegant woman stood smiling in the crowd. She glanced up and noticed her: “Disciple, you’ve arrived?”

Lan Wu froze abruptly, forcing a dry smile, and whispered, “Master…”

Ye Qingjun hummed in agreement and walked towards her: “This is… your contracted beast?”

“Huh?” Lan Wu was stunned for a moment, looked at her, then at the little fish in her palm, and for some reason, she had a brain fart and stammered, “Yes, yes.”

Blue Iris: ?

Ye Qingjun frowned and looked at her palm. The beautiful silver fish also looked at her. After staring at each other for a moment, the fish blew a bubble at her, flicked its tail, and turned its back to her.

Lan Wu asked nervously, “Master, does this mean I’ve passed?”

Ye Qingjun pondered for a moment and said, “I told you before that I would have you form a contract with a low-level spirit beast, but is a fish considered a spirit beast?”

“Doesn’t that count?” Lan Wu murmured. “She’s quite capable.”

"What's so great about it? Is it that it blows bubbles, or that it can be your mount? I think you'll have to keep it in water every day."

After she finished speaking, several laughs came from the surroundings. Even Yu Shanye couldn't help but say, "I asked you to catch a spirit beast, and you only caught a fish. You're really something."

Ye Qingjun shook her head helplessly and called out, "Ji Lingyue."

Lan Wu's heart skipped a beat. She subconsciously looked up and exchanged a glance with Ji Lingyue, who had been standing outside the crowd. Then she quickly looked away and replied, "Disciple is here."

"Let me show everyone your contracted beast."

"yes."

Ji Lingyue walked to the center of the crowd, formed a hand seal, and spiritual light flowed from her fingertips. A complex, pale golden magic circle gradually emerged on the ground. Once the magic circle was clear, the girl frowned and shouted, "Go!"

As soon as he finished speaking, a white tiger with fluffy fur appeared out of thin air in the center of the magic circle. Everyone exclaimed in surprise and took a step back in unison.

The white tiger lay on the ground, scanned the humans around with its big yellow eyes, lazily flicked its tail, got up and squatted down at Ji Lingyue's feet.

Ye Qingjun praised, "To form a contract with a spirit beast on your first attempt and to do so with a high-level one is something you should all learn from. Alright, Lan Wu."

Lan Wu was suddenly called by name, and replied after a beat of delay, "Yes."

"These next few days, you should follow Lingyue and learn how to form a contract. By the next Fire Day, you must form a contract with at least one low-level spirit beast, otherwise you'll have to copy 'Tales of Beasts' five hundred times, understand?"

Lan Wu glanced at Ji Lingyue, and seeing that her face remained as cold as ice, she couldn't help but hesitate: "I can do it myself..."

"If you can, can you catch a fish?" Ye Qingjun interrupted her, then turned to Ji Lingyue and said, "You are intelligent and a good friend of Lan Wu, so I'm entrusting this matter to you, okay?"

Ji Lingyue kept her eyes fixed on the ground. After listening to Ye Qingjun's words, she remained silent for a while before whispering, "Disciple obeys."

28. Apology

"This room is too small."

Lan Yuan swung her tail, swimming around the room with a round water ball in her wake, finally landing on Lan Wu's shoulder, and said with dissatisfaction, "I don't like it."

"You're getting picky." Lan Wu opened the drawer, took out a jar of spiritual medicine, and poured out one pill for her: "This medicine is also quite effective against demons. Here you go."

Lan Yuan reluctantly swallowed a pill the size of half her head, nearly choking on it. Lan Wu quickly patted her dorsal fin, and after she weakly dodged away, she rummaged through drawers and cabinets to find a wooden basin, filled it with water, and placed it on the table: "You'll stay here for the next few days."

Lan Yuan: "…You really think I'm a fish?"

"Aren't you one?" Lan Wu poked the water ball, pushing her towards it: "There's no luxurious coral palace like yours here, you'll have to make do with this place."

Lan Yuan wagged her tail in dissatisfaction. If she weren't afraid of her demonic energy being leaked, she would have already transformed into human form and taken over Lan Wu's bed.

Seeing her obediently swim into the basin, Lan Wu crushed a few more medicinal herbs and sprinkled the crumbs into the water. Lan Yuan looked at it more and more strangely and questioned, "What are you doing? Are you sprinkling feed?"

Lan Wu paused, looking aggrieved, and muttered, "I was just worried you'd choke, and you took my kindness for granted."

She hummed twice, put away the medicine bottle, and then moved the basin to the window so that Ji Lingyue could get some sun. Just as she

finished doing these things, there was a knock on the door. She wiped her hands and walked over quickly, only to see Ji Lingyue standing outside her door with a serious expression.

Her smile froze on her face. Lan Wu opened her mouth, then stammered, “You, you’re here. What’s the matter?”

Ji Lingyue frowned and said, “Form a contract.”

Lan Wu: ?

She blinked in confusion before realizing that Ji Lingyue was referring to helping her form a contract with a spirit beast. She exclaimed in surprise, “Oh, right now?”

“Are you busy right now?”

“No, not at all.” Lan Wu glanced at the sky outside. “I’ll just grab a few things and come with you. Wait a moment.”

With that, she turned and ran back into the house, escaping the awkward and stiff atmosphere. Ji Lingyue watched her figure disappear from sight, pursed her lips, and thinking about her polite tone just now, a hint of grievance and dejection flashed in her eyes, and her whole mood became even lower.

Before long, the two of them arrived outside the barrier.

The embers of the setting sun had faded, night had fallen, the stars hung low, fireflies flickered in the Spirit Beast Forest, and the cool moonlight, like flowing silver, spilled onto the moss-covered earth, casting long shadows of the two women. In this gentle and tranquil night, the two of them walked in silence, one after the other.

Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes, pondering how to begin, when she suddenly heard a loud crash ahead. Looking up, she saw that the person who had been walking in front of her was gone. Startled, she ran over and discovered that a hole had inexplicably appeared on the previously flat road, and Lan Wu had accidentally stepped on it and fallen in.

It was pitch black inside, and Ji Lingyue couldn’t see clearly. Forgetting all about being sullen, she called out, “Lan Wu, Lan Wu! How are you?”

Lan Wu grimaced as she crawled out of the dark cave. Hearing the

voice above, she instinctively said, "I didn't… Ah!"

Upon hearing the scream, Ji Lingyue hurriedly asked, "What's wrong? Lan Wu?"

Seeing that no one answered for a long time, she gritted her teeth and jumped down without hesitation. Poor Lan Wu had just gotten up again when she was knocked to the ground by her and couldn't help but groan.

In the pitch-black darkness, Ji Lingyue frantically groped around and asked, "What's wrong? Talk to me!"

Lan Wu said sullenly, "I'm fine."

Ji Lingyue then realized she had touched Lan Wu's lips, and recoiled as if burned, scrambling to her feet. Lan Wu gasped, slowly getting up. Ji Lingyue noticed her unsteady breathing, pursed her lips, and couldn't help but ask, "Where did you fall?"

"It's…it's my waist." Lan Wu hissed, feeling a sharp pain. She subconsciously reached out to support her waist, but accidentally touched Ji Lingyue's hand.

Both of them were taken aback. Ji Lingyue reacted quickly and tucked her hand into her sleeve first. Lan Wu was a step ahead of her mind and subconsciously followed, tightly grasping her hand.

She was taken aback when she grasped his hand, because her original intention was to hold his sleeve, but letting go now would seem deliberate, and Ji Lingyue did not show any intention of pulling away, remaining motionless as she held his hand.

In the pitch-black cave, only the two of them breathed softly. Perhaps the darkness gave Lan Wu more courage, for after hesitating for a long time, she finally said, "I'm sorry."

Ji Lingyue blinked, remaining silent.

Lan Wu mustered her courage and continued, "That day, I was out of my mind to say such hurtful things to you. You did it for me, but I took it out on you and called you cruel…" She paused, then said in a low voice, "You are very good, it was I who did something wrong and hurt you all."

"…I know you didn't mean it that way. I told you that day that I

would pretend I didn't hear what you said."

"Then why are you angry? And why are you ignoring me?"

Ji Lingyue frowned and couldn't help but retort, "Don't you ignore me too?"

That's true.

Lan Wu lowered her head guiltily and obediently apologized, "I was wrong, I'm sorry."

Her quick admission of her mistake left Ji Lingyue feeling a lump in her throat. She took a few deep breaths before coldly saying, "However, I am indeed a little angry."

As soon as she finished speaking, she felt Lan Wu loosen her grip a little.

What a coward!

Ji Lingyue was both angry and annoyed. She grabbed her hand and held it tightly, saying, "I can let what you said go, but on my birthday, I waited from morning till night and you never showed up. That made me even angrier."

Lan Wu blinked, realizing what she meant, and let out a soft "Ah!" before quickly adding in a weak voice, "Well, it was my fault too." She couldn't help but defend herself, "But I actually prepared a birthday gift, it's just…it seems it can't compare to what others gave you…"

Ji Lingyue interrupted her: "What gift?"

"ah?"

What was the first gift you prepared?

"Oh!" Lan Wu blinked and quickly took out a jade hairpin from her bosom.

"This hairpin has a defensive magic array inside. The shopkeeper said it's a mid-grade spiritual artifact." She then became embarrassed, "Now that you can travel far and wide, you've probably seen far better things than this. Besides, Qing Zibai even gave you a high-grade spiritual sword…"

"I didn't accept his things." Ji Lingyue suddenly spoke up. She raised

her eyes and looked at Lan Wu, saying seriously, "Lan Wu, he likes me, so I won't accept his things."

Lan Wu was taken aback, wondering why she would say such things to her. She felt a mix of nervousness and inexplicable excitement.

"Really?" She couldn't help but grin, her eyes crinkling into a smile, her face radiant even in the darkness. Inspired by her, Ji Lingyue's lips curved upwards slightly: "I really like your gift."

Lan Wu was overjoyed and offered, "Then I'll help you put it on."

"No, I'll do it." Ji Lingyue shook her head and held out her hand: "Give it to me."

Lan Wu was taken aback, her heart filled with unease again. But seeing that Ji Lingyue's expression was calm and she didn't seem angry, she hesitated before reaching out to place the hairpin in the girl's palm: "Alright, then you…"

Before she could finish speaking, she suddenly felt a chill on her wrist. Lan Wu subconsciously looked down and saw that Ji Lingyue was wearing a silver bracelet on her wrist.

Even in the darkness, the bracelet made of Beiyuan iron emitted a beautiful silver light, illuminating Ji Lingyue's clear eyes. She examined it for a moment, then looked up at Lan Wu with satisfaction and said gently, "I knew it would look good."

Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled. For a moment, it felt as if butterflies were fluttering in her stomach, making her so restless that she couldn't even speak.

"Lan Wu?" Receiving no response for a long time, Ji Lingyue frowned anxiously and asked, "Don't you like her?"

"How could that be?" Lan Wu quickly shook her head and said in a hoarse voice, "I like it very much, I…"

She stared intently at Ji Lingyue, her gaze settling on her dark eyes, and then, for some reason, fell silent again.

Is A-Yue always this focused and attentive when she looks at her?

She blinked absently, then suddenly felt a strong urge to touch her.

"Lan Wu?"

When the person in front of her hugged her, Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then instinctively reached out and wrapped her arms around her waist. Lan Wu buried her chin in her shoulder, closed her eyes, and said in a slightly trembling voice, “A-Yue, I don’t want to go home…”

Ji Lingyue patted her back, puzzled, and whispered, “Then don’t go back. Anyway, I’ll stay with you.”

Lan Wu couldn’t help but tighten her arms around him, her curled eyelashes glistening with moisture: “If, if I were to leave the sect and go to other places in the mortal world, would you be willing to come with me?”

“What do you mean?” Ji Lingyue blinked and said patiently, “Are you going to leave the sect for training? But you haven’t entered the Qi Refining stage yet, so you can’t do any missions. Wait for me a little longer. Once I find the Sea Pearl and heal your Danxin, we can go down the mountain together. We can go anywhere, okay?”

Lan Wu pursed her lips and finally gave a soft “Mmm”: “Okay.”

After climbing back up, both of them felt much more relaxed, especially Ji Lingyue, who no longer had a cold expression on her pretty face. As she walked deeper into the woods with Lan Wu, she would occasionally lend her a hand. Finally, seeing that Lan Wu was having a hard time walking, she simply drew her sword and cleared away the weeds and dead branches on the path.

She’s really easy to coax; it seems like as long as Lan Wu apologizes, she can cheer up quickly.

Lan Wu lowered her head and noticed that she was still holding the longsword covered in cracks. She couldn’t help but ask, “A-Yue, why don’t you get a new sword?”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback. She glanced at her, then turned her head back with a normal expression and said, “It’s still usable. It would be a waste to replace it.”

“You are a sword cultivator, how can you compromise on your sword skills?”

Seeing that Lan Wu was about to put on a stern face and give serious advice, Ji Lingyue coughed and quickly changed the subject: “Let’s not talk about swords. Why did you suddenly bring up going home today?

Did you receive a letter from home?"

Lan Wu's expression stiffened, and she became listless again: "I guess so."

"Going back isn't a big deal. You've been away for five years." Ji Lingyue slowed her pace and walked alongside her. "Has your family treated you badly?"

"It's not bad, in fact." Lan Wu smiled bitterly. "You could even say it's excessively good."

"Then why don't you want to go back?"

"I don't know either," Lan Wu's voice lowered, as if talking to herself. "Actually… there are three children in my family, and I'm the youngest. When I was very young, my father hired tutors to teach us. I was young then and couldn't sit still, so I often sneaked out. But my father never scolded me. Instead, he told me that if I didn't want to study, I didn't have to, and I could do whatever I wanted. But he was very strict with my older brothers and sisters and never let them slack off. When I was little, I thought it was my father's favoritism towards me and I was happy. But much later, I realized that I had fallen behind."

She sighed and continued, "Later, I could no longer study with them, so my father hired a new teacher for me. But he was very indulgent towards me. If I was even a little tired, he would let me leave. Everyone doted on me, afraid that I would suffer or be overworked. I couldn't show any dissatisfaction because it seemed like it was all my idea."

Ji Lingyue paused, turned around to look at her disappointed face, and slowly frowned.

"Everyone thinks I'm the most beloved child. My parents and relatives always give me whatever I ask for. Even my older sister fought with me when we were little because she was jealous. Thinking about it this way, it's really heartless of me to run away without a word and then hold a grudge against them. In the end, it seems like I'm just being too dramatic…"

"That's not how it is," Ji Lingyue suddenly interrupted her. She took Lan Wu's hand and said seriously, "I don't know what kind of people your parents and relatives are, but I know what kind of person you are. If you feel unhappy, then it's not your problem, Lan Wu. Don't

feel guilty because you have bad feelings."

——

Our A-Yue was an easy puppy to coax in the early stages.

29. Like

As dawn broke, Lan Wu and Ji Lingyue returned to the entrance of Jianzhi Courtyard together.

A majestic gyrfalcon perched on her shoulder, its claws as white as jade, its appearance like a hawk, its pair of bright, dark blue eyes, and faint blue markings on its forehead.

That was the mark left by the master after the contract was formed.

Compared to the fierce struggle it had when it was captured not long ago, it became much more docile after the contract was formed, staying obediently by Lan Wu's side and tilting its head to watch the two say goodbye.

After watching Ji Lingyue leave, Lan Wu returned to the house with a smile on her face. Lan Yuan, who had been waiting for a long time, glanced at her listlessly, swam around in the basin a few times with some doubt, and really didn't know what was so exciting about catching a broken bird.

Lan Wu teased the bird for a while, fed it a few elixirs, and then released it. In the dim morning light, the bird fluttered its wings and flew away, while in the distant, desolate snow-covered city, scattered lights still twinkled. Lan Wu stared blankly for a moment, then her gaze fell on Lan Yuan. She slowly moved over, leaned on the table, and stared at her.

The two stared at each other for a long time. Lan Yuan couldn't help but flick her tail and say, "Spit it out."

Lan Wu frowned and hesitated, then said, "Could you…cry out a few pearls for me?"

Lan Yuan: "…What did you say?"

"It's just a few tears." Lan Wu felt guilty under her gaze, and her voice grew softer and softer: "If my mermaid pearl hadn't been sealed, I would have cried by myself long ago."

What do you need this for?

Lan Wu dared not reveal her true purpose, stammering, "I just… I'm useful…"

Lan Yuan looked at her suspiciously, and after a long while, said, "No, you know that only when a demon's power is at its peak can tears turn into pearls. In my current state, where am I supposed to cry out pearls for you?"

Lan Wu was not discouraged at all: "Then wait until you've recovered before you cry."

She had a well-thought-out plan. Once Lan Yuan recovered and gave her the Sea Pearl, she could then replenish her Danxin and leave the sect with A Yue. After all, Lan Yuan couldn't keep an eye on her forever. Once she left, she could just sneak back.

Lan Yuan tilted her head, feeling that she had ulterior motives and was about to cause some trouble: "Don't forget what we said before, you can go wherever you want in the human realm, but you are not allowed to stay in the immortal sect."

"I know."

She was still suspicious, and suddenly said, "Give me the medicine."

Lan Wu was taken aback, then obediently took out a few pills and was about to throw them in when she heard Lan Yuan say, "Crush them for me."

Lan Wu chuckled, sprinkling the medicine in as she asked, "What, don't you mind this being fed animal feed?"

Lan Yuan snorted coldly, "I need to recover quickly and force you to make a decision sooner. The longer you stay here, the more uneasy I will feel."

"Am I really that untrustworthy?" she muttered to herself. Suddenly, she heard a soft noise from the next room. It turned out that Yu Shanye had gotten up early, washed up, and gone to the kitchen to get busy.

Smoke rose from the chimney, and soon the aroma of food filled the air. Lan Wu sighed, her heart filled with sorrow.

She has lived here for several years, practicing at sunrise and returning to the mountains at sunset. With teachers and friends by her side, she is carefree and doesn't want to leave this free and peaceful life.

"Lan Yuan," she said dejectedly, "is there really no room for negotiation?"

"There's no room for discussion," Lan Yuan said firmly. "I know you feel good about being here, but all of that is based on the premise that you are human. Lan Wu, have you thought about what the consequences would be if they found out one day that you are not human?"

"What if I can keep it a secret forever?"

Lan Yuan sneered and said, "You know it's just a possibility."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, closed her eyes, and sighed softly, "I understand."

Life on Haochen Mountain seemed as peaceful and comfortable as ever, and Lan Wu resumed her routine of leaving early and returning late.

After getting up in the morning, she and Yu Shanye walked down Qianyun Peak. At the fork in the road leading to the main peak, a girl in a snow-white Taoist robe stood quietly under the peach tree. She was tall and graceful, as elegant as bamboo.

People came and went around her. She looked up at the flower petals covered with morning dew, her expression serene. A sliver of sunlight fell on one side of her face, making even her dark eyes appear amber.

Yu Shanye paused, then asked, "Have you two made up?"

Lan Wu: "We made up a few days ago, but we only had the same class today."

"That's good. I've been feeling uneasy because you two haven't made up."

Lan Wu chuckled: "What are you worried about?"

"How can I not be worried?" Yu Shanye said casually, "If she really doesn't like you anymore and goes off to be with Qing Zibai, I'll be too

embarrassed to ask her for swordsmanship instruction."

Lan Wu was taken aback, and stammered, "What…what do you mean by liking or disliking? We're good friends."

Yu Shanye frowned, looking at her with a puzzled expression: "Otherwise what?"

Lan Wu: …

She pursed her lips, suddenly feeling a surge of embarrassment and annoyance. Feeling both awkward and flustered, she quickened her pace and walked towards Ji Lingyue.

A gentle breeze blew, and peach blossoms fluttered down. Ji Lingyue carefully reached out and caught one. A surge of spiritual energy coursed through her, and as the golden light faded, the petal transformed into a small, delicate carp pendant, lying quietly in her palm. Hearing familiar footsteps, she turned her head, her bright eyes fixed intently on them: "Lan Wu."

Lan Wu responded, and after exchanging a glance with her, she felt flustered and quickly looked away, asking in a low voice, "Have you been waiting long?"

"No."

As Ji Lingyue spoke, she took two steps closer to her and carefully hung the pendant on her life tablet at her waist: "It looks very nice like this."

Oh no, we're too close.

Lan Wu blinked helplessly, not daring to move. All she could see were Ji Lingyue's lowered eyelashes and rosy lips. She wanted to look away, but her eyes couldn't help but keep staring.

After hanging it up, Ji Lingyue thought it looked good and looked up at Lan Wu, as if she wanted praise. However, Lan Wu did not smile and talk to her as usual. Instead, she avoided her gaze and stammered, "Okay, let's go… let's go."

She paused for a moment, then obediently replied, "Okay."

Upon arriving at the main peak academy, Ji Lingyue became serious and unequivocally pulled them to sit in the first row. Yu Shanye was

still muttering as she was being pushed down: “Today there’s no teaching of talismans or incantations, just Elder Bai reading from the ‘Medicine Classic.’ Everyone else is scrambling to sit in the last row, and you, you’re sitting in the front…”

“If you’re not going to learn, then don’t bring Lan Wu along.” Ji Lingyue snorted coldly: “It’s never a bad thing to learn more.”

Yu Shanye clicked his tongue twice: “Look at you, if you didn’t know better, you’d think you were Lan Wu’s Daoist partner, meddling in so much.”

Lan Wu suddenly gripped the hem of her dress, fidgeting uncomfortably: “Yu Shanye, how can you speak like that?”

“What did I say?” Yu Shanye asked, puzzled. “Didn’t I always say that?” After saying that, she frowned and looked at her suspiciously. “You’ve been acting really strange these past few days, all jumpy and easily startled. What’s wrong? Are you hiding something?”

“I……”

“Ahem!” The old man with the white beard on the stage suddenly coughed twice, his hawk-like eyes sweeping over the three of them: “Silence!”

The three of them fell silent at the same time and obediently lowered their heads.

Bai Wang nodded in satisfaction, glanced at the disciples sitting in the hall, opened the book, and slowly began to read the “Medicine Classic”: “People seek longevity and enter the path of immortality, but if their cultivation stagnates, their lifespan will eventually run out. Among them, those who establish their foundation live to be a hundred years old, those who cultivate their qi to be two hundred, and those who reach the Golden Core stage live to be five hundred. To break the limit of fate, our ancestors traveled through the six realms and finally obtained a secret. There are three medicines in the world that can grant eternal life when consumed. Their names are: Wild Rice Flower, Divine Dragon Heart, and Phoenix Blood…”

As Yu Shanye listened, he muttered under his breath, “Aren’t there any merfolk?”

Lan Wu retorted with dissatisfaction: “It’s not that mysterious. I don’t know who spread the rumor. At most, eating it will increase the

cultivation level of merfolk and may indeed prolong life, but immortality is impossible. If they could live forever, why don't merfolk bite themselves?"

Ji Lingyue glanced at her and couldn't help but say, "Lan Wu, you seem to know a lot about merfolk…"

Lan Wu froze for a moment: "Is…is that so?"

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, lowered her eyes, and hesitated before saying, "You were angry with me before because of a merman, Lan Wu. Do you really like mermen?"

Lan Wu lowered her head in a panic, pondering how to answer, when two more dry coughs came from above. Bai Wang looked down at them and said sternly, "You three, sitting in the front and still so distracted, disturbing the other disciples' lessons, all of you go stand outside!"

Yu Shanye paused for a moment, then secretly glanced at the group of people sleeping haphazardly behind him, wondering who he was disturbing.

After leaving the school, Lan Wu immediately turned around and headed towards Qianyun Peak. Ji Lingyue subconsciously said, "Lan Wu, the elders want us to stand as punishment."

"What are you standing for?" Lan Wu shook her head: "Why are you being so obedient? I still need to go back and feed the fish."

Ji Lingyue hesitated for a moment, then quickly caught up with him: "I'll go too."

She stepped forward, wanting to walk alongside Lan Wu, but found that Lan Wu kept shifting her steps, as if afraid of her getting too close. Ji Lingyue was taken aback, and her steps slowed down. Finally, she stopped and silently watched Lan Wu's back.

Lan Wu took a few steps, then realized something was wrong. She turned around and found that her friend was no longer beside her, so she raised an eyebrow and asked, "Why didn't you follow me?"

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, standing motionless in place, neither looking at her nor speaking.

Her pitiful appearance, like a small animal abandoned by its owner,

softened Lan Wu's heart. She took the initiative to return to her side and asked gently, "What's wrong?"

"Lan Wu," Ji Lingyue called her name and asked softly, "Are you angry with me?"

"Why would I be angry? Didn't we just make up?"

"Then…why are you avoiding me?" Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes, noticing the carp pendant dangling from Lan Wu's waist, and recalled the strangeness of that morning: "Don't you like this? If you don't like it, just tell me, and I'll take it back…"

Lan Wu quickly covered her mouth: "I like it, who said I don't?"

"But you've been so mean to me all day," Ji Lingyue couldn't help but complain, feeling wronged. "You didn't smile at me, you didn't walk with me, and you didn't even look at me."

Lan Wu blinked in a panic: "That's right, that's right, I got up too early today and I'm grumpy in the morning."

You never used to be grumpy when you woke up.

"How do you know? You don't even live with me."

"We used to live together," Ji Lingyue suddenly looked up and stared intently at her.

Lan Wu stared at her, and when she realized what she was talking about, her face flushed. But Ji Lingyue remained calm, as if she didn't realize she was talking about something embarrassing: "Back then, every time I woke you up, you never got angry."

Lan Wu was completely overwhelmed. She took a few steps back, covered her burning face, and hurriedly walked back, saying, "I'm grumpy now!"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, and when she noticed the girl's flushed ears, a thought flashed through her mind: "Are you shy?"

"No!"

Ji Lingyue caught up with him, persistently asking, "You were never shy before, why are you shy now?"

"I already said no," Lan Wu sighed. Just as she lowered her hand, it

was tightly grasped by Ji Lingyue, who seemed a little anxious. “Lan Wu, do you like me?”

Lan Wu froze, turned her head to look at her, and said helplessly, “Of course I like you. We have such a good relationship, don’t you like me?”

“like.”

Ji Lingyue said earnestly, “Lan Wu, I like you.”

30. Lies

Lan Wu walked back to the Picking Branches Courtyard, pushed open the door, and wandered around the yard in a daze for a few moments before plopping down at the stone table under a tree. After a long while, she suddenly exclaimed, “What does this mean? What does she mean?!”

Lan Yuan watched her with interest, lazily blowing out a few bubbles.

Lan Wu turned her head, met her gaze, and walked over quickly, shaking the basin violently: “It’s all your fault!”

“?” Lan Yuan turned around, flicked her tail, splashing water all over her face: “Don’t go crazy at me.”

After being soaked by the water, Lan Wu shuddered as if she were becoming more awake. She put the basin down, wandered out of the kitchen like a ghost, picked up an axe, and swayed as she walked outside.

Lan Yuan couldn’t help but ask, “Where are you going?”

Lan Wu said, “Chop firewood.”

She closed the door and walked along the winding path towards the back mountain. Passing by the herbalist’s yard, she saw a doll standing under a tree watering the plants, with a white cat and a bird fighting fiercely beside it.

The more she looked at the bird, the more familiar it seemed. She couldn’t help but mutter an incantation and form a hand seal. A flash of blue light appeared, and a white bird materialized before her, its feathers still ruffled.

“It really is you.” Lan Wu stretched out her forearm to make it stand,

and the doll turned its head to look at her, saying expressionlessly, “Your bird.”

“…Yes, what’s wrong?”

She nodded and pointed to a large bowl on the ground: “They stole Xiaoxue’s meat.”

Lan Wu was taken aback, and awkwardly said, “I’m sorry…”

“You must take good care of yourself,” the puppet said sternly. “After forming a bond, your souls are connected, and you cannot be left to your own devices.”

Lan Wu nodded repeatedly after being scolded, promising, “I will definitely take good care of it from now on. I’ll go to the back mountain now and catch a few rabbits to make up for Xiao Xue. I’m really sorry.”

After saying that, she hurriedly ran away with the gyrfalcon. This commotion actually eased her earlier worries. Once they were alone, Lan Wu sighed and slowed her pace again.

“You actually stole someone else’s food? Can’t you hunt for yourself?”

She muttered something, picked up an axe and chopped down the vines on the ground, and commanded, “Go, catch a few rabbits.”

The gyrfalcon cooed twice, then obediently flapped its wings and took flight, disappearing into the dense forest.

While it was busy working, Lan Wu turned around and started chopping wood half-heartedly: “You just left after saying what you wanted to say without even explaining.”

She had hurriedly tried to cover it up, saying it was just friendly affection, and Ji Lingyue had responded accordingly. Did that mean the same thing? But then, recalling Ji Lingyue’s focused gaze, she realized it meant exactly what she thought it meant.

Surely she’s not just imagining things?

Lan Wu stopped what she was doing, put her hands on her hips, sighed a few times, and after a while, muttered to herself, “Why am I so conflicted?”

She vaguely knew why she had been increasingly anxious these days,

but the future was uncertain, and Lan Yuan was watching her closely. Moreover, she was a merman. Unless she could keep it a secret forever, if A Yue found out, things would probably get very messy…

Nothing else mattered; it was this one thing that made her hesitate and dare not move forward.

Lan Wu sighed and said sadly, "If only I hadn't lied back then…"

What lies are you telling me?

A woman's voice suddenly came from beside her. Startled, Lan Wu turned around and saw the herbalist standing behind her with a bamboo basket on his back, his hair disheveled, looking like a female ghost.

Lan Wu: "How long…how long have you been eavesdropping?"

"I wasn't eavesdropping," the herbalist said. "I was just squatting over there digging in the grass; you came here on your own."

After a long silence, Lan Wu said with a headache, "It's nothing, just pretend I'm talking nonsense…"

The pharmacist suddenly interrupted her: "Are you troubled by love?"

Lan Wu was startled: "What?"

"Is that how it looks?" she said seriously. "When my senior sister was troubled by love back then, she looked just like you."

"Senior sister?" Lan Wu couldn't help but widen her eyes. "Which senior sister? You're not talking about my master, are you?"

"Exactly."

Lan Wu immediately forgot all her worries and asked in surprise, "Who does my master like?"

The herbalist was very tight-lipped: "I'm not one to gossip. Since my senior sister hasn't told me, I won't reveal it to you."

"How can you keep people in suspense like this?" Lan Wu sighed, wishing she could grab her arm and shake it. "You suddenly revealed that she has someone she likes, and now you say you don't like gossiping. You did it on purpose!"

The herbalist raised his hand, struggled a few times but couldn't shake her off, and frowned, asking, "Then tell me, are you troubled by love?"

Lan Wu: …

Okay, I'll wait for her here.

Anyway, the herbalist didn't know who it was, so after hesitating for a moment, she admitted, "Yes."

The herbalist nodded: "Do you want to become Daoist partners with Ji Lingyue?"

Lan Wu: "…How did you know?"

As soon as she finished speaking, she hurriedly retorted in a flustered manner: "No, no, no, I didn't mean I wanted to become her Daoist partner, I meant… I meant how did you know it was A-Yue?"

"Besides her, who else is around you?"

"Yushan Leaf?"

The herbalist suddenly chuckled: "But over the years, every time I've seen the three of you, only her gaze has always been fixed on you."

After saying that, the woman said quietly, "I thought you knew, Lan Wu. You don't seem to be a fool."

Lan Wu stood there, staring blankly at her.

Seeing her like this, the herbalist slowly uttered an "oh" and added expressionlessly, "It seems it was just my imagination."

After a while, Lan Wu suddenly closed her eyes, covered her face, and squatted down: "I knew it."

Confirming her suspicions only made her sadder.

Why would A-Yue fall for a con artist like her?

"If I weren't…" she murmured, the words stuck in her throat.

She was raised in luxury as a mermaid princess, and if she were to abandon her identity now because of love, it would be a terrible disservice to her family and the innocent ancestors who died

tragically.

In the end, she was the one who was indecisive and made a mess of things.

"Oh, right." The pharmacist suddenly remembered something and took out a small white bottle for her: "This is what Ji Lingyue asked me for before. It was just made. Could you take it to her for me?"

Lan Wu instinctively took it: "What is this?"

"The Essence-Strengthening Pill is made from the blood of mermaids."

Lan Wu froze: "What did you say?"

"Mermaid blood," the herbalist said, puzzled. "It's the blood from the mermaids you encountered in Changheng City. Ji Lingyue collected the blood from her senior sister's sword and gave it to me, hoping I could help her make medicine…"

Lan Wu's expression grew increasingly grim: "Why did she want this?"

"I don't know, maybe he wants to improve his cultivation level."

Lan Wu remained motionless in place. When she came to her senses, the herbalist was no longer there, and the gyrfalcon had somehow returned to her shoulder, leaving three or four rabbits on the ground.

She was still dizzy and disoriented. She got up in a daze, but didn't know where to go.

Just then, a clear voice rang out from afar: "Hey, found her! Lan Wu is over there!"

Quick footsteps followed, and soon someone arrived beside her. Lan Wu subconsciously looked up, and saw Ji Lingyue's worried face: "What are you doing here?"

"…Chopping wood," Lan Wu opened her mouth, then asked in a low voice, "Did you need something from me?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: "Didn't you promise me that you'd come to Jixuedu with me tonight?" As she spoke, she added somewhat uneasily, "There will be a lantern festival in the city tonight."

Lan Wu slowly nodded, recalling the incident. Ji Lingyue's expression brightened, as if she had breathed a sigh of relief, and she whispered,

"I thought… I thought you didn't want to go with me because of what I said…"

talk?

Lan Wu blinked, recalling the words that could be considered a declaration of her feelings during the day, and then thinking of the news that Yao Lao had revealed not long ago. The chaotic emotions intertwined and surged through her mind, giving her a splitting headache, and she desperately needed an outlet.

She took a breath and handed the Qi-stabilizing pill that she had been holding tightly in her palm to Ji Lingyue: "This is from the herbalist."

Ji Lingyue glanced down, her eyes flashing: "You…you know?"

"What do you know?" Lan Wu forced a pale smile: "Isn't it just using merman blood to improve cultivation? What's wrong with that? It's a highly nourishing substance, so it's normal for you to want it."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback and looked up sensitively: "Are you angry?"

"Why would I be angry?" Lan Wu said, her smile widening. "Anyway, in your eyes, all monsters deserve to die. It's good to make the best use of them. After eating the mermaid's blood, your cultivation will advance further, and you'll be able to kill even more monsters in the future. I should be happy for you."

"Lan Wu," Yu Shanye, who was standing quietly to the side, couldn't help but say, "What are you doing? We just made up, why are you talking like that again?"

"What did I say?" Lan Wu shook her head, took a step back, and scoffed, "I don't want to spoil your mood. If you think I said something unpleasant, I won't go to the lantern festival tonight. Have fun."

After saying that, she turned to leave, but Ji Lingyue suddenly reached out and grabbed her hand, asking in a panic, "What's wrong with you? Did I do something to upset you again?"

"No." Lan Wu replied coldly, trying to pull her hand away but failing. She had to turn back to look at Ji Lingyue. The girl's eyes had reddened at some point, and beneath her trembling long eyelashes, her moist eyes looked at her sadly: "Is it because of the mermaid's

blood? Is it because you like mermaids, so… so you resent me for using blood to make medicine?"

Seeing that she had brought it up directly, Lan Wu's brow twitched, and she decided to stop holding back, raising her voice and saying, "So what if it is? Ji Lingyue, do you really have to use it to make medicine? Do you really want to improve your cultivation level like this? You clearly hate monsters, yet you can use them to gain benefits. What are you thinking?!"

That was even… even her sister's blood!

"No," Ji Lingyue shook her head, "I didn't intend to use it to improve my cultivation…" She held back her tears and choked out, "I wanted to give it to you."

Lan Wu looked at her, finding it somewhat amusing: "Give it to me? What use would it be to me?"

Ji Lingyue's hand stiffened, and after a long while, she said in a trembling voice, "Because, because I am a very selfish person, I actually know that it is very difficult to find a sea pearl, and maybe it will take decades to find a second living mermaid, but I want you to stay with me forever."

Lan Wu replied blankly, "I'm with you…"

"But how long can you stay with me?" Ji Lingyue choked up. "Foundation Establishment cultivators live to be a hundred, Qi Refining cultivators two hundred, and those who reach the Golden Core stage live to be five hundred. I've already lived for five hundred years, but you can't, Lan Wu. If I don't find the Sea Pearl soon, you'll pass away after a hundred years. I don't want you to leave me, and I don't want you to die. Even knowing you like merfolk, I secretly use merfolk blood to make medicine, because if you eat it, you can live a little longer. I know you can't accept it, but this is the only thing I can do now, Lan Wu…" She paused, then said, word by word, "I love you."

A tear fell with a thud, landing on the back of Lan Wu's hand, so hot that it made her shiver. Their eyes met, and Lan Wu's bright and lively face gradually turned pale with fear. She couldn't help but clench her fists, feeling as if a huge hole had been torn in her heart, and a gust of wind was blowing through her, making her feel cold all over.

So that's how it is. So that's why Ji Lingyue was so anxious, running

around trying to find all the medicine to cure her.

However, she had been lying from the very beginning. She wasn't sick at all; she was a mermaid who had lived for a very, very long time… Only now did she realize that those lies had pushed her step by step to the edge of a precipice from which there was no turning back. If she made a wrong move, she would be doomed forever.

31. Kiss

Yu Shanye had never felt so out of place before.

Her gaze swept back and forth between the two of them a few times, and after a long while, she said dryly, "Should I… excuse myself?"

Lan Wu glared at her suddenly. Her gaze wasn't exactly fierce, but rather filled with annoyance and frustration. Yu Shanye instantly understood what she meant, covered her mouth, nodded to her, and turned to leave quickly.

With one person missing, the atmosphere became even more tense. Lan Wu was silent for a moment, then turned her wrist and gently pinched Ji Lingyue's fingertips: "I understand."

As soon as she finished speaking, the girl standing opposite her raised her wet eyes, pursed her lips, and stared at her without blinking.

Lan Wu felt flustered by her gaze and couldn't help but reach out and gently cover her eyebrows and eyes: "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have lost my temper with you."

It seems like only yesterday that she gave the same apology, yet she repeated the same mistake in just a few days.

Once she loses her mind in anger, she vents her resentment on Ji Lingyue. In that state, she truly resembles the shameless, heartless monster that humans describe.

Mingming had always been dissatisfied with the prejudice against humans.

Lan Wu closed her eyes, overwhelmed by guilt and regret, which even plunged her into deep self-loathing: "A-Yue, could you… please stop liking me?"

Ji Lingyue froze, her face instantly turning pale, and her heart felt as

if it were being gripped tightly by a large hand: “Why? Do you hate me?”

“How could I? How could I hate you? You’re so wonderful, seeing you makes me happy, but…” She bit her lip, struggling to speak, “I’m not like what you think, Yue. I’m a very bad person. You shouldn’t like me, you…”

Ji Lingyue interrupted urgently: “You’re not bad at all!”

The girl’s chest heaved rapidly, as if she had countless words to refute, yet even so, she didn’t struggle at all. She simply stood obediently in place, her eyes covered by Lan Wu, and said in a flustered voice, “If you can’t accept my feelings, it’s fine to reject me, but don’t belittle yourself like this and say such things. Lan Wu, if… if my feelings really cause you this much pain, I’ll hide them well, and we can still be friends, okay?”

Lan Wu was speechless, lowered her eyes, and looked at her with a complicated expression.

Ji Lingyue’s hands were stiffly placed at her sides, her body tense like a string stretched to its limit, as if it would collapse at any moment if any more force was applied.

This person was clearly asking if it was okay, but their voice sounded so pitiful, like they were begging you.

Ah Yue shouldn’t have shown such a weak expression.

Lan Wu felt a pang of sadness and slowly lowered her hand from covering the girl’s eyes and brows. The girl’s eyes were red-rimmed, and her usually clear and focused narrow eyes were covered with a layer of mist. Instead of looking at her seriously as usual, she looked away in a panic.

She sighed, hesitated for a long time, and finally took a step forward, carefully pulling her into her arms: “Do you…do you still want to go to the lantern festival with me?”

Ji Lingyue shrank back uneasily, burying herself in Lan Wu’s arms without moving. After a while, she seemed to finally realize what was happening, opened her eyes wide, and subconsciously looked up at Lan Wu.

“Lantern Festival?”

"Hmm." Lan Wu smoothed her slightly messy long hair and asked softly, "Didn't you say the lantern festival would end later?"

Ji Lingyue was stunned for a long time. Her heart, which had fallen into an icy abyss, slowly revived and began to beat restlessly. She blinked, lowered her head, and tentatively took Lan Wu's sleeve.

After a while, Lan Wu took her hand in return.

Ji Lingyue's long eyelashes trembled as she stared fixedly at their clasped hands, standing rooted to the spot like a statue. Suddenly having her hopes, which she had thought were impossible not long ago, confirmed, this unexpected turn of events didn't fill her with joy, but rather with a deep sense of doubt and confusion.

"Lan Wu," she said stubbornly, "if you're just trying to comfort me, then you… you don't have to do this."

Lan Wu asked in a low voice, "Why? Don't you like me?"

"It's precisely because I like you that I don't want you to wrong yourself, and besides, that's not what I want." The more Ji Lingyue spoke, the more she realized it was true, and she wilted: "I want you to like me, not for you to pity me."

Lan Wu sighed: "In your heart, am I the kind of person who would give up my own happiness just because I pity others?"

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then said, "I don't know."

Lan Wu: …Oh, so all these years, this is the image of a bodhisattva in Ji Lingyue's heart.

But soon, Ji Lingyue added, "Because I like you, I have selfish motives, and I'm afraid I'm just imagining things, so I don't dare to trust my own judgment." As she spoke, she raised her head and hesitated as she looked at Lan Wu, "I'm not a very smart person, and I don't dare to speculate about your thoughts. Lan Wu, don't tease me, and don't pity me. If you can, just tell me whether you like me or not."

Lan Wu was a little taken aback. She stared at her blankly for a while before hesitatingly asking, "You, if you're like this, will you still be this straightforward even if we're together in the future?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: "I…I don't know."

“Ha…” Lan Wu couldn’t help but smile, her eyes crinkling as she was amused: “How can you be so cute?”

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and said persistently, “Cute is ambiguous, so do you like me or not?”

Lan Wu choked, helplessly averting her gaze, and stammered out a few words: “I like it.”

Ji Lingyue said with a straight face, “I don’t believe it.”

Lan Wu: …

“Then what exactly constitutes liking someone?” She was genuinely confused. “I like being with you, I feel happy when I see you, I get flustered if you get too close, and I become distracted and unsure of what to do if you keep staring at me. Aren’t these… liking someone?”

Ji Lingyue stared at her blankly, but her eyes gradually brightened. When Lan Wu looked over in confusion, she suddenly said, “Give me a kiss.”

Lan Wu: “Huh? What? Honey? Why?”

“Then I’ll kiss you.”

Before Lan Wu could respond, she stepped forward and quickly pressed her soft lips against Lan Wu’s cheek.

Lan Wu froze instantly, not daring to move.

Ji Lingyue remained, her warm breath almost touching Lan Wu’s face. She gazed intently at Lan Wu’s features, her hands resting on her shoulders. Seeing that Lan Wu didn’t react, Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes, looking at her rosy lips. After hesitating for a long time, she carefully moved closer.

It was still a fleeting kiss, like a butterfly lightly landing on her lips.

Lan Wu subconsciously closed her eyes. Not long after, a light, delicate fragrance approached again, and she reached out and embraced the girl’s slender waist.

“Lan Wu,” Ji Lingyue whispered her name, slowly hooking her arm around Lan Wu’s neck, “Are you going to kiss me now?”

32. Sleeping

A gentle breeze carried the chirping of birds. The girl, sitting alone on the bluestone, flicked the foxtail grass in her hand and looked back once more.

The mountain road remained deserted, with no sign of the two people.

"well……"

She sighed, dusted off her clothes, and slowly stood up: "Forgetting friends for the sake of beauty…" She paused, then muttered, "Both of them."

Seeing that the two people wouldn't come down the mountain to stroll through the lantern festival with her, Yu Shanye felt a sense of desolation for no reason. So she simply wandered down the mountain by herself, wanting to find a lively place to have a few drinks.

Since she had no classes tomorrow, she could simply stay out all night to avoid disturbing the two of them. Thinking of this, Yu Shanye couldn't help but praise herself: "I'm so considerate."

She walked down the mountain, her figure gradually merging into the fiery afterglow. Before long, the starry sky lowered, and night slowly descended on Haochen Mountain.

In the distance, lights began to twinkle one after another. Lan Wu glanced at them absentmindedly, and the person in her arms hummed softly as he gently bit her lips. Compared to their previous cautious kisses, Ji Lingyue was much more unrestrained this time. Although he was still a bit awkward, he insisted on being intimate with her.

They might even be unhappy with her being distracted.

Lan Wu smiled and cupped the back of her head with her palm. When the girl couldn't help but open her lips to breathe, she lowered her head and kissed her lips. Her nimble tongue slipped into the moist mouth and intertwined with her tongue.

"Um……"

Ji Lingyue groaned and subconsciously tightened her arms. After a while, her long eyelashes began to tremble.

Lan Wu lowered her eyes, glanced at her moist eyes and heaving chest, and helplessly let go of her, wiping the glistening moisture on her lips with her fingertip: "Breathe."

Ji Lingyue obediently tilted her head back, blinked when she heard the sound, and a blush slowly rose on her face. When Lan Wu's fingertips brushed against the corner of her eye, Ji Lingyue subconsciously closed her eyes and suddenly said, "You feel so cool."

Lan Wu paused, not quite deciding how to answer, when Ji Lingyue muttered to herself, "Is it because of the water elemental root?"

"Maybe," Lan Wu said casually. "Yu Shan Ye has a fire elemental root, so it's quite hot."

Ji Lingyue asked perceptively, "How did you know she was hot?"

Lan Wu blinked: "Hmm… because I'm always with her?"

"You're always hugging and cuddling with her," Ji Lingyue couldn't help but accuse. "You always sit together in class, but you and I never sit together. Instead of focusing on your cultivation, you're always wandering around down the mountain with her. Last year, she even took you to Baoqing Pavilion to watch the excitement. If I hadn't arrived in time…"

"Wait, wait, wait," Lan Wu quickly interrupted her, "You remembered all this?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, and her voice immediately softened: "Do you think I'm petty?"

Lan Wu shook her head: "No, I'm just a little surprised. If you dislike it so much, why didn't you ever say yes before?"

"I'm afraid that if I interfere too much, you'll be unhappy."

"How could I be so heartless?" Lan Wu couldn't help but sigh. "If you don't like something, you can tell me in the future, and I will listen to you."

Ji Lingyue's eyes brightened slightly as she asked, "Then can I take care of you from now on?"

Lan Wu chuckled, "Why are you so eager to control me? I'm not a child." But looking into Ji Lingyue's bright eyes, she hesitated for a moment before nodding in agreement, "Alright, you can correct me if you think I'm doing something wrong in the future."

"You have to keep your word." Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, seemingly

trying to appear calm, but the corners of her lips couldn't help but turn up: "Let's… let's go see the lantern festival."

"Okay, I'll go call Yamaha…" Lan Wu had just finished speaking when she saw Ji Lingyue frown, pause, and then suddenly realize something: "Never mind, let's just go together."

She reached out her hand, and Ji Lingyue placed her hand in her palm, then followed her down the mountain.

Just then, a white gyrfalcon flew out of the nearby woods, flapping its wings, and landed on Lan Wu's shoulder. Ji Lingyue glanced at it and asked, "Lan Wu, have you named it yet?"

No, do you remember?

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: "But this is your contracted beast."

"So what?" Lan Wu said casually, "Isn't what's mine yours?"

Ji Lingyue was overjoyed by this simple sentence, her steps became lighter, and a sense of responsibility arose spontaneously: "Then, let's call it Danqing." She added softly, "It's a pair with Danbai's name."

Lan Wu understood her little scheme and said with a smile, "Okay."

Aren't you worried about… being found out?

"Why do you ask that?" Lan Wu turned her head to look at her. "Don't you want others to know about our relationship?"

Ji Lingyue quickly replied, "No!"

She gripped Lan Wu's hand tightly, feeling that everything that had happened tonight was too wonderful, like a dream: "Can I tell others?"

"Sure." Lan Wu walked ahead, and Ji Lingyue could only see one side of her face illuminated by the moonlight, which was as white as jade and gentle and easygoing: "You and I have an open and aboveboard relationship, so there's no need to be secretive. Well… if something really bad happens, it's just that if we tell others, more people will dislike me."

As she said this, she chuckled and said cheerfully, "However, you are so kind and capable. Thinking about it carefully, I do think I've gotten a great deal."

Ji Lingyue frowned, her steps gradually coming to a stop. Lan Wu, pulled by her, turned around and looked at her blankly: "A-Yue?"

Under the moonlight in the woods, the two stood on the stone steps, one above the other. Suddenly, the girl leaned over, swatted away Danqing, and then rashly lowered her head to firmly seal Lanwu's lips with hers.

After being bitten a few times by a small animal, Lan Wu looked up helplessly and saw Ji Lingyue's slightly flushed face: "Don't always say such self-deprecating things, I don't like to hear them."

Lan Wu subconsciously said, "I didn't…"

"You have!"

Lan Wu met her gaze, and after a moment, she gave in under her earnest look: "Okay, I won't do it again."

You'd better do that.

Lan Wu was amused by her old-fashioned tone and couldn't help but pinch her cheek: "What a little old-fashioned girl."

Ji Lingyue retorted with dissatisfaction: "I'm not young, and I'm not old-fashioned."

"Oh?" Lan Wu teased her with a smile, "How do you know?"

Ji Lingyue remained silent for a while, then looked at Lan Wu with a serious expression and tightly pursed lips, as if she had made up her mind.

Lan Wu: …

I have a feeling that something terrible is about to happen.

Sure enough, the next moment, Ji Lingyue stepped forward and stood on the same step as her. She took Lan Wu's hand and put it on her waist. She looked up at Lan Wu and said something surprising: "Let's go back to sleep."

Lan Wu's eyes widened immediately: "Huh? Isn't this… a bit too hasty?"

"What's the rush?" Ji Lingyue frowned, but said without changing her expression, "Didn't we sleep together five years ago?"

Lan Wu was truly shocked by her. This person used to blush when talking about such things, but over the past few years, she has become more and more outspoken and has lost all sense of shame.

Seeing that Lan Wu didn't move, Ji Lingyue bit her lip, mustered up her courage and leaned over to gently kiss her cheek: "Lan Wu, tomorrow… I don't think I have class tomorrow."

Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled, and she tightened her grip on Ji Lingyue's waist slightly. After a while, she exhaled, rested her chin on the girl's shoulder, and whispered, "Okay."

——

Finally, exposing his identity can be scheduled.

Thirty-three. Agreement

"Lan Wu," she couldn't help but ask as she was being pressed down onto the soft bed, "Why…don't I go to your place?"

"We won't be disturbed here." Lan Wu kissed the corner of her eye, and Ji Lingyue couldn't help but tremble. She subconsciously closed her eyes and asked in a low voice, "Lan Wu, are we now a Daoist couple?"

"It can't be that fast," Lan Wu said gently. "Only when we make a lifelong contract can we be considered true Daoist partners. This is a very important matter and we should think about it carefully."

Ji Lingyue shook her head: "I don't need to think about it, I just want to be with you." As she spoke, she opened her eyes again and hesitated, "However, if you need to think about it, I will… I will wait."

Lan Wu chuckled: "What if I change my mind in the future?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, staring at her intently for a long time before feigning composure and saying, "If you no longer like me, I will respect your opinion and let you go, let you go…"

She wanted to be magnanimous and let him leave, but she opened her mouth several times and couldn't say those words. Finally, her eyes reddened: "No…" She reached out and grabbed Lan Wu's collar, suppressing her grievances, and said in a raised voice: "You can't not like me."

"Okay," Lan Wu gently brushed her wet eyelashes, "I only like you."

Ji Lingyue couldn't help but curl her lips into a smile, pushing her luck further, "You can't leave me either." The hand that had been caressing her cheek stopped moving. Ji Lingyue, sensing this, immediately stopped smiling and called out anxiously, "Lan Wu?"

Lan Wu frowned, then quickly relaxed, and gave her a reassuring kiss: "Then let's go down the mountain together, Yue."

Ji Lingyue: "But you…"

"I know, I haven't reached the Qi Refining stage yet, so I can't just go down the mountain," Lan Wu said softly. "How about we leave for a while and come back later?"

Ji Lingyue looked at her with some confusion: "Why?"

Lan Wu coaxed her, "I know where Haizhu is. Let's go look for her together, and maybe we'll find her."

Ji Lingyue asked in surprise, "You know where Haizhu is? Why didn't you tell Elder Ye or me before?"

"I have my reasons," Lan Wu said softly. "Just trust me. Once we find Haizhu and come back, you won't have to worry about me not living much longer."

Ji Lingyue thought for a moment and said seriously, "Okay, I'll listen to you."

"Good girl." Lan Wu smiled broadly and hugged the girl tightly in her arms. After she calmed down, she could almost feel the girl's heart pounding and her body was warm, like a blazing little furnace.

"It's so hot," she couldn't help but sigh.

Ji Lingyue blushed and said, "It's because you're too cold."

"Really?" Lan Wu smiled and slowly leaned in to kiss her spring, whispering, "Then warm me up."

Ji Lingyue let out a soft moan, instinctively closing her eyes. While responding to her kiss, she helped her remove her belt and jade ornaments. The delicate fabric quickly fell away layer by layer, folding beneath her. When only her undergarment remained, Lan Wu didn't remove it further. Instead, she parted the bodice and let her fingers

caress the girl's soft skin.

Ji Lingyue trembled and fell limply to the ground. Lan Wu took the opportunity to lean on her, holding her chin firmly and biting her lips.

"Hmm…"

Hearing her sob, Lan Wu stopped what she was doing and asked, "Does it hurt?"

"It doesn't hurt…" She shook her head, her misty eyes gazing softly at Lan Wu, and reached out to hug her neck: "Even if it hurts, it doesn't matter, you can be good to me no matter what."

Lan Wu was taken aback, her heart softening completely. She finally made up her mind, grabbing Ji Lingyue's waist and lifting her up. The girl's body was fair and smooth, without an ounce of excess fat; it felt soft to the touch, but as it swayed and rose, faint glimpses of thin muscle appeared. Lan Wu lifted her up, and looking at the beautiful body before her, she couldn't help but lower her head and affectionately kiss her stomach.

Ji Lingyue gasped and instinctively shrank back, but Lan Wu grabbed her waist and pulled her back.

"Why are you running?" Lan Wu glanced at her amusedly, then slowly lowered her head and continued kissing down her abdomen.

"Lan, Lan Wu…" Ji Lingyue called out tremblingly, a long-lost shyness surging back, and her body flushed pink. Lan Wu pressed wet kisses onto her skin while pulling her pants down to her knees, spreading her legs that were trying to close, and lowering her head to kiss her wet and soft petals.

Ji Lingyue suddenly cried out in surprise, instinctively curling up her legs and tightly clamping her head between them. Her hands involuntarily dug into Lan Wu's hair, unsure whether to pull it up or press it down.

She quickly began to tremble at the wet sensation beneath her, moaning in a tearful voice, "No, don't… ah, don't lick…"

Lan Wu ignored her. She gently bit the firm, pink clitoris, her tongue occasionally probing into the tight opening, lightly caressing her. Her hands were buried in the girl's tender buttocks, kneading and pinching without any politeness, forcefully pulling her back when she twisted

and tried to escape.

“Hmm… Hmm…”

Hot liquid quickly flowed out. Lan Wu raised her head, a few strands of wet hair sticking to her fair face. She narrowed her eyes, casually wiping her lips with the back of her hand. Her eyes, hidden in the shadows, leisurely looked down at the girl beneath her. The moment their eyes met, Ji Lingyue unconsciously stiffened, sensing a dangerous aura emanating from Lan Wu.

But when Lan Wu bent down and her face was once again exposed to the warm yellow light, her face remained gentle and soft.

It seemed to be just her imagination.

Ji Lingyue quickly relaxed and couldn’t help but ask for a hug, snuggling into her arms for comfort. Lan Wu held her close, lowered her head to kiss her ear, and whispered, “What’s wrong? Are you feeling unwell?”

“No,” Ji Lingyue said in a muffled voice, “I just wanted to hug you.”

“So clingy.” Lan Wu smiled and sat up, holding her in her arms. But one hand quietly slipped down and pressed against her wet crotch.

Ji Lingyue shuddered, wrapped her legs around Lan Wu’s waist, and grumbled, “That’s not fair…”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, her fingertips parting her soft, wet labia, tentatively inserting a knuckle: “Where is it unfair?”

“Hmm, you, you’re still wearing… um! Wearing clothes…”

She gasped for breath, then hugged Lan Wu tightly because of the sudden feeling of fullness. Her head rested weakly on Lan Wu’s shoulder, and her unfocused gaze fell down, suddenly catching sight of the lewd scene at their point of intercourse.

The tender, glistening opening was stretched open by fingers, the soft flesh tightly wrapped around the base of the fingers, and with each in-and-out movement, gushing out nectar. The sensitive clitoris was red and erect, perhaps swollen from being bitten by Lan Wu, looking pitiful.

Ji Lingyue stared for a while before finally reacting. Her mind went

blank, her legs trembled, and her flower bud writhed, biting Lan Wu's fingers and spitting out a stream of clear liquid.

Hearing her embarrassed moans and feeling the sudden flow of hot liquid into her palm, Lan Wu, though unaware of what was happening, still left her fingers inside, slowly rotating and grinding them to enhance the afterglow.

After a long while, she withdrew her finger and softly called out, "A-Yue?"

Ji Lingyue blushed with embarrassment and didn't even look up, burying her head in her neck like an ostrich.

"What's wrong?" Lan Wu rubbed the back of her head and said helplessly, "I thought you hadn't gotten shy anymore."

"I, I…"

Ji Lingyue was too embarrassed to tell the truth, and felt incredibly ashamed of herself tonight. To be touched and kissed and yet still reach orgasm made her increasingly embarrassed. Finally, clutching Lan Wu's collar, she stammered, "I…I'm tired…"

"Tired so early?" Lan Wu was puzzled, but seeing Ji Lingyue curled up and not moving, she could only blink and agree with her: "Okay, let's rest then."

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement.

Do you want to take a shower?

"want."

Lan Wu smiled and said, "If you're not going to move, do you want me to wash you?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback for a moment, then hesitantly raised her head and looked at her expectantly: "Is it okay?"

"…" Lan Wu took a breath, feeling her heart pounding: "Of course."

Even though a single spell could have solved the problem, the two of them tacitly boiled a bucket of hot water, and Lan Wu sat down in the wooden tub with the naked person in her arms, facing each other naked.

White steam rose, warming everyone and making them feel genuinely drowsy. Ji Lingyue slowly relaxed, leaning against Lan Wu's chest and yawning. Lan Wu's fluffy head rested on Ji Lingyue's shoulder as she murmured, "Lan Wu…"

"Um?"

"You must cultivate diligently."

Lan Wu paused for a moment: "Why are you still thinking about this?"

Ji Lingyue lifted half of her eyelids and said slowly, "If you don't cultivate properly, you won't be able to live as long as me. From now on, we'll stay together, seek immortality together, nurture Danqing and Danbai, and then travel to the mortal world. Whatever you want to do, I'll accompany you… Is that alright?"

Lan Wu nodded: "Okay."

Ji Lingyue curled her lips slightly, closed her eyes wearily, and said in a softer voice, "That's great, you too…"

Not having heard what she said, Lan Wu blinked and subconsciously looked down, only to find the girl quietly closing her eyes and falling asleep in her arms.

After gazing at her obedient sleeping face for a long time, Lan Wu sighed, washed and dried her, and wrapped her in clean undergarments before lying down on the bed.

As the night deepened, the person beside her breathed evenly and held one of her arms, but Lan Wu kept her eyes open. In a daze, she seemed to have returned to the night before entering Haochen Mountain several years ago.

Back then, she was anxious and aimless, feeling adrift and helpless, with nowhere to go. Now, she is still anxious, but no longer lost, and has people and things she wants to protect.

She might seem dispensable to the Merfolk, but to A-Yue, she was so important. So why couldn't she, for the sake of those who loved her, try to hide her identity for a lifetime and remain an unknown, weak Daoist cultivator?

34. Forgiveness

As dawn was breaking, Ji Lingyue opened her eyes precisely on time and sat up abruptly. She groggily reached out to grab the clothes beside her pillow, but touched something soft and squishy, which startled her so much that she trembled and stared at it with wide eyes.

"Hmm…" Lan Wu murmured softly, turned over, placed her hand on her waist, and asked in a hoarse voice, "Why are you up so early?"

Ji Lingyue stared at her in astonishment. After a long while, she finally remembered what had happened last night. Her mind was still foggy, and she could only respond instinctively: "I want to practice swordsmanship."

"…"

Lan Wu narrowed her eyes and looked at her with difficulty: "Practice swordsmanship? Really? Now?"

Ji Lingyue: "The early bird catches the worm…"

"I understand." Lan Wu quickly interrupted her, covered her ears and crawled into the quilt, muttering, "Go practice your sword, I'll sleep a little longer, it won't hurt me."

Seeing the bulge under the covers, Ji Lingyue blinked and suddenly understood what she meant: "It's fine if you don't practice swordsmanship." She pulled up the covers, obediently lay back down, and moved next to Lan Wu: "I want to sleep a little longer too."

Lan Wu smiled, pursed her lips, and reached out from the dark bed to pull her into her arms: "Get up at 9:00 AM."

Ji Lingyue frowned, hesitated for a moment, and then nodded: "Okay."

Lan Wu was satisfied. She lowered her head and kissed the girl on the cheek, then buried her head in the girl's shoulder and went back to sleep.

When she got up again, it was almost noon. Only then did Lan Wu remember Lan Yuan, whom she had forgotten on Qianyun Peak. After a hurried wash and dressing, she rushed back.

Sure enough, as soon as she entered the door, she heard Lan Yuan's impolite voice: "Where did you go last night?"

Lan Wu turned her head to look at the small fish in the basin, picked up the pills beside her and walked over: "I didn't go anywhere, I just… just went to the city for a stroll."

Lan Yuan asked doubtfully, "Really?"

Why would I lie to you?

"Haven't you lied to me enough?" she snorted, flicked her tail, and said, "Lan Wu, have you made up your mind?"

What's your rush?

Lan Yuan sneered: "My injuries are almost healed. If I don't hurry, you'll get away with it."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then crushed the pill and scattered it down: "What choice do I have? Don't I have no choice but to listen to you and leave Haochen Mountain?"

"You'd better be that obedient."

After swallowing the medicine, Lan Yuan slowly swam up and surfaced. She saw Lan Wu rummaging through drawers and picking out clothes in the room, with a bright smile on her face. She couldn't help but wag her tail, feeling a little puzzled.

What's so funny about this?

But before she could ask a question, there was a knock on the door, and a voice called out, "Lan Wu."

Lan Wu was taken aback, then quickly went over and opened the door: "Didn't I tell you to wait for me outside?"

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, raised the transparent round jar in her hand, and said, "I just remembered that I have a magical artifact here that is said to continuously produce fresh water, which should be very suitable for you."

Lan Wu didn't react immediately: "Huh?"

Ji Lingyue reminded her, "Didn't you keep a fish?"

"Ah, oh—yes, yes, yes," she took the round jar, turned and went inside, "Then wait a little longer, I'll be done soon."

"good."

Seeing Lan Wu go into the inner room to change her clothes, Ji Lingyue obediently stood at the door to wait. After a while, she noticed the small fish soaking in a basin not far away. After hesitating for a moment, she couldn't help but walk over.

The little fish seemed to be sentient, staring intently at her. Ji Lingyue looked down and discovered that the fish had blue eyes and its scales shimmered, as beautiful as silver gems. Curious, she stretched out her fingertip, wanting to touch the little fish's head that was above the water, but it nimbly dodged her and then darted around along the side of the basin, splashing water everywhere.

Ji Lingyue looked at it with amusement, and even felt that it was expressing dissatisfaction.

Just then, Lan Wu came out all tidy up, and Ji Lingyue said, "You've raised a fish with a bad temper."

Lan Wu was startled and was about to look when Lan Yuan's angry telepathic message entered her mind: "A mere human dares to humiliate me like this! She was the one who ambushed me last time too! How can you be so bad at making friends? Don't you know that you become like those you associate with?!"

Lan Wu remained calm, simply pushing the basin further in and saying, "She's like this, she's fine."

"Lan Wu!"

Lan Wu poked her head without hesitation and pulled Ji Lingyue outside: "Let's go now, maybe we can still make it to Zuihonglou's crab feast at noon."

Ji Lingyue said, confused, "But I don't know how to eat crabs."

"It's okay, I'll teach you."

The door opened and closed, the sounds gradually fading away, leaving only Lan Yuan, the fish, swirling angrily in the water. She had made up her mind: on the day she left, she would slap both Lan Wu and this human before she went.

Time flies, and half a month has passed in a flash. After the advanced spell course ended, I suddenly had plenty of free time.

However, in order to cultivate her mind, Ji Lingyue went to sign up for Elder Qin Yi's calligraphy and painting class. This time, she did not make a name for herself, but instead suffered a crushing defeat.

The girl, who was always praised for her extraordinary talent, seemed to have encountered the most difficult problem in the world. Her beautiful hands were graceful and unrestrained when wielding a sword, but when she picked up a pen and ink, they were as dry and stiff as an old man, and she managed to scramble simple lines into a mess that looked distorted.

After seeing several of Ji Lingyue's ugly paintings, even Qin Yi gradually started to feel a headache, wondering if she was doing it on purpose. Ji Lingyue felt very guilty about this, and besides practicing swordsmanship day after day, she spent a lot of time on calligraphy and painting.

For this reason, Yu Shanye had not seen her for several days. Even Lan Wu, who lived in the same courtyard as him, had disappeared recently. He had originally hoped to find her in Elder Baiwang's class, but her seat was still empty. As a result, when Elder Baiwang asked, Yu Shanye was completely clueless and knew nothing.

Bai Wang couldn't help but frown: "Aren't you always inseparable from her?"

Yu Shanye said sadly, "That was in the past."

"Alright," Bai Wang said thoughtfully, "Tell her that skipping class without a valid reason means she should be punished by copying the Jingxin Jing (a Buddhist scripture) five hundred times and handing it in to me at the next class."

Yu Shanye muttered softly, "Where am I supposed to tell her?"

"What did you say?"

"No, it's nothing."

The autumn wind blows, scattering the fallen yellow leaves outside the hall, passing through the silent mountains and forests, and climbing the cold peaks. Amidst the crisp sound of wind chimes, it rolls up a sheet of plain white Xuan paper on the desk inside the window.

A slender calligraphy brush lay quietly on the table, a drop of ink

clinging to its tip, about to fall, when a gust of wind blew it down with a soft thud.

"Hmm…"

From the inner room, veiled by curtains, came faint, labored breathing. A girl in a Taoist robe was being held against the wall, her slender white legs wrapped around the waist of the person in front of her. She whimpered in discomfort, her delicate brows furrowing as she buried her burning face in her lover's cool neck, softly calling out, "Lan Wu…"

Lan Wu hummed in agreement and slowly withdrew her wet fingers. Ji Lingyue shuddered suddenly, closed her eyes, and the blush on her face gradually spread to her neck. Her long eyelashes trembled incessantly, but she still raised her head and took the initiative to kiss Lan Wu.

Lan Wu kissed her lips, and casually rubbed her buttocks with her hand. After a while, Ji Lingyue started to whimper and twist, as if trying to escape, but her wet crotch kept brushing against Lan Wu's palm.

"Hmm, Lan Wu…" She raised her head, took a few breaths, and whispered, "Stop teasing me."

"Where did I tease you?" Lan Wu raised her hand, which had been stirring the girl's private parts, and showed her the wetness on it: "You were clearly enjoying it."

Ji Lingyue was startled, her body temperature soaring. Before she could speak, Lan Wu pulled her down onto the bed. She smiled and said, "You didn't take your clothes off this time either, is that fair?"

Ji Lingyue blinked, glanced at her neatly arranged clothes, then at her own naked lower body, and said with dissatisfaction, "Where is this fair? You, you always like to tease me…"

"How could you accuse me like this?" Lan Wu smiled and turned over, telling her to kneel on top of her: "Hold on… don't let your knees give way."

"Wait, ah!" Ji Lingyue exclaimed, her dark eyes instantly filled with glistening tears. Her waist trembled, and her legs almost gave way, causing her to fall limply. Just then, Lan Wu patted her buttocks, her well-defined fingers parting her soft, smooth labia and casually

kneading the entrance.

“Ah, ha, Lan Wu…” Ji Lingyue whimpered as she groped downwards, trying to support herself. After being lightly poked by fingertips, she couldn’t help but sway her hips, wanting to swallow the fingers that were messing around at her entrance. But Lan Wu didn’t let her have her way, teasing her with a push-and-pull approach. Seeing Ji Lingyue’s moans of dissatisfaction, Lan Wu stroked her pert buttocks, turned her head and kissed her soft thighs, finally taking her sensitive, erect clitoris into her mouth.

Ji Lingyue groaned, her body trembling uncontrollably. She felt so comfortable that her waist went weak. Before long, she ejaculated as Lan Wu sucked her with increasing skill, the wet liquid almost flowing onto Lan Wu’s beautiful face.

Lan Wu licked her lips and pressed her back. Ji Lingyue’s body, still reeling from her orgasm, collapsed weakly onto the bed. Looking at Lan Wu pressing down on her, she blinked her hazy eyes and reached out to hug Lan Wu’s neck: “More…”

Lan Wu whispered, “Be good, spread your legs.”

Upon hearing her voice, the girl’s long eyelashes trembled, and as if bewitched, she opened her legs towards Lan Wu, revealing her naked inner world.

It’s not wrong to say that Lan Wu was teasing her. She was so coaxed that she almost stripped naked, wearing only a loose, thin, and transparent Taoist robe that wasn’t tied. At this moment, the robe had slipped down to her elbows because of their previous lovemaking, completely exposing her fair and delicate upper body.

Perhaps feeling shy from Lan Wu’s direct gaze, the girl’s legs trembled, her flower bud twitched and opened, and a stream of fluid trembled out.

“Lan Wu,” she called again, her voice hoarse, and despite her shyness, she still expressed her desire directly: “I want you.”

Lan Wu met her moist eyes and subconsciously reached out to touch her face, but Ji Lingyue grabbed her hand, boldly leaned forward, and took her fingers in her mouth. Her soft tongue slipped between her fingers, and she looked up at Lan Wu with a pitiful expression.

Lan Wu froze, blinked in a panic, and was completely dumbfounded:

"Where did you learn all this?"

Ji Lingyue paused, somewhat uneasy: "You don't like it?"

"It's not about whether I like it or not, it's just, it's just…"

She wanted to explain, but looking at Ji Lingyue's blank and innocent face, she couldn't say anything. After a moment of silence, she finally sighed helplessly, "I like it very much."

Ji Lingyue immediately smiled and was about to hug Lan Wu when she felt something suddenly thrust inside her, and couldn't help but let out a sweet moan.

Lan Wu was held tightly by her, and after a moment, she slowly moved her wrist in and out of the wet, sweet passage. With each thrust, a lot of lustful fluid squeezed out of the opening, and amidst the gurgling sounds, Lan Wu lowered her head and leaned in, gently biting her lips, listening to the soft moans coming from her throat.

"Mmm, mmm, ha…" Ji Lingyue swayed in her arms, fine beads of sweat appearing on her body. After an unknown amount of time, she suddenly blinked, frowned, and called out intermittently, "Lan Wu, Lan Wu…"

"What's wrong?"

Ji Lingyue gasped for breath: "You…you had class today, didn't you… you had class today…"

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then decisively replied, "No."

"But I remember…"

Lan Wu coaxed, "You believe me, would I lie to you?"

Ji Lingyue hesitated for a moment, then finally gave up trying to recall her class schedule, only muttering, "You lied to me, and… I can't do anything about it… Ah!"

Suddenly, her sensitive clitoris was being massaged by fingertips. Ji Lingyue gasped for breath, gripped Lan Wu's shoulders tightly, and said in a trembling voice, "Anyway, um… I'll always forgive you…"

35. Floating

In the early morning, after Yu Shanye came out of his room, he

stretched and slowly walked to the door next door and knocked: “Lan Wu, are you there?”

There wasn’t a sound from inside. She clicked her tongue and muttered, “Why haven’t they come back yet?”

After thinking for a while, she gave up the idea of going to Golden Feather Peak to find her. She took out the talisman paper she usually used to draw talismans, wrote a line of words on it to convey Elder Bai’s meaning, and then pasted it on Blue Witch’s door.

After doing all this, Yu Shanye turned around and walked briskly down the mountain.

In a few days, Ye Qingjun will set off for the Western Regions Kansai to discuss the Dao. He will also take her along to broaden her horizons. He heard that it is extremely hot there, and even using spiritual energy to escape the heat is of little use. The most convenient way is to bring a few water talismans and ice talismans and stick them on your body. Unfortunately, she is not yet proficient in drawing talismans and will have to go to Guanxing Peak to find a talisman cultivator disciple to help her.

When we reached the middle of the mountain, we suddenly saw a woman in black standing at the crossroads. It was broad daylight, yet she was carrying a lantern in her hand.

Haochen Mountain has a simple barrier, but it can only prevent ordinary villagers from accidentally entering. In the past, many rogue cultivators would also wander in to visit. Therefore, when Yu Shanye saw a stranger who was not wearing a Daoist robe, he was not nervous. When he walked up to her, he even greeted her warmly: “Fellow Daoist, is there anything I can help you with?”

The woman paused, then turned her head. Soft black hair fell down, revealing an excessively pale face. Her expression was blank, but her features were delicate and lovely, making her look very young.

The girl opened her mouth and slowly said, “I’m looking for someone.”

“Who should I look for?”

“Blue Iris”.

Yu Shanye paused for a moment: “Lan Yuan? I’ve never heard of

anyone named Lan Yuan. If you're talking about Lan Wu, then I might…"

"Lan Wu?" Her eyes suddenly lit up. "Lan Wu is here too?"

"You know Lan Wu?"

She nodded: "We grew up together."

Yu Shanye immediately felt much more at ease with this person and curiously looked her over a few times: "Your family… are all quite good-looking. By the way, what's your name?"

"Floating".

"Floating, Blue Floating?" Yu Shanye stroked his chin and muttered, "Alright, I'll take you to find Lan Wu."

Fuyou was taken aback and wanted to explain that his surname was not Lan, but Yu Shanye had already enthusiastically led the way: "Miss Lan, this way."

She still embarked on the path leading to Golden Feather Peak. Halfway there, Yu Shanye caught a glimpse of the lantern she was carrying and was immediately drawn to it. The lantern was entirely white, with its base surrounded by silver coral branches. The outer shell was made of paper and silk, but the material was thinner and lighter than that of ordinary lanterns. When it swayed, a faint golden light emanated from it.

She couldn't help but take a few more glances and asked, "Where did Miss Lan buy her lamp? It's so unique."

"It wasn't bought," Fuyou replied. "It was made at home."

Yu Shanye said "Oh," with a hint of regret, "It's quite beautiful. If I could buy one, I'd like to collect it too."

Fuyou paused for a moment, then lowered his head and silently put the lamp away.

Yu Shanye: "…"

What a stingy person.

She looked up helplessly, only to find a figure on the mountain path not far away. The figure was tall and slender, moving like the wind,

with a red knife hanging at his waist. It was none other than Meng Changge.

As she approached, Yu Shanye greeted her, and Meng Changge nodded. Just as she was about to pass by them, she suddenly stopped, then frowned and grabbed Fuyou's arm.

"Demon?"

Today, Jinling Peak is blessed with a rare sunny day.

Lan Wu rested her chin on her hand, sitting lazily by the window. Her eyes were half-closed, and one side of her cheek was bathed in a layer of fluffy golden light. Her curled eyelashes cast a shadow of raven. She was tired from the sun and unconsciously relaxed.

"Don't move."

Lan Wu jerked, sat bolt upright, and dazedly turned her head to look at the girl sitting behind the drawing table: "Is it not done yet?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head: "No."

She picked up her pen, paused in mid-air for a long while, and then hesitantly put the pen down, adding another stroke to the paper.

After adding it, you can barely make out that it's a head.

Ji Lingyue breathed a sigh of relief and was about to continue drawing when a clear voice called out from outside the door: "Lan Wu!"

Lan Wu looked in the direction of the voice and saw the person approaching from afar. She smiled and waved, "Why did you come here?"

Yu Shanye rushed over anxiously, grabbed her hand through the window, and stammered, "Um… someone's here, Senior Sister Meng…"

Lan Wu frowned and reassured her, "Don't rush, tell me slowly, what happened to Senior Sister Meng?"

Yu Shanye clenched her fist, glanced at Ji Lingyue who was staring at them with a puzzled look, and suddenly said, "You, you come out here, I have something important to tell you alone!"

Lan Wu was taken aback: "Even A Yue can't listen?"

Yu Shanye nodded: "Yes!"

"Okay," Lan Wu walked out blankly, and they stood there until they were alone before Yu Shanye shouted urgently, "Your sister has been arrested!"

After a moment's hesitation, Lan Wu said, "Uh… but I don't have a younger sister."

"How could that be? She said she knows you, grew up with you, and her name is Fuyou…"

"Floating?" Lan Wu tensed up in surprise, asking in astonishment, "You didn't hear me wrong, did you? It's really called floating?!"

"Of course not, that's all the height I'm standing at, I have a baby face, and I'm wearing black clothes…"

Lan Wu quickly grabbed her hand: "You've been captured? Who captured you?! Where were you taken?"

"It's Senior Sister Meng! Sigh, I ran into her at the foot of the mountain just now. She said she was looking for you, so I brought her here. But we ran into Senior Sister Meng on the way. Senior Sister Meng discovered that she had a demonic weapon on her and immediately took her to see the sect leader!"

Lan Wu bit her lip and subconsciously turned and ran towards the main peak. After running a few steps, she turned back in a panic and asked, "Do my senior sisters know… do they know that she came to find me?"

Yu Shanye shook his head: "How could I dare to say? I promised to keep it a secret for you, but I think your sister is a bit dim-witted and will say whatever comes to mind when asked. She might blurt it out if she's interrogated…"

Lan Wu: "Floating creatures aren't that stupid."

Yu Shanye: "I don't think so. They're carrying demonic weapons and swaggering into the Immortal Sect. Where's their cleverness?"

Lan Wu paused, no longer caring about anything else, jumped onto the spirit sword, and flew unsteadily towards the main peak: "Please tell A Yue for me not to make her wait for me tonight."

When she rushed to the Xianyun Hall on the main peak, a crowd had already gathered outside. She landed too quickly and stumbled a few steps before regaining her balance. After running over, she couldn't squeeze in, so she tried to stand on tiptoe to look inside.

The slender girl stood alone in the center of the hall, while on the jade throne directly opposite her, the white-haired Chi Jinghe examined the lamp in his hand, stood up, and slowly walked down the steps.

Lan Wu gasped when she saw what the woman was holding.

That is the soul lamp of the merfolk, just like the life tablet of a disciple of an immortal sect. Each merfolk has only one soul lamp in their lifetime. Inside the lamp is a wisp of soul thread taken out when the merfolk is born. Although it has little power, its demonic energy is extremely strong.

The closer the soul lamp is to its owner, the brighter it becomes; when the mermaid dies, the soul lamp goes out. Although this didn't seem to be hers, Lan Wu couldn't help but feel a chill run down her spine, hoping that Chi Jinghe was unaware of its purpose.

Meanwhile, Chi Jinghe slowly walked to Fuyou's side, finally shifting his gaze from the Soul Lamp, and reached out to touch the girl's forehead.

After a moment, she said in a deep voice, "With neither demonic power nor a loyal heart, are you just an ordinary mortal?"

Fuyou blinked and remained silent.

"If you are just an ordinary mortal, how did you break through the barrier and enter my Haochen Mountain?" Chi Jinghe looked her up and down and said in a deep voice, "Tell me, who exactly are you, and what is your purpose in coming here?"

Fuyou raised his eyes and said frankly, "I'm here to find someone."

"who?"

"Blue Iris".

"Lan Yuan?" Chi Jinghe frowned, thought for a moment, and then said with certainty, "There is no one named Lan Yuan in Haochen Mountain."

Fuyou gave an "oh" and said calmly, "Then maybe I went to the wrong place."

The hall fell silent for a moment. Chi Jinghe stared at her for a while and said in a low voice, "Wrong way? I don't think so. Although I don't know your identity or purpose, this thing must be very important."

She raised the lamp in her hand and said coldly, "Although I have never seen this object before, it is filled with demonic energy and is not an ordinary item. Since you dare to bring a demonic artifact into my immortal sect so openly, you should know what the consequences will be. I will find out the truth as soon as possible. Please stay here for a few days. However, if you are willing to tell the truth, I will not make things difficult for you."

After a moment of silence, Fuyou raised his head and said without changing his expression, "Then I'll take my leave."

Seeing that she was so unyielding, Chi Jinghe sighed, shook his head, and said, "Chongyu, take this young lady to Wanting Courtyard."

The white-clad youth named Chongyu responded and walked to Fuyou's side, politely saying, "Miss, please."

Fuyou hummed in agreement and followed him out of the hall. The crowd that had been blocking the entrance immediately parted to make way. As he passed by Lanwu, Fuyou twitched his ears and glanced at her discreetly.

Lan Wu pursed her lips, was pushed back a few steps, and soon disappeared from sight.

Thirty-six. Prophecy

Merfolk live in seclusion and almost never go to sea.

As the sole heir to the High Priesthood, Fuyou was no exception. Her emotions were naturally more detached than those of other merfolk, and she was always a step behind in doing things. Over time, her people came to see her as a withdrawn child.

But few people know that Fuyou has already perfected the art of divination and prophecy that she should learn as the successor to the high priest, and is almost surpassing her master.

That's why Lan Wu dared to take the medicine she was given, but now, this little merman who was so focused on her altar and didn't even bother to leave the Sea King's Palace has actually run out of the Kunlun Sea.

Did something happen in the sea?

Lan Wu, her mind in turmoil, followed the others to Wan Ting Courtyard, finally stopping in the nearby woods. This courtyard only allowed a select few to enter and exit; without a special token, one couldn't even pass through the barrier. Lan Wu was immediately flustered and lost her composure, pacing around like a headless fly for a while before finally slapping her forehead and exclaiming, "That's it!"

Can even the disciples who deliver meals come in?

She made up her mind, and seeing that the time was just right, she hurriedly ran to the path leading to Wanting Courtyard, intending to intercept the disciple responsible for delivering the meals and take over the task by any means necessary.

Unexpectedly, things were simpler than she had imagined. She simply took out some spirit stones as a bribe, and the disciple stuffed the food and token into her hand, adding, "I know you, Elder Ye's disciple. You direct disciples are quite idle, always joining in the fun."

Lan Wu said awkwardly, "Please don't tell anyone about this."

"Why would I go out?" She rolled her eyes and tossed the spirit stones in her hand. "Would people know I'm slacking off?"

Lan Wu: "…Okay, then what about this token?"

"Just leave it in the deacon's office after you've delivered it, and I'll go get it myself."

"Okay, okay." Lan Wu nodded hurriedly. After watching her walk away, she breathed a sigh of relief and cheered herself up as she walked towards the evening pavilion courtyard.

There was only one disciple guarding the courtyard gate. After checking the token, he let her in. Lan Wu walked into the empty courtyard, passed through two layers of barriers, and handed the token to the disciple standing outside the room. The disciple glanced at her and asked suspiciously, "Wasn't it Shi Yan who came to deliver

it?”

Lan Wu said without changing her expression, “She suddenly fell ill and asked me to help her.”

“Sick? You’re not slacking off again, are you?” He clicked his tongue, shook his head, and said, “Never mind, aren’t you Elder Ye’s disciple? Go in then, and come out quickly after you’ve finished.”

Because of her status as a direct disciple, she received a lot of preferential treatment. Lan Wu felt bitter and walked in with her head down. She crossed the threshold, went around the screen, and finally saw Fu You sitting obediently on the bed.

She frowned suddenly, glanced cautiously at the door, then slammed down her plate, strode over, and demanded in a low voice, “What are you doing here!”

Fuyou didn’t answer her. Instead, he looked her over carefully for a while and slowly smiled: “You really took the medicine. It seems to be quite effective.”

Lan Wu was furious at her unhurried attitude, wishing she could grab her shoulders and shake the water out of her head: “Are you crazy? You shouldn’t be staying in Kunlun Sea, why did you come out with the Soul Lamp? Whose Soul Lamp did you take?”

Fuyou said in a serious tone, “I’m here to find Lan Yuan, so of course I need to get hers; it’s the fastest way.”

Lan Wu: “…You, you really are something. If Lan Yuan knew, she would definitely be angry with you.” After a pause, she asked again: “Won’t your master worry about you running out like this?”

“She won’t,” Fuyou said calmly. “She’s already dead, she can’t control where I go.”

Lan Wu froze, and after a long while, she raised her voice in disbelief: “The High Priest is dead?”

Before she could react, Fuyou hummed in agreement and continued, “Moreover, the situation in Kunlun Sea has changed drastically. I need to find the Second Prince as soon as possible and bring her back to take charge of the overall situation.”

“The situation has changed drastically?” Lan Wu’s mind went blank.

“What happened?”

Fuyou pursed his lips, looked up at her for a while, and suddenly asked, “Didn’t the Second Prince tell you why she came out to find you?”

Caught off guard by all these sudden events, Lan Wu was momentarily at a loss, and could only instinctively ask, “What’s the reason?”

Fuyou nodded, understandingly saying, “That’s true. She actually loves you the most, so she definitely wouldn’t want you to know.”

Lan Wu’s heart tightened, and a bad premonition suddenly arose. Her voice became dry: “What is the reason?”

Fuyou blinked, his voice somewhat unsteady: “Master went too far. Heavenly secrets cannot be revealed, yet she insisted on finding out, which is why she met such an end. After her death, the Second Prince and I were sorting through her belongings when we discovered an ancient prophecy in her book…”

Lan Wu stared blankly at her, vaguely sensing that what she was about to say would bring consequences she could not bear, but she still clenched her fists and slowly squeezed out a few words: “What… is it?”

Fuyou was silent for a moment, then looked up to meet her gaze. A faint pity gradually rose in her clear, indifferent eyes: “The king died because of three women.”

Lan Wu suddenly opened her eyes wide, her heart pounding, and her ears ringing for a moment, but Fu You’s clear voice still pierced through the chaotic noise and clearly reached her ears: “Now it seems that the prophecy has come true.”

Looking at Lan Wu, whose face was deathly pale, she slowly recounted: “A month ago, your soul lamp suddenly disappeared. Afterwards, news spread that you had appeared in the Sea Abyss. His Majesty led the Crown Prince and hundreds of soldiers into the Sea Abyss. A few days later, only the Crown Prince returned, seriously injured.”

At this point, she suddenly sighed, closed her eyes, and said, word by word, “Your Highness, your father… is dead.”

37. Reluctant to part with it

Lan Wu placed the token in the hall of affairs, stood there stunned for a moment, and then turned and left in a daze. When she came to her senses, she was in front of a familiar courtyard. She pushed open the door, turned her back to the afterglow of the sunset, and slowly stepped inside.

"Lan Wu?" The little fish floating in the water turned its head and looked at her in confusion: "Didn't you say you wouldn't be back until tomorrow?"

Lan Wu approached without a word, and only after standing in front of her did she ask in a low voice, "Why didn't you tell me?"

Lan Yuan swam closer to her: "What?"

"That prophecy," she opened her mouth, then said with difficulty, "the prophecy that my father would die because of me."

Lan Yuan was taken aback, and asked in surprise, "How did you know?"

"The buoyancy told me."

Lan Wu took a breath, her voice slowly trembling: "If you knew he would die because of me, why did you agree to let me stay outside?"

"What do you mean by 'if only I had known'?" Lan Yuan flicked her tail impatiently. "Putting aside whether that prophecy will come true or not, even if there's a slight possibility, I don't believe you would harm Father. As long as you leave the Immortal Sect, you won't be used by them to do wrong things. Although I wanted to capture you and keep you under my watchful eye, perhaps it would be better for Father if you stayed far away…"

"But it has already come true." Lan Wu suddenly interrupted her, her voice trembling, "Father… Father is dead!"

Lan Yuan suddenly froze, standing motionless like a statue, staring at her without blinking: "What did you say?"

"Father is dead, and Fuyou has been captured." Lan Wu looked at her with reddened eyes, slowly clenching her fists: "Kunlun Sea is in chaos, and my elder brother is seriously injured and unconscious. You must, you must hurry back to take charge of the situation…"

As soon as she finished speaking, the surroundings fell into a deathly

silence. After a long while, Lan Yuan said in a hoarse voice, “I don’t believe it.”

Lan Wu choked back tears as she called out, “Lan Yuan…”

“I said I don’t believe it, and that’s final!” With a loud crack, the magical artifact that had been holding the small fish suddenly shattered into pieces. The silver-haired woman suddenly appeared in the room, barefoot, and grabbed her by the collar: “I will never believe it until I see Father’s body. Since you say Fuyou has been captured, tell me where she is!”

Lan Wu stared into her fierce eyes and said in a hoarse voice, “What can you do? This is a Celestial Sect…”

“That’s still better than you cowering here, only able to cry and whine!”

Crying and sobbing?

Lan Wu suddenly chuckled, her eyes glowing even more brightly with rosy hues: “Father should know about this prophecy, right?”

Lan Yuan pursed her lips tightly and stared at her intently.

“All these years, did he truly love me and spoil me, or was he afraid of this prophecy and only wanted to…”

“Shut up!” Lan Yuan suddenly interrupted her, her beast-like blue eyes gradually filling with anger: “Even now, you still speculate about Father Emperor like this? Has the mortal realm truly given you a selfish, heartless, and ruthless heart?!”

Lan Wu’s shoulder ached from being squeezed so tightly. Her long eyelashes trembled, and a tear fell from her eye: “You’re right, everything… the fault lies with me. If only I hadn’t left Kunlun Sea…”

She pursed her lips, then suddenly lowered her head, clutching her chest and letting out a low moan of pain.

If she had never left Kunlun Sea, she and A Yue would never have met.

Only today did she realize how reluctant she was to part with it.

Lan Yuan gritted her teeth and said coldly, “I don’t care what you think, Lan Wu. I will go and rescue Fu You. Once Fu You is rescued,

you will come back to Kunlun Sea with me. There's no room for discussion this time."

Lan Wu took a breath, her eyelashes fluttered a few times, and she slowly raised her wet eyes.

Lan Yuan stared at her intently and said, word by word, "If you are still unwilling, the Merfolk will pretend that you, their princess, never existed."

"I……"

She was in a daze, not knowing what to say, when she heard a knock on the door. Lan Yuan twitched her ears, gave Lan Wu a cold stare, turned around and turned into a wisp of green smoke, leaving through the window without looking back.

Lan Wu almost lost her balance when she was released. She instinctively grabbed the table for support, and only came to her senses when she heard a worried call from outside the door. She then staggered to the door.

As soon as she opened the door, a familiar person rushed in, but the smile on his face vanished the moment he saw her.

"Lan Wu?" She frowned, subconsciously reaching out to touch Lan Wu's damp eyelashes, and asked in a panic, "Why are you crying? Who bullied you?"

"It's nothing." Lan Wu wiped her eyes with her sleeve and forced a smile. "I was a little choked by the smoke from the disciples practicing fire spells when I came back. I feel a bit uncomfortable."

"How could you be so careless?" Ji Lingyue cupped her face, looked at her carefully, and gently touched her eyelids with her fingertips. Lan Wu subconsciously closed her eyes, quickly feeling a chill spread through her. At the same time, Ji Lingyue muttered, "Just now, Chongyu came to convey the sect leader's message, saying that disciples above the Golden Core stage should form groups of ten to patrol at night. Starting tomorrow night, I will be patrolling with my senior brothers and sisters, and I won't be able to go with you for the next three or four days."

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, then lowered her head and rested it on the girl's shoulder.

Ji Lingyue hugged her and couldn't help but laugh: "Why are you being so clingy today?"

"I just want to hug you." Lan Wu closed her eyes and slowly tightened her arms around her. "Will you stay with me?"

"good."

Ji Lingyue readily agreed, but when she entered the house, she was still shocked to see the broken pieces all over the floor: "How did it become like this? Where are your fish?"

Lan Wu said listlessly, "We released them."

Ji Lingyue frowned in confusion: "Why did you suddenly release them?"

"She was unhappy in there, so she ran away on her own."

"…You can do that?" Ji Lingyue blinked, reached out, cast a spell to clean the ground, and then hugged Lan Wu and fell onto the bed together.

Lan Wu instinctively curled up and snuggled into her arms.

"Lan Wu?" Ji Lingyue called out to her, tucking her messy hair behind her ears. Lan Wu, however, kept her eyes closed, her long, wet eyelashes casting shadows that concealed a slight blush.

She thought Lan Wu wanted to be intimate with her.

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, scolding herself for her improper thoughts, and slowly leaned her head in, murmuring, "Are you very tired today?"

Lan Wu moved her head: "Hmm…"

"Then rest for a while." Ji Lingyue put her arm around her waist and whispered, "I'll still be here when you wake up."

Thirty-eight. Going home

Last night was calm and peaceful.

As soon as it was light, Ji Lingyue woke up on time. She stared at the ceiling for a while, then realized that her hand was being held tightly. She turned her head to look at her side and saw Lan Wu lying next to

her with her eyes closed, her brows slightly furrowed, as if she was sleeping very restlessly.

Her heart softened, and she turned to face Lan Wu, idly tracing her outline with her eyes. When her gaze fell on Lan Wu's full red lips, Ji Lingyue blinked, carefully leaned over, and gently touched them.

Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled, and after a long while, she slowly opened them, meeting Ji Lingyue's smiling eyes.

"What time is it?"

It's already Chen Shi (7-9 AM).

Lan Wu groaned softly, turned over, buried her head in Ji Lingyue's arms, and mumbled, "I don't want to get up."

"How can that be?" Ji Lingyue said seriously, sitting up and pulling the other person up to change her clothes: "If you don't go to class, Elder Ye will punish you."

Lan Wu was listless, but she still obediently went to wash up. The two went out together and reached a fork in the road. Lan Wu was going to the main peak, while Ji Lingyue was going back to Jinling Peak.

Seeing that no one was around, Ji Lingyue pecked Lan Wu on the cheek again. Her cold face melted instantly, becoming quite radiant: "You can't skip class again today. If you get punished again, I won't have time to help you copy books."

"I understand." Lan Wu released her hand, hesitated for a moment, then hugged her again: "A-Yue…"

"Hmm?" Ji Lingyue tilted her head and gently patted her back: "What's wrong?"

"I…" Lan Wu tightened her arms and whispered, "I had a dream last night."

"What?"

"I dreamt that I turned into a monster."

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then quickly reassured her, "Dreams are always the opposite of reality. How could you be a monster? Don't overthink it."

Lan Wu stubbornly asked, "If I were truly a monster, would you kill me?"

The girl frowned, and when she spoke again, her voice suddenly became much more serious: "You are not a monster, so don't ask such questions."

Lan Wu was silent for a moment before finally replying with an "Mmm": "Okay."

Ji Lingyue blinked, a vague unease creeping into her heart. She cupped Lan Wu's face in her hands, looked into her beautiful eyes, and said with concern, "Are you feeling unwell today? If you're really feeling unwell, go back and rest for a while. I'll go and ask the elders for leave for you."

"I'm fine. You should be careful when you go on night patrol."

"What could possibly happen to me? I have my senior brothers and sisters with me." Ji Lingyue stroked her cheek and said gently, "Alright, hurry up and go, you'll be late."

Lan Wu nodded and watched her leave before turning around and heading towards the Wanting Courtyard where Fuyou was. As she passed a mountain stream, a gentle breeze suddenly blew by. Lan Wu stopped and turned around, seeing a person emerging from the depths of the forest.

The man had black hair and black eyes, and looked exactly like her, even wearing the same white Taoist robe. He stopped two steps away from Lan Wu, and the two faced each other as if looking in a mirror, their expressions equally indifferent.

"Is this the real reason?" After witnessing what had just happened, Lan Yuan's voice was surprisingly calm: "You don't want to leave because you've fallen in love with a human cultivator."

Lan Wu looked at her without saying a word.

She scoffed, "A demon falls for a cultivator? Should I praise your audacity? She doesn't even want to accept the slightest possibility that you're a demon…"

"Stop talking." Lan Wu suddenly interrupted her, saying, "I will bring out the floating creature, but your soul lamp…"

"I know where it is," Lan Yuan said coldly. "I have my own way. If you want to help, then bring the Floating One out properly."

Is there no room for maneuver left?

"Yes," Lan Yuan said ruthlessly, "If you are still hesitant, then hide behind your little lover and see if she will turn her sword against you when your identity is exposed?"

Lan Wu gazed at her for a moment, then lowered her eyelashes: "I understand."

"You'd better do that. I'll make my move tonight at 9 PM. If you don't want us all to die here, then don't hold us back." As she spoke, her figure gradually turned into wisps of dust, with only her voice faintly lingering in our ears: "Lan Wu, think it through carefully."

Once again, she was alone on the mountain path. Lan Wu stood quietly for a long time until the autumn wind brushed her hair, then she came back to her senses and looked up at the clear sky without a cloud in the sky.

Haochen Mountain is quiet and peaceful, just like always.

As dusk fell, a slender figure reappeared in the sunset. Lan Wu, carrying a tray, arrived at the entrance of Wanting Courtyard and walked smoothly to the outside of the room.

The gatekeeper asked in surprise, "It's you again? Is Shi Yan sick again?"

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, and the man shook his head and sighed, "You're too kind-hearted. You can't keep helping her slack off forever."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then whispered, "It won't happen again."

"Alright, go in." He cautioned, "Don't stay too long; you stayed too long yesterday."

Lan Wu nodded, closed the door, put down her plate, and quickly walked into the inner room. Fu You seemed to have known she would come, and even smiled with his eyes crinkling: "You're so punctual."

Lan Wu remained silent, stepping forward to examine the rope around

the woman's wrist. She realized that the only way to untie it was for the owner to do so, or to forcibly remove it. She frowned, rummaging through her storage pouch and pulling out several high-level fire talismans: "Although it might hurt you, it's better than being trapped here…"

Fuyou was taken aback and asked, "Why not just destroy her?"

Lan Wu: "You forgot, I have no power right now."

Fuyou nodded and groped his way out of his pocket to pull out a porcelain bottle: "This is the antidote."

Lan Wu froze, and after a long while, asked blankly, "Antidote?"

"Yes," Fuyou said matter-of-factly, "Since Master has made this medicine, he will naturally also make an antidote. Once you and I take it, we will return to normal."

Lan Wu's face turned pale instantly, and she stood motionless as if she were a statue. After a long while, she lowered her head and suddenly chuckled softly.

All those years of struggle and effort, it turns out, can be solved with just this little pill.

She closed her eyes and said in a hoarse voice, "That's ridiculous…"

"Lan Wu?"

"It's nothing…" Lan Wu took a breath, raised her moist eyes, and slowly opened her palm: "Give it to me."

The sun set very quickly today; just moments ago the sky was ablaze with red clouds, but in no time, only a sliver of light remained.

Fang Yuan, holding his sword, glanced at the sky and hesitated whether to urge his personal disciple, Lan Wu, when the door creaked open and a bright-faced girl walked out.

He breathed a sigh of relief, and seeing that her hands were empty, he couldn't help but ask, "Don't you need to take the tray back with you?"

Lan Wu shook her head and looked up at him: "I'm sorry…"

Fang Yuan was stunned. Before he could react, the girl in front of him

suddenly approached, and a chilling aura instantly swept over his entire body. Fang Yuan was caught off guard and didn't even have time to scream before a sharp pain shot through his head, and his consciousness quickly left him.

In the blink of an eye, the boy in front of her dimmed his eyes and stared at her blankly like a walking corpse.

Lan Wu pursed her lips and said in a hoarse voice, "I'm sorry."

After giving the order, she turned around and hurriedly left the courtyard, heading towards the main peak. Unexpectedly, she had only flown halfway when a muffled sound came from ahead. Lan Wu sensitively raised her head and saw a cluster of flames burning in the direction of the Wuji Palace. Even from a distance, she could see the thick smoke rising.

Isn't it Hai hour (9-11 PM)?

She stared in astonishment, not having time to think, her figure transforming into a beam of blue light, flying towards the main peak like a shooting star. She finally reached the Wuji Hall at top speed, but before she could even see what was happening, a female disciple was seen chasing after her. Upon seeing her, her eyes lit up: "Junior sister, stop her!"

Lan Wu looked up at the sound and saw a figure rushing towards her at lightning speed. Silver hair swayed in the wind; it was Lan Yuan. Lan Yuan had obviously also heard the shout behind her. She stared coldly at Lan Wu, a long sword materializing in her hand.

Lan Wu bit her lip, looked away, stepped aside, and let her pass by.

"You..." The female disciple was shocked. She spun around and flew upwards to ring the bell to warn the entire sect. At that moment, a force grabbed her hands and feet and pulled her down hard.

She landed awkwardly, looked up in astonishment, and saw a girl standing not far away with her brows furrowed, emanating a dark blue demonic aura. The aura was exceptionally powerful, stirring up gusts of cold wind that instantly scattered her long hair.

She exclaimed in horror, "You're a demon!"

When Lan Yuan returned to Wanting Courtyard, she saw Fu You waiting outside. Fu You still had black hair, but his eyes had turned

into an eerie crimson. There were two disciples beside him, one standing and one lying down, both of whom seemed to have lost consciousness.

Lan Yuan glanced at her casually, then grabbed her wrist and flew south: “Let’s go!”

Even in this emergency, Fuyou remained calm and had the leisure to ask, “Aren’t we waiting for the Third Prince?”

“She can handle a Nascent Soul cultivator.” Lan Yuan said coldly, “It seems that the most difficult sect leader has entered some kind of library. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have made a move in advance. Let’s leave quickly before she and those old fogies come out.”

As she spoke, she noticed a dozen or so disciples standing in front of her, riding flying swords. Among them were two Soul Separation cultivators, three or four Nascent Soul cultivators, and Ji Lingyue was one of the remaining Golden Core cultivators.

They unexpectedly ran into a night patrol team.

She frowned, then suddenly changed her mind and asked, “How are you recovering?”

“It has basically fully recovered.”

“Okay, you hold off these guys until I kill one of them before I leave.”

Without asking why, Fuyou obediently replied, “Okay.”

As soon as she finished speaking, Lan Yuan turned and rushed towards Ji Lingyue. The Nascent Soul disciples were shocked and hurriedly tried to stop her, but they were entangled by Fu You. Fu You swung out a long whip, which seemed light and powerless when it was wielded, but when it got close to the group, it brought a sharp pressure.

Like Lan Yuan, she was at a cultivation level comparable to a Mahayana cultivator. Even if there were seven or eight people in front of her, it wouldn’t be difficult for her to hold them off for a while.

Ji Lingyue was suddenly left alone. Seeing the monster charging straight at her, she was startled and instinctively raised her sword to block. The already battered black sword was suddenly pierced by the silver sword, and in the blink of an eye, it shattered with a crisp sound

under the surging demonic power.

“Ugh…” A metallic, metallic smell suddenly surged in her chest, and Ji Lingyue vomited a mouthful of blood. She recognized the familiar demonic aura and looked up in horror. Amidst the scattered fragments, she met the face that was so close to hers.

Her dark eyes narrowed suddenly, and the girl exclaimed, “Blue…”

Almost simultaneously, the alluring and fierce merman mercilessly slapped her chest, causing her to cough up blood and fall like a broken kite. Lan Yuan relentlessly pursued her, raising her long sword once more and thrusting it straight at Ji Lingyue’s chest.

A whistling wind arose, followed by a clanging sound as an identical silver sword appeared out of nowhere, blocking the deadly attack at the last second.

Lan Yuan’s eyes flickered slightly as she looked at the person who had suddenly appeared, and she laughed in exasperation: “Lan Wu!”

Lan Wu ignored her, instead wrapping her arms around the pale-faced Ji Lingyue, her breathing rapid and her body covered in cold sweat. Ji Lingyue looked up at her, about to say something, but then coughed up blood. Lan Wu shuddered, hurriedly took out a pill and fed it to her, placing her hand on Ji Lingyue’s chest and continuously channeling spiritual energy into her.

Ji Lingyue’s consciousness finally cleared a bit, but she didn’t notice these abnormalities. Instead, she struggled to hold onto Lan Wu’s clothes and stammered, “You, what are you doing here? Run… run…”

Lan Yuan sneered, “Why is she running? She’s my sister, would I harm her?”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, turned to look at Lan Yuan, and was stunned by her face before saying incredulously, “You… what nonsense are you talking about?”

She clutched Lan Wu’s clothes, turning to seek comfort, but Lan Wu’s face was unusually pale. Her eyes were red as she looked at Ji Lingyue, tears streaming down her face. In the silence, she choked out, “I’m sorry…”

She closed her eyes, and her long eyelashes slowly turned silver from the roots. Her ink-black hair also seemed to fade, turning into a

similar light silver. Her hair tie had fallen off at some point, and her long, moon-blue hair danced wildly in the wind. Her eyelashes trembled slightly, and she slowly opened her eyes, revealing crystal-clear, enchanting, and alluring deep blue eyes.

A tear fell from her eye, but instantly condensed into a pure white pearl in mid-air, falling into Ji Lingyue's arms with a crisp sound.

Beyond the South China Sea, there live mermaids who dwell in the water like fish. They do not cease weaving, and their tears turn into pearls.

Ji Lingyue stared at her, her face deathly pale, as if her throat was blocked, unable to utter a sound.

"Lan Wu," Lan Yuan asked coldly, "If you don't want me to kill her, are you leaving or not?"

Lan Wu raised her head and smiled bitterly, saying in a hoarse voice, "Things have come to this, how can I not leave?"

Ji Lingyue was shocked, but she still caught a glimpse of something in the words. She subconsciously gripped her hand tighter and asked in a trembling voice, "Where are you going? Lan Wu, where are you going?"

Lan Wu slowly landed on the ground, half-kneeling as she set her down: "A-Yue, I'm going home now."

Ji Lingyue's eyes were red and tears kept falling as she grabbed her sleeve and wouldn't let go: "No, you can't leave… You, you're not allowed to leave!"

"But I am a demon."

"No, no," Ji Lingyue choked out, stammering, "You're not a demon, you're Lan Wu, you're human, the person I love…you're not a demon…"

She cried uncontrollably, tearing at her chest wound, coughing up blood. Lan Wu pursed her lips, holding Ji Lingyue and channeling her spiritual energy into her, choking back tears, "Don't be like this… It's all my fault, I'm so sorry, don't like me anymore, I'm a bad monster… don't like me anymore…"

"Lan Wu, what are you dawdling for?" Lan Yuan felt a pang of pain in

her heart, but she hardened her heart and said, word by word, "Can't you see? She doesn't dare to admit that you are a monster. Things have come to this, why are you still humiliating yourself here?!"

Lan Wu sobbed softly, seemingly oblivious to the sound. She held Ji Lingyue tightly, tears falling to the ground with a clatter, and continued to whimper, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry..."

39. Don't look

"Run!" Lan Yuan, unable to bear it any longer, grabbed Lan Wu and pulled her out.

She turned her head and shouted, "Float!"

Fuyou understood immediately, broke free from the entanglement, and together with her, they grabbed Lanwu from the left and right, flying far away in an instant.

"return......"

Ji Lingyue fell to the ground and scrambled to her feet. She stumbled forward a step before her foot slipped and she fell down the mountain. Fortunately, a hand suddenly reached out and pulled her back. Ji Lingyue coughed a few times, blood trickling from her lips. She struggled to lift her eyes and saw Yu Shanye, whose face was pale.

The usually carefree girl rarely showed such fear and confusion. She glanced at Ji Lingyue, then looked in the direction where Lan Wu and the other two had left, muttering, "How could this be... how could this be... Lan Wu..."

Ji Lingyue swallowed the thick blood in her throat, tears streaming down her face. She gripped Yu Shanye's wrist tightly as if grasping at a lifeline, her voice trembling as she pleaded, "Help me, take me... take me after her..."

Yu Shanye snapped out of her daze and instinctively shook her head: "You can't move anymore, your injuries..."

"Please," Ji Lingyue suddenly interrupted her, choking back tears, "I can't... just let her leave like this, please..."

Yu Shanye was taken aback, staring into her despairing eyes for a long time before finally giving in: "Okay."

At this moment, near the outermost barrier of Haochen Mountain, three streams of light were rapidly approaching. Lan Yuan saw the farm that was faintly visible in the distance and breathed a sigh of relief. She wanted to turn her head to check on Lan Wu's situation, but suddenly her body stiffened.

The biting cold almost reached the back of her heart, and Lan Yuan's hair stood on end. She couldn't move at all, as if she had become a fish on a chopping board, at the mercy of others.

Realizing something was wrong, Lan Wu turned her head and saw the long sword flying straight towards Lan Yuan. Her eyes widened suddenly, and before she could even warn anyone, she instinctively lunged forward and shielded Lan Yuan from behind.

Lan Yuan trembled, finally finding her voice: "No…"

"boom!!"

The sudden loud noise made her ears ring, and the powerful impact threw them all away, crashing to the ground and rolling several times before finally coming to a stop.

Lan Wu gasped for breath as she propped herself up, wiped the blood from the corner of her lips, clutched her chest, and subconsciously looked up at the sky.

Through her disheveled, fluttering silver hair, she saw the life tablet that had always hung at her waist suspended in the air, emitting ripples that intercepted the longsword.

Thanks to her excellent eyesight, even from this distance, she could clearly see several cracks gradually appearing on the life tablet. In the end, it seemed unable to withstand the sharp sword energy any longer, letting out a dying howl before shattering into pieces in an instant.

The life tablet that symbolized her identity as a disciple of Haochen Mountain was reduced to dust and disappeared in the night wind.

Lan Wu's heart skipped a beat. She closed her eyes, and a metallic taste rose in her throat.

"Lan Wu!" Lan Yuan, who had gotten up from a short distance away, shook her head and rushed to her side. While carefully helping her up, she said angrily, "Are you crazy? How dare you?!"

Lan Wu said in a hoarse voice, "I'm fine…"

The floating creature landed as well, and said solemnly, "Your Highness, we've arrived."

Lan Yuan was taken aback, frowned, and looked up at the sky.

The long sword had somehow returned to its owner's hands. The newcomer had a dignified face and piercing eyes. He stood there with a cold expression, yet his aura was extremely intimidating.

He looked down at the three people below, and when his gaze fell on Lan Wu's face, his eyes flickered slightly, but soon he said coldly, "As demons, you dare to trespass into Haochen Mountain and injure my sect's disciples. You are truly audacious."

Lan Wu took a breath and subconsciously said, "Elder Qin…"

"Especially you," Qin Yu frowned and stared at her, "you've been hiding your identity and infiltrating Haochen Mountain for so many years, what sinister intentions are you harboring?"

Lan Wu clenched her fists and shook her head: "I didn't…"

Qin Yu lowered his eyes and said indifferently, "Whether it's there or not, we'll explain to Meng Po when we get to the Bridge of Helplessness."

As soon as he finished speaking, several golden halos suddenly appeared behind him, their dazzling light almost illuminating the entire night sky. The man floated in the air, his long hair moving without wind, making him look like a god descending to earth.

Seeing that he had no intention of leaving them a way out, Lan Yuan gritted her teeth and decided to take the initiative to fight. She twirled her silver longsword in her hand, and the water she drew out gradually gathered into a dragon, roaring as it rushed towards Qin Yu.

As the light in the sky grew brighter, after Lan Yuan flew up, they could only vaguely see two shadows. Fu You withdrew her gaze, pursed her lips, turned around and helped Lan Wu up before leaving.

Lan Wu struggled and said, "Lan Yuan…"

"The Second Prince is doomed to defeat." Fuyou said calmly, "If we leave now, we still have a glimmer of hope."

“What…what are you saying?!”

“Your Highness, we can’t all die here.”

“But we can’t just leave her here to die,” Lan Wu smiled, her eyes already sparkling with color. “If she lives, Kunlun Sea will still have a powerful princess. But if I live, it seems I’m of no use.”

Fuyou frowned: “Your Highness…”

Another piercing sword cry rang out overhead, but this time, a shadow fell out of the halo. Lan Wu was startled, subconsciously raised her foot, and staggered over. She managed to catch Lan Yuan before she hit the ground, but was then pulled down to the ground by the huge force.

She scrambled to her feet, glancing frantically at the person in her arms, but her pupils suddenly contracted. Lan Yuan’s eyes were tightly closed, her face ashen white, her once white clothes stained crimson, bleeding almost everywhere.

Her breath was weak. Lan Wu called out several times, but received no response. Her fear grew, and tears fell, each drop landing on the ground: “Lan Yuan, Lan Yuan…”

In the silence, she buried her head in the crook of Lan Yuan’s neck and choked out, “Sister…”

The sound of unhurried footsteps gradually rose, and the man, as cold as a demon, descended to the ground and walked towards them step by step.

Lan Wu tensed up, instinctively closed her eyes, and hugged Lan Yuan even tighter.

“don’t want!”

Suddenly a hoarse voice rang out, followed by a thud in front of them. The newcomer cried out, “Master, no… don’t kill her…”

Upon hearing this voice, Lan Wu froze for a moment before slowly opening her eyes and looking ahead with reddened eyes.

The slender girl knelt upright between her and Qin Yu, trembling as she shielded her behind her: “Please, Master, don’t kill her, please…”

“What kind of appearance is this?” Qin Yu said coldly, “Ji Lingyue,

look closely, she is a demon!"

Ji Lingyue shook her head, sobbing, but couldn't utter a word in rebuttal. Overwhelmed with emotion, she coughed violently, almost curling up on the ground.

Qin Yu frowned, glanced at Yu Shanye who was standing there dumbfounded, and said in a deep voice, "Why aren't you taking her away?"

Yu Shanye pursed his lips, took a few steps forward, and suddenly knelt down with a thud: "Elder Qin, I… I beg you too, please let her go…"

She paused, then stammered, "I know, Lan Wu, Lan Wu is a demon, but in all these years, she has never harmed anyone. Elder Qin, you've known her for so many years, do you know what kind of person she really is…"

"A human?" Qin Yu scoffed coldly, "She's not human at all. Are you two truly bewitched by evil spirits?"

"But……"

"Stop talking." Qin Yu shook his head, then suddenly reached out and lightly lifted Ji Lingyue and the other person aside, binding them in mid-air: "You'll know in the future that demons and evil spirits are never to be trusted."

He raised his sword again, pointing it at Lan Wu: "Is there anything else you want to say?"

Lan Wu raised her head, glanced at him with her wet eyes, and then turned to look at Ji Lingyue.

The girl was almost crying her eyes out, her body covered in blood, and she looked extremely pitiful.

She pursed her lips, trying to give Ji Lingyue a comforting smile, but after trying for a while, the smile looked more like a grimace: "I'm really, really sorry…"

Ji Lingyue whimpered and struggled to rush over, but she couldn't move. Lan Wu took a breath, closed her eyes, and whispered, "A-Yue, don't look."

Ji Lingyue trembled and cried out in a sorrowful voice, “Master!”

Qin Yu remained expressionless, golden light creeping up his sword blade. He was about to swat it down when he suddenly sensed something.

He turned his head and deftly dodged the thorny vine, only to find that the vine wasn’t targeting him. Instead, it wrapped around Lan Wu and Lan Yuan and swam away quickly into the distance.

Qin Yu frowned and was about to give chase when someone blocked his way.

His face darkened, and he said coldly, “Ye Qingjun.”

Ye Qingjun nodded slightly and said politely, “Qin Yu.”

Do you know what you’re doing?

“I know.” Ye Qingjun said calmly, with her hands behind her back, “Whatever the consequences, I will bear them all in the future.”

“Can you afford to take the blame?” he suddenly said sarcastically. “You were the same way back then, arrogant and complacent, thinking you had everything under control, but what happened in the end?”

Ye Qingjun was taken aback, staring at him intently. Her usually gentle eyes suddenly turned fierce: “The matter from back then is over, and I have borne the consequences. Those things have nothing to do with the present.”

“Is that so?” Qin Yu said, “Back then, you knew she was a demon, yet you helped her conceal it. Now that your disciple is a demon, you’re repeating the same mistake, even saving her life after she caused such a huge mess…”

Ye Qingjun frowned: “Qin Yu, I killed her with my own hands back then, aren’t you satisfied yet?”

“Why would you be satisfied?” Qin Yu’s face grew colder and colder: “My only sister died because of that monster you fell in love with! Even if you killed her with your own hands, it wouldn’t be enough to quell the hatred in my heart!”

40. Now

Just as dawn broke, the morning market in Jinghai Town came alive.

The indistinct cries of vendors drifted through the window into the room facing the street. The woman lying on the bed trembled slightly with her long eyelashes, slowly opened her eyes, but her memory seemed to remain in a dream, revealing a brief look of bewilderment.

She hadn't dreamed about Haochen Mountain for many years.

Lan Wu stared blankly for a while before getting out of bed and walking to the mirror. Under her expressionless gaze, her bright face slowly changed until, in the end, it reflected the appearance of an ordinary-looking woman.

The girl, still fully clothed, rolled over, looked over sleepily, and asked in a daze, "Master, are you up so early?"

Lan Wu hummed in agreement and said calmly, "The door will only be open for two hours. It will not open again for another sixty years."

Ah Li rubbed her eyes and asked instinctively, "Then how do we get out?"

"There is a teleportation array in the very center of the Taixu Secret Realm, but the temple will close in seven days." Lan Wu turned to look at her and said, "That means if you can't get out in seven days, you'll have to wait sixty years to get out."

Ah Li gave an "oh" and obediently climbed off the bed. She huffed and puffed as she picked up her boots to put them on. Lan Wu glanced at her, frowned, and said, "Ah Li, why don't you stay outside and I'll go in by myself?"

A-Li was taken aback, ran over, grabbed her clothes, and said expectantly, "No, the Second Prince told me before we went to sea that I should stay close to you."

"I know," Lan Wu looked down at her and said gently, "but we don't know what might be inside. If we encounter danger that I can't handle, I won't be able to protect you."

"Then I'll follow you too."

Lan Wu sighed, "You're such a little tagalong."

Ah Li frowned and said with dissatisfaction, "I am a dragon, but you

always say I am an insect. I just haven't grown up yet."

Lan Wu was amused by her and shook her head: "Fine, if you want to come, then come. Just remember not to leave my side and don't talk to anyone else after you go inside."

Ah Li nodded: "Of course, it's full of cultivators inside, I won't pay any attention to them."

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, took out two pills, and handed one to her: "Here, after you take this, your demonic aura will be concealed."

Ah Li obediently took the medicine: "Master, can we really find clues inside?"

"Who knows?" Lan Wu frowned, a trace of worry appearing between her brows. "After all, Fuyou only gave us a direction. We've been traveling for the past few months, but nothing has happened. Since this secret realm is also in this direction, we have to go in and take a look."

Ah Li gave a half-understanding "Oh": "So even if you go in, you might not find anything?"

"Yes," Lan Wu tilted her head and asked with a smile, "So, are you still going in?"

A-Li was taken aback and immediately said, "Master, don't always think about abandoning me. It's because you always run off to the Sea Abyss and disappear for years at a time, making the Second Prince worry every day, that's why she made me follow you."

"What you're saying," Lan Wu raised an eyebrow, leading her out of the room as she said, "If I hadn't ventured deep into the abyss and searched every inch of that land all these years, how could I have found this clue?"

"But it's too dangerous!" Ah Li raised her voice, "That's the dwelling place of the Sea Demons, you…"

"Shh." Lan Wu suddenly interrupted her, lowered her eyes, and put her index finger to her lips: "Ali, this is not at home."

Ah Li choked, pouted, and said dejectedly, "I understand, Master…"

Lan Wu patted her head, took the lead and walked out of the inn,

glancing at the sky where the morning stars were still twinkling: “Ah, it’s almost time.”

A-Li walked to her side, looked up as well, and carefully took Lan Wu’s sleeve with one hand.

Half an hour later, the long embankment, swept by the salty sea breeze, was already packed with people. Lan Wu, arms crossed, mingled at the back of the crowd. Before long, a dozen magnificent flying boats appeared in the sky, hovering among the drifting clouds, appearing and disappearing, adding to their mystery.

Lan Wu looked up, and after seeing the large characters carved on the side of the flying boat, she took a few steps back. After stopping a few times, she estimated the distance between herself and the flying boat, and since it wasn’t far enough, she simply took A Li and retreated directly off the beach.

Ah Li followed her with a blank expression, and couldn’t help but ask, “Master, why don’t you stand in front? Aren’t they unable to detect the demonic aura on us?”

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then said in a low voice, “Do you remember the person we avoided a few days ago?”

“I remember.” Ah Li’s eyes widened in surprise. “She’s here too?”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement.

Ah Li looked curiously at the huge crowd ahead: “But, how could she possibly spot you?”

“She probably won’t notice,” Lan Wu said with a wry smile. “But the bird in her hand is another story.”

If she wanted to summon it, she could summon Danqing directly. However, so many years have passed, and Danqing has always been in Ji Lingyue’s hands. If something changes happen to it without her knowing, then things will be very bad.

Meanwhile, Ji Lingyue stood quietly at the bow of the flying boat, looking down at the crowd below the clouds. The gyrfalcon nestled obediently in her sleeve, so she remained motionless as well, and after a while, she even closed her eyes to meditate.

Unfortunately, there were always noisy people bothering her. When

Qing Zibai tried to make conversation about the weather again, Ji Lingyue opened her eyes in annoyance and said coldly, "If you can't say anything useful, you might as well sew your mouth shut to avoid making so much noise."

Qing Zibai was stunned, his smile freezing on his handsome face, making him look somewhat comical. Fortunately, a hand reached out and pulled him out of this awkward situation. After making room, Yu Shanye casually stood beside her and said lazily, "I just got here and heard from Changli that you haven't been in a good mood these past few days. Now it seems that it's not just that you're not in a good mood, you're clearly just easily angered."

Ji Lingyue coldly withdrew her gaze and closed her eyes again.

"What, you're ignoring me now?"

She suddenly scoffed, "Who are you to me? Why should I bother with you?"

Yu Shanye paused, then said definitively, "You really are unhappy." She paused again, then asked with some surprise, "Who upset you like this?"

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and remained silent.

Yu Shanye looked her up and down a few times, and found her more and more interesting. After all, this person had become more and more like her heartless and loveless master over the years, always with a calm and composed demeanor, as if nothing could arouse her emotions.

So much so that even now, just getting angry makes her nostalgic.

She couldn't help but ask again, but Ji Lingyue opened her eyes and stared intently ahead: "It's open."

Yu Shanye was startled and turned to look. He saw a phantom of a pavilion gradually emerging on the horizon not far away. The rising sun pierced through the clouds and mist, passing through the phantom and falling on faces with different expressions.

The light was dazzling, and people couldn't help but squint or raise their hands to shield their eyes. Lan Wu, who was standing at the back, straightened up and looked at the golden halo that appeared in the illusion of the pavilion. She said with a serious expression, "It's

open."

41. Conflict

No matter which direction you look, all you see is a vast desert.

Ji Lingyue frowned, opened her hand, and a paper crane gradually emerged from her palm.

With a flick of her fingertip, the paper crane flapped its wings and flew into the air, circling a few times before finally finding a direction and flying away.

Ji Lingyue stepped onto the sword and flew up with it.

The others were completely bewildered, but because of Ji Lingyue's reputation, they hesitated for a moment before mounting their swords and giving chase. One of the bolder ones even approached her and asked, "Fellow Daoist Ji, do you know the way?"

Ji Lingyue said calmly, "I don't recognize her."

"Then what are you doing?"

"Go find my companions."

As she spoke, she couldn't help but frown, her mood becoming even more irritable.

They had used magic to connect themselves before entering, but this secret realm still managed to separate them.

Before coming, she had checked the records left by her predecessors. This secret realm seemed to be divided into four parts of equal size: a desert, a snowfield, a desolate sea, and a continuous mountain forest. The temple in the center of the secret realm contained many treasures and an escape formation, and was the destination for most people. Although these four areas also held hidden mysteries, they were accompanied by immeasurable dangers. Therefore, no one wanted to linger outside the temple for too long.

The most urgent task is to reunite with Yushan Ye.

She glanced at the crowd behind her and said, "If you want to come along, I won't stop you, but don't expect me to help you if you encounter any danger."

The man nodded repeatedly: “Of course.”

Ji Lingyue then withdrew her gaze and flew forward without saying a word.

This flight lasted for several hours. When the sun was directly overhead, even using spiritual energy to avoid the heat, a hazy, indistinct image appeared before their eyes. The yellow sand swayed, and the air seemed to ripple with twisted waves. They barely managed to endure the midday heat when the wind picked up, and soon the raging sandstorm blocked their path.

The paper crane could no longer fly and drooped back into Ji Lingyue’s palm. Flying on her sword again would consume too much spiritual energy, so she landed on the ground and, braving the strong wind, stumbled along in the general direction.

As darkness fell, the howling wind obscured even the closest person’s vision, leaving only a blurry shadow. An invisible shield blocked Ji Lingyue’s path, the sand and dust parting around her like flowing water before closing in behind her. Ji Lingyue walked silently for a while, then suddenly frowned, stopped, and looked back.

The path they had just walked on was now shrouded in a yellowish dust. Someone struggled to emerge from it and was startled to see Ji Lingyue standing motionless. He shouted at the top of his lungs, “Fellow Daoist Ji, why did you stop?”

Ji Lingyue remained silent.

Slowly, one by one, the people following behind emerged from the yellow sand. Seeing them standing still, they also stopped, somewhat bewildered. Ji Lingyue waited for a while, her eyes sweeping over them, and finally said, “One person is missing.”

Everyone was startled and turned to look behind them, but there was only billowing dust, and no sign of the next person. Sure enough, a woman remembered something and exclaimed, “Yes, there was indeed someone following behind me just now, a young child. He was the last one.”

As she spoke, she began to turn and walk back.

Ji Lingyue stood still, her white robes fluttering in the wind. Her words were barely out of her lips when they were blown away by the wind: “Don’t go.”

The woman paused, then hesitated, "But what if he gets lost..."

Ji Lingyue said in a low voice, "It's too late."

"What?"

Can't you smell it?

Even though it's windy now, there's still a faint smell of blood lingering in the air, occasionally getting into my nostrils.

Ji Lingyue said calmly, "There is a nocturnal beast in this desert that likes to eat human hearts and flesh. If you don't want to die, you'd better hurry up."

"How...how did you know?"

Ji Lingyue glanced at him coldly: "I've been to school."

She hadn't wanted to be entangled with a beast that hadn't been hungry for sixty years.

Having made up her mind, she stopped talking and quickened her pace to walk forward. The others looked at each other in surprise, and soon followed her with trepidation, almost sticking close behind her.

In the vast yellow sand, their figures were as small as ants. After the last rays of sunlight were swallowed by the horizon, the desert was completely plunged into boundless darkness.

All around was silent, except for the heavy breathing of the people.

Suddenly, strange sounds mixed in with the howling wind, like eerie laughter. Almost at the same time, the ground began to rumble and shake. The rustling sound of crawling across the sand grew louder and louder. Ji Lingyue quickened her pace, shrinking the distance between them, and in an instant, she had traveled a long distance.

She was almost leaving everything far behind when she heard a scream, and her steps faltered. After hesitating for a moment, she suddenly sighed, turned around, and flew back.

A slender longsword appeared in her hand, its light gleaming even in the dim light.

Ji Lingyue moved with graceful ease, gliding through the sandstorm like a white crane. With a single sword stroke, she severed the dark

head and pulled the screaming man from the ground.

The moment the head hit the ground, it was blown away by the wind, and she didn't even have time to see what it looked like. But when she looked up, she saw countless red eyes emerging from the darkness not far away, surging towards them like an overwhelming tidal wave.

The person she rescued was still in shock, and said in a trembling voice, "Thank you… thank you so much…"

Ji Lingyue frowned and gave him a shove without any politeness: "Let's go."

"Okay, okay…" The man came to his senses and tried to explain, "I was just startled and didn't react in time…"

Ji Lingyue ignored him and ran off in a random direction. The group of people who had been following her had already scattered like birds and beasts. Looking around, she could not see a single one or two. Not long after, even the person she had just rescued had disappeared.

Without further hesitation, she stepped onto her longsword, determined to fly away from this place despite the increased spiritual energy required. However, she had only flown a short distance when a strange movement suddenly came from her sleeve.

Danqing has been quietly nestled there for a long time; she had almost forgotten about it.

But the fact that it made a sound means…

Ji Lingyue blinked and released Danqing.

As soon as the snow-white bird emerged from the sleeve, it flapped its wings and flew downwards. Ji Lingyue followed closely, staring intently at the dark ground.

Below, there seemed to be another group of people traveling together, but unfortunately, they had been chased by dozens of beasts. Screams echoed throughout the area. Amidst the chaos, she suddenly heard a familiar voice: "A-Li!"

Ji Lingyue suddenly pursed her lips, found the right spot, and jumped off the sword decisively.

A slender, tall figure appeared in her line of sight. Ji Lingyue pulled

out a rope and, without hesitation, tried to loop it around her. The person reacted extremely quickly. Just as the rope was about to wrap around her waist, she suddenly turned around sharply, took a step back with her right foot to dodge, and then used her long sword to meet the rope, spinning it around and wrapping it around the blade.

After it was tightly bound, she instinctively pulled, but couldn't budge it. Then she looked up, frowning as she looked at the other end of the rope.

This sight startled her, and she instinctively took a step back, drew her sword, and fled.

At that moment, she forgot that she could fly and ran forward in a panic, like an ordinary person.

Ji Lingyue caught up with her almost effortlessly, slapping her on the back. Lan Wu staggered, her feet sinking into the flowing yellow sand, and she fell to the ground with a whoosh.

Just as she tried to get up, her back sank. Ji Lingyue seemed to be pressing her back with her knee, and two hands with distinct knuckles climbed up her neck and tightly gripped her throat.

The sudden feeling of suffocation made her face turn red. Lan Wu grabbed Ji Lingyue's wrist and rolled forward, switching their positions. She coughed a few times, and before she could recover, the woman lying beneath her raised her foot and kicked her hard in the abdomen.

Lan Wu was startled and jumped up in a panic. She had only taken a few steps back when Ji Lingyue pounced on her like a swift leopard, knocking her to the ground. Lan Wu let out a muffled groan, squinting as she looked up. The woman straddled her waist, glaring down at her with eyes that seemed to be on fire: "Lan Wu!"

Seeing that she was about to choke her again, Lan Wu frowned nervously. Finally, she remembered that she had spiritual power. Her lips moved slightly, and several vines crawled out from somewhere and tightly wrapped around the woman's slender waist.

Taking advantage of her inability to move, Lan Wu quickly flipped over and pinned her down, also forcefully gripping her wrists and pressing them to the ground.

The distance between them suddenly shortened. Through her tousled

hair, Lan Wu looked at her furious eyes, panting, and said with difficulty, “You, you’ve mistaken me for someone else.”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, then suddenly let out a sneer. Her eyes were red, and she gritted her teeth, saying, “Mistaken identity? Lan Wu, even if you were burned to ashes, I would still recognize what you look like!”

42. Sealing the Elixir

Lan Wu stared at her silently, when suddenly a muffled sound reached her ears.

She snapped out of her daze and looked in the direction of the sound, only to be met with a hideous face. The man was covered in blood, with a large hole in his chest. Even so, he was not completely dead, and his throat was emitting his own gasps. His bloodshot eyes were fixed on her.

Having been entangled with Ji Lingyue for so long, she had almost forgotten where she was now.

“You’ve really mistaken me for someone else.” Lan Wu left those words behind, got up to leave, and said, “I still have to go find someone, you should run too.”

Ji Lingyue suddenly grabbed her wrist: “Then what is this?”

Lan Wu was startled, noticing the beautiful silver bracelet gleaming on her wrist. Her eyelashes fluttered wildly, and she stammered, “This is…this is…”

Ji Lingyue stood up and casually cleaved a black beast that pounced on them in two, but her gaze never left Lan Wu: “Lan Wu, why don’t you dare to admit it?”

“I’m not…”

Ji Lingyue interrupted her angrily: “You just packed your bags and left, ignoring me for so many years, never coming back to find me, not even sending a single word or letter! You used to complain that I hated monsters, but don’t your actions just prove that monsters are cold and heartless?!”

Lan Wu suddenly clenched her fist, stared at her for a while, and said in a hoarse voice, “I have things to do now, I don’t want to be with

you…”

“Ah Li?” Ji Lingyue sneered, saying sarcastically, “What, you’ve found a new lover? Is she also kept in the dark like me, or have you finally had a change of heart and learned how to be honest with people?”

“Don’t talk nonsense!” Lan Wu frowned and couldn’t help but raise her voice: “A Li is just my disciple!”

“Look…you admitted it,” Ji Lingyue tightened her grip on her wrist, her eyelashes trembling and already damp with tears, but a smile gradually appeared on her face: “You are clearly Lan Wu…”

Lan Wu was almost broken by her distressed appearance, but thinking of her purpose in coming in and A Li, whose whereabouts were still unknown, she gritted her teeth, ruthlessly shook off her hand, and turned to leave. Ji Lingyue was stunned for a moment, her gaze slowly falling on her empty palm. Her beautiful eyes trembled slightly before she finally closed them.

When she opened her eyes again, there were no tears left, only a coldness.

Lan Wu took a few steps, her heart growing increasingly uneasy. Guilt almost overwhelmed her. She stopped, hesitated for a long time, then suddenly sighed and turned back.

Ji Lingyue was still standing in the same spot. The wind and sand were raging, and her long hair was dancing wildly. Lan Wu couldn’t see her face clearly. Just as she was about to speak, she saw a flash of golden light, and in the blink of an eye, a long sword as thin as a cicada’s wing was already piercing her eyes.

She was startled and instinctively reached out to block. Several silver threads emerged from the silver bracelet on her wrist and wrapped tightly around the blade, stopping the attack. Lan Wu glanced at the cold sword tip and asked in astonishment, “You want to kill me?”

Without saying a word, Ji Lingyue suddenly pulled back her longsword and brought the still-dazed Lan Wu to her side. Seeing that Lan Wu was still somewhat dazed, Ji Lingyue silently opened her palm, and when several needle-thick long thorns appeared in her palm, she mercilessly slapped them at Lan Wu’s lower abdomen.

Lan Wu opened her eyes wide and finally realized what she was about to do.

She's going to seal her golden elixir!

Silver thread suddenly retracted from her wrist. Lan Wu conjured a long sword with one hand and promptly stabbed at the roaring black beast charging at her side. With her other hand, she decisively blocked the long spike. The surging blue spiritual energy enveloped the beast's surface like flowing water, slowly pushing it back.

Ji Lingyue frowned, realizing that Lan Wu's strength was even greater than she had imagined, and she was no longer someone she could easily subdue.

She showed no weakness, unleashing her spiritual energy in her palm, which also became covered in long spikes, clashing head-on with Lan Wu to see whose spiritual power was greater. During the stalemate, Lan Wu suddenly raised her head, her gaze passing over her shoulder and landing on a spot behind her.

The sound of scales rubbing against the sand grew clearer and clearer. Ji Lingyue realized that danger was approaching from behind, but she neither dodged nor avoided it. She focused only on the movements of her palms, even lowering her right hand that was holding the sword, showing no intention of defending herself.

Lan Wu's expression changed slightly, her anxiety growing, and her eyes kept glancing behind her: "You…"

The rest were either dead or had fled, and now only the two of them remained in the same spot. The beast tide surrounded them from all directions, and the fastest ones had already reached their sides. However, Ji Lingyue still made no move to protect herself. Lan Wu vaguely sensed her intention, and her chest heaved with anger. Finally, at the last moment, she raised her left hand, reached over the woman's shoulder, and slapped the gaping maw that was almost touching the back of Ji Lingyue's neck.

Now, the long thorn was no longer an obstacle and pierced her lower abdomen with a "plop." Lan Wu groaned as the intense pain of her golden core being sealed instantly swept through her body. Suddenly, someone bumped into her and hugged her waist tightly.

Ji Lingyue stepped forward and leaped onto her flying sword before hundreds of black beasts surged forward. Lan Wu coughed, a metallic taste rising in her throat. She looked up in pain and saw Ji Lingyue biting her finger and pointing the bloody tip at her forehead.

Lan Wu was startled and hurriedly grabbed her wrist, her body swaying as she nearly fell off the flying sword: "You want to form a pact with me?!"

"So what if it is!" Ji Lingyue's eyes were icy as she said hatefully, "You always want to leave me, always want to abandon me. Since you're unwilling to come back to my side, I don't need to show you any mercy anymore!"

"Are you crazy?!"

Under repeated attacks, Lan Wu became agitated. Her dark eyes gleamed with a deep blue light, and her pupils narrowed, making her look like a wild beast on the verge of rage.

"Mad?" Ji Lingyue scoffed, saying each word clearly, "I've become like this all because of you. You'd better stay this way, so that this madman won't show any mercy."

Lan Wu was taken aback. After a moment of silence, her eyes regained their clear and gentle appearance. She released Ji Lingyue's wrist and whispered, "I won't let you form a contract."

Ji Lingyue stared at her without blinking.

Lan Wu sighed and wiped the blood from the corner of her lips: "Since you've sealed my golden core and won't let me use my spiritual power, then I don't need to hide it anymore."

As she spoke, she glanced calmly at Ji Lingyue, then spread her arms and leaned back, instantly plunging into the raging wind.

Ji Lingyue's eyes trembled, and she instinctively lunged forward, but her fingertips grasped at empty air. She looked down in fear and saw the person's robes fluttering as he drifted into the dark tide of beasts like a butterfly, and was swallowed up in the blink of an eye.

Her whole body stiffened, her heart felt as if it were being gripped tightly by a giant hand, and even her breathing stopped.

But the next moment, a black beast roared and leaped out from the horde of beasts. The silver-haired woman rode on the back of the scorpion-headed, snake-tailed monster, glanced at Ji Lingyue, and then rushed away into the distance with the torrent.

Extra Pearl

The door creaked open, and Yu Shanye walked into the room with a heavy heart. When he looked up, he saw the girl who should have been lying on the bed standing barefoot on the floor.

Startled, she quickly put down the medicine bowl and ran over to help her back: “Why are you moving around like that? The herbalist said that your heart and lungs are seriously injured and you need to rest for the next few days.”

“I have something to do…” She lowered her head, gently pushed away Yu Shanye’s hand, and staggered out while supporting herself against the wall. Yu Shanye looked at her thin back, hesitated for a moment, and said, “What do you want to do? I’ll help you.”

Ji Lingyue paused, turned her head, and revealed a pale face through her messy black hair: “Take me…take me somewhere.”

Half an hour later, they landed on the lush, green hillside.

Ji Lingyue thanked him, lowered her head, and scanned the ground as if searching for something. Yu Shanye followed carefully behind her, and after a while, couldn’t help but ask, “What are you looking for?”

“pearl.”

“What?”

“Pearls,” she repeated softly, “white pearls.”

Yu Shanye stopped and stared blankly at her, while the girl slowly knelt on the ground, groping in the grass and muttering to herself, “There were so many… where did they go?”

Yu Shanye suddenly stepped forward and grabbed her arm: “Stop looking!”

Ji Lingyue struggled and said, “Let me go.”

“What do you want with them?” Yu Shanye’s eyebrows furrowed, and her voice became agitated. “Don’t you understand your physical condition? What can you do with them?”

“Once we find it, we can…we can give it to Lan Wu,” Ji Lingyue coughed, covering her mouth, her words slurred, “All that’s missing is

Haizhu, Lan Wu's loyal heart…"

"Ji Lingyue! She doesn't need her anymore!"

Yu Shanye's breathing quickened, and he gripped her hand tighter and tighter: "Are you still unwilling to face reality? Lan Wu is a monster. She lied to me, and she lied to you. She's gone!"

Ji Lingyue froze, lowered her head and remained silent. Yu Shanye bit her lip, took a few deep breaths, and tried to pull her up: "Go back and rest."

Just as the two were struggling, a voice suddenly came from above: "You're here."

Yu Shanye was startled. He looked up and saw Meng Changge hanging in the air. The woman frowned, and after seeing Ji Lingyue's appearance, her face turned even uglier. She jumped off her sword and lifted her up: "Who told you to run around like that? Don't you want to die?"

"Senior sister…"

"Stop talking, the sect leader wants to see you, come with me now."

Yu Shanye's heart sank, and she nodded uneasily, following her to the main peak. As soon as she stepped into Xianyun Palace, her sharp eyes spotted the person kneeling in the center of the hall, and she exclaimed in surprise, "Master!"

Ye Qingjun's back was covered in bloodstains, but she still knelt upright. Hearing the sound, she turned her head and smiled reassuringly: "Disciple."

Yu Shanye rushed to her side, stammering in alarm, "You, how did you…"

"She released the demon, this is just a small punishment." Chi Jinghe suddenly spoke up. Yu Shanye raised her head, glanced at her nervously, and then looked around. She then noticed that besides Qin Yu and Elder Lin Heng of the Criminal Division, there was another unfamiliar little girl kneeling there.

Qin Yu's face was cold and stern. He frowned slightly when he saw Ji Lingyue and said in a low voice, "Sect Leader, my disciple's injuries have not yet healed. Could we postpone the interrogation for a few

more days…”

“A few more days?” Lin Heng interrupted him rudely. “You might as well ask Chang Lang if he can make it through these few days!”

Qin Yu’s expression changed slightly, he pursed his lips, and remained silent.

Chi Jinghe sighed and said, “Elder Qin, I believe in your disciple’s character, but this matter must be clarified.”

As soon as she finished speaking, everyone’s eyes fell on Ji Lingyue. She paused for a moment, then looked up at the sect leader blankly, only to see her slowly approach, open her palm, and ask, “Do you recognize this?”

Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes and looked at it. After a long while, she said with difficulty, “I recognize it. This is… my life tablet.”

“This life tablet was found in the Wuji Hall. The disciples guarding the Wuji Hall that night said that the demon used this life tablet to break into the barrier and take the lamp.” Chi Jinghe said, rubbing the tablet in his hand, and said in a low voice, “Coincidentally, only the night patrol disciples could enter the barrier of the Wuji Hall during those days. I’m very curious, how did your life tablet end up in the demon’s hands?”

“Is that even a question!” Lin Heng couldn’t help but interject, “So many people saw it that day. Qin Yu’s disciple was practically dying for that demon. A disciple of a celestial sect falling in love with a monster? If you ask me, they’re in cahoots…”

“Shut up!” Qin Yu suddenly glared at him and said coldly, “Lin Heng, I respect you as an elder of the Criminal Division and do not wish to argue with you, but don’t try to smear my disciple!”

“Did I smear you? You know perfectly well what your apprentice did!”

“Alright, stop arguing.” Chi Jinghe stopped them impatiently, then looked down at Ji Lingyue, whose face was pale: “Tell me, what exactly happened?”

Ji Lingyue stared blankly at the cracked life tablet in her palm, opened her mouth, and said in a hoarse voice, “This is…this is from yesterday…”

Yesterday at dusk, she met up with her senior brothers and sisters at the star-gazing pavilion halfway up the mountain. Just as they were about to begin their night patrol, they heard a call. She turned around and saw Lan Wu walking out of the mountain path, waving at her. She asked her senior brothers and sisters to wait a moment, and ran over amidst their teasing laughter, blushing as she asked Lan Wu what was wrong.

At that time, Lan Wu said… if two people apply to the Hall of Affairs using their life tablets, even disciples from different peaks can be arranged to live in the same courtyard.

She was overjoyed, thinking Lan Wu wanted to live with her, and handed over the life tablet without hesitation when Lan Wu asked for it. But in reality, even without Lan Wu's reason, she would have given it to her if she wanted it.

She trusted Lan Wu so much.

But Lan Wu… did Lan Wu lie to her again?

Seeing that she couldn't speak for a long time, Chi Jinghe withdrew his hand and said, "Shi Yan, you speak."

Shi Yan trembled, not daring to raise his head, and said in a panic, "I… I gave her the token to enter Wanting Courtyard, but I was deceived by her. She is an elder's personal disciple and has only just established her foundation. Many inner disciples like her. How could I have imagined that she was a great monster!"

"You're so lazy, how dare you say that!"

"I, I…"

Chi Jinghe asked, "Are you sure that person is Lan Wu?"

Shi Yan nodded quickly: "She's so beautiful, who would mistake her?"

Ji Lingyue clenched her fists, still trying to argue: "Lan Wu, Lan Wu's older sister, looks… looks exactly like Lan Wu…"

Lin Heng sneered: "What, are you going to say that all these things were done by Sister Lan Wu, not by Lan Wu, so Lan Wu is innocent? Ji Lingyue, think it through. Even if her sister did it, she was just taking advantage of Lan Wu's identity to fish in troubled waters. And Lan Wu not only didn't stop it, but even helped the evildoer. Do you really

think she can escape responsibility?"

Ji Lingyue choked, blinked helplessly, and her thick, long eyelashes quickly became damp.

"Lin Heng," a tired voice suddenly rang out. Ye Qingjun chuckled and shook her head, saying, "You're not a child anymore, why are you making things so difficult for a young girl?"

"How dare you speak? Elder Ye, you haven't finished dealing with your own problems yet!"

"I have already endured a hundred blows of the Soul-Devouring Whip. If you are not satisfied, you may add another hundred." Ye Qingjun said in a low voice, "But my sect's immortal rules only state that evil demons must be slain. My disciple is not an evil demon. It was my mistake to let her go without permission, but at that time, Elder Qin insisted on killing her on the spot. Was he not wrong?"

"Isn't your disciple an evil demon?" Lin Heng roared. "Fang Yuan, one of the two disciples of Wanting Courtyard, was put into a puppet state by her and remains unconscious. Chang Lang is seriously injured and it's uncertain whether he will survive! How dare you say your disciple isn't an evil demon!"

Ye Qingjun frowned and said, "Fang Yuan is unconscious. It was clearly you who forcibly searched his soul in your quest to find the truth, damaging his consciousness. As for Chang Lang, he was injured by that guy named Fuyou..."

Lin Heng interrupted her with dissatisfaction: "You're at it again! Yes! Your good disciple is innocent, and it's all her companions' fault! But if your disciple hadn't ordered Fang Yuan to bring out the floating creature, how could she have injured Chang Lang? Or is it that your good disciple is a rare anomaly among the merfolk, and we just happened to run into her?"

Ye Qingjun's face darkened, and she stared at him for a while before suddenly scoffing, "It's nothing more than karma..."

"What do you mean?"

"Thousands of years ago, cultivators wantonly slaughtered merfolk, taking their flesh and blood, which is why they hated humans, especially cultivators, to the bone and never showed any mercy," Ye Qingjun said in a low voice. "I thought you knew."

“What are you saying? Aren’t you a cultivator?!”

Amidst the commotion, Ji Lingyue, her eyes closed in pain, suddenly spoke up: “I’ll go save him…”

Everyone was taken aback and subconsciously looked at her. Ji Lingyue took a few breaths and continued, “Mermaid blood can save people from the brink of death, so what about the blood of humans who have drunk mermaid blood…?”

Qin Yu frowned: “What nonsense are you talking about?”

Chi Jinghe reached out to stop her, and after thinking for a moment, said, “Call the herbalist.”

Half an hour later, the herbalist who rushed over pricked her palm, collected a few drops of blood, and sniffed it. Not long after, she looked up at Ji Lingyue in surprise: “Why does your blood smell like this?”

really……

Ji Lingyue lowered her long eyelashes, her eyes welling up with tears: “If I use my blood to save him, would that be possible?”

“…Your blood is useful, but it’s not real merman blood. Saving Chang Lang will require a lot of effort,” the herbalist said, looking at her with concern. “Your current body is not suitable for doing this.”

“It’s alright, I’m willing to do it.” Ji Lingyue said softly, “Isn’t he almost at his breaking point?”

“Ji Lingyue, are you sure?”

“I’m sure.” She raised her head, her wet eyes fixed on Chi Jinghe, and said in a mournful voice, “Please, let me, let me bear her sins.”

Chi Jinghe looked down at her and sighed: “Even so, you still have to bear the consequences of your carelessness and being tricked into giving up your life token. Once you have recovered, go to Lengfeng Repentance Cliff and reflect on your mistakes for three years.”

Ji Lingyue slumped her shoulders, knelt down, and bowed her head, saying, “Disciple obeys.”

Under the serene moonlight, Qianyun Peak remained as tranquil and peaceful as ever. Ji Lingyue awoke swaying and realized she was on

someone's back.

The man's shoulders trembled, and his breathing became rapid. Ji Lingyue blinked, her body utterly exhausted, unable to lift even a finger. She couldn't help but cough a few times and weakly asked, "Yu Shanye, are you crying?"

Yu Shanye trembled, and after a long while, she choked out, "Why, why did it turn out like this…"

Ji Lingyue remained silent, but her eyes dimmed.

Hearing the faint sobs around her, she closed her eyes again, and before she knew it, her consciousness had fallen into boundless darkness once more.

When she regained consciousness, she saw a familiar rooftop. Ji Lingyue lay there blankly for a while before recognizing that this was Lan Wu's room.

That's true. Now that the owner of the house has passed away, she moved in. It's close to the herbalist's yard, which will make it convenient for her to collect blood to save lives in the coming days.

Ji Lingyue coughed again, blood and foam rising in her throat, which she swallowed back. She slowly sat up, supporting herself on the bed, and took a sip of the tea from the bedside table. Suddenly, a soft flapping sound came from outside the window. She instinctively looked up and saw a white gyrfalcon perched on the windowsill.

The gyrfalcon tilted its head, its dark blue eyes gazing at her for a moment before it spread its wings and flew to her lap. Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes, reached out and stroked its wings, and whispered, "Doesn't she want you anymore either?"

Danqing, of course, couldn't answer her. It cooed twice, its sharp beak grabbing her sleeve and tugging at it. Ji Lingyue understood its meaning, hesitated for a moment, then stood up dizzily and stumbled out of the room.

A slender figure gradually appeared on the secluded mountain path, staggering forward alongside the white bird.

After walking for an unknown amount of time, Danqing stopped flying forward and began to circle in the air. Ji Lingyue stopped, panting, and leaned against the tree trunk, slid down weakly, and squinted her

eyes wearily. She looked up and found herself back on the hillside.

Danqing also landed, its sharp claws pawing at the grass before picking up a shiny object and placing it in Ji Lingyue's hand.

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then looked down. The pure white pearls shimmered with a crystal-clear light under the moonlight, feeling cool to the touch. Danqing fluttered its wings and flew to the other side, finding the pearls one by one and carefully placing them in her palm.

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and stared intently for a while before letting out a soft laugh.

Tears streamed down her face as Ji Lingyue laughed and cried at the same time, coughing uncontrollably. She clutched her chest, gasped for breath, and collapsed onto the grass, her body trembling, too weak to get up.

"Lan Wu, Lan Wu…" she sobbed twice, closed her eyes, and said in a very soft voice, "I found Haizhu. Let's go down the mountain."

43. Your Highness

Ji Lingyue watched her departing figure, and after a while, she suddenly chuckled softly.

Golden wheels appeared in circles behind her, illuminating almost half the sky. Even Lan Wu, who had already rushed far away, noticed the light. She turned around and saw the golden light fall into the surging tide of beasts through the endless yellow sand.

"!"

She suddenly opened her eyes wide, and before she could react, she had already grabbed the black beast's head and was running back in a panic.

Even faster than her were the hundred black beasts that also turned back. When Lan Wu arrived, she only saw a bulging hill, with countless black beasts stacked on top of each other, their terrifying mandibles making a hissing sound, each one trying its best to burrow inside.

Lan Wu drew her sword with a swift motion and thrust it fiercely at them: "Get out of the way! Get down here, all of you!"

But every time she killed one, dozens more would climb up again. Lan Wu took a few breaths, gripped the sword in her hand, and suddenly pressed her left hand down, slashing hard. Blood dripped onto the ground.

The sweet scent gradually filled the air. Before long, the beast horde that had been orderly rushing towards Ji Lingyue changed. Some of the black beasts tentatively moved towards her. Lan Wu clenched her hands, about to take a few steps back to lure them away, when she heard a clear sword whistle. Then, several golden lights suddenly appeared before her eyes, and the bulging hill was completely blasted open.

Amidst the flying blood and limbs, a woman standing in the blood-soaked water, neither sad nor happy, slowly emerged from the wreckage. Ji Lingyue, dressed in pristine white, had a golden wheel burning brightly behind her, but because she was backlit, her face was hidden in darkness.

Lan Wu's breathing grew heavier, and she could no longer contain her anger. She questioned, "Do you even value your own life?! If they all come back, even you might not escape unscathed! How dare you jump down like that!"

"Why wouldn't I dare?" Ji Lingyue tilted her head, looking indifferent. "As long as I can bring you back, I don't mind paying a price. I've already let you escape once, I won't let you escape again."

Seeing her so stubborn, Lan Wu couldn't help but sigh and said bitterly, "Why are you so persistent? The time I've been away from you has long exceeded the time I've spent with you. You hate monsters so much, you could have forgotten me after I left…"

Ji Lingyue's long eyelashes trembled, her brows furrowed, and she stared intently at her.

"Mingming, you can start a new life…"

"How dare you say that?!" A voice suddenly interrupted her angrily. Ji Lingyue's shoulders trembled, as if a fatal weakness had been struck, and even her voice became agitated: "Do you think my feelings are something that can be easily erased with time?!"

Lan Wu was stunned and stared at her blankly.

"For so many days and nights, I've been waiting for you! Every time I

waited until I was in despair, so desperate that I wanted to hate you, I would comfort myself by thinking that maybe something was holding you back, that there was some reason why you couldn't come to me. But it turns out, you wanted to forget all of this long ago! All these years, I've only been deceiving myself!" She choked back a sob, gripped the long sword in her hand, and said sadly, "If I had known this would happen, if I had known this would happen, I shouldn't have had any illusions about you!"

As she spoke, she suddenly drew her sword and charged forward, carrying a powerful sword aura, and desperately stabbed at Lan Wu. Lan Wu instinctively blocked, and was immediately stunned until her hands went numb. She took a step back, raised her eyes in surprise, and saw Ji Lingyue's face clearly at close range.

Those long, beautiful eyes were already bloodshot, and glistening tears had appeared on her jade-like cheeks.

Lan Wu's heart skipped a beat, and she subconsciously said, "A-Yue…"

Ji Lingyue shuddered, gritted her teeth, and said resentfully, "Don't call me that!"

She practically used her spirit sword as a knife, slashing down viciously with each word she spoke: "You damned, damned monster!"

Forced to retreat step by step, Lan Wu gradually realized that Ji Lingyue was just venting her anger. She raised her eyes and looked sadly at the irrational Ji Lingyue. When Ji Lingyue slashed at her again with red eyes, Lan Wu suddenly dropped the sword in her hand, stretched out her arms, and took the initiative to meet her.

Just as he pulled her into his arms, the deadly weapon grazed her ear.

"Okay, okay…" Lan Wu held her head and said in a hoarse voice, "Be good, calm down, calm down first… I said the wrong thing, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, don't cry."

Ji Lingyue was breathing heavily, her whole body trembling. Soon, the wet liquid soaked her shoulders.

Lan Wu pursed her lips, lowered her head, and pressed her cheek against Yue's head, soothing her again and again: "I was wrong, Yue, it's my fault, don't cry…"

After a long while, two arms slowly wrapped around her waist. Ji

Lingyue hugged her tightly and mumbled, "You're a bad monster…"

"I am."

She clutched Lan Wu's clothes, sobbed for a while, then looked up, her eyes blurry with tears, and leaned closer.

Lan Wu frowned, hesitated for a moment, and then carefully took her lips into her mouth. The moment their lips met, Ji Lingyue let out a muffled groan and raised both hands to hug Lan Wu's neck.

She eagerly tried to bite Lan Wu's tongue. When Lan Wu hesitated, she looked up at her with her wet eyes. Lan Wu couldn't resist her gaze and softened, obediently opening her mouth and letting her in to conquer her.

Just then, something cold and round slid in.

Lan Wu was startled and suddenly opened her eyes, but Ji Lingyue pressed down hard on the back of her head and gently scratched her throat with her other hand. She swallowed unconsciously and swallowed the thing.

She realized what had happened, quickly pushed Ji Lingyue away, and asked in a panic, "What did you give me to eat?"

Ji Lingyue wiped the water stains from her lips, her eyes still brimming with desire, but her expression had already turned cold: "It's just a medicine to make you fall asleep for a while."

Lan Wu stared at her in astonishment: "You're lying to me?"

"This isn't a scam; it's just going with the flow."

"You, I…" Lan Wu shook her head, her vision blurred, and her eyelids grew heavier. She groaned, her knees buckled, and she staggered as she was about to fall. Ji Lingyue reached out to support her and pressed her face against her shoulder: "Be good. When you wake up, everything will be over."

Lan Wu gasped for breath: "Um… what are you going to do…"

Ji Lingyue stroked her long hair and whispered, "I want to form a bond with you."

"No, you can't, you can't do this…"

She struggled to open her eyes, trying to stay conscious, but the overwhelming drowsiness was too much to bear: “I can’t, I can’t be bound by a contract… I am, I am a mermaid, princess, I can’t…”

“Princess?” Ji Lingyue looked down at her and saw her sliding down uncontrollably, so she hugged her and held her waist: “Then be my contracted beast obediently, Your Highness.”

44. Contract

She drifted into a hazy dream, in which she was sometimes surrounded by bottomless seawater and sometimes by hot, cracked sand. She wandered through them, alone and lost, as if she would never find the end.

Suddenly, a sharp pain shot through her forehead, which then spread throughout her body like flowing water. It was as if some strange energy had seeped into her body, gradually covering her meridians and bones, and merging into her flesh and blood.

She stopped and clutched her forehead in pain, just as she heard a voice calling her name.

“Lan Wu”.

Lan Wu suddenly opened her eyes. Before her eyes were countless stars, and she heard a crackling sound. She subconsciously turned her head and found herself lying by the campfire. Not far away, Ji Lingyue was sitting cross-legged with her eyes closed.

Recalling what had happened not long ago, her expression suddenly changed. She sat up abruptly, saw a puddle not far away, and stumbled over to it, kneeling by the water with a pale face.

My fingers carefully touched my forehead, and upon contact, faint golden patterns appeared, shaped like lotus flowers, and felt slightly warm to the touch.

She stared blankly at the blurry reflection in the water, still somewhat incredulous.

Ji Lingyue opened her eyes and stared at her without saying a word.

“You…you…” Her eyes slowly reddened, and she turned around abruptly, staring intently at Ji Lingyue.

Humiliation, anger, shock, and remorse surged into her heart all at once. She groaned and banged her head with her hand. In the end, she could only squeeze out a pale question: "You and I formed a beast pact?"

Ji Lingyue said calmly, "Isn't it obvious?"

Lan Wu's eyes widened, unable to comprehend how she could say those words so casually. After a long while, she gave a sarcastic laugh, as if accepting the bad news, and said in despair, "So, do you want me to be your servant, your guard, or your furnace?"

Ji Lingyue frowned, remained silent for a moment, and then asked in return, "Which one do you think is more suitable for you?"

With a flick of her wrist, Lan Wu felt an invisible force pushing her down to Ji Lingyue's legs. The feeling of being forcibly controlled was unpleasant; she instinctively struggled, veins throbbing on her forehead, but the woman grabbed her chin, forcibly lifting her head.

Lan Wu stared at her, her breathing becoming more and more rapid, her silvery-white eyelashes trembling slightly, and her dark pupils almost shrinking into narrow slits, looking both wary and angry.

Ji Lingyue seemed oblivious to her resistance, reaching out to gently stroke her eyebrows and eyes, and said softly, "I don't want to be rough with you, so be good."

Lan Wu bit her lip, her eyes reddened, and faint scales gradually appeared at her temples. Ji Lingyue couldn't help but pause, her hand sliding to Lan Wu's neck, and she pressed her thumb against the corner of Lan Wu's lips: "Don't be angry, smile."

Lan Wu remained silent and simply closed her eyes. Seeing her like this, Ji Lingyue's smile gradually disappeared, and her eyes turned fierce. After her chest heaved a few times, she suddenly clenched her fist, grabbed Lan Wu's neck, and slammed her to the ground: "What right do you have to treat me like this?"

Lan Wu groaned, lifted her long eyelashes, and looked at the woman riding on top of her.

Ji Lingyue's shoulders trembled as she stammered, "I just… I just wanted you to stay by my side, to obey me, but why… why do you always run away, always leave me behind?"

Lan Wu frowned and said in a hoarse voice, “I’m not trying to run away. We haven’t found A-Li yet, and I have things to do.”

“Ah Li, it’s Ah Li again.” Ji Lingyue blinked and murmured, “I don’t like that you’re always thinking about her.”

Even Lan Wu noticed that Ji Lingyue’s emotions were off.

Or rather, from the moment they met tonight, she realized that this person was no longer as reserved and obedient as before. Instead, he was sensitive and suspicious. No matter what she said, as long as Ji Lingyue was convinced that she wanted to leave, he would not listen to her at all.

How much suffering has she endured over the years to become like this…?

Lan Wu was silent for a moment, then raised her hand and gently cupped her face.

“Where can I run to?” she whispered. “Now that I’m bound to you, you control everything about me. Why are you still afraid?”

Ji Lingyue stared at her blankly for a long time before revealing a dazed smile: “Yes, you can’t escape now.”

Lan Wu sighed, pressed her head down, and lifted her onto her shoulder. The woman in her arms was initially stiff as a piece of wood, but after a while, she slowly relaxed. She also let go of the hand that was gripping her neck and carefully put her arm around her waist.

She was the one who should be angry, but now she’s the one comforting people.

Lan Wu patted her back helplessly, and after her breathing calmed down, she tentatively said, “Since I can’t escape, then Ah Li…”

Ji Lingyue suddenly gripped the clothes around her waist, her voice trembling as she said, “You’re going to… again…”

Lan Wu quickly replied, “I didn’t.”

Ji Lingyue glared at her angrily: “I haven’t even said what you’re going to do yet!”

“In short, it won’t be anything good.” Lan Wu rolled over and pinned her down, sighing, “What do I have to do for you to believe me?”

Ji Lingyue narrowed her eyes, stared at her scrutinizingly for a while, then suddenly grabbed her collar, looked up and kissed her.

Lan Wu instinctively supported her back, but before she could react, a hand covered hers and pulled her under her clothes. Lan Wu froze, struggling to lift her head, and exclaimed in astonishment, “You want to…”

“I want you to be my furnace,” Ji Lingyue continued, her eyes tinged with crimson, her nose close to Lan Wu’s, her breath damp with moisture: “Pleasure me, understand?”

Lan Wu was startled, and uncontrollably leaned in to kiss her, her hand sliding upwards and clumsily touching Ji Lingyue’s soft chest. She was shocked, realizing that she was being controlled by the contract again, and immediately felt a strong resistance, but her body still responded to Ji Lingyue, her movements even bordering on impatient.

She couldn’t help but protest, “You…you can’t do this…”

Ji Lingyue, too lazy to listen to her weak words, reached out to peel off Lan Wu’s clothes and kissed the merman’s fair neck. Lan Wu moaned softly, her fingers sinking into the woman’s soft breasts, her silky silver hair cascading down, creating a small space where their breaths mingled.

Ji Lingyue’s once neat black hair was now disheveled and draped over her shoulders. Her upper garment had been opened during her earlier movements, and her naked body was brazenly exposed to the moonlight. Lan Wu lowered her eyes and could see the delicate red buds peeking out from between her fingers, as well as the faint outline of her abdomen that rose and fell with her breath.

Her heart pounded, and her desire to kiss him grew stronger, yet she still stammered, “Don’t order me around. There’s no contract… I will, I will do as I’m told, but don’t control me when I do this…”

Seeing that Ji Lingyue ignored her, Lan Wu pursed her lips, her wet blue eyes looking pitifully at the woman beneath her, and pleaded, “A-Yue…”

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then looked at her suspiciously: “Really?”

“real.”

She hesitated, pursed her lips, and finally hummed in agreement: "Okay."

As soon as she finished speaking, Lan Wu felt a lightness in her body. The power that had been suppressing her had disappeared, and she regained control of her body. Lan Wu coughed lightly and quickly withdrew her hand from Ji Lingyue's chest , staring intently at the person beneath her.

Ji Lingyue also looked at her, and seeing that she didn't move for a long time, her face darkened again.

Just as she was about to explode, Lan Wu leaned down and kissed the corner of her eye: "Do you really want to do this? Right here, at this time, to do that kind of thing with me?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback and subconsciously looked into her eyes. Those eyes were like shimmering blue gems, strangely alluring, yet they were as clear and sincere as ever, as if they had never changed.

How could there be such a monster in this world?

She exhaled, closed her eyes, and finally calmed down: "Yes, I want to do that."

Lan Wu looked at her for a while, nodded, and said seriously, "Okay."

——

I originally wanted to write about a completely merman-like state in the counterattack, but then I thought it would be a bit funny to see a big tail sticking out and flailing around in the desert, so I'll wait until by the water.

45. What to do?

Under the inky night sky, the occasional sighs and complaints of women could be heard.

"Why isn't it over yet?"

Beneath my feet lies the boundless deep sea, its calm surface reflecting countless stars, resembling a vast Milky Way, beautiful yet desolate.

Yu Shanye had been flying through the air for a day and still hadn't found a place to rest. Even with abundant spiritual energy, she couldn't withstand such consumption. She frowned and looked at the

paper crane in front of her with distress, pondering in her heart how to conserve spiritual energy.

Just then, a splashing sound came from not far away. Yu Shanye looked over curiously and saw several shadows wrestling together in the water. After a while, one of them was at a disadvantage and let out a mournful cry.

I initially thought they were a few sea snakes fighting each other, but as I flew closer, I realized that one of them looked quite different. It was as white as snow, with sharp claws and two small bumps on its forehead. At first glance, it looked like a legendary dragon.

Could it be that this is a dragon?

While she was in a daze, several sea snakes coiled around the white dragon and bit it fiercely. Soon, scarlet blood spread in the seawater.

Yu Shanye couldn't help but frown, hesitating whether to lend a hand, when he saw a flash of blue light on the white dragon's body, and then the sea snake was shaken far away like a tattered rope.

A blurry figure, whose face was obscured, appeared beside the white dragon, twirled its sword, and quickly vanished.

Yu Shanye was stunned. He felt a strange sense of familiarity with the fleeting phantom, but before he could figure it out, he saw two of the sea snakes that had been thrown back return, relentlessly pressing towards the white dragon. Yu Shanye couldn't help but click his tongue. Unable to bear watching them gang up on him any longer, he took out his longbow, drew the string to its fullest extent, and a long arrow formed of flames quickly appeared between his fingers.

After a moment of stillness, she snapped the bowstring, and the red flames fell like shooting stars, piercing the slippery bodies of the sea snakes and embedding them in the seabed.

Yu Shanye chuckled, put down his hand, and turned to look at the dragon, but the sea was now empty.

Yu Shanye: …

They run pretty fast, though.

"Lan Wu…"

Ji Lingyue called out breathlessly, but received no response. She then hummed and called out, "Lan Wu."

Lan Wu lifted her head from her chest and kissed her cheek: "What's wrong?"

Ji Lingyue didn't speak, but simply hugged her neck, snuggled close to her, and kissed Lan Wu's lips.

Lan Wu glanced down at her, put one arm around her waist, and slid the other hand down, over the hills, until her fingertips touched a pool of hot spring.

Ji Lingyue narrowed her eyes, opened her legs, and mumbled, "Come in quickly…"

As soon as she finished speaking, long, strong fingers plunged into her tight passage. Lan Wu nibbled at her lower lip and gently tugged it, releasing a torrent of sweet, wanton moans.

Ji Lingyue quickly went limp in her arms. The fluids from their intercourse smeared Lan Wu's hands. As Ji Lingyue gasped for breath, Lan Wu withdrew her finger and touched her slightly parted lips, whispering, "So much fluid."

Ji Lingyue shuddered, pursed her lips, and closed her eyes.

Her shy, ostrich-like behavior is still the same as before.

Lan Wu leaned forward, turned her over, and pressed her onto the clothes spread on the ground. Ji Lingyue snorted in dissatisfaction and tried to turn back to hug Lan Wu, but her back was pressed against soft limbs, and the woman's full breasts pressed against her thin back. Ji Lingyue couldn't help but tremble, as if she had suddenly lost her strength, and slumped back down.

His calloused fingertips pressed against her swollen clitoris once more.

Ji Lingyue let out a soft moan, then quickly realized what was happening and shut her mouth, not wanting to make a sound. Lan Wu, however, ruthlessly kneaded her soft clitoris, while placing her other hand on Ji Lingyue's chest to prevent her from feeling uncomfortable.

The sounds of wet, lewd water filled the air. Ji Lingyue couldn't hold back for long before she let out a few hoarse moans. Long, slender fingers slowly ground inside her, squeezing out abundant fluid. Ji

Lingyue was being fucked so hard that she rose and fell, sweat sliding down her body, wetting her soft, long hair and curled eyelashes. She gasped for breath, clutching her clothes tightly, her eyes no longer clear, and a reddening slowly crept into her eyes.

“Lan Wu, it feels so good… ah…”

The previously stubborn and defiant person huddled up pitifully, her supple waist undulating and swaying as she bumped into Lan Wu’s fingertips. Strands of hair fell over her shoulders as she swayed, revealing her fair and delicate neck.

Lan Wu lowered her head and couldn’t help biting her thin flesh, using her knee to spread the woman’s tender thighs. Ji Lingyue whimpered and her body slumped down limply, but her waist and hips were still raised, her wet and red vulva tightly biting her fingers, greedily sucking on the inserted knuckles.

The wrist swung harder and harder, and the base of the fingers hit the wet opening each time, making a squelching sound.

Sticky drops of water dripped down, and Ji Lingyue tensed up, her shoulders hunching and trembling: “Lan Wu…”

“Um?”

Ji Lingyue pleaded in a trembling voice, “I want… um, I want to hold you.”

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then obediently withdrew her fingers, turned her over, and pulled her into her arms. She turned her head and kissed Ji Lingyue’s ear, her hand sliding down again. Just as she was about to continue, she frowned and stopped in her tracks.

“Mmm…” Ji Lingyue half-closed her eyes, her burning arms wrapping around Lan Wu’s neck like vines, and lingering kisses landed on her cheeks, as she murmured, “Lan Wu…”

Lan Wu snapped out of her daze, blinked, and suddenly stood up.

The warm body suddenly left, and the cool night air took the opportunity to sneak into her embrace. Ji Lingyue shivered slightly, her consciousness becoming slightly clearer, but she found that the silver-haired woman was absent-minded and turned to look south.

Under the pale moonlight, Lan Wu’s half-naked body seemed to be

shrouded in a hazy light, flawless like a beautiful jade, yet ethereal like a butterfly that might fly away at any moment.

Ji Lingyue felt a pang of panic and instinctively tightened her grip on Lan Wu, lifting her waist to nuzzle against Lan Wu's palm in a fawning manner: "Lan Wu…"

Lan Wu turned her head and said, "Something happened to A-Li."

Ji Lingyue froze, her body suddenly turning cold. She pursed her lips and stared at her without saying a word.

Lan Wu, oblivious to her change in mood, hurriedly pulled up her clothes and said worriedly, "Although her life isn't in danger, she must be injured. I have to go there right away…"

Ji Lingyue grabbed her wrist and said in a hoarse voice, "You're not allowed to go."

Because of this one sentence, Lan Wu's knees sank, and her body became stiff and unable to move as if frozen.

She was startled and instinctively said, "You're doing this again…"

"Why can't I?" Ji Lingyue cupped her cheek, leaned in and kissed her, and whispered, "Lan Wu, you don't seem to understand. We've already formed a bond. No matter how I treat you, you can't refuse."

Lan Wu was taken aback and looked at her with some confusion.

Ji Lingyue stared at her, chuckled, and said sarcastically, "Do you still think we can be like before? Lan Wu, accept the facts. I am your master now. When I'm happy, I can do whatever I want with you. When I'm not happy, you can only listen to me."

Lan Wu frowned, and finally said, "A-Yue…"

"Stop talking! I won't listen to you anymore!" Ji Lingyue suddenly interrupted her, her eyes red as she commanded, "From now on, no talking, no resisting, close your eyes!"

Lan Wu looked at her in disbelief, her long eyelashes trembling uneasily, but she reluctantly closed them.

Ji Lingyue pushed her down to lie down, crawled a few steps on her knees, and pressed her wet private parts against her lips in an insulting manner, coldly saying, "Lick me."

If Lanwu had her eyes open, she could see that the entrance to her vagina was wet, and her clitoris, which had been played with and was swollen not long ago, was still standing trembling, with clear fluid gushing out from the narrow crevice.

But at this moment, she was completely taken aback. Despite her resistance and dissatisfaction, she obediently stuck out her tongue like a puppet on a string.

The wet liquid covered her chin, and the soft flesh occasionally brushed against the tip of her nose. Ji Lingyue straddled her, moaning unrestrainedly and swaying her waist wantonly, sending her vaginal opening onto her tongue.

"Mmm…uh…"

She let out a comfortable sigh, looked down at Lan Wu's beautiful face, grinned, and let out a strange yet sweet laugh: "What can you do about all this… ah, what can you do…"

——

Let the little fish realize the seriousness of the problem and stop harboring illusions.

46. Don't

Lan Wu extended her tongue and licked the opening of Ji Lingyue's flesh. Ji Lingyue trembled immediately, lowered her waist to touch her lips, and commanded breathlessly, "Go in…"

Lan Wu obediently stuck out her tongue and squeezed it into the warm, moist passage.

"Ah… umm…"

She squinted comfortably, moaning wantonly as if to let Lan Wu hear her more clearly, uttering lewd words without any instruction: "So good, mmm… Lan Wu, you're licking so deep…"

She hummed for a while, then lowered her eyes, looking at Lan Wu through her blurry vision, and said in a hoarse voice, "Move a little…"

Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled, and she raised her hand to caress Ji Lingyue's inner thigh. Her fingertips mercilessly pinched Ji Lingyue's clitoris, and her tongue also darted into the wet and soft orifice,

licking the passionately wrapped flesh. Ji Lingyue was even more excited by this not-so-gentle action. Her lustful fluids flowed out like a spring, and her legs were wet and muddy, even her inner thighs were wet. She twisted her waist and rubbed against Lan Wu's mouth and nose, letting out sweet moans.

After a while, she suddenly reached out and grabbed Lan Wu's long hair, then sat down tremblingly.

The gushing, sticky liquid splashed all over Lan Wu's face, but she raised her head and, as Ji Lingyue gasped for breath, opened her lips and took her swollen clitoris into her mouth.

"ah!"

Ji Lingyue gasped and tried to sit up, but Lan Wu grabbed her waist, biting her delicate clitoris with her pearly teeth. Her other hand slowly moved down, rubbing against the wet juices between her thighs before smoothly inserting into the hot, tight passage.

She kept her eyes closed, but rolled over and pinned Ji Lingyue beneath her. She spat out the swollen clitoris that had been played with, climbed up, and took one of Ji Lingyue's nipples into her mouth, sucking hard.

Ji Lingyue tilted her head back, panting, and climbed her hands up the woman's back, wrapping her legs around her waist: "Lan Wu, kiss me…"

Lan Wu paused, then raised her head, her moist lips pressed against Ji Lingyue's, obediently taking her tongue in her mouth, exchanging saliva and breath. Ji Lingyue couldn't help but tighten her arms, kissing her passionately, her legs slowly opening to allow Lan Wu to move freely beneath her.

"Hmm… Hmm…"

Long, slender fingers plunged into the moist opening with each stroke, the base of the fingers tightly gripped by soft flesh, and a ring of white foam rose with each increasingly vigorous movement. Ji Lingyue trembled, closing her eyes and curling up in Lan Wu's arms, but Lan Wu seemed to have become a puppet who only wanted to please her, neither kissing her nor embracing her on her own initiative.

She was the one who wanted Lan Wu to be obedient like a puppet, but now she was upset because Lan Wu wasn't acting on her own.

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, her eyelashes glistening with moisture as she blinked. After being brought to another climax by Lan Wu, she couldn't help but sob, "No…"

She spoke incoherently, but Lan Wu suddenly felt free. She opened her eyes abruptly, pulled her hand back, stared intently at Ji Lingyue, and breathed heavily.

The mermaid's fair face was covered with unknown water stains, her eyes brimming with tears, which were gradually overwhelmed by anger and disappointment.

Ji Lingyue looked at her with red eyes, as if she were more pitiful than her.

"How could you do this…" she trembled, her voice hoarse, "What do you take me for?"

Her mind was racing, and she wanted to push Ji Lingyue away, but the woman held her tightly, mumbling, "Don't go…"

This time, she wasn't forcibly taken from control of her body, but Lan Wu still subconsciously tensed up. When she came to her senses, she couldn't help but widen her eyes and feel a surge of resentment rising in her heart.

She stared at Ji Lingyue's flushed face, her chest heaving a few times. Suddenly, she leaned forward and almost recklessly pressed her lips to Ji Lingyue's. Ji Lingyue subconsciously opened her mouth, her long eyelashes fluttering a few times. The merman, so close to her, had a head full of silver hair, and her beautiful and delicate face was also flushed. However, her eyes were no longer clear and gentle as before, and for the first time, they showed a violent emotion.

She gazed intently at Ji Lingyue, and as their lips intertwined, she bit her lip in revenge.

Ji Lingyue groaned as she was shoved onto the rough sand. Immediately afterward, a foreign object was inserted between her legs, filling her acupoints.

Lan Wu pressed her down, her long hair swaying, and chuckled in a hoarse voice: "Is this what you wanted? Hmm?"

She thrust a few times, gritting her teeth, and said, "Master?"

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips. The rhythmic movements of intercourse caused her fair skin to become red and slightly stinging, yet the pleasure was real and intense.

Her disheveled hair was stuck to her face with sweat. She groaned and lowered her head, tears falling in a steady stream, but she refused to make a sound.

With a sharp slap, her pert buttocks were struck hard, leaving a red welt. Her vaginal opening contracted, gripping Lan Wu's fingers tightly, and releasing warm, moist fluid.

She paused, then slowly rotated her fingers, rubbing them against the folds of flesh, producing even more splattering fluid: "You really enjoy doing this…"

"No, no… ah…" Ji Lingyue couldn't help but raise her waist, her legs trembling uncontrollably, and her honey-like fluid dripped down, as if she had lost control of her bladder. Lan Wu bent down, her cool long hair falling onto Ji Lingyue's buttocks, causing her to tremble involuntarily, and her vaginal muscles clenched even tighter.

The movements beneath her grew increasingly rough and intense, accompanied by gurgling sounds. Ji Lingyue, her skin aching from the sand, couldn't help but sob, kneeling on the ground and trying to crawl forward: "Lan Wu…"

As she moved, her fingers were slowly pulled out, sticky, lustful fluid clinging to them, drawing out the pink, alluring flesh. Lan Wu, with a cold face, grabbed her waist and pulled her back, causing Ji Lingyue to fall back in a disheveled state, and then took her deep into her mouth again.

She cried out in surprise, her mind going blank with pleasure, and her lower body uncontrollably gushed out streams of lustful fluid. Lan Wu ignored her state, and instead touched down her lower abdomen, pinching her erect clitoris and rubbing it without any restraint.

The person in his arms trembled uncontrollably, letting out moans that were choked with sobs: "Lan Wu, um, no more…"

Lan Wu bit her lip and sneered, "If you don't want it, then just like before, give me your damned orders."

As she spoke, she turned the person over, spread her convulsing thighs, and continued to thrust into the constantly flowing opening.

The tender, rosy flesh was fucked until it was soft and mushy. Ji Lingyue trembled and gripped her shoulders tightly, her eyes red from crying, feeling extremely wronged: "Lan Wu…"

"What are you complaining about?" Lan Wu pinched her chin and said in a hoarse voice, "Ji Lingyue, isn't this exactly what you wanted?"

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, sobbed a few times, and buried her head in her shoulder: "Don't be angry…"

Lan Wu stared at her: "Undo the contract and I won't be angry."

Ji Lingyue froze, and after a moment, she shook her head and choked out, "No."

47. Keep your word

With each step, ripples spread beneath my feet, and a faint red light flashed by before merging into the calm sea.

To avoid consuming too much spiritual energy, Yu Shanye flew on his sword all night and landed at dawn, moving slowly in the most clumsy way.

It was tiring, but it was safe and reliable.

She looked up at the sun overhead, stopped in her tracks, and sighed wearily, hands on her hips.

After resting for a while, she was about to continue her journey when some bubbles suddenly appeared under her feet. Yu Shanye subconsciously looked down and saw a white head carefully emerging from underwater, slowly rising to the surface, and carrying her on its back.

Yu Shanye was stunned. Looking at the white scales under her feet, it took her a long time to realize that the dragon was carrying her forward.

The white dragon still had several wounds on its body, and its body was thin, not much thicker than her thigh. Yu Shanye looked at it with trepidation, afraid that if she exerted any force, the young dragon would be crushed and sink.

She was both nervous and grateful, and whispered, "Thank you."

The white dragon glanced at her, then quickly looked away and swam

forward without a word.

She kept her master's instructions firmly in mind and never spoke to the other cultivators.

With the help of others, Yu Shanye felt much more relaxed. While enjoying the pleasant sea breeze, he asked, "You're not going to follow me the whole time, are you?"

Bai Jiao quickly shook his head.

"Isn't that right? But you swim so fast in the water, you should have left long ago." Yu Shanye chuckled and nodded knowingly: "Admit it, you're a little monster who knows how to repay kindness. These days, monsters who know how to repay kindness are rare."

"I wasn't doing this to repay a debt of gratitude," Ah Li couldn't help but defend herself. "Even without your help, the spiritual consciousness my master left me would have protected me. I just… I just felt sorry for you!"

Yu Shanye chuckled and squatted down: "I knew you could talk."

Ah Li was startled and abruptly shut her mouth, regretting in her heart how she had forgotten her master's words so easily when provoked.

Yu Shanye smiled and poked the little bump on her head, asking, "Is your master the shadow that appeared last night? Is she a demon tamer?"

Ah Li swam forward silently, ignoring her.

"You've got quite a temper." Yu Shanye withdrew his hand, crossed his arms, and simply sat cross-legged on her back: "Fine, it's fine if you don't say anything. Anyway, the destination is the temple, and I'll naturally see it when the time comes."

Ah Li couldn't help but speak again: "Once we get ashore, I'm going to find my master. I won't go with you."

"With your small frame, can you manage on your own?" Yu Shanye narrowed his eyes and said, "Luckily you met me. Once we get ashore, there will probably be more cultivators and more dangers. If you come with me, I can protect you for a while and take you back to your master. If you don't come with me, I'm afraid you'll be skinned alive

after only a few steps."

A-Li shuddered in fright, curling up her paws uneasily. After a long while, she whimpered, "I don't believe it..."

"You don't believe me? Then try it." Yu Shanye said bluffingly, "Anyway, it's not me who will be skinned and dismembered."

Ah Li blinked her big gray eyes in a panic and said in a trembling voice, "You, you're just scaring me. When you see Master, he will definitely teach you a lesson!"

Even with such tension, the little white dragon showed no intention of abandoning her. Yu Shanye couldn't help but raise the corners of her lips and lazily said, "Is that so? Then I'm quite looking forward to it."

Ji Lingyue spent the entire morning in a half-dreaming, half-awake state. Occasionally, when she opened her eyes, she would find herself lying on Lan Wu's back, while Lan Wu was riding on a sword, flying rapidly in a certain direction.

She watched for a while with her eyes half-closed, then drifted off to sleep again. When she woke up, she was placed on the ground. As far as she could see, Lan Wu was turning to leave. Ji Lingyue instinctively grabbed her sleeve, her voice still a little hoarse: "Where are you going?"

Lan Wu turned around: "I'll go see if there's a water source nearby."

Ji Lingyue was somewhat dazed and asked blankly, "Weren't you going home?"

Lan Wu was taken aback, frowning as she looked at her, unsure how to respond. But Ji Lingyue quickly regained her composure, sitting up straight with a calm expression, as if she hadn't just uttered those words: "What do you need a water source for?"

"...If there's a water source, we can collect more water, so I won't have to expend my demonic energy on the road ahead," Lan Wu said softly. "I won't go too far, anyway..."

She glanced at Ji Lingyue and continued, "No matter how far I go, you can always call me back."

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then stood up, lifting the hem of her dress, and said in a low voice, "I'll go with you."

Lan Wu: "I can't run away…"

"I want to be with you." Ji Lingyue hesitated for a moment, then carefully grabbed her sleeve and asked, "Are you still angry?"

Lan Wu said expressionlessly, "Why are you asking this? Even if you know I'm angry, you won't terminate the contract."

As soon as she finished speaking, Ji Lingyue's eyelashes trembled, and she blushed almost instantly. She looked like a small flower about to wither, listless: "I can agree to anything else except this."

Lan Wu bit her lip, and after a long while, she said helplessly, "If I promise you that I will never abandon you again, nor will I leave without a word, can you terminate the contract?"

Ji Lingyue subconsciously clenched the fabric in her palm, and after a while, she said in a hoarse voice, "No."

This time, before Lan Wu could react, she murmured, "You used to say that you would spend every New Year with me, that you wouldn't go anywhere else, that you would come down the mountain with me, and travel the world together… But in the end, you didn't do any of those things."

After saying that, she looked at the woman in front of her and said softly, "I can't trust you anymore, Lan Wu."

Lan Wu pursed her lips, silently stared at her for a while, then looked away and walked forward without saying a word.

Ji Lingyue quickly grabbed her sleeve and followed closely behind. Before long, they passed a sandpit. Ji Lingyue's legs gave way, and she suddenly fell forward. Lan Wu instinctively caught her waist and pulled her up. The woman then looked up and pressed herself against her chest like a snake clinging to a stick, softly whimpering, "Lan Wu, it hurts…"

Lan Wu couldn't tell if she was faking it or not. Thinking about her rough behavior in the middle of the night, she felt uneasy. After hesitating for a moment, she still picked her up and asked, "Then why did you follow me?"

Ji Lingyue didn't speak, but buried her face in her shoulder and rubbed against her pitifully.

After walking for a while, Lan Wu suddenly said, “I’m sorry.”

Ji Lingyue was stunned for a moment, and subconsciously looked up, only to see the mermaid’s soft silver hair and well-defined jawline.

Lan Wu said dryly, “It was my fault for not keeping the promises I made before. It was also my fault for lying to you for so long and not telling you my true identity. And last night, I shouldn’t have been so rude to you.”

She took a breath and added, “But that doesn’t mean I agree to let you form a contract. I’m still very angry. You can’t control me like that, Ji Lingyue. I’m not your slave.”

Ji Lingyue lowered her eyelashes: “I’m sorry.”

Lan Wu scoffed, “Sorry, but you won’t change it, right?”

The woman wrapped her arms around her neck and buried her head in her shoulder, which was considered an admission.

Lan Wu was exhausted from being angry, but she couldn’t just throw him out. After thinking for a long time, she said coldly, “I’m going to find Ali. Since you don’t want to be separated from me, then come with me to find him.”

Ji Lingyue frowned, and as soon as she raised her head, she met Lan Wu’s serious gaze: “You said you would agree to anything except terminating the contract. Do you want to keep your word?”

Ji Lingyue was silent for a moment, then reluctantly nodded: “Okay.”

As for Yu Shanye, she should be able to protect herself.

Forty-eight.Flowers

They couldn’t find a water source, but they did find a flower field at the foot of a sand dune.

Lan Wu squatted down, picked a flower, sniffed it, and immediately sneezed. She quickly threw it down, but her eyes began to sting, and soon, a round, full pearl fell to the ground with a thud.

Ji Lingyue walked over from the side and saw her silently shedding tears. She panicked and quickly bent down to cup her face, wiping away her tears while anxiously asking, “Why are you crying? Didn’t I already promise you I’d go find Ali?”

Lan Wu: ?

She opened her bloodshot eyes, suddenly raised her hand, and held the flower in front of Ji Lingyue's face.

Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes blankly, and the next moment, her expression suddenly changed. She took two steps back and covered her eyes.

"ah……"

This flower has a surprisingly good effect, just like scallions.

Having suffered so much humiliation at Ji Lingyue's hands, this small act of revenge strangely brought her some joy. Lan Wu chuckled, and seeing Ji Lingyue looking over with teary eyes, she handed the flowers to her again: "Shalan, would you like some?"

Ji Lingyue subconsciously shrank back, but upon hearing her words, she exclaimed in surprise, "Is this Shalan?"

"Yes, it grows deep in the desert and blooms only once every hundred years. It is said to be a rare and precious healing medicine in the world, and even the Hundred Treasures Pavilion has only a few plants," Lan Wu said, putting her hand down and asking gently, "Do you want it?"

Ji Lingyue blinked, glanced at the vast field of purple flowers in front of her, then at Lan Wu kneeling on the ground, and nodded hesitantly: "Yes."

"Okay," Lan Wu smiled and extended her hand, gesturing for others to pick. "Whoever wants it can pick it."

Ji Lingyue froze, biting her lip as she looked at her. After a while, she slowly moved over and sat down next to Lan Wu, muttering, "Then I don't want it."

After saying that, she raised her head and moved closer to Lan Wu. Her eyes were red and her eyelashes were wet, making her look pitiful. Lan Wu sighed, reached out and touched her eyes, and asked softly, "Did you unseal my golden core just to do this for you?"

Ji Lingyue didn't speak, but obediently closed her eyes. A cool mist slowly wafted out and covered her swollen eyelids, instantly relieving the soreness in her eyes. She pursed her lips, carefully opened her eyes

a crack, and stole a glance at Lan Wu's expression.

Lan Wu's expression remained calm, as if she wasn't so angry anymore.

She hesitated for a long time, her long eyelashes trembling with unease, before finally mustering her courage to call out, "Lan Wu."

"Um?"

A blush slowly crept onto Ji Lingyue's face, and she lowered her head further, stammering, "My…my lower body…it hurts too…"

A moment of silence fell over the surroundings. Lan Wu stared at her for a while with wide eyes, then said in shock, "You don't…you don't want me here to heal your wounds, do you?"

Ji Lingyue subconsciously clutched the hem of her clothes and let out a soft "hmm" that was barely audible.

Lan Wu refused: "You can do it yourself."

Ji Lingyue said, "Whoever did it is responsible."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, feeling that the words sounded familiar. After thinking for a while, she realized that Ji Lingyue was retorting with the same words she had just said. She found it both funny and helpless, and looked at Ji Lingyue in disbelief. Ji Lingyue also raised her head and looked straight at her, as if confronting her.

As time passed, the woman pursed her lips, her expression gradually darkening. After last night's chaos, Lan Wu was now much more sensitive to her emotional shifts. Seeing her like this, she knew she was about to become suspicious again, so she quickly sat up straight and patted her leg: "I'll do it, come here."

Ji Lingyue's mood brightened, and she smiled, obediently sitting down beside him.

Although the sand dunes behind them blocked most of the intense sunlight, a little still shone through. Lan Wu embraced her from behind, covering her in her arms and shielding her from the scorching light.

Even in the desert, she felt cool all over. Ji Lingyue relaxed her body, grabbed Lan Wu's hand that was wrapped around her waist, and then

shrank back a little.

Cool fingertips slipped inside her clothes, slowly sliding down until they reached her soft inner thighs without any resistance. Ji Lingyue couldn't help but shiver. Suddenly, she felt a weight on her shoulder. She turned her head and saw the merman with his eyes half-closed, his chin resting on her shoulder. His thick silver eyelashes drooped slightly, as if he was about to close them lazily.

She whispered, "Tell me if it hurts."

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement and obediently spread her legs.

Before long, a hoarse, soft voice began to ring out intermittently.

When it was called healing, it truly was healing. The fingertips, imbued with spiritual energy, pressed lightly on Ji Lingyue's slightly swollen clitoris and labia, occasionally rubbing them without any intention of teasing.

Ji Lingyue kept trembling and humming softly in her ear. Lan Wu felt her face burning and couldn't help but wonder if this person was doing it on purpose. After all, in just one day since their reunion, she had been exhausted by Ji Lingyue's endless antics.

This person used to be a serious and earnest Taoist cultivator, but now he is more cunning than some fox demons.

Lan Wu sighed. As she rubbed her hands, she felt a dampness in her palms. She stopped and tried to pull her hand away, but Ji Lingyue grabbed it. The woman glanced at her with her beautiful eyes and said in a trembling voice, "We can't… we can't give up halfway."

Lan Wu tilted her head and asked suspiciously, "Are you lying to me again?"

Ji Lingyue: "No…"

Before she could finish speaking, her expression suddenly changed, and she raised her hand towards Lan Wu's face. Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled, and before she could react, she felt her vision narrow as something was covered on her face.

Almost simultaneously, footsteps sounded behind them, and a surprised voice called out, "Senior Sister!"

Lan Wu was startled and dared not move again. Ji Lingyue pulled out a robe from somewhere and covered her waist completely. When Gu Changli ran down the sand dune, what he saw was his senior sister leaning expressionlessly in the arms of the silver-haired woman.

He was stunned for a moment, and subconsciously looked at Lan Wu, who also looked up at him.

Her silver hair cascaded down, and sunlight streamed onto the hard mask, refracting it into a dazzling golden light. Her inhuman eyes were also tinged with irregular gold fragments, making her appear even more eerie.

Gu Changli froze abruptly, exclaiming, “A monster!”

“Don’t make a fuss,” Ji Lingyue said bluntly, “She is my newly acquired demon beast.”

“Demon beasts? But, but… doesn’t Senior Sister only accept spirit beasts?” He was still confused and raised his voice, “Besides, demons are not trustworthy. Master said that we should not get involved with demons.”

Lan Wu twitched her ears and realized that the master he was talking about was probably Qin Yu. Sure enough, like master, like disciple. The attitude of everyone on Golden Feather Peak towards demons was quite extreme.

Especially this young man named Changli, although he is young, he is very cold and ruthless towards demons, and even seems to have the intention to torture them. In short, Lan Wu doesn’t like him very much.

Ji Lingyue frowned, seemingly a little impatient: “I’ve already formed a beast contract with her, you don’t need to worry about it. But you, were you alone? How did you find me?”

Gu Changli shook his head: “No, there are some other sects behind us, they should be here soon. I saw Danqing in the sky and thought you should be nearby, so I came here ahead of time.”

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then closed her eyes, looking pained. “Really?”

Not long after, people from the other sects that Gu Changli had mentioned arrived one after another. Many of them noticed the large

patches of sand orchids and were both surprised and delighted. Despite the pungent smell, they jumped in one after another and picked handfuls of them.

Ji Lingyue, feigning dizziness, lay down for a while before reluctantly straightening up, taking Lan Wu's hand, and carefully wiping it clean with a handkerchief.

Lan Wu remained silent and let her do as she pleased. They had their backs to the crowd, and no one dared to disturb them. It was as if they had formed their own area, isolating themselves from the noise.

A moment later, Ji Lingyue looked at her hands, which were wiped as clean as could be, and said in a low voice, "All done."

Lan Wu hummed in agreement and pulled her to her feet. Soon, people from other sects came over to talk to Ji Lingyue. Lan Wu had nothing to do, so she stood aside with her arms crossed. Before long, she was amused by the cultivators in the flower field who were crying their eyes out.

Thinking of what Ji Lingyue had said before, Lan Wu frowned, hesitated for a long time, then slowly walked over, bent down and picked up a fallen sand orchid.

"Oh, that's me…" The person who was speaking immediately shut his mouth when he saw her appearance. After hesitating for a moment, he said dryly, "It's you. Since you want it, take it."

Lan Wu raised an eyebrow and chuckled, "Are you giving this to me because of Ji Lingyue?"

The man took a step back and said, "Otherwise what? Even when beating a dog, you have to consider its owner. Your owner is Ji Lingyue. How can I afford to offend her?"

Lan Wu paused for a moment, lowered her eyelashes, and suddenly didn't want the flower anymore. She took a few steps away, removed the flower's stamens which were emitting a strong fragrance, and casually handed it to a passing female disciple: "It's yours."

The man was startled, instinctively caught it, and asked helplessly, "Why, why?"

Lan Wu didn't answer her, her gaze passing over her shoulder to meet Ji Lingyue's stunned eyes. She was still standing next to the people

talking, but her eyes were fixed on this side, or rather, on the flowers in the disciple's hand.

Her gaze remained fixed on the flower until it was out of sight, then she slowly turned her head, her dark eyes staring unblinkingly at Lan Wu.

Lan Wu didn't want to meet her gaze, so she turned her back and walked towards a secluded spot. But after only a few steps, she heard someone exclaim in surprise, "Senior Sister Ji?"

Lan Wu was startled and subconsciously turned around to look, only to see Ji Lingyue standing next to the female disciple at some point, holding out a hand: "Give it to me."

The female disciple hesitated for a moment, looking uneasily at Ji Lingyue's aloof face, and carefully placed the flowers on her: "Senior Sister Ji, would you like some flowers? I have a few more here, if you want them…"

Before she could finish speaking, Ji Lingyue expressionlessly grabbed the flower, squeezed it hard, and the petals turned into dust, falling from her palm.

Amid a gasp of surprise, she turned to look at Lan Wu, and through the endless yellow sand, she gave an innocent smile.

——

Okay, looks like I'll definitely be updating more tomorrow _(:3 ⌒?)_

49. Honesty

On the third day, they finally stepped out of the desert and into the vast forest.

Now they finally realized that the direction inside the secret realm was different from the outside world, and they could not judge it by sunrise and sunset. With only four days left in the seven days, they quickly changed direction and flew towards the temple.

Fortunately, Ah Li was also in the direction of the temple, so Lan Wu didn't ask to leave and silently followed the group of cultivators.

As night fell, the temperature suddenly dropped, and a thick fog suddenly filled the surroundings, making it impossible to see more

than three steps away. To avoid getting lost, the leaders discussed the matter and then called everyone to stop on a flat area by a lake, intending to wait until dawn before continuing their journey.

Lan Wu was not in a good mood. After listening, she walked to the side and sat down by a tree. Not long after, someone walked up to her and stopped.

Lan Wu frowned, opened her eyes, and saw the boy's serious face: "You, you stay away from my senior sister! Otherwise, don't blame me for being impolite!"

She paused for a moment, glanced at Gu Changli, and realized that this person had deliberately come to make threats when Ji Lingyue was not by her side. She couldn't help but laugh: "What's the use of telling me? You should tell your senior sister. She is the master."

Gu Changli refused to admit that it was his senior sister who had been holding onto Lan Wu. He clenched his fist and said, "You must have tricked my senior sister with sweet words. My senior sister has never liked demons and has never formed a pact with a demon. Tell me, what kind of demonic magic did you use on my senior sister?!"

Lan Wu said impatiently, "Are you even listening to me? Your senior sister herself doesn't want to let me go, and you're still worrying about it. What, you like her?"

Gu Changli was taken aback, then his eyes widened suddenly, and he said in a panic, "Don't talk nonsense!"

"…" Lan Wu raised an eyebrow, and after a long while, she said "Oh, that's really true."

"you!"

"Changli." A voice suddenly called from behind. Gu Changli was startled and turned around abruptly. He saw Ji Lingyue emerge from the mist, holding a rabbit in her hand: "What are you doing here?"

Gu Changli tensed up and said nervously, "I just… I just came to check. Senior Sister, why did you catch a rabbit? Didn't you start abstaining from grains?"

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement and said calmly, "It's just something to try occasionally."

Seeing that he was standing there without moving, Ji Lingyue frowned and gave him the order to leave: "You should also find a safe place to rest. We have to get up early to travel tomorrow."

Gu Changli gave an "oh," scratched his head awkwardly, and gave Lan Wu a subtle glare before slowly walking away.

After everyone left, Ji Lingyue took the rabbit and walked over to Lan Wu's side. Lan Wu had already closed her eyes, exuding resistance and indifference. Seeing her attitude, Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, silently squatted down to the side, and busied herself.

Not long after, the crackling sound of flames rang out, and a fragrant aroma wafted over. Lan Wu's eyelids twitched, and she crossed her arms, leaning to the other side.

Ji Lingyue roasted the meat for half a day until the skin was golden brown and crispy, sizzling with oil. She then sprinkled on some spices she had found in the forest, cut the meat into small pieces, and skewered them.

Seeing that Lan Wu was still facing away from her, Ji Lingyue leaned over and carefully poked her: "Lan Wu, you can eat now."

Lan Wu knew that she was trying to make amends, but she still kept her eyes closed and didn't move.

She had figured it out: even if the two of them reconciled briefly and stayed together peacefully, as long as the conflict remained, they would always fall into the next round of disputes.

In that case, it would be better to continue the Cold War.

Ji Lingyue was silent for a moment, then suddenly stood up and turned to walk in the other direction. Lan Wu was startled and subconsciously opened her eyes a crack, but Ji Lingyue walked quickly and disappeared into the thick fog in the blink of an eye.

The campfire beside them gradually died down, leaving only a wisp of dying white smoke.

Lan Wu yawned, then cast a barrier to drive away the cold dew, spread out a thin blanket, and lay down on the spot. The forest was quiet, the only sound being the voices of other cultivators not far away. Ji Lingyue returned, entered the barrier without hindrance, and hesitated before lying down beside her.

After a while, she leaned in from behind, put her arm around Lan Wu's waist, and whispered, "Lan Wu, I apologized to her."

Lan Wu closed her eyes and remained silent. Ji Lingyue moved closer to her, tightened her arms, and said in a low voice, "I shouldn't have ruined her flowers. Don't be angry."

"Lan Wu, Lan Wu…" she called a few times, but received no response from Lan Wu. She couldn't help but clutch Lan Wu's clothes tightly and said aggrievedly, "Don't ignore me."

Her voice was so pitiful that Lan Wu let out a breath and finally said, "I'm not angry about the flower."

She turned over to face Ji Lingyue: "You know perfectly well why I'm angry."

Ji Lingyue was startled, but did not respond. Instead, she burrowed into her arms like an ostrich and remained motionless.

Lan Wu realized she didn't want to talk about this, frowned, and said defiantly, "I know what I did in the past hurt you, and it's understandable that you don't trust me. It was my fault. I can tolerate you forming a beast contract with me for your sake, but I won't endure it forever, A-Yue. Although I'm a demon, I still have dignity. I don't want… I don't want to end up hating you." She then stroked the back of Ji Lingyue's head and sighed, "How about we set a time limit? During this time, I'll listen to you, make you happy, and stay by your side at all times. But after the time limit, you'll break the contract, and we can be like before, okay?"

"Can we do things the way we used to?" Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes and asked in return, "You're a merman, a merman princess. If we don't use a contract, can you really stay with me properly?"

"Why not?" Lan Wu said softly, "After I finish what I need to do, we can go to the human world together and live in a place where no one else can find us. At that time, I will accompany you wherever you want to go and whatever you want to do."

"Really?"

Lan Wu nodded in agreement: "Really."

Ji Lingyue looked up at her seriously, and after a long while, said, "You have to keep your word."

Lan Wu nodded: “This time it will definitely stand by, as for the contract…”

“Five years,” Ji Lingyue added, “I will break the contract in five years.”

Lan Wu frowned: “Isn’t five years… a bit too long?”

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, and after a long while, reluctantly said, “Those three years.”

Lan Wu wanted to bargain with her, but Ji Lingyue suddenly accused her, “You didn’t pick any flowers for me.”

Lan Wu was taken aback: “Huh?”

“Yesterday I wanted one, but you wouldn’t pick it for me. Instead, you gave one to that person.” Ji Lingyue couldn’t help but grab her tightly: “That’s why I did that. Otherwise, I wouldn’t be so stingy.”

That’s not necessarily true.

Lan Wu swallowed her words, pondered for a moment, and nodded, saying, “I do have a problem, but your problem is no less significant. You get angry so easily these days, you can’t speak properly, and you resort to violence when you’re upset. Ah Yue, I’m just a demon, not a god from heaven. If you don’t tell me, I’ll never understand what you’re thinking.”

She looked into Ji Lingyue’s dark eyes, hesitated, then gently stroked her face and whispered, “So, from now on, let’s be honest with each other and tell each other what’s on our minds, okay?”

After a moment of silence, Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement and buried her head in Lan Wu’s arms again.

Lan Wu breathed a sigh of relief, as if a heavy burden had been lifted. Her restless mood also eased somewhat. Although the future was still uncertain, at least she had a good start.

She closed her eyes, placed her hand on Ji Lingyue’s waist, and was about to fall asleep when she heard the woman ask, “Lan Wu, what exactly do you want to do?”

Lan Wu was taken aback. These things were the secrets of their Merfolk clan, but she had just said that she would be honest with

them, so how could she go back on her word?

After hesitating for a moment, she whispered, “My father is dead.”

Ji Lingyue’s eyes flickered slightly, and she subconsciously looked up at her.

The merman’s face was calm, and he spoke slowly and deliberately, as if telling someone else’s story: “He died while looking for me. After I returned to Kunlun Sea, I was punished to guard the Sea Prison for twenty years. When I came out, I found that the murderer of my father was still not found, and my eldest brother, the only one who came back alive, had lost his memory of that time. I was not reconciled, so I went into the Sea Abyss where he was killed to search alone. I searched for many years before I found a clue. I came here this time also for this clue.”

Ji Lingyue instinctively hugged her tighter, and after a long while, asked in a hoarse voice, “So, was it around that time that it happened?”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, buried her face in her shoulder, and sighed softly, “I’m sorry, I left you without a word of explanation back then.”

——

Chapter Two will be later, no need to wait!

_(:3 ゝ∠)_

50. Long time no see

“Senior Sister!”

“ah!”

Lan Wu was awakened by a scream. When she opened her eyes, the person in her arms had already flown away like a gust of wind and disappeared into the thick fog in an instant. She came to her senses and immediately jumped up and flew in the direction from which the sound came.

Breaking through the thick fog and arriving at the water’s edge, Lan Wu was immediately stunned by the enormous creature before her as soon as she looked up.

A sticky liquid dripped down from the black behemoth, and several tentacles flying in the air wrapped around many people, one of whom was none other than Gu Changli.

Lan Wu stood there, staring at its two bulging red eyes for a while, and had to accept a fact that was hard to believe.

This is a very large octopus.

But how could there be octopuses in a freshwater lake in the forest?

Before she could think, a familiar white figure leaped up and unleashed a sharp golden ray.

Blood splattered as the tentacle that had been wrapped around Gu Changli fell to the ground with a thud. The monster roared, swung its remaining tentacles, and suddenly lured the rest of the group underwater. Ji Lingyue frowned, gripped her longsword, and jumped in without hesitation.

"Why……"

Lan Wu was stunned for a moment. She had only taken two steps when the scene before her suddenly blurred. As far as she could see, it was as if ripples were spreading. She hesitated, frowned, shook her head, and when she opened her eyes again, everything around her had completely changed.

A thick tentacle lashed out at her, startling Lan Wu. She quickly dodged to the side, her feet still wet with water.

She was actually summoned in by Ji Lingyue.

Lan Wu turned her head and found that the person who had summoned her was tightly surrounded by several tentacles, with golden light flashing around and red blood mist emanating from them from time to time. The cultivators who had broken free of their restraints scrambled upwards, but Ji Lingyue was being dragged deeper and deeper into the entanglement. Lan Wu's expression changed slightly, and she quickly bent down and rushed down.

A faint blue light emanated from her body, illuminating a patch of dark water. The woman's long hair was scattered in the water, her rounded ears gradually became pointed, and her robes billowed as they peeled off her body, revealing a fair skin covered in beautiful scales. The scales ran down her waistline, converging at her hips to

form a beautiful tail.

Its tail fin is long and thin, like a veil, floating in the water like the skirt of a dancer.

Lan Wu flicked her tail slightly and darted over. Sharp silver threads sprouted from the silver bracelet on her wrist, weaving into a net that shredded the attacking black tentacles.

With no obstacle in sight, she dove right up to Ji Lingyue, hooked her arm around her waist, and swam back to the surface.

Ji Lingyue wrapped her arms around her neck and subconsciously looked back, intending to see where the monster had chased after them, but her gaze was involuntarily drawn to the long fish tail, and then slowly turned to Lan Wu's bewitching face.

A golden lotus appeared on her forehead, pure and dignified, but her blue eyes were sinister and eerie, creating a strange beauty.

Lan Wu darted through the water at top speed. The light in front of her grew stronger and stronger. She felt a surge of energy and, just as she was about to emerge from the water, she suddenly sensed a warm, humid atmosphere.

She subconsciously looked down and only caught a glimpse of red in her peripheral vision.

What is it…?

Ji Lingyue exclaimed, "Lan Wu!"

A foul stench assaulted her senses, and in the instant she broke through the water, Lan Wu finally saw what was pressed against her back.

A huge mouth.

She stared in shock, her eyes wide. Before she could throw Ji Lingyue away, everything suddenly went black. She tumbled and fell onto a soft, sticky substance. As the world spun around, a hand grabbed her tightly, and she grabbed the other person in return, pulling them into her arms.

After an unknown amount of time, they heard a splash and fell into the icy water again.

Lan Wu quickly steadied herself, grabbed the person, and surfaced. After catching her breath, she turned and looked around. It was pitch black, yet it seemed vast and endless.

Ji Lingyue coughed a few times, looked up, and looked around blankly: "Where is this place? Weren't we eaten?"

"We were indeed eaten."

Lan Wu felt there was something strange about what she was saying, so she spat a few times and slowly swam with the person in her arms: "Are you alright?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head, looked around for a while, and suddenly said, "There is light over there."

Lan Wu turned her head and, sure enough, saw a glimmer of light in the distance. She was immediately invigorated, swung her tail, and broke through the water to move forward.

Ji Lingyue couldn't help but exclaim, "You swim so fast!"

Lan Wu subconsciously said, "That's right, I once competed with sharks in the sea, and even they couldn't swim as fast as me..."

She paused midway through her sentence, glancing uneasily at Ji Lingyue, only to find that Ji Lingyue showed no displeasure, but instead looked at her intently.

"Why did you stop talking?"

Lan Wu hesitated for a moment, then asked, "Don't you hate monsters? Do you want to hear what I'm saying?"

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then hugged her neck tightly and said, "But I don't hate you, I like you."

Lan Wu blinked and noticed that her mood had improved a lot. Perhaps the previous conversation had really worked. In any case, she was no longer as tense as a string.

Lan Wu relaxed and continued, "I used to dislike cultivation and often fooled around with other sea creatures outside. But their tails were stronger and they swam faster than me. In order to catch up with them, I practiced every day. Eventually, I became the fastest swimming merman."

As she spoke, she sighed and muttered, “What a pity, even though I swam so fast, I still got caught and eaten.”

Ji Lingyue couldn’t help but smile and looked ahead with her.

The light drew closer, and its outline resembled a small floating island. Lan Wu was about to quicken her pace when she suddenly heard faint voices. The two of them frowned simultaneously, exchanged a glance, and then silently lowered their voices, cautiously approaching.

The sound grew clearer, and it seemed to be two people arguing.

One of them said with a sob in his voice, “It’s all your fault! If you hadn’t insisted on taking this path, we wouldn’t have been eaten!”

The other person said guiltily, “We’re not dead, what’s your hurry?”

“You, you even said that following you would guarantee safety! You’re completely unreliable. If I had known… if I had known, I would have gone to find my master myself!”

Lan Wu: …

She frowned, swam forward a little, poked her head out, and finally saw the two people sitting on it.

One is Ah Li, and the other is…

Yu Shanye glanced casually at the water’s surface, then suddenly saw two heads. Startled, his eyes widened, and he jumped up, grabbing Ah Li and taking several steps back: “Water! Water! Water ghost!”

Ji Lingyue clicked her tongue and climbed up first, wading out of the water: “What are you doing here?”

Yu Shanye blinked hesitantly: “Ji Lingyue?”

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, turned around, and said, “Come on up, Lan Wu.”

Yu Shanye was taken aback and looked behind her in astonishment.

The silver-haired woman emerged from the water, her fishtail transforming into two long legs, and she was draped in a white robe.

She walked barefoot ashore, the water droplets falling gently onto the

ground, meandering and stopping beside Ji Lingyue. She looked up at Yu Shanye, seemingly wanting to smile, but her face was bitter, and she said dryly, "Long time no see, Shanye."

51. Familiar

"You dare to show your face in front of me again…"

Yu Shanye's face darkened, and he suddenly strode forward.

Ji Lingyue frowned, stopping her in time, and asked, "What are you doing?"

Yu Shanye turned and glared at her, angrily saying, "I also want to ask you what you're doing! Have you forgotten what she did back then, and how she deceived us?!"

Lan Wu pursed her lips, lowered her eyes, and stood there silently.

"Master!"

A clear voice suddenly rang out, and the girl excitedly rushed into Lan Wu's arms, hugging her waist: "Did you come to find me?"

Lan Wu was taken aback, then patted her head: "I just happened to get here too, but I'm glad you're alright."

Ji Lingyue turned her head, glanced at them, and suddenly released Yu Shanye.

Yu Shanye didn't notice her movements at all. After a brief moment of surprise, his anger intensified: "You're her master?"

She strode forward and grabbed Lan Wu by the collar: "You really are something else. When you're my friend, you lie to me all the time, and when you're my mentor, you just abandon me! I was so blind back then to consider you my best friend and even let you trick me into keeping your secrets. Didn't you feel any remorse when you lied to me?!"

Ah Li was stunned for a moment, then subconsciously reached out to push her away: "Don't touch my master…"

"This is none of your business!" Yu Shanye waved his hand and pushed the girl away. A Li stumbled and almost fell, but fortunately a hand caught her in time.

She looked up, still shaken, and was met with a cool and beautiful face.

Ah Li paused for a moment, then stammered, “Th-thank you…”

Ji Lingyue looked down at her, slowly raising a smile that appeared gentle and harmless: “No need to be polite.”

Ah Li’s goodwill towards her immediately increased, and he was about to smile at her when he heard his master exclaim, “Don’t hit her face!”

The two of them turned around instinctively and found that in just a short while, Lan Wu had already fallen into the water with a splash, and Yu Shanye jumped in after her, pulling her up relentlessly and about to hit her face again.

Lan Wuhua covered her face in shock, while Yu Shanye gritted his teeth, his fist hovering in the air. His eyes flickered, and he noticed the faint golden lotus on her forehead.

She suddenly froze, and after a long while, turned to look at Ji Lingyue, asking incredulously, “You… formed a pact with her?”

Ji Lingyue stood by the water and nodded slightly: “Yes.”

Yu Shanye stared at her intently, her brows furrowed, a hint of confusion in her eyes. After a while, she lowered her head again, looking at Lan Wu, who was curled up in the water.

Lan Wu also looked up at her. Because she had fallen into the water, she was soaking wet and had a red mark on her face. She looked extremely pitiful.

Yu Shanye clenched her fists, took a few deep breaths, and finally loosened her collar.

“I really… I really don’t understand you guys…”

The dark cave fell silent again, and soon the extinguished fire was rekindled.

“Master,” Ah Li asked softly, hugging her knees, after the two had walked to the other side, “What is a contract?”

Lan Wu was slightly taken aback. She subconsciously glanced at Ji Lingyue’s back, lowered her head, and said gently, “Forming a bond means that there is an additional connection between us. During this

time, I will always protect her and help her. No matter where we go, I will be with her."

Ah Li nodded as if she understood, "Isn't that just like a partner?"

Lan Wu coughed lightly and waved her hand, saying, "Don't talk nonsense. In short, you must never be bound by a contract. Your master only agreed to let her be bound by a contract because we had a very good relationship."

"But Master, you were avoiding her just a few days ago," Ah Li muttered, "How come you're on good terms with her so quickly?"

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then couldn't help but poke her forehead and sighed, "That's what adults are like—fickle and contradictory. You'll understand when you grow up."

"Understand what?" A familiar voice sounded from behind her. Ji Lingyue walked over, sat down next to her, and pinched her chin, turning her face to her side.

Lan Wu blinked uncomfortably, wanting to shrink back, but Ji Lingyue cupped her face and whispered, "Don't move."

The warm fingertips brushed across the red and swollen wound, and the pain quickly disappeared. Lan Wu paused for a moment, then stopped trying to leave and obediently rested her chin on her palm.

Yu Shanye scoffed coldly, crossed his arms, and decided to ignore it.

Ji Lingyue seemed not to see her and A Li, but spoke gently to Lan Wu, "Although we don't know what swallowed us, it can't be infinitely large. If we keep swimming forward, we'll definitely reach the end. Let's rest for a while and then continue on our way."

Lan Wu nodded: "Okay."

In complete darkness, even the perception of time became chaotic. Lan Wu and A Li swam fast, each taking one of them into the water. Their speed was so great that even flying on a sword couldn't keep up with them.

After splashing and moving forward for a long time, a white light indeed appeared in the distance. The closer it got, the faster the current beneath it felt. Even if it stopped wagging its tail to move forward, it was still being pushed along by the surging water.

Seeing the increasingly dazzling halo, Lan Wu slowed down, freeing one hand to splash some water. After a while, she suddenly had a flash of inspiration and exclaimed in surprise, “It’s a waterfall!”

As soon as they finished speaking, they were rushed out. The darkness dissipated, and a clear sky opened up before them. A pale “sun” hung in the bright sky, and as far as the eye could see, there was only an endless green plain.

After falling into the clear pool below the waterfall with a few splashes, Lan Wu quickly emerged from the water, climbed ashore, and transformed back into human form. She turned around, first pulling Ji Lingyue out of the water, and then pulling A Li and Yu Shanye out.

Suddenly, an unfamiliar voice rang out: “Who are you?”

Lan Wu was startled and subconsciously looked up, noticing a young woman not far from them, holding a bamboo basket and looking at them with a puzzled expression.

She felt the man looked somewhat familiar. After scrutinizing him for a while, she asked warily, “And who are you? Why are you inside this monster’s belly?”

“A monster?” The woman frowned, and after a long pause, said, “You mean Devouring Heaven?”

“Swallow what? Swallow the sky?” Yu Shanye climbed out of the water, drying his clothes as he raised an eyebrow in surprise. “You recognize this thing?”

The woman hummed in agreement and slowly said, “The ancient beast Devouring Heaven is shaped like a high mountain, with a mouth like a giant basin, and a world inside its belly. I have lived with it for a long time. It is gentle and will not intentionally harm people. You were swallowed up because you were accidentally injured while it was hunting.”

Yu Shanye clicked his tongue impatiently and said, “After all that talk, is there any way to get out?”

“Of course,” the woman nodded and said, “Come with me.”

The fact that it went so smoothly surprised them all. The group exchanged glances, and seeing the woman walk away, Ji Lingyue

pulled Lan Wu along and took the lead in following her, while Yu Shanye hesitated for a moment before reluctantly following behind.

After a while, she couldn't help but ask, "Don't you guys think she looks a little familiar?"

Lan Wu blinked and replied, "Do you also think it looks familiar? I think so too."

Yu Shanye ignored her and nudged Ji Lingyue: "What do you think?"

Ji Lingyue was silent for a moment, then hesitated and said, "It seems so."

"Looks like it wasn't my imagination," Yu Shanye muttered. After a moment, he lowered his voice and said cautiously, "I'm just saying, it's just a preliminary guess, you can just take it with a grain of salt. Maybe I'm mistaken, after all, it's been so many years…"

Ji Lingyue glanced at her and interrupted, "Speak your mind directly, don't beat around the bush."

Yu Shanye paused for a moment, licked his lips, and moved closer to them, his voice barely audible: "Does this person look… like that… headed vine demon we encountered in the underground palace of Penglai Island back then?"

52.7 hundred years

An eerie silence fell over the surroundings.

Ah Li looked up in confusion, glancing at her master and then at Yu Shan Ye. After a long while, she asked in bewilderment, "What vine demon?"

Lan Wu snapped out of her daze, couldn't help but rub her arms, and whispered, "Don't scare people like that."

Yu Shanye glared at her and asked Ji Lingyue, "What do you think?"

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, looked at the woman's back in front of her, and said, "In any case, it's better to be careful."

They followed the woman for a long time across the vast plain. The outline of buildings gradually appeared before their eyes. When they got closer, they found that it was a simple courtyard with three or four low houses and several vegetable gardens around it.

Qinghe put down the bamboo basket and led them into a house. As she pushed open the door, she said casually, "I'm back."

They exchanged a glance, and upon entering the house, they noticed a woman sitting in a wheelchair with her back to them by the window not far away. The woman was slender, dressed in a thin blue robe, with soft black hair cascading down her back, and her hands, visible through her sleeves, were as pale as paper.

She remained silent and motionless. Yu Shanye stared at her for a while, then turned his head suspiciously: "Weren't you going to take us away?"

Qinghe nodded and explained, "About two miles from here, there is a spring. When the spring creates a whirlpool at night, you can jump in and get out."

Yu Shanye was silent for a moment, then said, "Doesn't this feel a bit like…?"

Ji Lingyue: "Shut up."

Qinghe smiled and said, "There are still several hours until evening. Why don't you all sit here for a while and leave when it's time?"

Ji Lingyue hesitated for a moment, then said politely, "Thank you for your trouble."

"It's alright, I'll go get you some tea." As Qinghe was leaving, she suddenly remembered something, turned around, and said gently, "My surname is Qing and my given name is He. This is my Daoist partner, Lian Qi. She doesn't like to talk to strangers, so please bear with her and don't disturb her."

Everyone nodded repeatedly, and only after she left did they look around the room.

The space was small, and a single table occupied most of it. Further inside, there was a plain-colored screen, and curtains and a low table could be vaguely seen, which appeared to be a bed and a dressing table.

Lan Wu withdrew her gaze and couldn't help but look at the woman named Lian Qi.

The person hadn't moved since they entered the room, like a lifeless

statue.

She shouldn't have bothered her, but her gaze was inexplicably drawn to her, as if something about that person was strongly attracting her.

After hesitating for a moment, Lan Wu still leaned closer: "Miss Lian…"

Ji Lingyue frowned: "Lan Wu."

"It's nothing," Lan Wu shook her head at her, then called out again, "Miss Lian?"

Lian Qi sat silently in the chair, without saying a word.

Lan Wu pursed her lips, reached out, and gently patted her shoulder.

After a slight sway, the woman's head slowly drooped down, and her body slumped forward. Lan Wu was startled and quickly caught her, but this catch made the woman stiffen.

As a merman, she rarely encountered humans with a body temperature lower than her own, but this person, this person, had a body as cold as ice.

She instinctively looked down and met a pale face.

A moment later, Lan Wu exclaimed in surprise, abruptly released her grip, and took a few steps back.

The person who had been staring at her was also startled. Yu Shanye instinctively put her hand in front of A Li and asked in a high voice, "What's wrong?!"

Lan Wu, still shaken, looked at Lian Qi. The woman, having lost her support, slumped her head and leaned limply to one side. She opened her mouth, but after a long while, she found her voice and exclaimed in astonishment, "She's dead!"

"Dead?" Ji Lingyue frowned suddenly, took a few steps forward, and touched her neck with her hand. Her expression changed slightly: "Really dead."

Yu Shanye was shocked: "Lan Wu, what did you do? How could she die just from touching her?!"

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Lan Wu retorted, "She's long

dead!"

"But Qinghe just said…" Yu Shanye stopped mid-sentence, then said in a panic, "I knew something was wrong with her!"

Ji Lingyue turned around and made a decisive decision: "Let's go."

The group hurriedly walked outside, but unexpectedly bumped into Qinghe, who was carrying tea, as soon as they stepped out of the door. Ji Lingyue was startled and instinctively stepped in front to block him, while Lan Wu hesitated for a moment before tucking Ali behind her.

Ah Li was completely confused from beginning to end. She tried to peek out, but Yu Shanye pressed her back down: "Don't move!"

Qinghe stopped and looked at the three people who were on high alert with a puzzled expression: "Why did you come out?"

Yu Shanye: "Stop pretending, tell me, are you a monster?"

Lan Wu frowned and couldn't help but say, "Even monsters aren't this strange."

"What are you talking about?" Qinghe asked, bewildered. "I just went over and poured a few cups of tea, why are you so nervous?"

"If you put a dead person in the room, why do you think we'd be nervous?"

Qinghe's expression changed: "You touched her?"

She suddenly stepped forward, and just as Ji Lingyue instinctively grabbed her sword, she hurriedly passed by them and nervously ran into the room.

The group was taken aback, looked at each other, hesitated for a moment, then went back together and carefully peered inside through the doorway.

Pale sunlight streamed through the window, falling on Qinghe's delicate features. She lowered her eyes, carefully straightening Lianqi and gently tidying her disheveled hair. After a moment, she looked up at Ji Lingyue and the others, and sighed, "Didn't we say not to disturb her?"

Lan Wu blinked, feeling guilty, and said, "I'm sorry…"

“What are you apologizing for?” Yu Shanye interrupted her: “She’s a dead person, and you still say she’s your Daoist partner. You’re the one who lied to us first.”

“She is indeed dead, but she was indeed my Daoist partner.” Qinghe said calmly, “Just now, I didn’t tell you the truth because I was afraid you would feel uncomfortable.”

Yu Shanye didn’t believe it: “Since she is your Daoist partner, why don’t you let her rest in peace? Why do you keep her living in this strange place? You… tell me, are you a vine demon?”

Qinghe frowned: “What vine demon?”

“You’re still pretending,” Yu Shanye said. “Back then, in the underground palace on Penglai Island, wasn’t it you who attacked us?”

Qinghe stared at her for a while, then finally shook her head and said, “I don’t know what misunderstanding you have about me, but I haven’t left here for a long time, and I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“How is that possible? Is there anyone else in this world who looks exactly like you?”

Qinghe blinked and uttered a name: “Qingmiao?”

Yu Shanye paused for a moment, then chuckled dryly: “What, are you going to say that you also happen to have a twin sister?”

She nodded: “My younger sister, Qingmiao, does look just like me, but…”

“But what?”

“But she has been dead for a long time.” Qinghe lowered her eyes and looked at Lian Qi, who was leaning back quietly in her chair: “She and my Daoist partner died in the same place.”

She couldn’t remember how long ago that was; ever since she took refuge inside the Devourer’s body, she had lost track of the passing years. But she still remembered that afternoon when she and Zisang arrived, only to find a dead city that had been ravaged by the demon race.

She found her lover amidst a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood. When she came to her senses, Zi Sangchu stood in front of her, his face pale, holding the lifeless Qingmiao in his arms.

A dead town can be rebuilt, but the dead can never return.

After the City of Demons was built, she handed over the position of city lord to a collateral branch of her family and took Lian Qi's corpse to the Taixu Secret Realm.

Legend has it that an ancient beast dwells in the secret realm, its belly containing a world that has broken free from the cycle of heaven and is no longer controlled by the cruelest law of the world—time.

She can live forever, with her loved one.

Before leaving, she went to find Zi Sangchu. Zi Sangchu knelt in front of the ice coffin, listened to her words, and shook his head with a sneer.

She said, "I won't go with you. I'll find a way, a way to bring her back."

That was the last time she saw Zi Sangchu. Later, she found Tuntian as she wished, and time stood still. No matter how the outside world changed, or how the world changed, it had nothing to do with her anymore.

"…"

Ji Lingyue frowned: "But the souls of the dead have already been reincarnated. By doing this, you are only trapping yourself."

"I know," Qinghe nodded, stroking Lianqi's face affectionately, and whispered, "I also thought about finding her reincarnation, but, would the reincarnated her still be her?"

She paused for a moment, then sighed softly, "My Lianqi is long dead and will never come back. I know that, I just… I just can't bear to part with her."

Lan Wu frowned: "Then Qing Miao…"

"If what you say is true, and that vine demon looks exactly like me, then perhaps she really is Qingmiao, and Zisang Chuzhen really brought her back."

"Can this be considered a comeback?" Lan Wu couldn't help but ask, "If you become a mindless monster, only your body is alive, and even your body isn't human anymore, what's the difference between you and a walking corpse?"

Qinghe paused for a moment, then asked, "Have you met Zisangchu?"

Lan Wu shook her head: "In that underground palace, she was the only living thing."

"That shouldn't be the case, Zisangchu, we can't just leave her like this."

"What if she dies?"

A voice suddenly broke in, startling the group, who all turned to look.

Yu Shanye twisted his neck uncomfortably: "What? Haven't you all heard of Zi Sangchu? He's mentioned in the history books of the human world."

Lan Wu: "I am a merman, and I do not read human history books."

Ji Lingyue: "My parents were hunters and never thought about sending me to school."

Yu Shanye: "…Alright." She coughed lightly and began to explain: "Zisang Chu was the last ruler of the small border country of Zisang. According to historical records, she relied on her half-step into the path of immortality to do whatever she wanted, and was indifferent. She launched an extremely brutal war. After the war, she was overthrown by the angry people. She was also seriously injured and disappeared without a trace."

"Impossible," Qinghe suddenly interrupted her, "Zisangchu isn't that kind of person!"

"You said it yourself, you haven't seen her in a long time, and you don't know what she became." Yu Shanye muttered, "Resurrecting her lover into that grotesque state, I think it's quite fitting for her image."

Qinghe was taken aback, and after a moment, asked in a hoarse voice, "This… how long ago was this?"

Yu Shanye pursed his lips, sighed, and lowered his eyes, saying, "Seven hundred years ago."

———

I feel like the counterattack will happen either in the next chapter or the chapter after that.

53. Stop touching me.

Night fell, the full moon was pale, and even in this world that had deviated from the laws of nature, there were still twinkling stars.

Not far away, the clear spring churned and surged, gradually forming a huge whirlpool that covered the entire surface of the water. The first few people jumped in one by one. When only Ji Lingyue was left, she turned around and hesitated, “Do you really want to stay here forever?”

Qinghe nodded and hummed in agreement.

Yes, the exit is so close, yet for over seven hundred years she has never considered leaving. How could a word of advice from her possibly change her mind?

Ji Lingyue sighed softly and silently turned away, but Qinghe asked, “I noticed before that the merman you made a contract with is someone you like, right?”

Ji Lingyue frowned: “Why…why are you asking this?”

Qinghe smiled slightly: “If one day she loses her life, and you are left alone in the world, what choice will you make?”

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, and after a long while, shook her head: “We won’t do that.” She said seriously: “If she dies, I will die too.”

The woman paused, a slight look of surprise in her eyes. Ji Lingyue said nothing more, turned around, and jumped into the icy vortex.

After a violent churning, her body suddenly felt light and sank into the still water. Tiny bubbles rose to the surface, and a misty black shadow passed by her, silently swimming towards the bottom.

Ji Lingyue floated in the water, and only after she could no longer see the shadow of Tuntian did she make a hand seal and draw a faint light.

After the shimmering golden light faded, a patch of long, silvery, seaweed-like hair appeared before her. Lan Wu turned around in a

daze, and upon seeing her, she understood what had happened. She swam over and took her hand.

The round bubbles enveloped them, and she breathed a sigh of relief, complaining, “Why are you so slow? I thought you weren’t going to come out, so I chased after it for a while.”

Ji Lingyue smiled, reached out and hugged her neck, snuggling into her arms: “How could I not come out? You weren’t even there.”

Lan Wu: “Let’s go up.”

“good.”

When they emerged from the water, the moonlight was still serene. As Lan Wu swam towards the shore, she said, “You came out too late. Shan Ye and the others have probably already come ashore. I’ll have Dan Qing go find her in a bit…”

As they were talking, she suddenly paused, her hand instinctively grabbing Ji Lingyue’s waist, and she hummed softly, “Don’t move.”

Ji Lingyue lifted her head, her wet kisses leaving the woman’s neck and landing on her clean chin. She then moved up to gently capture her lower lip, murmuring, “We’ll find them again tomorrow…”

Lan Wu narrowed her eyes, pressed the person down onto a rock on the shore, and asked in a low voice, “Do you remember why you came here?”

Ji Lingyue nodded and said, “As the senior sister leading the team, I will try my best to protect my junior brothers and sisters.”

Lan Wu raised an eyebrow: “…Look at you, you’re so irresponsible.”

“I was never going to be able to protect them anyway,” Ji Lingyue muttered. “I don’t even know where they are.”

Lan Wu couldn’t help but smile, lowering her gaze to kiss her. Her long eyelashes drooped, and the beautiful scales on her chin gradually faded, revealing her white body immersed in the water. She was almost naked as she pressed herself against Ji Lingyue.

Ji Lingyue let out a muffled groan as she was kissed. Noticing the change in her body, she blinked and suddenly said, “Tail…”

“Um?”

“If you want the tail,” Ji Lingyue looked up at her, her voice hoarse, “don’t take it back.”

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then hesitated before saying, “You… you’re getting stranger and stranger.”

But she always went along with Ji Lingyue, and after hesitating for a moment, she did not retract her body, maintaining her half-human, half-mermaid form, and pressed her down beneath her.

As the clothes were removed, the cold, hard scales slowly rubbed against the delicate skin, touching the damp, warm crotch.

After leaving behind her thick, long tail, people who were usually about the same size as her appeared much smaller. Falling into the arms of this demon, they were like fragile porcelain that could be manipulated at will. She was also as white as jade, and if the movement was slightly rough, it could leave rampant red marks on her body.

Lan Wu gently swayed her tail, her thin, gauze-like tail fin spreading out in the water. Her wet, silvery scales rubbed against the soft, tender flower core, and soon, a lustful fluid was squeezed out. Ji Lingyue whimpered, hugging Lan Wu’s neck tightly, instinctively wrapping her arms around her waist. Her two slender legs trembled and hung in the air, swaying with Lan Wu’s movements.

“Lan Wu…”

She called out in a daze, looking up to kiss Lan Wu’s lips. Lan Wu gently took her lips and tongue in his mouth, his fingertips tracing down from her lower abdomen, disappearing into the damp hair, slowly teasing the already slippery flesh.

Ji Lingyue trembled violently, gasping for breath as if she couldn’t bear it, occasionally letting out a few suppressed sobs. Lan Wu slowly inserted her fingers into the tight acupoint, exchanging a deep kiss with her. Seeing her rapid breathing, she kindly released her, burying her nose in Ji Lingyue’s sweaty hair and gently rubbing it against her.

“Ah… umm…”

Ji Lingyue was like a ripe peach, soft and juicy, her body flushed with a sensual pink. Lan Wu slowly and deliberately picked up her fingers and rubbed and pressed them inside her vagina. She moaned like a little animal, her waist swaying to meet Lan Wu’s movements. The

squelching sound was like an aphrodisiac horn, stripping away her shyness and reason, making her utter wanton moans without any restraint.

Her nipples pressed against Lan Wu's equally soft body without any obstruction. Ji Lingyue raised her misty eyes. Under the cool moonlight, the mermaid's soft long hair looked like a flowing Milky Way, and her body was also coated with a layer of hazy light, just like the sea monsters mentioned in "The Book of Strange Things".

No, she was originally, originally a sea spirit…

Ji Lingyue blinked in a daze, her heart pounding, and breathlessly whispered in her ear, "Lan Wu…"

Lan Wu lowered her eyes and gazed at her quietly.

Pink nipples stood erect. Ji Lingyue kissed Lan Wu's ear and pulled her hand to touch her breasts: "Touch me…"

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, her hand sinking into Ji Lingyue's chest and kneading it vigorously. Ji Lingyue squinted comfortably, arching her chest and offering it to Lan Wu's hand, her lips parting as she breathed softly with her mouth open.

The tide lapped against the stone surface, making a splashing sound. The woman's seductive moans were muffled. Lan Wu moved her wrists, rhythmically thrusting into Ji Lingyue's wet and soft orifice. When she withdrew, she would pull out some of the alluring red flesh clinging to her fingers.

Sticky fluid overflowed from the bulging opening, turning into murky white foam that coated the point of contact with a thick, sticky substance.

Ji Lingyue was repeatedly penetrated to the deepest point, and her hands holding Lan Wu's shoulders tightened more and more. She moaned a few times, then suddenly squeezed her legs together, her lower abdomen contracting as she released a gush of lustful fluid.

At this most sensitive moment, Lan Wu lowered her head and sealed her lips with his, roughly lifting her foot onto his shoulder, his waist thrusting, making a series of rapid, sharp impacts.

"Um!"

The once smooth scales stood up slightly, scraping against the swollen clitoris, bringing an indescribable, trembling pleasure. The soft moans that escaped her throat were completely swallowed by Lan Wu, who leaned down and pressed down, almost folding Ji Lingyue in half.

Fortunately, the woman's waist was flexible, and even though she was manipulated into this position, she didn't feel too uncomfortable. Instead, her vaginal opening expelled more honey water, which flowed down her thighs and buttocks, standing on the silver scales and dripping wetly into the clear lake water.

Lan Wu finally released her lips, lowered her head, and took the soft breast in front of her into her mouth. Her left hand stroked Ji Lingyue's flat abdomen, while her right hand slid down again, stirring into the wet and soft opening.

"Lan Wu, ah! Slow down, um, slow down..."

Ji Lingyue gasped for breath as she reached for her hand, lifting her waist to meet Lan Wu's thrusting motion. Lan Wu gently bit her nipple, her long hair damp with sweat hanging down beside her face, her eyelashes glistening with moisture. When she looked up, her eyes sparkled with a captivating light.

Ji Lingyue met her smiling eyes, her breath caught in her throat, and the love in her heart almost overflowed. She sensitively squeezed the fingers buried inside her, and reached out to the woman on top of her, coaxing, "Hold me..."

Lan Wu raised her head, wrapped her arms around Ji Lingyue's waist, which was covered in a thin layer of sweat, and lifted her away from the rocks, sinking her into the water until only her shoulders and above were above water. Ji Lingyue closed her eyes, nestled limply in Lan Wu's arms, swayed for a moment, then suddenly let out a muffled groan and lowered her head to bite Lan Wu's shoulder.

Lan Wu couldn't help but gasp. She held her in the water for a while before slowly withdrawing her fingers and affectionately kissing her forehead: "Are you tired?"

Ji Lingyue nuzzled against her shoulder in response.

Lan Wu couldn't help but chuckle, lifting her up a bit as they prepared to reach the shore. But after swimming halfway, she suddenly froze, her eyes widening, and stammered, "Where...where are you touching?!"

Ji Lingyue blinked and gave a soft hum, as if she was simply expressing her confusion: “Why are the scales on this part softer than on the other parts?”

Lan Wu’s long eyelashes trembled slightly, her face flushed, and her eyes quickly welled up with tears, becoming watery: “Stop touching me…”

54. Bargaining

The situation suddenly reversed.

Lan Wu bumped into the rock behind her. The cold, hard touch made her flinch. Ji Lingyue’s hot body was pressed against her, his arm submerged in the water. After a while, he muttered to himself, “So slippery.”

The scales under the fingertip are softer than other parts of the body, fitting together perfectly to firmly protect the cavity inside.

Even so, some wet and sticky stuff still leaked out, which Ji Lingyue scraped away from the gap. Lan Wu groaned and wagged her tail uneasily, trying to break free from her grasp.

Water splashed everywhere, and glistening droplets flowed down her bare waist. Ji Lingyue lifted her eyes, her clear eyes fixed on her, and said softly, “Don’t move.”

Lan Wu froze abruptly, suspecting that Ji Lingyue was giving her orders again; otherwise, why would she feel like she really couldn’t move?

As she drifted off into thought, the woman pressed closer to her, lowering her head and breathing hot air onto her sensitive neck: “Lan Wu, open your scales…”

Lan Wu blinked, then leaned back somewhat flusteredly: “No, at least, at least wait until I become…”

“That’s good.” Ji Lingyue said, pressing on the slightly concave, supple scales, and asked curiously, “With such a big tail, how do you merfolk usually mate?”

Lan Wu trembled as she was touched, but the scales protecting her lower abdomen shyly opened, slowly revealing the soft cavity hidden inside.

Slender fingers carefully probed inside. The temperature here was much higher than outside, and the muscles were firm. Even a single finger that managed to slip in was gripped tightly.

Lan Wu let out a soft groan, her trembling long eyelashes closing together, and she curled up. Her delicate tail fin unconsciously curled up, softly pressing against Ji Lingyue's bare calves, swaying gently with the water.

"Lan Wu," she whispered in the merman's ear, "it's so hot inside..."

Lan Wu bit her lip, opened her eyes, and glared at her with embarrassment and annoyance: "If you're going to do it, hurry up."

"But……"

"We are no different from humans where we live," Lan Wu said, blushing and quickening her pace, afraid that she would continue to investigate and ask questions. "So, just do the same thing as I did to you."

Ji Lingyue said "Oh," looked up at her, and smiled, "You said it yourself."

Lan Wu: ...

Why do I suddenly have a bad feeling?

In her hesitant gaze, the woman, as bright as the moon, closed her eyes slightly and raised her head to kiss her. Lan Wu subconsciously hugged her, and that subtle unease was thrown to the back of her mind.

The finger that had been inserted into the acupoint slowly withdrew, tentatively sliding upwards along the fleshy crevice. After lifting a soft layer of scales, it indeed touched a small protrusion.

Lan Wu suddenly tightened her arms, and a trembling moan escaped from her intertwined lips and tongue.

It really is here...

Ji Lingyue bit her lower lip, her fingertips kneading the erect clitoris, and soft, seductive breaths rose and fell with her movements, sometimes light, sometimes heavy.

"Hmm..." Lan Wu subconsciously curled her tail, her waist swaying

slightly, to meet Ji Lingyue's fingertips: "Gently…"

Ji Lingyue glanced at her, then suddenly raised her hand, grabbed her waist, and lifted her up. With a splash, the silver-haired monster sat on the cold stone, half of its tail protruding from the water, and involuntarily shivered.

She opened her blue eyes, the deep sea color reflecting the woman's delicate, slender face. The man smiled at her, then bent down and kissed her smooth belly a few times before lowering his head to lick her wet vulva.

Unlike humans, after the merfolk separate their scales, the area around the recessed flesh crevices is clean and smooth, showing a light pink color. It is not troublesome for Ji Lingyue to lick it. Her nimble tongue tip pries open the tight opening and then goes in to soothe the folds of the cavity.

"ah!"

Lanwu exclaimed in surprise, her tail swaying instinctively, hitting the water's surface with a crisp slapping sound.

"No, don't lick, A-Yue…" she gasped, her hands rummaging through Ji Lingyue's long hair. After a few attempts to push her away, her voice changed, and she began to moan hoarsely, "Don't suck, wait… um…"

With a series of smacking sounds coming from her lower body, Lan Wu's mind was in a daze, so comfortable that she lost her bearings. Her body lost all strength to struggle and collapsed limply onto the stone surface, like a fish on a chopping board, at her mercy.

Ji Lingyue blinked, and seeing that Lan Wu's reaction was not great, she raised her head in dissatisfaction, took a bite of Lan Wu's protruding fleshy core, and the fish tail that was originally drooping suddenly trembled and was flung back onto the water surface. Accompanied by a sob with a crying tone, hot and clear liquid gushed out intermittently from the opening.

Ji Lingyue licked her lips, looked at Lan Wu who was panting with her eyes closed, and said with pleasure, "You're so sensitive." As she spoke, she raised her eyebrows, recalling Lan Wu's teasing in the past, and used it in practice: "No wonder you have a water spirit root."

Lan Wu slowly opened her eyes, a trembling pleasure spreading through her body. She stared blankly at Ji Lingyue for a long while

before realizing what she was saying. After realizing what she meant, her face flushed red, and the corners of her eyes reddened: “You still remember after all this time? You…you’re so petty…”

Ji Lingyue didn’t speak, but smeared some honey water on her vulva and slowly squeezed it into her vagina with the slippery liquid.

Hmm, it’s too tight, and it’s very hot.

She frowned, and then slowly replied, “I’m not petty… it’s just that I remember every word you said.”

Lan Wu was taken aback, staring at her for a moment before reaching out to hug her amidst the surging pleasure, her voice hoarse as she said, “You’re too cunning, always knowing how to make me feel guilty…”

Ji Lingyue looked up and asked, “If you feel guilty, will you stay by my side forever?”

Lan Wu closed her eyes and responded intermittently, “I promised you, um… after everything is over, I’ll… I’ll stay with you forever… ah, be gentle…”

Ji Lingyue remained noncommittal. After the water started gurgling, she inserted another finger into the hole.

“No,” she hugged Ji Lingyue tightly, resting her head on her shoulder, and whimpered, “It’s swollen…”

“But you’ve already swallowed it all.” Ji Lingyue coaxed softly, her fingers constantly moving in and out. After a while, the mermaid’s secret acupoints no longer gripped tightly, but instead became hot and soft. Each time she withdrew, red, alluring flesh wrapped around her knuckles and was pulled out.

Gradually, Lan Wu’s dissatisfied groans turned into comfortable moans. She exhaled hot, moist breath, squinted her eyes, and swayed her waist to match Ji Lingyue’s thrusts. Her tail slapped the water’s surface again and again, creating ripples. The sticky fluid squeezed out from their union also flowed down her silver scales, dripping into the water.

“Mmm…so comfortable…”

Ji Lingyue didn’t speak, pressing down with the heel of her palm, each

thrust rubbing hard against Lan Wu's clitoris. Lan Wu whimpered and flinched, her vaginal muscles contracting tightly, almost to the point of being unable to move an inch again.

Ji Lingyue commanded, "Relax."

This time, the contract was truly invoked.

Lan Wu glared at her through teary eyes, and said in embarrassment and annoyance, "Ji Lingyue!"

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, kneading her slippery clitoris while continuing to thrust into her twitching vaginal muscles. Her fingers went in all the way to the root, stretching the narrow opening into a bulging circle. With each thrust, a stream of clear fluid was squeezed out and dripped down.

"Ah…no…"

The pleasure of the climax was endless, and Lan Wu trembled all over. She wanted to curl up, but she was controlled to open her body even wider, offering her body almost lewdly.

The sounds of lewd water echoed one after another. The silver-haired mermaid cried as she arched her back, and abundant vaginal fluid sprayed onto Ji Lingyue's palm, causing her vaginal muscles to twitch violently.

Ji Lingyue pinched her chin, raised her head and sealed her lips with hers, capturing her soft, wet tongue.

"Mmm…"

The pearl fell into the water with a plop and sank to the deep bottom.

A moment later, Ji Lingyue, panting, raised her head, one hand around the woman's waist, which was covered in a thin layer of sweat, and the other hand rubbing her moist lips. Lan Wu, who had been resting with her eyes half-closed, slowly looked at her, her face flushed with a seductive blush, and opened her mouth to take Ji Lingyue's fingertip into her mouth.

Her nimble, soft tongue darted around her fingertips, almost licking every inch of skin. As she licked, Lan Wu slowly glanced at her, her expression a mix of flattery and seduction, but it was definitely not something she would normally do.

Ji Lingyue stared at her with wide eyes, looking completely bewildered.

Lan Wu released her finger, obediently raised her head, kissed the corner of her lips, and said softly, “A-Yue.”

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement and subconsciously snuggled into Lan Wu’s arms, feeling that Lan Wu would agree to anything she said now.

Lan Wu blinked and said, “How about a year?”

“…”

Ji Lingyue shook her head: “No good.”

55. Friends

As dawn broke, Yu Shanye and A Li followed Danqing to find them.

Ji Lingyue raised her hand, and the snow-white bird folded its wings and landed on her forearm, tilting its head and affectionately nuzzling her chin.

Lan Wu, who was standing to the side, crossed her arms and muttered under her breath, “I wonder who the master is now.”

Ji Lingyue glanced at her: “If you don’t want me to be your master, why do you want to be Danqing’s master?”

Lan Wu choked, “I… how can these be the same?”

“What’s the difference? It’s just that Danqing’s intelligence is immature and he doesn’t understand what dignity is.” Ji Lingyue snorted, put Danqing on her shoulder, stepped onto her longsword, and flew into the air.

Lan Wu stood there dumbfounded, unable to react for a long time.

Yu Shanye glanced at Ji Lingyue’s departing figure, then looked at Lan Wu. Feeling curious, he nudged A Li and said, “Ask your master if he had a fight with Ji Lingyue.”

Ah Li hesitated, glancing at the two steps between them, and said, “Master…”

“Why did I argue with her?” Lan Wu exhaled, frowned, and muttered

to herself, “Could it really be that there’s something wrong with me?”

Yu Shanye: “Ali, ask your master, didn’t she find it strange that she, a demon, would form a contract with a spirit beast back then?”

Lan Wu: “Now that I think about it, it does seem a bit strange.”

Yu Shanye: “Ali…”

Ah Li exclaimed in annoyance and stomped her foot, “If you want to ask, just ask yourself! You’re standing right next to my master, how can you be more childish than a kid! I’m going to chase after Sister Ah Yue, you and Master hurry up too!”

Yu Shanye: …

After a moment, she turned to look at Lan Wu standing beside her. Lan Wu naturally met her gaze and tilted her head: “What’s wrong? Is there anything else you want to ask?”

Yu Shanye was silent for a moment, then asked, “Do you feel sad like this right now?”

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then shook her head after realizing what she meant: “What a pity, you missed the saddest time of my life. I’m much better now.”

Yu Shanye snorted, “That’s a real pity. I was going to laugh at you.”

Lan Wu couldn’t help but smile and whisper, “Thank you, Yamaha.”

“Thank me for what?”

“Thank you for being with A-Yue all these years.”

“What are you saying?” Yu Shanye looked away. “She’s my friend too. I’m not with her for your sake. But at first, I really hated you.”

Lan Wu’s eyes darkened slightly: “I’m sorry, I lied to you back then…”

Yu Shanye shook his head: “It’s not entirely because of that. Do you know that you left behind a mess? To help you make up for your mistakes, both Master and Ji Lingyue were punished. Ji Lingyue… she was forced to take medicine for a whole month, and almost half of her blood was taken out.”

Lan Wu was startled and instinctively took a step forward: “What do

you mean? Why are you taking her blood?"

Yu Shanye raised an eyebrow and sighed, "She really didn't tell you."

After hesitating for a moment, she looked at Lan Wu and began to recount what had happened back then: "After coming down from the Cliff of Contemplation, Ji Lingyue went out to do missions all over the country and only came back once in a long while. When she came back, she would go into seclusion to cultivate and hardly communicate with anyone. Later, when I went to find her, I found out that every time she went out, she would go to the South China Sea, take a boat, and drift at sea for months at a time."

But the sea was so vast that she had no direction and could only drift aimlessly with the waves, traveling under the stars and moon, enduring wind and rain, in an attempt to find the most mysterious homeland of the mermaids in legend—Kunlun Sea.

"Of course she can't find you. Although you were lovers, you knew everything about her, but she didn't know you at all. On the day you separated, she only found out who you were for the first time. After that, even if she searched with all her might, it was all in vain." At this point, Yu Shanye paused and said calmly, "Lan Wu, sometimes I think you are really too cruel."

Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled slightly, her fingertips dug into her palms without her noticing, and her throat felt blocked, unable to utter a sound.

"So, when I saw you being bound to her, although I felt sorry for you, I also felt that you deserved it." Yu Shanye pursed his lips and asked, "You understand how I feel, right?"

After a long silence, Lan Wu whispered, "I understand."

"Good that you understand," Yu Shanye added, "However, this doesn't mean that I support Ji Lingyue forming a bond with you."

Lan Wu: "Don't worry about me."

"Who's worried about you?" Yu Shanye rolled her eyes and emphasized, "I'm not worried about you at all. I just feel sorry for you. I… sigh!"

Lan Wu closed her eyes, hugged her tightly, and sighed, "Thank you, Yamaha."

Yu Shanye froze for a while before awkwardly raising his hand to pat her back: "We're barely friends, why thank me? Besides, I haven't completely forgiven you yet."

Lan Wu chuckled: "You're right."

As soon as she finished speaking, distorted ripples appeared before her eyes. Lan Wu was startled, her arms still in the embracing position, but the Yu Shanye in front of her had transformed into Ji Lingyue with a cold and pretty face.

Ah, this…

She blinked and couldn't help but look at Yu Shanye. Yu Shanye on the ground was also staring at them in astonishment, looking completely bewildered.

Suddenly, her collar was grabbed, forcing her to turn around, and a warm pair of lips pressed against hers. Lan Wu stared in shock, her hands frozen in mid-air, unsure whether to marvel at Ji Lingyue's audacity or her shamelessness—in broad daylight, in front of Yu Shanye, she was actually being intimate with him.

Yu Shanye's expression changed slightly. After a long while, he helplessly put his hands on his hips and raised his voice, saying, "Ji Lingyue, can you stop being so petty? Don't you know what kind of relationship I have with her?"

After kissing her, Ji Lingyue bit Lan Wu's lower lip unhappily before turning her head to give her a cold glance: "So what?"

Yu Shanye: …

Lan Wu chuckled, reached out, and put her arm around her waist: "Alright, don't be angry."

Ji Lingyue retorted unhappily, "I'm not angry."

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, looked at her intently for a moment, and said, "I've changed my mind."

"What?"

"How about two years instead of just one year?"

Ji Lingyue stared in shock, her eyes wide. She hadn't expected that after thinking for so long, this was all she had figured out. She

clenched her fists and raised her voice, “Oh no!”

“If it’s not good, it’s not good. Why are you making such a fuss?” Lan Wu muttered, lowered her eyes, cupped her face, and kissed her.

Ji Lingyue was taken aback. After realizing what was happening, a hint of joy flickered in her eyes. But soon, she remembered something, her eyebrows furrowed, and she asked warily, “What kind of trick are you up to now?”

“Don’t wrong me, how could I be so cunning?”

As Lan Wu was explaining herself, she caught a glimpse of several streaks of light out of the corner of her eye. She turned her head and saw several cultivators rushing through the air as if their tails were on fire, their swords leaving long afterimages. Yu Shanye sensed something was wrong, and after thinking for a while, she pulled A Li along and chased after them.

Lan Wu swallowed her words and followed behind Ji Lingyue.

Not long after they flew away, Yu Shanye, who had gone ahead to catch up with the others, rushed back in a great hurry, shouting from afar, “Hurry up, the secret realm is about to close!”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: “It’s only the fourth day!”

“It’s not the fourth day, it’s already the sixth day!” Yu Shanye said in a panic. “The flow of time inside the Devouring Heaven is different from that outside. Oh dear, if we don’t leave soon, we won’t be able to get out!”

As she spoke, she complained, “Seriously, I finally managed to come in, but I didn’t do anything, and now all this time is gone!”

56. An eye for an eye

By the time they arrived at the temple, it was already dusk on the seventh day.

From afar, the magnificent palace resembled the residence of a royal family on earth, rather than the ethereal and sacred abode of immortals. They had only felt tired and weary on their journey, not sensing any danger. It was only after entering the hundred-foot-high golden archway and seeing the blood-stained ground that they realized something was amiss.

As they walked further in, they reached a spacious hall, where several people stopped and stared in astonishment.

Ah Li's face turned deathly pale, and she covered her mouth, almost gagging.

The once gleaming gold bricks were now covered with severed limbs, dismembered bodies, and blood and flesh. Various mutilated corpses lay on the ground, some even hanging from the high beams. Ji Lingyue glanced around with a serious expression, then quickly walked to several corpses and pulled out a woman from the bottom.

The woman's white clothes were stained blood red, her eyes were wide open, her face was full of horror, but she had already lost her breath.

Yu Shanye walked over, frowning with pity: "Isn't this… Senior Sister Lin from Star Gazing Peak?"

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, looked around, and noticed several more corpses dressed in familiar Taoist robes. She murmured, "What on earth happened…"

Just then, a cry of surprise came from not far away: "Master, there's a living one here!"

Lan Wu was taken aback, then quickly walked over.

The person was huddled in the corner between the wall and the stone pillar with their head drooping, their body shrouded in shadow. If it weren't for Ah Li's sharp eyes, she probably wouldn't have been seen.

The woman's long hair was disheveled and fell in front of her, and her clothes were tattered and torn, with bloody wounds that almost exposed the bone.

Ji Lingyue looked her up and down, noticing the jade pendant hanging from her waist, and exclaimed in surprise, "Xuanyu!"

Lan Wu turned around: "You know her."

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement: "She is the senior sister of Yunxiao Pavilion and also the young master of Yunxiao Pavilion. Although she was not born into a beast-taming family, she became a demon tamer. In the previous Immortal Debate Conference, she never ranked out of the top three."

Lan Wu asked instinctively, "What about you?"

Even in such a solemn occasion, Ji Lingyue couldn't help but slightly raise her chin, revealing a hint of pride: "I am the crown head."

Lan Wu laughed: "You're really amazing."

Yu Shanye: "…That's enough. Can you two give her a few pills first?"

Lan Wu blinked, made two "oh" sounds, and took a few steps back. Ji Lingyue also pursed her lips, probably feeling that her performance just now was indeed not good, so she took out the Shalan that someone had given her a few days ago: "Feed her this."

Yu Shanye took the flower and was wondering how to put it in her mouth when she felt a chill rush to her back. Lan Wu's eyes flickered, and she instantly conjured a long sword, blocking the claws that were attacking Yu Shanye and sending the dark figure flying.

The figure in black was slender and did not appear disheveled after being knocked away. With her toes touching the ground, she lightly flipped over and leaped several meters away.

Lan Wu stared intently, and only then did she see clearly that it was a graceful and charming woman. Her face was extremely beautiful, with upturned eyes, red lips without any makeup, and eyes that were full of water. When she looked at people, they were like hooks, which could steal away one's soul.

She frowned and hesitated, then asked, "A fox demon?"

The fox demon raised an eyebrow at them and chuckled, "That's strange. Two cultivators and two demons, and they didn't even fight. What, you two have also formed a pact?"

"Also?" Lan Wu asked, "You've also been bound by a contract?"

The fox demon chuckled, placing her fingertips on her forehead. Instantly, blue patterns appeared. Lan Wu blinked, breathed a sigh of relief, and put down her sword, asking, "Why did you attack us?"

"You approached my master, who knows what you're going to do?" she said lazily. "So I just did it."

Ji Lingyue asked suspiciously, "If you are Xuan Yu's contracted beast, why didn't I see you at the last Immortal Gathering?"

“The last Immortal Gathering was seven years ago. How many things can happen in seven years? This immortal master must have thought of it.” She withdrew her claws and walked over confidently, saying, “It seems you all know my master. Hmm… I was very rude just now. I thought you were one of those crazy cultivators.”

As she spoke, she rudely pushed Ji Lingyue aside, squatted down, and hugged Xuanyu in her arms. Lan Wu observed for a while and found that although this fox demon seemed unreliable, she was very gentle when feeding people water.

Yu Shanye finally found a chance to interject: “A mad cultivator? What mad cultivator?”

The fox demon paused, turned around, looked at them suspiciously for a moment, and then suddenly realized: “You didn’t just arrive, did you?”

Yu Shanye nodded: “Yes.”

“I knew it,” she smiled, pointing to the hellish palace not far away, and said, “That explains it. Just two days ago, most of the surviving cultivators arrived here one after another and collected all the treasures and artifacts from every room in the temple. Although there was some fighting at that time, it was still relatively peaceful. But last night, a phantom claiming to be the master of the temple appeared and stuck a divine sword into the throne… Don’t bother looking, the throne has already been shattered by them.”

Yu Shanye froze for a moment, then turned back dejectedly and muttered, “It won’t hurt to take a look.”

The fox demon continued, “In short, that longsword brought trouble because it’s a divine artifact, so they wanted to possess it.”

In the end, almost everyone lost their minds. The hall seemed to have become the most brutal arena, with blood and flesh flying everywhere and screams echoing. The smart ones were the first to run into the teleportation array to escape the secret realm, while the weak ones tried to leave but were affected by the pressure of the powerful beings and were crushed in an instant, like tiny insects.

Ji Lingyue asked in astonishment, “So, they killed each other just to fight over a divine artifact?”

“Little Immortal Master, divine artifacts are extraordinary. If that

sword were truly a divine artifact, it would indeed be worth such a bloody struggle. But unfortunately, it is not." The fox chuckled mockingly, stretched out his hand, and a golden longsword appeared out of thin air.

The group was startled. Lan Wu's eyes widened in disbelief. "This can't be…this is that sword, can it?"

"Indeed." The fox nodded and said, "My master is very clever. She wanted to retreat early on, but she was still accidentally injured. I took her to hide outside, and only when there was no more movement in the temple did I muster up the courage to come in and take a look. I found that almost all of these people were dead."

"As for the person who finally got the sword, he was also seriously injured and died not long after. I picked it up by chance, but after using it for a few hours, I realized," she skillfully twirled the sword and clicked her tongue, "that it was just a high-grade spirit sword."

Looking at the astonished faces of the crowd, the fox shrugged and said jokingly, "So, this temple has played a trick on everyone."

Ji Lingyue frowned: "But we made it all the way here safely, how could we, how could we die at the hands of our own people?"

"What's there to ask? It's not like monsters are the only ones who kill each other. You should be glad you weren't there." The fox demon said, picking up Xuan Yu from the ground and carefully leaping over the corpses as she walked deeper into the main hall. "However, the disciples of Haochen Mountain are quite clever; half of them ran away beforehand. Now that this secret realm is about to close, and all the good stuff has been looted, you'd better hurry up and get out, lest you be trapped here for sixty years."

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and remained silent.

Lan Wu sighed, looked around at the sea of blood and mountains of corpses, and took the initiative to step forward, find the dead Haochen Mountain disciples, and take down their life tablets one by one.

After a while, Ji Lingyue came over and bent down to help.

She whispered, "I should protect them."

Lan Wu paused, glanced at her, and said, "It's not your fault."

Yu Shanye also said, "Yes, you heard what that fox said. If you were here, I'm afraid you wouldn't even be able to protect yourself."

Ji Lingyue's long eyelashes trembled. After a long while, she silently clenched the hard sign in her hand, lowered her eyes, and searched for the next corpse.

The teleportation array was located high in the center of the main hall. They circled around several times, hoping to find all the Haochen Mountain disciples who had unfortunately lost their lives there. They entered the array at the last moment, but as soon as they stepped out of the array's eye, they saw a familiar figure standing motionless in front of them, letting the wind blow her long hair around.

Dark clouds gathered, rumbling thunder rumbled, and a strong stench of blood and demonic energy filled the air. Lan Wu stepped forward, her blue eyes reflecting the same tragic scene as inside the secret realm.

But what's different here is that there are countless ordinary people among them. Perhaps just a few days ago they brushed past her on the streets, carrying her breakfast on a shoulder pole, or laughing and cuddling with their parents under the eaves. Now, they have all become lifeless corpses, and the spreading blood has almost stained half the beach red.

A thunderous boom echoed, and a flash of light illuminated the fox's beautiful face. She turned around, her eyes unusually bright, and gave them a strange smile: "What did I tell you?" She raised her voice, her tone hoarse: "Whether human or demon, they are all bad things!"

While cultivators gathered in large numbers in the secret realm, the monsters brazenly slaughtered the humans of this town.

It looked like a demonstration, or perhaps a provocation.

Ji Lingyue froze, instinctively turning her head to look at Lan Wu with red eyes.

Lan Wu clenched her fists, and after a long while, she sighed wearily, “An eye for an eye…”

57. Repayment

Lan Wu carefully avoided the people lying on the ground and carried the medicine to the deepest part of the clinic.

Unfortunately, the person she delivered the medicine to didn’t appreciate it. After seeing her face, he groaned in pain.

“Get out of here, you damned monster…”

Lan Wu placed the medicine bowl beside her without changing her expression, then turned and left.

Her steps were steady, her silver hair cascading down her back swaying gently, shimmering like fine silk, making her stand out in the noisy, dimly lit environment. Many people cast disgusted glances at her, occasionally punctuated by curses, but Lan Wu seemed oblivious. After leaving the clinic, she went to help deliver the next bowl of medicine.

It wasn’t until dawn that the people who went to collect the bodies returned intermittently. Behind Ji Lingyue were several young disciples of Haochen Mountain, their faces full of fatigue, and their usually clean clothes were stained with blood.

After finishing her water, she looked around, grabbed someone at random, and asked, “Have you seen Lan Wu before?”

“Lan Wu? That silver-haired monster?” The person pointed to the other side: “It seems she went that way.”

Ji Lingyue thanked her and followed that direction, walking all the way out of the town and climbing a high slope before finally seeing the person sitting on the cliff. The sea breeze was salty and carried a chill. Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes, slowly walked over, and sat down next to Lan Wu. After a while, she gently leaned her head against her.

Lan Wu stirred and turned her head to look at her: “Are you tired?”

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement and asked, “Where’s Ali?”

"I sent her back."

"Go back?" Ji Lingyue looked up in surprise. "Is she alone?"

"Of course not, I asked Yamaha to take her back." Lan Wu sighed: "Once this gets out, the situation of the monsters left in the human world will definitely be even worse. At this time, she will only encounter more danger if she stays outside with me."

"Is she willing to go back?"

"Of course I didn't want to," Lan Wu said with a wry smile, "so I tied her up and handed her over to Yamaha."

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and asked in a low voice, "Lan Wu… have you found any useful clues?"

Lan Wu shook her head: "Actually, I don't even know what I'm looking for…"

The float only gave her the instruction to go east. She went ashore in a daze, but as she walked, she was still confused and didn't know what she was looking for.

She sighed, buried her face in her knees, and said dejectedly, "I seem to be just as useless as ever."

After a moment of silence, Ji Lingyue nudged her with her shoulder: "What do you know now?"

"Why are you asking these questions?" Lan Wu tilted her head and looked at her. "Do you want to help me?"

"Otherwise what?" she said, dissatisfied. "You said that after we finish these things, you'd stay with me, and we could go anywhere."

Lan Wu's eyes crinkled into a smile as she straightened up and took a stone slab from her storage bag: "This is all I have right now. I found it by digging three feet into the ground where my father was murdered…"

Ji Lingyue looked closely and found that the stone slab was not complete, but rather a fragment, about the thickness of a little finger and the size of a palm. It had several scribbles on it, which looked like random lines drawn on the left and right.

Lan Wu's incessant voice reached his ears: "Even a floating spirit has

never seen the words on this, let alone understood them. And the shape of the broken part of this stone slab looks like it was shattered by a great force, which should be related to the murderer who killed my father…"

Ji Lingyue frowned more and more deeply, and suddenly said, "I think I've seen this kind of word before."

Lan Wu fell silent for a moment, then blinked and asked, as if she hadn't quite grasped what had happened, "What did you say?"

"I think I've seen this before," Ji Lingyue said, raising her head. "Twenty years ago, I passed through Yunhuang and saved a master and disciple who were being attacked by a monster. At that time, the book that the master was holding seemed to have this kind of writing on it."

"Yunhuang?"

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement: "It is a country located in the westernmost part of the Xuanyuan Continent. It uses the white deer as its totem and worships the legendary deer god Cirong, who blesses all things."

Lan Wu slightly widened her eyes and stared at her without blinking.

If Yunhuang is in the far west, then why does the prophecy from the floating creatures point her eastward?

After a long pause, her long eyelashes trembled, and she said in a hoarse voice, "I see…"

Ji Lingyue nodded in confusion.

Lan Wu chuckled, then suddenly reached out and cupped her face in her hands, her eyes gradually flushing red: "So, the one I've been looking for all along has been you."

Three days later, outside Jinghai Town, a light rain was falling. The young man in white stood with an umbrella and couldn't help but ask, "Senior sister, are you really not coming back with us?"

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement: "With Qingzi Bai leading you, there shouldn't be any major problems. I have things to do, so I won't be leaving with you."

Gu Changli frowned and glanced at the merman standing not far away.

The merman still wore the silver-iron mask on his face, his long hair flowing down, making him look lazy.

He hesitated for a moment, then asked, “Senior sister, do you really trust this demon?”

“Whether I trust them or not is my business, you don’t need to worry about it.” Ji Lingyue said, looking at Qing Zibai standing behind her, and nodded: “I’ll leave them in your care.”

Qing Zibai shook his head: “What do you mean by taking care of them? I am their senior brother, this is what I should do.”

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, stared intently at Qing Zibai, and found that he did indeed look somewhat similar to Qing He. Just as she had said, the lineage of the city lord of the City of Demons and Monsters was the same as hers.

However, she did not intend to tell Qing Zibai about this. After watching them head north, Ji Lingyue released her own flying boat from her storage ring and boarded it with Lan Wu.

This was Lan Wu’s first time riding in such a flying magical artifact. After boarding, she looked around and discovered that the flying boat was quite large, with a total of four rooms: three bedrooms and a study. Its speed was also fast, almost comparable to flying on a sword. The only drawback was that it was quite expensive; flying a thousand miles would consume one hundred high-grade spirit stones.

After Lan Wu had been outside in the wind for a while and her novelty wore off, she went to the study to find Ji Lingyue. Ji Lingyue was sitting upright at her desk, her brushstrokes flowing smoothly as she left ink marks on the rice paper.

She leaned closer to take a look and found that the outline of the portrait had already taken shape. She couldn’t help but exclaim, “Your painting skills are quite remarkable now!”

After all, when they parted ways back then, Ji Lingyue could still draw a phoenix as a chicken.

Ji Lingyue ignored her and quickly drew portraits of the two people from memory. Then she put the paper on a rack to dry: “I only

remember their appearance and names. When we get to Yunhuang, we can only ask around. It's not certain whether we can find them."

Lan Wu nodded: "This is already very good."

Ji Lingyue turned around, glanced at Lan Wu, and suddenly said, "I've helped you so much, don't you want to repay me?"

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, put her hands behind her back, and smiled warmly: "How will you repay me?"

Ji Lingyue walked up to her, hesitated for a moment, then hooked her arm around her neck, tilted her head back and kissed the corner of her lips: "This is how you repay me."

Lan Wu blinked, reached out and hugged her waist, pulling her into her arms. After switching positions, she raised her head, closed her eyes, and kissed the woman's lips.

Even late into the night, intermittent sounds could still be heard from inside the cabin of the ship, which was sailing through the clouds.

"Lan Wu…"

"Um?"

Lan Wu cradled her soft buttocks, his fingertips gliding between her thighs, occasionally brushing against her clitoris amidst the wet petals. The woman let out a soft, seductive breath, her juices flowing down her thighs onto the sheets beneath her. She instinctively swayed her hips, his fingertips gently probing the moist opening, making her tremble with a sensitive yet pleasurable sensation.

Lan Wu, nestled in the warm, soft flesh, lowered her head and took Ji Lingyue's nipple into her mouth, inserting her fingers into the slippery passage until they reached deep inside. Ji Lingyue sighed contentedly and instinctively hugged the head in her arms.

"Lan Wu," she mumbled sleepily, her eyes half-closed, "It's so cold…"

Lan Wu looked up and kissed the corner of her eye: "It won't be cold in a little while."

She wrapped her arms around Ji Lingyue's waist, thrusting her right hand inward forcefully, the heel of her palm grinding against the protruding clitoris with a crisp sound. Ji Lingyue suddenly curled up

her legs, swaying and hanging on Lan Wu's waist, letting out a few indistinct moans.

A surge of hot liquid suddenly gushed out and poured into Lan Wu's palm. She was stunned for a moment and found that Ji Lingyue's eyes were glazed over and her legs were spasming. She had reached another climax.

She chuckled and lowered her head, scooped the woman up and turned her over. She grabbed a pillow and placed it under her, then, while the woman was still trembling from orgasm, she thrust into her heavily from behind.

The acupoints continued to contract, and Lan Wu inserted them inside, slowly rotating her fingers. The calloused fingertips rubbed against the sensitive flesh deep inside. Ji Lingyue suddenly gripped the sheets tightly, her butterfly bones appearing and disappearing on her back. Her buttocks trembled and lifted up, but her face was buried in the messy bedding, and she groaned weakly.

Lan Wu bent down and gently bit her soft buttocks, then followed her spine upwards, leaving light, fleeting kisses. However, her subsequent actions were not so gentle; her wrists gradually increased the amplitude of their swings, squeezing out clusters of water droplets.

At first, Ji Lingyue could still moan and groan, but later she could no longer make any noises. Her rosy, engorged vaginal muscles tirelessly devoured the slender knuckles, and the lustful fluid flowing between her legs was almost nonstop, making the area where they joined together muddy and soaking her thighs.

After a few visits, she finally couldn't take it anymore and sobbed as she reached for Lan Wu's hand. But Lan Wu was still in high spirits. She scooped Ji Lingyue up, grabbing her soft breasts while massaging her sensitive clitoris. She lowered her head and kissed her reddened earlobe affectionately: "What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head, her voice trembling, "It feels good, but… but… I don't want it anymore…"

"Good girl," Lan Wu continued to slowly massage her damp inner thighs, occasionally pinching her clitoris between her fingertips, "It'll be done soon…"

Her fingers slipped back into the tightly closed opening, and Lan Wu stirred them at will, the sounds of rushing water filling the air. Ji

Lingyue lay limp in her arms, her fair body covered in hickeys and beads of sweat, as if she had just been pulled from the water. Her lower body tingled with pleasure, and she tilted her head back, trembling and moaning as Lan Wu quickly rubbed against her sensitive spots, tears streaming down her face.

“You, you bastard…”

Lan Wu smiled, her bright eyebrows and eyes relaxing, looking innocent and pure, yet with a hint of wickedness.

“But I’m repaying you, my dear master.”

58. Angry

Rong’an, the capital, is located in the very center of Yunhuang and is naturally the most prosperous city in Yunhuang. As Lan Wu stepped into the south gate, she was faced with Yong’an Avenue, the widest street in the city. The neighborhoods on both sides were well-organized, and in the distance, the outline of the imperial palace could be seen at the highest point.

Perhaps because it is located at the westernmost part of the continent, facing other continents across the sea, there are many blond-haired and blue-eyed foreigners here, and Lan Wu is not particularly conspicuous among them.

She turned her head with curiosity, intending to share her feelings with Ji Lingyue beside her, but upon meeting her indifferent expression, she immediately shut her mouth and swallowed the words she wanted to say.

She was the one who insisted on forming a contract, so why is she so unhappy now that she actually called him “master” in bed?

He’s almost sixty years old, and he still has such a bad temper.

Lan Wu really couldn’t understand her thoughts, and felt that she had already given in too much. When her stubborn temper flared up, she didn’t want to take the initiative to make amends.

Ji Lingyue walked ahead without saying a word, stepped into a fairly impressive-looking inn, and put down two spirit stones: “I’d like a room.”

The dozing waiter suddenly awoke with a start, a smile just forming

on his face, when he glanced at the stone on the counter and exclaimed in surprise, “Ah, so it’s… so it’s a celestial master…” He hesitated for a moment, then said cautiously, “Two celestial masters, this… this kind of thing is beyond our capabilities. It’s best to use silver…”

Ji Lingyue then realized what was happening and subconsciously touched herself. After a while, she stopped and frowned.

After many years, she experienced the feeling of being broke again.

After thinking for a moment, she turned to look at Lan Wu. Lan Wu was taken aback and said irritably, “Why are you looking at me? I don’t have any money either.”

Ji Lingyue raised an eyebrow: “Who said you didn’t?”

Lan Wu: …

She suddenly had a bad feeling.

Ji Lingyue curled her lips, pushed her into a corner, set up a barrier, and took out a Shalan from her storage ring.

Lan Wu’s eyes widened suddenly, and she asked alertly, “What are you doing?”

“What do you think?” Seeing that she wanted to run away, Ji Lingyue frowned and scolded in a low voice, “Don’t move.”

Lan Wu froze instantly, her face turning pale with fright. She could only watch helplessly as Ji Lingyue shoved the Shalan into her face.

As she did this, the woman also reached under her chin with her other hand to catch the pearls, and soon several large, round pearls fell out.

Lan Wu was both angry and annoyed, but she couldn’t disobey Ji Lingyue’s orders. She was cornered by Ji Lingyue and had to obediently shed tears. After crying for a while, her eyes became red and her cheeks flushed, making her look extremely pitiful.

Ji Lingyue watched with great interest as Shalan shed tears, even moving Shalan closer. Lan Wu felt like she was going blind; she blinked, and more tears streamed down her face: “Alright! That’s enough!”

Ji Lingyue knew she couldn’t bully her too much, so she obediently

took back Shalan and gave her a handkerchief: “Wipe it off.”

Lan Wu quickly wiped away her tears, blinked, but still felt an unbearable soreness. She couldn’t help but raise her voice and say fiercely, “Ji Lingyue!”

But when she looked up, there was no one in front of her, only a figure walking away in the distance. Lan Wu paused for a moment, took a deep breath, stuffed the handkerchief into her bosom, and angrily followed after him.

Ji Lingyue successfully sold the pearls she had at a jewelry shop. The shop owner repeatedly exclaimed in amazement at the quality of her pearls and subtly inquired about their origin. Ji Lingyue glanced at the person standing outside the door with his arms crossed and a cold expression, and said, “I raised them myself.”

After saying that, she ignored her boss’s attempts to persuade her to stay and left with Lan Wu.

Lan Wu was several feet away from her, her resentment almost tangible. If it weren’t for the invisible contract holding her back, she probably would have already packed up and left. Ji Lingyue glanced at her subtly a few times, hesitating whether to give both sides a way out, when the crowd in front parted to make way, and several soldiers in armor filed out from them, blocking her way.

She stopped and asked, “Is there anything I can help you with?”

The middle-aged man at the head of the group sized her up a few times, then clasped his hands in greeting and asked, “May I ask if you are Master Ji?”

Ji Lingyue frowned: “You recognize me?”

“That’s right,” the man laughed heartily, and gestured, “The Imperial Preceptor invites you, Master Ji, to come with us to the palace.”

“The Imperial Advisor?”

He hummed in agreement and added, “The Imperial Advisor said you’re looking for him, aren’t you?”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: “Your imperial advisor is Lu Ziqi?”

“No, he is Mr. Lu’s disciple, Yuan Zhen.”

On the way to the palace, Ji Lingyue learned about the current situation of Yunhuang from these people.

It is said that Emperor Xiao Yan was a rare and devoted lover. For many years, only his wife, the Empress, accompanied him. The two had only one daughter, whom he loved dearly. He even went against the majority opinion and amended the law that only princes could inherit the throne. Since then, Princess Anning, Xiao Qingyu, has become the de facto crown prince of Yunhuang.

The family of three lived a happy and fulfilling life like ordinary people. Unfortunately, two months ago, the Empress suddenly fell into a deep sleep and could not wake up for a long time. Xiao Yan summoned almost all the doctors in Yunhuang, but they could not find the cause of the illness. As the Empress fell into a deep sleep, she could not eat normally and became thinner and thinner. It was clear that she was about to die.

As for Yuan Zhen, who was sixteen or seventeen years old back then, he is now nearly forty. He is famous for his expertise in Qimen Dunjia and divination of celestial bodies. Several years ago, he became the national advisor of Yunhuang, second only to the emperor, and was highly trusted by the emperor.

When Xiao Yan was desperate, he asked Yuan Zhen for help, hoping to find a way to save the Empress. Yuan Zhen actually calculated a glimmer of hope.

“Your Majesty, please do not worry.” He waved away the golden lotus that appeared in the divination and said gently, “The person who can save Her Majesty the Empress will appear in two days.”

After listening, Ji Lingyue hesitated and asked, “How can he be sure I can save people?”

“I don’t know. Perhaps the Imperial Preceptor will explain it to you when you meet him.”

Ji Lingyue raised her head, gazing at the faintly visible golden tiles ahead, and sighed silently. Just as she stepped onto the carved white jade steps, a handsome, refined man approached her, excitedly asking, “Are you Immortal Master Ji?”

Before Ji Lingyue could speak, the guard leading the way knelt down with a thud: “Greetings, Your Majesty!”

Xiao Yan paid no attention to him at all, and stepped forward, eager to grasp Ji Lingyue's hand: "Immortal Master, can you really save my Empress?"

Ji Lingyue frowned and stepped back slightly: "I can't guarantee it, but we can take a look first."

"Good, good…" Xiao Yan's heart was filled with boundless hope, and he said, "The Imperial Preceptor is waiting for you in the Shuyue Palace, Immortal Master, please come in quickly."

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement and took a step forward. Xiao Yan turned around and inadvertently caught sight of Lan Wu behind her, but was stunned for a moment: "Who is this?"

"It is my contracted beast."

Xiao Yan was shocked: "A contracted beast! Isn't that… isn't that a monster?"

Ji Lingyue reassured him, "Your Majesty, rest assured, I have already made a pact with her. She will never harm anyone without my permission."

Xiao Yan was still somewhat uneasy. He glanced at Lan Wu a few more times before saying, "Immortal Master, it's not that I don't trust you, but the Empress is currently in critical condition. Please forgive my rudeness, but I cannot let her in."

Ji Lingyue narrowed her eyes, her expression gradually turning cold. At this moment, Lan Wu said casually, "It's alright, I can stay outside. You can go in by yourself."

Ji Lingyue looked at her, pursed her lips, and said, "Then don't run around."

"Where can I run to?" Lan Wu chuckled, still thinking about how she had forced Pearl to cry not long ago, and spoke with a rather sarcastic tone: "No matter where you run to, you still have to listen to your master and come back obediently, right?"

Ji Lingyue, having been rebuked, stopped responding and walked silently into Shuyue Palace.

After they left, several fully armed soldiers remained by Lan Wu's side. The moment she moved, these men would put their hands on the

weapons at their waists and watch her warily.

Lan Wu sighed helplessly, looked up at the lake not far away, and fell into a daze.

59. Take your time.

The setting sun cast its last rays upon the lake, the dappled light and shadows dividing the boat in two. The reflections on the water swayed gently with the ripples, and soon, a cry of surprise arose, followed by a splash on the water.

Lan Wu looked in the direction of the sound and saw that a number of people had suddenly appeared on the pleasure boat that had been floating on the lake for a long time. Several maids were leaning over the gunwale and looking at the water, saying in a panic, "The princess has fallen into the water! Someone, come quick!"

Looking at the water's surface, only a faint ripple was gently spreading, suggesting that the person had likely already sunk.

Lan Wu frowned, glanced at the guards who were struggling to swim from the shore to the boat, and couldn't help but click her tongue.

At this rate, by the time you swim over, everyone will have already drunk the Meng Po soup (a legendary soup for forgetting past lives).

Thinking this, she moved swiftly, transforming into a light silver light, and instantly flew to the side of the boat, plunging into the water. As soon as she entered the water, she saw a girl of about sixteen or seventeen floating not far away. The girl was dressed in a gorgeous red dress. After taking in enough water, she sank down with her, while she was still struggling, bubbles coming out of her mouth, and it was clear that she was about to drown.

Lan Wu quickly swam over, placing one hand on Xiao Qingyu's throat. A surge of shimmering blue spiritual energy flowed in, instantly dispelling the feeling of suffocation like the receding tide. Xiao Qingyu raised her head in a daze, her vision filled only with soft, silvery strands that spread out like seaweed, and a pair of clear blue eyes.

With a splash, Lan Wu emerged from the water carrying the princess. Immediately, someone rushed forward and took the princess away. The soldiers who had been surrounding her drew their swords and pointed them at her, looking extremely nervous.

Lan Wu smoothed her wet, silver hair, ignored them, and was about to return to her original spot to wait when she heard a faint voice ask, "Who are you?"

She turned around and saw the human princess, who looked incredibly weak, being supported by someone. There was no fear on her face; instead, she stared straight at her and asked again, "Who are you?"

Before Lan Wu could speak, she sensed someone approaching. A woman with a cold expression appeared beside her at some point and grabbed her wrist: "What happened to you? Why are you all wet?"

"I'm fine." As soon as she finished speaking, she felt her body instantly dry, and couldn't help but smile as she looked at Ji Lingyue: "How is it? Can the Empress cure me?"

Ji Lingyue said in a low voice, "We'll talk about it when we get back."

Lan Wu nodded, preparing to leave with her. Seeing this, the girl behind her quickly stepped forward and asked anxiously, "Wait, are you a Celestial Master?"

Ji Lingyue frowned and interrupted Lan Wu, "Why are you asking this?"

Xiao Qingyu glanced at Ji Lingyue, then turned her gaze to Lan Wu, and said in a hoarse voice, "I'm just a little curious about the relationship between the two of you. Are you two immortal masters Daoist couples?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback and hadn't yet figured out how to answer when Lan Wu said calmly, "No, she is not my Daoist partner, but only my master."

Ji Lingyue suddenly clenched her fist, her fingertips unconsciously sinking into her palm, and her lips pressed into a straight line.

Xiao Qingyu asked blankly, "Master?"

"Yes," she suddenly raised her head and said coldly, "To tell the princess the truth, Lan Wu is not human, but a demon beast. She is fierce and ruthless by nature. If she is not by her master's side, she may go berserk and hurt people. If the princess wants to protect herself, she should stay away from her."

Xiao Qingyu was momentarily stunned by her, her eyes widening as she stood frozen in place. Ji Lingyue, on the other hand, turned around with a stern face, grabbed Lan Wu's sleeve without ceremony, and strode out of the palace.

The guards who brought them there escorted them all the way back to the inn. The innkeeper had never seen anything like this before and was so frightened that he was completely disoriented. He quickly arranged the best rooms for them and didn't even dare to accept any money.

After refusing two or three times, Ji Lingyue stopped trying to give him the money. She put the silver on the counter and went upstairs. As soon as she entered the spacious room, Lan Wu crossed her arms and snorted, "Fierce by nature? Cold-blooded and ruthless? Will you hurt people when you go mad?"

"What," Ji Lingyue retorted, "Do you think I've ruined your image in the princess's eyes?"

"yes."

Ji Lingyue suddenly stopped and turned to look at her. Lan Wu leaned against the window and said casually, "After all, she's much cuter than you. At least, she won't use the 'Shalan' to fumigate me."

Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes, remained silent for a while, and then suddenly walked towards her.

Lan Wu tensed up warily, raising her hands to protect herself: "What are you going to do now?"

The woman stared at her for a moment, then curled her lips into a smile. Under the woman's horrified gaze, she took out a sage.

But this time, she placed the flowers in front of her.

Almost instantly, Ji Lingyue's upturned eyes turned red, her long, curled eyelashes trembled slightly, and her dark eyes filled with moisture. Soon, tears streamed down her face, wetting half of her cheeks. Even so, she still smiled and stared at Lan Wu without blinking.

"Are you still angry?"

Lan Wu snapped back to her senses in shock, quickly pried her hands

apart, and threw the Shalan in her palm away: "Are you crazy? What are you doing?!"

"Are you unhappy?" Ji Lingyue let her grip her wrist, not struggling even though it hurt a little. "Then what do you want for me to forgive you?"

Lan Wu's eyes widened. "I… I am a little angry, but you can't use this method to appease me… Yue, you can't hurt yourself…"

Ji Lingyue stared at her intently and asked, "You said the princess is cuter than me. Do you prefer the princess?"

"What do you mean by 'like' or 'dislike'? I only met her for the first time today."

"If you see her more often, will you like her?"

"Ji Lingyue," Lan Wu said, unable to contain herself any longer, "don't you know who I like?"

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then repeated, "But you said she's cuter than me."

Lan Wu: …

She wished she could go back to half an incense stick ago and sew her mouth shut.

How could we assume that Ji Lingyue was truly better just because her emotions had been stable during this period, and then casually say things to provoke her?

Lan Wu sighed, her heart softening as she pressed the other woman's head against her shoulder and rubbed it gently. "It's all because you ignored me first. I was just trying to annoy you. It was all a lie."

Ji Lingyue nestled obediently on her shoulder and whispered, "You still say we're not a couple."

Isn't this true? Where would you find a Daoist couple with beast contracts bound to their bodies?

Lan Wu didn't dare to say it directly, only saying, "Well, our relationship might be a bit complicated…"

Ji Lingyue frowned: "What's so complicated about it? We've done all

that before."

Lan Wu asked instinctively, "Which ones?"

Ji Lingyue wiped the tears that hadn't dried on her face from her shoulder before hooking her arms around her neck and kissing her lips: "These…"

As she spoke, she moved down and pressed a kiss to Lan Wu's chin, her hands slipping inside the merman's clothes: "And these…"

Lan Wu flinched and quickly grabbed Ji Lingyue's wrist, exclaiming in surprise, "What are you doing?!"

"Don't you like being intimate with me?" Ji Lingyue tilted her head and said, word by word, "Or would you rather do this with that cute Xiao Qingyu right now?"

How did it all turn to Xiao Qingyu again?

Lan Wu was speechless and retorted, "I didn't!"

"Then let go."

"I don't!"

Ji Lingyue narrowed her eyes and suddenly said, "Let go."

Lan Wu immediately let go, but Ji Lingyue pushed her down onto the bed again. The woman knelt on either side of her, her upper body pressed tightly against hers, their breaths mingling together.

She gazed into Lan Wu's beautiful eyes, reached out and touched them, examining them carefully as she said earnestly, "Lan Wu, you are my demon beast, so you should obediently listen to me and stay by my side. In this life… unless I die, you can forget about going to someone else's side."

Lan Wu stared at her in a daze. Before she could speak, Ji Lingyue grabbed her by the collar, lifted her up, and kissed her passionately.

After a while, she relented, closed her eyes, and rolled over to pin him down.

The night seemed to stretch on endlessly, yet also to pass in the blink of an eye. Rain had begun to fall outside, dripping from the eaves and creating ripples. Ji Lingyue could hear the pattering rain outside and

the rising sound of water inside. Lan Wu seemed to have her completely under her control, making her feel both threatened and irrevocably drawn into the situation.

Compared to Lan Wu, she was more like a fish soaking in water, being tossed and turned around and tossed about.

Her consciousness gradually faded. She sank into the crumpled sheets, her head buried in the pillow, moaning intermittently. In her hazy state, she saw a faint light coming through the window and vaguely realized that dawn was approaching. She kicked her leg out in a daze and called out in a hoarse voice, "Lan Wu…"

The warm, wet sensation below disappeared, and the silver-haired mermaid climbed up, her lips glistening. She lowered her head and took Ji Lingyue's lips into her mouth, her slender fingers sliding down and entering the tight passage that had been entered several times before.

"What's wrong?"

Ji Lingyue trembled at her provocation, her legs instinctively wrapping around her waist, swaying gently with her movements, while she mumbled, "It's…it's dawn, no more…"

Lan Wu turned her head and glanced at it, only then realizing that a whole night had passed. But the wet and hot orifice below was still happily licking the fingers she had squeezed in, spitting out gushing flower fluid, showing no signs of fatigue. She slowly moved in and out, lowered her head and took Ji Lingyue's lips into her mouth, swallowing her soft moans.

"Okay, I'll stop after this one."

Ji Lingyue's brows relaxed, her eyes half-closed, so sleepy she seemed ready to fall asleep any minute. Lan Wu slightly quickened her pace until she heard Ji Lingyue whimper, then slowed down and gently soothed her convulsing body.

As her fingers withdrew, the clam's flesh opened slightly, and the slippery nectar continued to flow out. Lan Wu pulled her into her arms, used magic to clean the two of them, and then set up a barrier outside the house to prevent anyone from disturbing her peaceful sleep.

After doing all this, she looked down at Ji Lingyue, who was fast

asleep, and lovingly stroked her face.

Sure enough, she couldn't assume that Ji Lingyue would quickly return to her former self; they still needed to take things one step at a time.

Sixty. Nightmare Beast

Ji Lingyue slept soundly, completely unaware of anything. When she woke up, the stars were twinkling outside the window, peaceful and serene. Ji Lingyue stretched, slowly got up, and sat blankly for a while before remembering what had happened last night.

Her cheeks flushed. She lowered her eyes and saw the messy hickeys on her thighs. Her shame intensified. She gripped the blankets tightly. After finally calming down, she suddenly realized that someone was missing beside her. She frowned and called out in a hoarse voice, "Lan Wu."

Silence reigned all around, and no one responded. After she called out, all she could hear was the rustling of leaves in the wind outside. A nameless panic welled up inside her. Ji Lingyue grabbed a piece of clothing and threw it on, then jumped off the bed barefoot and called out in a loud voice, "Lan Wu!"

Still no response.

Ji Lingyue stood alone in the darkness, her breathing slightly rapid, her chest heaving a few times. Suddenly, she reached out and formed a hand seal, chanting a summoning incantation.

A flash of golden light appeared, and a silver-haired mermaid materialized in the room. She was dressed casually and held a pot of tea in her hand. She blinked in bewilderment at the sudden change of scenery.

Ji Lingyue quickly stepped forward and buried her face in her arms.

Lan Wu was startled and instinctively raised her arm. Only when she smelled the familiar scent in her arms did she relax and ask, "What's wrong?"

Ji Lingyue asked in a muffled voice, "Where did you go?"

"I'll go make some tea. Perfect timing, I was planning to give it to you anyway. It'll be faster than if I walked back myself."

Ji Lingyue was silent for a while, then said, "From now on, you must tell me in advance if you go out."

Lan Wu raised an eyebrow: "What if you're asleep?"

"Then wake me up."

Lan Wu smiled and patted her back: "Alright, are you thirsty? You've been sleeping all day."

Ji Lingyue nodded, stepped out of her arms, obediently took a sip of the teacup, and frowned: "What was added to the tea?"

"You could taste it," Lan Wu said. "I added coral powder, which is a medicinal herb from our sea. It can nourish the body and replenish qi and blood."

Ji Lingyue felt relieved, drank it all in one gulp, and asked, "What time is it now?"

"It's midnight," Lan Wu said. "The emperor sent someone over this morning, but I told him you weren't feeling well and couldn't receive guests, so they left. After that, the little princess also came by."

"You saw her?"

"Of course not, I don't have time to play with her."

Ji Lingyue snorted, "What? Didn't you say she was cute before? Now you don't have time to play with her?"

Lan Wu: …

It seems this matter won't be resolved anytime soon.

She coughed lightly and changed the subject, asking, "You met the Empress yesterday, did you gain anything?"

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, her expression gradually turning serious: "It's understandable that the mortal doctors can't find the cause of the illness, because the Empress is indeed not sick, but rather under a spell, which is why she has fallen into a deep sleep."

"witchcraft?"

"Well, but I don't know much about sorcery, so I wanted you to take a look. The reason I didn't tell you yesterday was to avoid trouble."

After all, those people are afraid of monsters. If they learn that the Empress was harmed by a monster, they will probably be even more wary of Lan Wu.

“Oh…” Lan Wu asked again, “What about Yuan Zhen?”

“Yuan Zhen,” Ji Lingyue sighed, “I told him the purpose of my visit, but he said that once the Empress’s matter is resolved, he will naturally do his best to help.”

Lan Wu blinked: “So he means that if we don’t help, he won’t help either, right?”

Ji Lingyue tacitly agreed.

Lan Wu hissed, puzzled, “Aren’t you his benefactor? It’s one thing for him not to repay his kindness, but why is he threatening me like this?”

“It’s not exactly a threat,” Ji Lingyue said calmly. “Exorcising demons is my mission. Now that I’ve seen them, I can’t just leave them alone.”

After saying this, she seemed to realize something was wrong, glanced at Lan Wu, and added, “To subdue evil demons and eliminate evil spirits.”

Lan Wu was amused by her and couldn’t help but pinch her cheek: “I understand what you mean, so when shall we go?”

“Now.”

“Now?”

Ji Lingyue nodded: “The palace is heavily guarded, so monsters probably won’t be out during the day. This time is just right. Let’s go in directly without informing them.”

Lan Wu quickly understood her intention, and as she climbed out of the inn window with her, she didn’t hesitate to praise her: “You’ve thought of everything.”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: “What makes you say that?”

Lan Wu was also taken aback: “What, weren’t you worried that informing the emperor would alert the monster and scare it away, which is why you kept quiet?”

Ji Lingyue was silent for a moment, then hummed in agreement: "That's how it is."

She was indeed worried about alerting the enemy, but it wasn't the monster that was alarmed, but the little princess.

But it's better for Lan Wu to be unaware of these awkward little thoughts.

"There is indeed a demonic aura." Lan Wu walked from the door to the bedside, looked at the gaunt figure that was faintly visible inside, and sniffed: "It's quite faint."

Ji Lingyue pondered, "What kind of monster would use such demonic arts?"

"If you ask me, I actually know one." Lan Wu turned around, about to tell her, but found no one behind her and was taken aback: "A-Yue?"

She turned around, glanced around the room, and called out, "A-Yue?"

How could they disappear in the blink of an eye?

Lan Wu frowned, her gaze inadvertently drifting behind her, only to suddenly freeze.

The bed where the Empress had been lying was now empty.

She instinctively took two steps back, turned around, and ran towards the door with a restless heart.

Pushing open the door, she was greeted by a deep blue sea, schools of fish swimming among red coral reefs, and a palace made of seashells emitting a soft, shimmering light. The familiar scene made her eyes widen in shock. Looking into the room again, she was met with a scene of pure white. The jade floor was so smooth it was like a mirror, and it felt cold and hard underfoot. Lan Wu shivered from the cold and looked down, only to find that she was barefoot. On the floor, the face of a child was reflected.

It was her face as a child.

Lan Wu raised her hands in a flustered manner. Her hands were also chubby and plump, white and cute.

What's going on? Is it an illusion?

She pursed her lips, trying to calm herself down, and was thinking of a solution when she heard a pleasant female voice ask, “What are you doing here?”

The voice should have been unfamiliar, but the moment Lan Wu heard it, she trembled, feeling a mixture of fear and joy.

She lowered her head as if she had done something wrong, remaining silent. The footsteps that had been coming from deep within the house gradually stopped in front of her, and from her perspective, she could only see a pair of white boots.

The voice said calmly, “You should go to school with your sister, instead of coming here to me.”

Lan Wu blinked, wanting to look up to see who she was, but she couldn’t make any extra movements. It was as if she had become a ghost that had been forcibly implanted into this body, and could only experience the joys and sorrows of her childhood “self” like a puppet.

The girl clenched her hands, hesitated for a long time, and then murmured in her childish voice, “I want to stay with you.”

The man was silent for a moment, then said coldly, “But I don’t like you.”

The girl was taken aback, her nose quickly stung with tears, and she said with a wronged expression, “I know.”

“Didn’t your mother forbid you from coming to see me?”

“She…” The girl opened her mouth but didn’t speak for a long time. Lan Wu noticed a sudden surge of resentment, which surprised her. After all, in her memory, her mother had always been gentle and loving. She shouldn’t have such negative feelings towards her mother.

This was indeed a fake illusion.

As she became so certain, the girl seemed to have made up her mind, and mustered her courage to raise her head: “I know everything, actually…”

Her gaze moved upwards, revealing the woman’s slender waist. Just as that mysterious face was about to be exposed to her view, Lan Wu suddenly felt a pain in her forehead, cried out in surprise, and abruptly opened her eyes and sat up.

Danqing jumped onto her lap and stared at her.

Lan Wu covered her forehead, stunned for a long time before asking incredulously, “You pecked me?”

Danqing cooed twice, flapped its wings, and waved them to the side.

Lan Wu subconsciously turned her head and found that she was in the interior of Shuyue Palace, and not far away was the Empress’s bed. A breeze blew by, the candlelight flickered, and the shadow of the woman on the bed appeared and disappeared, indistinct and shadowy.

On the floor beside the bed lay Ji Lingyue, dressed in white.

Lan Wu’s expression immediately changed, and she ran over: “A-Yue!”

She pulled Ji Lingyue into her arms, cupping her face to examine her closely. The woman’s expression was peaceful, her breathing even, as if she were merely asleep. Lan Wu, however, knew things weren’t so simple. Combining this with what had just happened, she finally confirmed the culprit’s identity. Gritting her teeth, she said, word by word:

“Nightmare, Beast!”

——

Haha, I finally updated early this time! (￣ ▽￣)gt;

61. Nightmare

Ji Lingyue raised her eyes and stared at the figure walking in front of her.

Under the moonlit forest, with the babbling of a stream in my ears, every step I take startles a swarm of fireflies. Their pale green glow drifts through the quiet mountains, appearing and disappearing, illuminating the beautiful profile of the person.

It seemed as if only the two of them remained in the world.

Ji Lingyue glanced at their clasped hands, neither asking where she was going nor what she was going to do, but simply followed her step by step.

Lan Wu, dressed in a white Taoist robe, with her smooth black hair braided into several small braids and tucked behind her ears, finally

stopped when she reached a patch of dark purple night reeds. She turned back to look at Ji Lingyue with a smile and said, “We’ve arrived.”

Ji Lingyue instinctively stood next to her and asked, “What are you doing here?”

Lan Wu raised an eyebrow, looking at her with a puzzled expression: “Of course it’s a belated birthday present for you.” She leaned closer to Ji Lingyue and said earnestly, “I was punished by the elders to copy texts again a few days ago and missed your nineteenth birthday. It was my fault. I know you’re angry. I apologize to you. Please forgive me, okay?”

Nineteenth birthday?

Ji Lingyue vaguely felt that something was wrong, but she couldn’t figure it out no matter what she did. The person in front of her had already pressed against her, put his arm around her waist and took a step back, falling into the flower bushes. She was lying under the starry sky, amidst the fireflies, staring blankly at Lan Wu’s bright and lively face as it slowly magnified.

Their long, black hair was tangled together, and the girl gently kissed her.

Ji Lingyue’s fingers curled slightly. After struggling with her feelings for a long time, she finally gave in and reached out to hug the person on her body, looking up to respond.

Lan Wu’s eyes reflected only her image, and every kiss seemed incredibly devout. Ji Lingyue felt a growing sense of satisfaction. She let out a soft, coquettish hum, closed her eyes, and kissed Lan Wu. She tried to wrap her arms around Lan Wu’s neck, but her wrists were grabbed and she was pinned to the ground.

The soft body suddenly moved away, and Ji Lingyue opened her eyes in a daze. Her dark eyes were covered with a layer of misty water. Lan Wu looked down at her for a while, then let go of her hand and turned away, not knowing what she was going to do.

Ji Lingyue instinctively grabbed her hem: “Where are you going?”

Lan Wu’s voice suddenly turned much colder, as if it came from afar, light and airy: “I’m going home.”

Ji Lingyue was stunned, and her face turned deathly pale.

She whispered, "No…"

Lan Wu ruthlessly pried her hands off, got up, and walked away. Ji Lingyue scrambled to her feet in a panic, staggering after her, her clothes still disheveled. She hugged Lan Wu tightly from behind, stammering, "Don't go, don't leave me… Lan Wu, Lan Wu…"

Lan Wu remained silent. Ji Lingyue looked up at her and discovered that, without her noticing, the person in front of her had turned from jet-black hair to silver, exuding a bewitching aura and a glamorous, extravagant beauty. She turned to look at Ji Lingyue, her blue eyes gradually filled with malevolence.

"Lan Wu…"

Ji Lingyue's face turned pale. She wanted to get closer to her, but a sudden, sharp pain shot through her chest. She looked down in shock and saw a pair of sharp claws piercing through her chest cavity, tightly gripping her beating heart.

Lan Wu grinned, her smile widening as she uttered a delighted sound: "To actually fall for a monster, you're utterly ridiculous! Hahahaha!"

Ji Lingyue opened her eyes wide. Pushed by her, she lost her balance and fell backward. The expected pain did not occur. After the dizziness subsided, she subconsciously raised her head, only to find a vast expanse of wind and snow before her.

She stood there for a while before realizing that she was at the Cliff of Repentance.

A voice sounded from behind: "Senior Sister Ji, it's time to go down the mountain."

Ji Lingyue frowned, vaguely recalling that today did indeed seem to be the day her three years of reflection came to an end.

She hummed in agreement and walked aimlessly down the mountain.

As Ji Lingyue left Lengfeng and stepped onto the mountain path, she encountered many disciples, some unfamiliar and some familiar. When she looked over, they all avoided her gaze, but as they passed by, their prying eyes were cast back from behind.

She frowned, suddenly stopped, and looked back.

The man turned around in a panic and strode away.

Ji Lingyue remained silent for a while, then lowered her eyes and continued walking towards Golden Feather Peak.

“Ah! Watch out!”

A girl carrying books stumbled and fell towards her. Ji Lingyue instinctively caught her and neatly stacked the books that had flown away back into her hands.

The girl breathed a sigh of relief, smiled and looked up, about to thank him, but suddenly froze, taking two steps back in fright.

Ji Lingyue frowned: “You…”

“Get away from me!” she cried out in a panic. “Don’t touch me!”

Ji Lingyue suddenly stopped and stood motionless in place.

Amidst the howling wind and snow, scrutinizing, disdainful, disgusted, and curious gazes fell upon her from all directions. Those who had left not long ago reappeared in her peripheral vision, huddled together and whispered among themselves.

“He actually fell in love with a monster.”

“How disgusting.”

“How could Elder Qin have a disciple like her?”

“She has completely disgraced her master.”

“Did she ever help a monster kill people?”

“She should be driven out of Haochen Mountain.”

…

Ji Lingyue clenched her fists, her face gradually losing color. She raised her head, looked at the blurry figures, and said in a hoarse voice, “Lan Wu is not a bad monster.”

The crowd suddenly contorted, like a watercolor painting spreading out and merging into the pitch-black darkness. Night fell, her throat

burned, she gasped for breath, yet she still staggered down the mountain.

The clouds slowly obscured the crescent moon, and the last ray of light disappeared.

Ji Lingyue's feet slipped, and before she could even make a sound, she tumbled down the mountain. She instinctively hugged the person in her arms tightly, and after finally stopping, her whole body felt like it was falling apart, and she was in excruciating pain.

"Yun'er…"

She called out in a daze, turned over, and groped to grab the hand of the girl who had rolled down with her.

Her hands were icy cold, and a sticky liquid dripped down, getting onto Ji Lingyue's palms.

Ji Lingyue shuddered, crawled to her side, and picked her up. "Yun'er, hold on a little longer," she choked out, "We'll be down the mountain soon, we'll find a doctor, the doctor will save you…"

"Smack…"

A soft sound came from behind her; a dry branch was broken, and something was slowly approaching her.

Ji Lingyue trembled, turned around in alarm, and saw blood-red eyes shining in the darkness.

"You can't save her."

The voice said lazily, "Don't worry, I gave her a clean death; she didn't suffer much."

"No, no," Ji Lingyue retorted in a trembling voice, "She's not dead…"

"Really?" She chuckled. "Why don't you look down and see for yourself?"

Ji Lingyue froze abruptly. A gentle breeze swept by, the clouds gradually dispersed, and the clear moonlight shone down again, instantly illuminating the forest as if it were daytime.

She lowered her head little by little, like a rusty puppet.

The six- or seven-year-old child in her arms was deathly pale. Her turbid eyes, which could not be closed, had pupils that had widened. Her mouth was slightly open, and her round chin was covered with blood splattered from her chest, where the flesh was mangled and there was only an empty hole.

Her heart is gone.

In the deathly silence, the emaciated girl seemed to have stopped breathing. She raised her hand, her palm stained with thick blood. Ji Lingyue opened her mouth, letting out a few intermittent sobs, before suddenly letting out a shrill scream.

“Ah! Ah!!”

Blood and tears fell in a splatter. Ji Lingyue trembled all over, crying and panting in terror and despair, her voice hoarse, almost coughing up blood.

With another snap, the creature hidden in the darkness slowly emerged, the slender black cat gradually exposed to the moonlight, its whiskers still stained with undried blood.

“Why…” She gagged a few times, clutching her chest and sobbing incoherently, “Why did you do this? I saved you, I saved you!”

“You saved me?” The black cat stopped in front of her, its red eyes scrutinizing her tear-streaked face with interest. “Yes, it’s because you saved me that I like you. But you said you have family and can’t come with me.”

She chuckled and licked the blood from her lips, saying gleefully, “Now that they’re all dead, can you come with me?”

Ji Lingyue’s face turned deathly pale, and she shook her head in disbelief: “Just for this, just for this, you’re going to kill them…”

“Is that not allowed?” The black cat opened its round eyes wide, tilted its head, and said innocently, “If a monster kills someone, it just kills them. Does it need a reason?”

“You, you…” Ji Lingyue’s chest heaved violently, and she suddenly let out a heart-wrenching cry, drawing the knife from her waist and lunging at it: “I’ll kill you!”

Her usually clear eyes were now bloodshot, her black hair was

disheveled, her face was deathly pale, and she looked like a vengeful ghost. She grabbed the black cat by the neck and slammed it to the ground.

Just as the blade was about to fall, the black cat suddenly shrunk, transforming into a slender, tall figure. The person raised their head, revealing a familiar face.

Ji Lingyue froze abruptly, staring at her in alarm.

"Kill me?" Lan Wu's eyes crinkled with amusement. "Yes, you should kill me, but can you bring yourself to do it? Ji Lingyue, what would your innocent and tragically deceased loved ones think if they knew you had fallen in love with a demon? Yes, in the afterlife, they would surely die with their eyes wide open, never to be reborn!"

62. I'm sorry

"Ah Yue!"

Lan Wu called out anxiously, gently patting her face: "Wake up!"

"Hmm…"

The woman's face was no longer as calm as before. She tilted her head, as if she were in some kind of pain. Her brows were furrowed, and even her breathing gradually became erratic.

Lan Wu gritted her teeth, suddenly turned her head to look around, and shouted angrily, "Nightmare Beast, come out!"

As soon as he finished speaking, a wisp of mist actually rose from a dark corner not far away.

A voice came from the mist: "Kill her."

Lan Wu asked in astonishment, "What?"

"She's powerless to resist now. Kill her, and you'll be free." The voice paused, as if it had thought of something, and then said, "Oh, right. You're a contracted beast, so you can't hurt your master. That's alright, I'll help you."

As she spoke, the black mist slowly drifted towards her.

With a whoosh, the flickering candlelight danced on the blade. Lan Wu shielded Ji Lingyue behind her with one hand, held the sword in

the other, and said coldly, “Don’t touch her!”

The black mist stopped, seemingly confused: “I’m trying to help you.”

“Will you drag me into the dream too?”

“That was an accidental injury,” it said. “I was only targeting her. Otherwise, how would you have woken up so quickly?”

“So, I should thank you?” Lan Wu laughed in exasperation, pointing her sword at it. “Fine, I don’t want to waste my breath on you. If you don’t quickly break free from this dream, be careful, or I’ll get rough with you!”

The Nightmare Beast floated silently in place, seemingly deep in thought. After a while, it murmured, puzzled, “How can there be a monster like you, begging to be a human’s slave…”

Lan Wu could no longer bear it. With a leap, she appeared out of thin air in front of it, her longsword thrusting towards the thickest part of the mist. Startled, it hastily retreated, exclaiming in surprise, “We are both demons! How could you harm me for the sake of a human?!”

“If you don’t do good deeds, why can’t I hurt you?” Lan Wu said hatefully, “Quickly dispel this dream!”

“It’s no use,” the Nightmare Beast’s voice was hidden in the mist, drifting and extremely hazy: “She has fallen into the deepest nightmare, and no one can save her except herself.”

Lan Wu’s face suddenly darkened, she gripped the sword tightly, and asked, word by word, “What if I kill you?”

The Nightmare Beast was stunned for a moment, and before it could react, hundreds of silver threads flew into the air and darted towards it like snakes.

As the azure spiritual energy pierced through the black mist, it couldn’t help but shudder, feeling an unusual burning sensation. The monster, which had been retreating leisurely, couldn’t help but cry out in surprise, quickly retracting its mist like an octopus retracting its tentacles, and shrinking its body into a dark corner: “You’re a monster, how can you use spiritual power?”

“None of your business!” Lan Wu grabbed with her left hand, and dense silver threads wove into a net, gleaming with a sharp light,

sinking into the mist and heading straight for the center package.

The Nightmare Beast is unpredictable, but in reality, its true form is only the size of a fist, and the mist is merely a clone it uses to protect itself.

Lan Wu knew this very well, so she stared intently at the black mist that she had shattered. Sure enough, just as the sharp weapons that were coming from all directions were about to intertwine, an inconspicuous black ball emerged and silently burrowed into the gap.

Lan Wu immediately frowned and twirled her sword.

A gust of wind, seemingly from nowhere, rattled the windows. The woman's long, silver hair cascaded in the air, shimmering like silk. With a swift movement, she drew her sword and charged toward the Nightmare Beast, her eyes appearing even more compelling in the azure light.

The sword intent around him merged into one, and then, a water dragon sprang from the tip of the sword, roaring as it lunged at the Nightmare Beast. The Nightmare Beast was unable to dodge and was struck head-on by the water dragon. It immediately let out a shrill wail, and the longsword that followed it like a shadow plunged into its body with a thud, almost piercing it through.

The once vast and ethereal fog rapidly shrank, but at the last moment it crashed through the window, slapping a cloud of choking smoke onto Lan Wu's face as she was about to give chase, before fleeing into the pitch-black night without looking back.

At the same time, a rumbling sound of footsteps came from outside the door, and someone shouted, "Who's in there!"

Lan Wu was startled. Without thinking, she turned around and hugged Ji Lingyue. Before the guards outside the door could rush in, she flew out like the wind.

Having lost track of the Nightmare Beast, she could only return to their place. Just as she was feeling lost and unsure of what to do, the person in her arms suddenly let out a groan. Lan Wu was overjoyed and looked down to see Ji Lingyue's eyelashes trembling as she slowly opened her eyes.

Those eyes were no longer as bright as usual; instead, they were bloodshot and quite terrifying.

Lan Wu was stunned and stared blankly at her, but Ji Lingyue's expression suddenly changed. She flipped over and pounced on Lan Wu like a cheetah, grabbing her by the neck and throwing her to the ground.

"Ugh!" Lan Wu gasped in pain, squinting her eyes and instinctively calling out, "A-Yue…"

Ji Lingyue knelt on her waist. Upon hearing her voice, her eyes trembled, and she gripped her neck even tighter.

Lan Wu was horrified, realizing that Ji Lingyue was serious. She struggled immediately, but the more she struggled, the more ruthless Ji Lingyue became. She glared at Lan Wu with gritted teeth, her originally delicate face even becoming ferocious. Her hands tightened continuously, as if she wouldn't stop until she strangled her to death.

Forced by the contract, Lan Wu was powerless to resist. Her face flushed red in no time. Trembling, she grasped Ji Lingyue's wrist and pleaded, "A-Yue, wake up… wake up…"

"Ah Yue…"

"Ah Yue…"

Breathing became increasingly difficult, and her vision blurred in waves. Lan Wu made a few gurgling sounds in her throat, and her legs struggled to kick the ground before collapsing weakly. Crystalline tears fell from the corners of her eyes, instantly turning into flawless white pearls that pattered down.

Ji Lingyue noticed the pearls rolling down, her body suddenly stiffened, and her eyelashes blinked wildly. She looked down at Lan Wu, and in a moment, her eyes widened. As if burned, she let go of her hand and retreated in a panic.

Lan Wu immediately began to breathe heavily. She instinctively curled up, clutching her chest and coughing violently, pearls falling out with a series of crisp sounds.

After a while, Ji Lingyue, who had retreated to the window, tried to approach again. After taking only two steps, she saw the horrifying red marks on Lan Wu's neck. Her feet froze on the spot, and her red eyes instantly filled with tears.

When Lan Wu turned to look at her, still shaken, she suddenly became

timid, instinctively avoiding his gaze, and said in a trembling voice, “I, I’m not…”

After stammering out a few words, she didn’t know how to continue. She gasped, closed her eyes, and let out a painful whimper.

Under Lan Wu’s gaze, she slowly knelt down, curled up into a ball, and covered her face in despair, crying, “I’m sorry, I’m so sorry…”

——

Double update tomorrow \(`Δ’)/

63. Give me a kiss.

Lan Wu blinked, still feeling a sharp pain in her throat. Just as she was about to raise her hand to touch it, Ji Lingyue instinctively shrank back, her body trembling like a frightened little animal.

She stopped what she was doing, keeping her hand suspended in the air, and asked in surprise, “Are you afraid of me?”

Ji Lingyue shook her head: “No…”

Lan Wu’s voice was still hoarse, and she seemed to find it laughable, chuckling, “How can you be afraid of me? You just tried to kill me!”

“No,” Ji Lingyue shook her head, repeating indistinctly, “I’m not…”

She didn’t kill Lan Wu; she killed the monster disguised as Lan Wu, the cat demon. She chopped off its head and then plunged the knife into her own heart.

That’s why she was able to wake up from the nightmare.

But it hurts so much…

Ji Lingyue closed her eyes, groaned, and pounded her head with her fist. Suddenly, she began to sob and whimper, “Father, Mother, Yun’er, Yun’er…”

Lan Wu paused, her anger gradually subsiding into worry. She frowned and cautiously approached her: “A-Yue?”

Just then, she heard the curled-up woman murmur, “How could I like a monster…”

Lan Wu froze abruptly, her eyes widening as she stared at her in disbelief.

Her long, trembling eyelashes slowly became damp with moisture. The woman pursed her lips, suddenly stood up, and strode outside.

The sound of footsteps startled Ji Lingyue from her drowsy state. She looked up and saw the woman's departing figure, finally realizing what she had said.

The color drained from her face instantly. Ji Lingyue scrambled to her feet and staggered after the merman, calling out, "Lan Wu!"

Lan Wu stepped onto the windowsill, about to transform into a gentle breeze and disappear without a trace.

Ji Lingyue opened her eyes wide in alarm and said sternly, "Don't you dare leave!"

Her long silver hair swayed for a moment, then fell quietly down, obediently cascading behind the woman. Lan Wu couldn't take another step. Her fingers gripped the window frame tightly, her eyes red as she looked at Ji Lingyue and said fiercely, "What right do you have to do this!"

She released her grip, almost losing her temper: "If that's what you've always thought, if you've never accepted that I'm a monster, then what right do you have to keep me tied up!"

Ignoring her resistance, Ji Lingyue took a few steps forward and hugged her tightly, sobbing, "I didn't…"

"That's all you can say!" Lan Wu grabbed her shoulders, trying to push her away: "Let go of me!"

"No!" Ji Lingyue hugged even tighter, her face covered in tears. This time, however, Lan Wu couldn't soften her heart. Her pupils contracted slightly, and gradually, crystalline scales emerged from her cheeks, exuding a demonic aura that made her look ferocious and wicked.

"Look at me like this," she grabbed Ji Lingyue's chin, forcing her to look up, "I am a terrifying monster. No matter what you think, this is my identity, and it will never change in this lifetime. If you can't accept it, then let me go. From now on, we'll go our separate ways. You can go wherever you want!"

Ji Lingyue stared at her blankly, tears welling up in her eyes and falling down her cheeks.

Lan Wu hardened her heart and said, word by word, “Otherwise, don’t blame me for fighting to the death.”

The room fell into a deathly silence, broken only by occasional sobs. After a long while, Ji Lingyue choked out, “But, Lan Wu, it hurts so much…”

Lan Wu’s eyes flickered slightly, her pretty face tense as she stared at her without saying a word.

Ji Lingyue groped for her other hand and grasped it, pressing it against her chest. Her face was pale, but her eyes were bloodshot: “I don’t reject the idea that you’re a monster, but it hurts so much, Lan Wu, I’m going to die…”

After a long silence, Lan Wu finally asked, “What’s hurting you?”

Ji Lingyue shook her head, choking back tears, “They won’t forgive me, Yun’er, Uncle… they won’t forgive me…” She started crying again, gasping for breath, “I’ve fallen in love with a demon, they’ll all hate me. It was me who killed them, it was me who brought the demon back, it’s all my fault…”

She cried so hard her body trembled, as if she had returned to that night years ago, when she returned to the village with the rabbit she had hunted, full of joy, only to witness the most unforgettable scene of her life.

The snow-white rabbit fell to the ground. She ran home through the blood, leaving behind the innocent people who had died tragically.

He was her best friend who grew up with her, the old man who taught her how to dig traps, and the old woman who helped treat her wounds.

Her younger sister lay outside the door, her face covered in blood, yet she still clung to life, uttering her last cry: “Sister…”

It turns out that after so many years of cultivation, she had become so radiant and was respectfully addressed as a Celestial Master wherever she went, yet she was still so terrified of that night.

Ji Lingyue said in despair, “I’m so sorry to them…”

Lan Wu pursed her lips, her face still cold, but the scales that had appeared when she transformed into a demon gradually faded away.

"But I won't let you go. Even if you are a monster, I will stay with you. At worst, you can send me to the deepest hell after I die."

As she spoke, she closed her eyes, placed Lan Wu's hand on her neck, and said in a trembling voice, "If you're still angry, just pinch me back. I won't… I won't resist."

Lan Wu lowered her eyes and remained silent for a while. Suddenly, she closed her hands and grasped Ji Lingyue's slender neck. Ji Lingyue froze and pursed her lips in grievance, but she really did not resist.

She stopped what she was doing, gazed at Ji Lingyue's wet face, and sighed, "You won't go to hell."

Ji Lingyue's long eyelashes trembled nervously, and she dared not open them to look at her.

"Only those who do wrong go to hell. Ji Lingyue, you did nothing wrong, so you will live a good life." Lan Wu gently stroked the corner of her eye and whispered, "It's kind of you to tell me your true feelings only now."

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and asked in a choked voice, "Are you still leaving?"

"I'm not leaving," Lan Wu wiped her tears with her sleeve and opened her arms. "Come here."

Ji Lingyue stepped forward, obediently snuggled into her arms, and buried her face in her shoulder.

Lan Wu asked, "Does it still hurt?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head, then nodded: "It hurts."

Lan Wu patted her on the back and said, "It's already amazing that you were able to get out of the nightmare on your own. How did you do it?"

Ji Lingyue: "I killed myself."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, unsure of what to say.

Ji Lingyue continued, "It's clearly a dream, but the pain feels just like

reality. It's easy to mistake reality for illusion. This monster… is very powerful."

"Don't say anymore." Lan Wu hugged her tighter, feeling a pang of heartache. "I'm sorry, I didn't protect you well."

Ji Lingyue shook her head: "Lan Wu, I don't need your protection. I can protect myself. I just need you to stay with me, that's enough."

Upon hearing this, Lan Wu sighed softly, her heart softening.

At this moment, Ji Lingyue raised her head and looked at the bruises on the woman's neck. She gently placed her fingers on them, and soon Lan Wu felt much better. She twisted her neck, lowered her eyes, and met Ji Lingyue's guilty gaze.

She forced a light laugh and comforted him, "Okay, I'm not angry anymore."

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, but then leaned forward and lifted her chin.

Lan Wu blinked.

Ji Lingyue said, "If you're really not angry, then give me a kiss."

64. Anning Hall

During the kiss, Ji Lingyue hooked her arms around Lan Wu's neck and subconsciously put her legs around Lan Wu's waist.

Lan Wu, supporting her, sensed her intention and gently bit her lip, asking, "Isn't this happening a bit too often?"

Ji Lingyue hummed and said, "It's okay."

Her palm slid inside her clothes and pressed against her soft waist, where the kiss marks from their last lovemaking still remained. Lan Wu held her and fell onto the bed, her soft, long hair cascading down, shimmering with a bright light. Ji Lingyue glanced at her, panting, then suddenly rolled over and straddled Lan Wu.

Ji Lingyue gently traced her fingertips across Lan Wu's throat, looked at her, and whispered, "Don't move."

Lan Wu's throat felt itchy from the tickling, so she frowned, then relaxed, and said obediently, "Whatever you say."

The clothes fell off one by one and were thrown at the foot of the bed. Ji Lingyue straightened up, crawled on her knees to Lan Wu's chest, and stared straight at her.

Lan Wu glanced at it, but because it was pitch black all around, she could only see a glimmer of water. She looked up knowingly and asked, "Want a kiss?"

Ji Lingyue groped for her hand and grabbed it, saying shyly, "Mmm."

She moved forward a little more, slowly lowered her waist, and pressed herself against him.

The rustling sound of water gradually rose, and soon a soft, seductive moan was heard. Ji Lingyue's legs trembled, and she couldn't hold on any longer and fell down. Lan Wu grabbed her waist and pressed her down.

She opened her eyes, still a little out of breath, and stammered, "Lan, Lan Wu…"

Lan Wu hummed in agreement and climbed up: "What's wrong?"

Ji Lingyue grabbed her hand and placed it on her chest. Not long ago, when she did this, she was filled with despair, but now, she only felt her body burning hot.

Lan Wu was clearly feeling cool all the time.

The fleshy breasts in her palm could be easily enveloped with one hand. Lan Wu lowered her head and took the other red nipple into her mouth, finally hearing a hoarse moan. Ji Lingyue squinted, impatiently holding her fluffy head. Her cheeks were pink and tender, like steamed peaches. When she noticed a hand sliding down her lower abdomen, she blinked and lifted her waist in cooperation.

Long, slender fingers slipped into the valley, parting the soft, wet labia, rubbing against the closed opening, then gently penetrating before quickly withdrawing, instead teasing the swollen, bitten clitoris. Ji Lingyue trembled slightly, her shimmering eyes filled with tears, biting her lip and letting out intermittent moans. He scratched the woman's back haphazardly a few times, and seeing that she was still only teasing from the outside, he couldn't help but urge, "Stop playing around… go inside…"

Lan Wu spat out the nipple that had been sucked hard in her mouth,

rubbed against her, and kissed her lips: "Okay."

Her fingertips slid down, entering the warm, moist passage, and thrusting all the way in. Ji Lingyue gasped in surprise, her hands gripping Lan Wu's shoulders tightly. Stimulated by Lan Wu's subsequent thrusting movements, she curled up her legs and couldn't help but lower her head to bite Lan Wu's beautiful collarbone.

"Mmm…mmm…haa…"

Lan Wu moved quickly, her palms repeatedly striking Ji Lingyue's labia, intentionally or unintentionally brushing against her erect clitoris. Ji Lingyue was teased by her, moaning and groaning. The crisp, sticky sounds of water rang out one after another, and the gushing lustful fluid flowed down her fair buttocks onto the bed, wetting the light-colored sheets and leaving dark stains.

Ji Lingyue's mind was hazy, as if she were floating in the sea. Only the person she was holding in her arms felt real. She couldn't help but hug her tighter, kissing her lips and chin in a daze, her legs wrapped around her waist, as if she didn't want to be separated for a moment.

The warm, moist flesh inside the passage suddenly contracted tightly. Lan Wu realized that Ji Lingyue was about to reach her climax. She pressed on Ji Lingyue's sensitive spot, and Ji Lingyue immediately trembled. Her body became as slippery as a fish, twisting and almost trying to escape from Lan Wu's grasp. Lan Wu held her down to prevent her from moving around and thrust into that spot a few more times. Then, Ji Lingyue let out a long moan with a sob in her voice. Her legs twitched, and a torrent of vaginal fluid pushed against Lan Wu's fingers and spurted out, almost all of it splashing onto Lan Wu's lower abdomen.

Since she reacted so strongly, Lan Wu gently inserted her fingers inside to soothe her. Once her breathing gradually calmed down, she slowly withdrew them.

Ji Lingyue let out a soft hum. After her emotional rollercoaster, a wave of drowsiness washed over her, and she quickly closed her eyes. Seeing that she was tired, Lan Wu decided to stop there. She picked her up, prepared to pour her some water, and then used her magic to clean them both up.

Before she could even reach for the teapot on the bedside table, she suddenly stiffened and looked down in a panic. Ji Lingyue was sucking on her nipple, her eyes half-closed as if she were about to fall

asleep.

Lan Wu hissed and chuckled, “Are you a baby who still needs to be breastfed?”

Ji Lingyue hummed twice, and it was unclear what she said. Her soft tongue brushed against Lan Wu’s sensitive red bud again. Lan Wu let out a soft moan, and all around was silent. For a moment, only her own breathing could be clearly heard. After a while, she put Ji Lingyue down, knelt between her legs, lifted one of her legs and put it on her shoulder, panting as she pressed her wet valley against her.

As the sensitive petals pressed together, Lan Wu couldn’t help but let out a groan. She half-closed her eyes, looking down at the woman beneath her who had fallen into a deep sleep. Her eyes were red, and she said in a hoarse voice, “Just woke up and already asleep, really, really a lazybones…”

As dawn broke, the palace once again welcomed the aloof and dignified Master Ji.

The head guard looked distressed and said as he led the way, “Last night, someone broke into the Empress’s palace, but when we went in, it was empty. Immortal Master, in your opinion, could this be the work of a demon?”

Ji Lingyue remained expressionless and said seriously, “Whether it’s a demon or not is another matter. However, yesterday I was browsing through various books at the inn and discovered a special drug that can indeed cause people to fall into a deep sleep and not wake up.”

The head guard asked in surprise, “Really? What kind of medicine is it?”

Ji Lingyue said, “It’s not very accurate to describe this medicine. If it’s convenient, you can take me for a walk around the palace. As long as we’re not too far apart, I can recognize it.”

The man hesitated for a moment, glancing at the silver-haired merman behind Ji Lingyue: “This…”

“Is that not acceptable?” Ji Lingyue said indifferently, “It seems you are not too concerned about the Empress’s condition.”

“How could that be!” the head guard hurriedly said. “His Majesty ordered me to obey your orders, saying that I should agree to

whatever conditions you propose. Since the Immortal Master wants to go, then I will take you there."

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement and nodded, saying, "Thank you for your trouble."

The group then changed direction and headed towards the inner palace.

Halfway there, Ji Lingyue glanced at Lan Wu and asked softly, "Is it really still in the palace?"

Lan Wu nodded and whispered, "When I injured it last night, I left a mark on it. The fish brought back a message that it was in the palace."

Ji Lingyue turned her head, seemingly lost in thought, and said, "Your school of fish is indeed useful."

When she woke up this morning, she saw Lan Wu standing in front of the open window, with more than a dozen colorless little fish formed from water vapor swimming around her. Several of them swam towards her, wagging their tails and rubbing affectionately against her face, feeling cool and refreshing, just like their owner.

Lan Wu looked over at that moment, the rising sun falling on her beautiful silver hair, softening her usual sharp edges and making her look gentle and warm: "It seems they like you very much."

Recalling that scene, Ji Lingyue couldn't help but drift off into her own thoughts, but was suddenly tugged at by Lan Wu, stopping her in her tracks: "This is it."

She snapped out of her daze, looked up, and saw a vermilion gate in front of her with a golden plaque hanging above it.

"Anning Palace," Ji Lingyue frowned and asked the head guard beside her, "What kind of place is this?"

"This is it," the head guard said respectfully after glancing at it. "This is Her Highness the Princess's bedroom."

——

Who said it would be the second update on time? It was me, hmph!

65. The Truth

Ji Lingyue said “Oh,” and asked, “Can we go in and take a look?”

The head guard hesitated, “This…this is probably inappropriate. Without Her Highness’s permission, I cannot enter the princess’s palace.”

“I didn’t say you could go in,” Ji Lingyue interrupted him. “The two of us can go in.”

The man choked, frozen in place: “This…”

“Is that not allowed?” Ji Lingyue raised an eyebrow and said slowly, “I am a celestial master invited by His Majesty, and she just saved the princess’s life the day before yesterday. Don’t you trust us?”

“Of course not!” the head guard blurted out, then hesitated for a moment before adding, “Even if the immortal master wants to enter, he must first announce his presence.”

Ji Lingyue nodded: “Then please inform them.”

Soon, news of the Immortal Master’s request for an audience reached Xiao Qingyu’s ears. She put down her pen, frowned, and asked, “Is it just the Immortal Master alone?”

The servant replied, “And the demonic beasts around her.”

“And her?” Xiao Qingyu pondered for a moment, then said, “Alright, let them in.”

As she spoke, she got up and walked out of the house, heading towards the door to greet them.

Not far from the gate, Ji Lingyue and her companion saw Xiao Qingyu walking slowly towards them. The girl was dressed in plain clothes, her jet-black hair was casually tied with a knot, and a few strands of hair fell in front of her forehead. She looked even more simple and casual than the maid beside her.

Approaching the two, she politely bowed and asked, “May I ask what brings you to my palace, Immortal Master?”

“There are some things I’d like to confirm with Your Highness.” Ji Lingyue looked around and said, “May we go inside to talk? Of course, if Your Highness doesn’t want Lan Wu to go in, she will stay outside.”

“Lan Wu?” Xiao Qingyu was taken aback, looked at the woman who

had been standing silently behind her, and said in a low voice, “So your name is Lan Wu.”

Lan Wu snapped out of her reverie, hid her hands behind her back, and smiled, “I’ll stay outside.”

Xiao Qingyu: “It’s alright if you come in…”

“Let her stay outside,” Ji Lingyue interrupted her, taking the lead and walking forward. “Your Highness, let’s go inside and talk.”

Xiao Qingyu glanced at Lan Wu a few more times, then hesitated before saying, “Alright then.”

After the two women had walked away, Lan Wu looked around and saw that many people were secretly watching her. She sighed, slowly walked to the shady corner of the wall, crossed her arms, and closed her eyes.

After a few breaths, the woman lowered her head as if asleep, and an inconspicuous little silver fish swam out from behind her, rolled in the air, and then wobbled away into the depths of the palace.

After serving the tea, Xiao Qingyu sat down opposite Ji Lingyue and said, “Immortal Master, please ask whatever you wish to ask.”

“Your Highness seems rather impatient.” Ji Lingyue glanced at her straight posture and the unconsciously clenched fists on her knees, and narrowed her eyes: “Is Your Highness nervous?”

Xiao Qingyu was startled and quickly shook her head: “How could that be? It’s just that we don’t often see cultivators here, so we’re a little reserved when we see you.”

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, picked up her teacup, took a sip, and slowly asked, “How is Your Highness’s health?”

“My body?” Xiao Qingyu was stunned for a moment before realizing what she meant. “Are you talking about the time I fell into the water? Of course, I’m much better now, thanks to Miss Lan for saving me…”

“I do have some good medicine here. If Your Highness feels unwell, please let me know.”

“Thank you for your concern, Immortal Master, but I am indeed fine now.” Xiao Qingyu said, frowning suspiciously. She felt that Immortal

Master Ji was unusually gentle today, quite different from when they first met two days ago.

Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes calmly, but she was racking her brains trying to think of something to talk about next. Just then, Xiao Qingyu suddenly asked, “Immortal Master, is there any progress on my mother’s illness?”

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then lifted her long eyelashes: “Your mother… In that case, there is something else I would like to ask Your Highness.”

“Please speak, Immortal Master.”

“Why was Your Highness boating on the lake the day we arrived?”

Xiao Qingyu was taken aback: “What?”

“Your Highness’s mother is seriously ill and on her deathbed. If it were an ordinary child, they would surely be unable to eat or drink at such a time. But Your Highness, why do you have the mind to go boating on the lake?”

“I, I…” Xiao Qingyu seemed to be stumped by the question, blinked in a panic, and said, “My mother has been suffering from this illness for two months. I can’t… I can’t let myself be depressed and sad all the time, and just focus on being heartbroken.”

“Your Highness has a point,” Ji Lingyue raised an eyebrow and said casually, “but as I’ve traveled this far, I’ve always heard that Your Highness and the Empress have a deep bond, so I assumed that Your Highness and the Empress were a mother and daughter. Now it seems that I was just being presumptuous.”

Xiao Qingyu’s eyes widened suddenly: “What do you mean? Are you implying something about the relationship between me and the Empress Dowager…?”

Before she could finish speaking, she heard a commotion outside and was startled. Ji Lingyue’s expression changed, and she rushed out like a gust of wind, disappearing in the blink of an eye.

Xiao Qingyu saw the direction she left in, her heart skipped a beat, and she immediately stood up in a panic and strode after her.

“Lan Wu!”

With her sense of the demonic energy permeating the air, Ji Lingyue arrived at the place where the two demons were fighting almost instantly. It was a small house in the far corner of Anning Palace, but now it was almost half collapsed. She glanced at it and saw that Lan Wu's expression was normal, so she breathed a sigh of relief, landed next to her, and looked at the black object in Lan Wu's hand.

The thing was round and plump, about the size of an adult man's fist, and covered in black fur. Its large, red eyes took up almost half of its face. Apart from that, Ji Lingyue couldn't see its ears or its mouth; it just looked like a lump of coal.

She hesitated and asked, "This is the Nightmare Beast?"

Lan Wu hummed in agreement: "This is a type of demon beast that lives in the Nightmare Forest, which is located at the border between the human and demon realms. It is extremely rare, very timid, feeds on dreams, has weak demonic power, and almost never comes out into the world."

"Then how did it get here?"

Lan Wu shook her head, indicating that she didn't know either: "Anyway, it's definitely the culprit."

Ji Lingyue looked at its listless appearance and said in a low voice, "However, you made too much noise…"

Lan Wu glanced at her with dissatisfaction and snorted, "It's good enough that we caught it. If it hadn't been seriously injured and not yet recovered, it would have really gotten away."

As they were talking, hurried footsteps came from the main hall. Xiao Qingyu ran over, her face flushed. When she saw the Nightmare Beast being held in Lan Wu's palm, her pupils shrank, and she exclaimed, "Don't kill it!"

Ji Lingyue turned her head and looked at her: "What, you recognize it?"

Xiao Qingyu opened her mouth, clenched her fist, and said with difficulty, "It…it's my friend. It has never harmed anyone. For so many years, it has always been with me…"

"Never harmed anyone?" Ji Lingyue frowned. "Does the princess know that your mother became what she is now because of it?"

Xiao Qingyu stammered, "This, this is all a misunderstanding…"

"Misunderstanding? Princess, are you still not going to tell the truth?" Ji Lingyue turned her head and winked at Lan Wu. Lan Wu understood and apologized. Suddenly, she clenched her palm and held it tightly. The Nightmare Beast, which had been quiet, let out a painful groan and began to struggle in her hand.

Xiao Qingyu instinctively took a step forward, panicking, "No! I'll talk, I'll talk!"

Ji Lingyue remained silent, only staring coldly at her. Lan Wu seemed to have become the most obedient contracted beast, and she would not let go as long as Ji Lingyue did not give in.

Xiao Qingyu's eyes slowly reddened, and she finally said, "It's not its fault. It was Mother Empress's own request. Mother Empress lied to me."

This answer was truly unexpected. Ji Lingyue was stunned for a moment before saying, "You mean, it was Her Majesty the Empress who wanted to do this, to get trapped in this dream from which she cannot wake up?"

Xiao Qingyu nodded, wiping her eyes with a wronged expression: "At first, Mother always had nightmares and couldn't sleep all night. I just wanted her to have a good dream, so I secretly took Xiao Jiu to help her. But later, she found out that it was me who did it, and discovered Xiao Jiu's ability. She then begged Xiao Jiu to create dreams for her every night. After that, she wanted these beautiful dreams to last longer, and I agreed, so I had Xiao Jiu give her a… a dream in which she could control her own waking time…"

As she spoke, she choked up, saying, "She promised me she would wake up soon."

"But she didn't wake up," Ji Lingyue pondered. "That is to say, she herself did not want to wake up."

Lan Wu couldn't help but ask, "Why would she do that?"

"Because Mother doesn't actually love me, nor does she love Father," Xiao Qingyu raised her wet eyes and gave a pale smile. "All that talk of a harmonious and respectful marriage was just Father's wishful thinking, and mine as well."

"You knew all along?"

Xiao Qingyu shook her head: "I don't know, otherwise I wouldn't have agreed to her."

Ji Lingyue asked suspiciously, "Then how did you find out?"

"Because…" Xiao Qingyu closed her eyes and said in a trembling voice, "Because the beautiful dream that Xiao Jiu gave her was not a fabricated dream, but rather a dream that turned her life before her marriage into a dream…"

Those carefree days of her youth made her willing to abandon her daughter and husband, and sleep forever.

"So, how much she loathed her current life."

66. Zisang Kingdom

"What should we do now?" Lan Wu released her grip, carefully cradling the Nightmare Beast in her palm, and released her demonic power to heal it. "Since she herself doesn't want to wake up, what can we do?"

Ji Lingyue pondered for a moment, then asked, "Does the Emperor know about this?"

"I don't know, I dare not tell my father."

"It's better to tell him that if we want the Empress to wake up, we either have to kill the Nightmare Beast or let her wake up willingly. We can't kill the Nightmare Beast now, so we can only let her wake up on her own."

"What… should we do?"

"Of course, it depends on your father, the Emperor."

Xiao Qingyu pursed her lips and said sadly, "But, given Mother's feelings for Father, even if Father begs her, she won't wake up."

Ji Lingyue looked at her with some surprise: "Who said that the emperor should use his emotions to awaken her?"

Xiao Qingyu was stunned for a moment, then asked blankly, "…What does the immortal master want my father for?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head and said, “Don’t you understand? Your mother is trapped in her dream because she hates her current life. So, if your father promises her to leave and give her freedom, what reason does she have not to wake up?”

“Let her leave?” Xiao Qingyu said instinctively, “Father will not agree to that.”

Why?

“Father loves Mother very much, and he will not be willing to let her go.”

Lan Wu couldn’t help but say, “But she’s about to die. If your father truly loves her, he should set her free. Imprisoning her in the name of love, what kind of love is that?”

Ji Lingyue was slightly taken aback and glanced at her sideways.

Xiao Qingyu was also stunned. After a long while, she lowered her eyes and said in a hoarse voice, “Alright, I will… I will try to tell Father.”

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and said in a low voice, “Your Highness, please make a decision as soon as possible. After all, judging from the Empress’s condition, she probably won’t last much longer.”

After saying that, she turned around listlessly and tugged at Lan Wu’s sleeve: “Let’s go.”

Lan Wu asked instinctively, “Where are we going?”

“Let’s go find Yuan Zhen,” Ji Lingyue said. “We can’t be of any help with this, so let’s leave it at that. Now, it’s his turn to repay us.”

Lan Wu said “Oh,” looked at the furry Nightmare Beast in her palm, and handed it to Xiao Qingyu: “I’m sorry, things happened suddenly last night, and I was a bit too heavy-handed. I’ve already transferred a lot of demonic power to it. Let it rest for a few days, and it will slowly get better.”

Xiao Qingyu quickly took it, glanced at her with a complicated expression, and whispered, “You are more human than the Immortal Master.”

Lan Wu blinked, glanced at Ji Lingyue subconsciously, and seeing that

she was about to reach the main entrance and probably hadn't heard, she turned to Xiao Qingyu and smiled: "I'll take that as a compliment."

Ji Lingyue called out to her from afar, "Lan Wu."

"Yes," Lan Wu responded, hesitated for a moment, and then turned back to say, "However, your mother may not not love you, but her pain may outweigh her love. If she can wake up, have a good talk with her."

Xiao Qingyu pursed her lips, her eyes becoming moist again: "I will."

"Lan Wu?" Ji Lingyue called out again, frowning as if she was a little impatient. Lan Wu turned around and ran to her side in a flash, stepping out of the vermilion gate of Anning Palace with her.

Upon seeing them emerge, the head guard, who had been waiting outside for some time, hurried forward and secretly glanced inside: "Immortal Master, I just heard some noises coming from inside. What happened?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head: "It's alright, we don't have the kind of medicine I mentioned here."

The head guard nodded: "Then next..."

"Take us to see the Imperial Advisor," Ji Lingyue interrupted him, "I have something to discuss with him."

"The Imperial Advisor?" The head guard was almost bewildered by her rambling thoughts. After a while, he nodded slowly and said, "Alright, I'll take you there."

Walking down the street, Ji Lingyue glanced at Lan Wu, whose expression remained unchanged, and finally couldn't help but call out, "Lan Wu."

"Um?"

"Am I the same way you see me?" she asked hesitantly. "Is it really that disgusting to use love as an excuse to commit imprisonment?"

Lan Wu readily agreed.

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, seemingly not expecting her to be so direct. Instead of feeling sad at first, she looked up at her blankly.

Lan Wu chuckled and poked her forehead: "But, I did do something wrong first, and I'm so magnanimous that I made a three-year promise with you, so I can barely be not so angry."

Ji Lingyue was silent for a while, then muttered, "But if I were the emperor, I wouldn't let you go. Even if I die, you would die by my side."

"What do you mean by 'what if'?" Lan Wu sighed, turning her hands behind her back. "You're not the emperor. No matter what, we wouldn't end up like this."

Seeing that Ji Lingyue was frowning and still wanted to argue, she sighed and said helplessly, "Why do you always think of the worst possible outcome for the two of us?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head and said seriously, "I'm not imagining the worst-case scenario. I just want you to know what kind of person I am now."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then turned her head to look at her.

Ji Lingyue looked at her calmly and said softly, "I'm not as single-mindedly hoping for your well-being as I used to be, Lan Wu. I'm a very selfish person, and maybe I'm even worse than you think."

In the southeast corner of the palace, the tall observatory was where Yuan Zhen often stayed. At this time, the sky was high and the clouds were light, and the sky was clear and boundless, unlike at night when you could see a sky full of stars. However, the white-haired man still sat alone by the table, looking up at the clear blue sky.

The head guard escorted them only to the foot of the observatory and could not go any further. Ji Lingyue led Lan Wu to the top, stood behind him, and called out, "Yuan Zhen."

The man was silent for a moment, then turned around and said gently, "The immortal master has arrived. Please sit down."

Lan Wu followed Ji Lingyue and sat down opposite Yuan Zhen, giving him a curious look.

This man was supposed to be only in his thirties or forties, in the prime of his life, yet he was so thin and aged that he looked like a frail patient.

"Immortal Master, have you come to see me because there has been progress in the Empress's condition?"

Ji Lingyue nodded and recounted the truth in detail. Yuan Zhen was stunned for a moment after listening before sighing, "So it was such a simple little thing that it escalated to this extent."

"A trivial matter?" Ji Lingyue frowned and couldn't help but ask, "The Empress is tired of being imprisoned in the deep palace and only wishes to indulge in dreams. Do you think that's a trivial matter?"

Yuan Zhen shook his head and said, "To me, life and death are trivial matters."

As he spoke, he covered his mouth and coughed lightly, then looked up at Ji Lingyue with envy and said, "When I first met the Immortal Master, I was just a young boy. Now, I am old and frail, but the Immortal Master is still the same as before. Even if you can predict the stars and have divine wisdom, what does it matter? Humans only have a short lifespan of a hundred years, which passes in the blink of an eye. After death, you are just a handful of dust, and nothing is left."

Ji Lingyue looked at him without saying a word. After a moment, she sighed softly, "Never mind, different circumstances lead to different thoughts. Let's… talk about this."

She turned her head and gestured, "Lan Wu."

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, took out the stone slab fragment, and pushed it in front of Yuan Zhen: "I would like to ask you to take a look at the writing on this."

Yuan Zhen lowered his head, glanced at it, and suddenly froze, instinctively picking it up: "Where did you get this from?"

Lan Wu hesitated for a moment, then mumbled, "In the sea."

"In the sea?" Yuan Zhen frowned in confusion. "How could it be in the sea?"

Ji Lingyue couldn't help but ask, "You recognize this thing?"

"I don't recognize the object, but the words on it do seem somewhat familiar. Does the Immortal Master still remember the book that Master used to read all the time?"

"Of course, it was precisely because I felt they were similar that I came to find you."

Yuan Zhen nodded and sighed, "Does the Immortal Master know how many years of history the country of Yunhuang has?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head: "I don't know."

"It's seven hundred years ago. Seven hundred years ago, the country on this land was not Yunhuang, but a small country called Zisang." Yuan Zhen explained, "And these characters are actually the long-lost characters of Zisang."

——

I often feel out of place with other users because there are so few cars on the road _(:3 ⌒?)_

67. Have a safe journey

"Zi Sangguo?"

Lan Wu immediately thought of the story she had heard from Qing He not long ago, and asked with some surprise, "Can you understand what is written here, sir?"

Yuan Zhen looked at it for a while and sighed, "I'm sorry, although I have followed my master for many years, when I was young I was only focused on Qimen Bagua and had no interest in these long-lost texts. Therefore, I am not proficient in them and can't recognize many of them."

Lan Wu was greatly disappointed. Her shoulders slumped, and she murmured, "So, it's still no use?"

"Don't be in a hurry, young lady," Yuan Zhen said unhurriedly. "My master is currently living in seclusion in Ling'an in the Northwest. If you two are not in a hurry, could you please make a copy for me to take to my master? That would be more convenient."

"Of course, thank you for your hard work, sir."

Ji Lingyue glanced at Lan Wu and said calmly, "Why don't you just tell us the location and we'll go find him ourselves?"

Yuan Zhen chuckled softly, shaking his head with a hint of helplessness: "Does the Immortal Master not trust me? Oh well, this is

for the best…”

As he was speaking, he suddenly frowned and looked back. Ji Lingyue was startled and subconsciously turned around. She saw a snow-white crane flying slowly towards her, its long, shiny feathers shimmering in the bright golden sun.

“Dan Bai?”

She exclaimed in surprise, and the crane folded its wings, landed, and gracefully strolled to her side.

“Why are you here?” She touched Danbo’s wing, paused, and then took out a thin letter from inside.

When Lan Wu looked over, she saw a faint golden light flash across the paper before turning into ashes and scattering in the air. Ji Lingyue frowned, remained silent for a moment, and then asked, “If you were to go and find your master, how long would it take?”

Yuan Zhen said, “If I’m lucky, I’ll be able to find him when I get to Ling’an. If I’m not lucky, my master will be traveling, and I’m afraid I’ll have to wait a few days. But no matter what, I will find him and give him the contents of this book.”

“Okay.” Ji Lingyue nodded and took out a paper crane from her bosom: “This can help you find me. If you find the answer, please let me know as soon as possible.”

After saying that, she tugged at Lan Wu’s sleeve and said, “Let’s go.”

Lan Wu nodded, stood up and followed her in a daze, only asking halfway there, “Why did you suddenly change your mind?”

Ji Lingyue said in a low voice, “My master sent a message asking me to attend the Immortal Debate Conference in a month. We should set off back to Haochen Mountain now.”

“The Immortal Gathering?” Lan Wu recalled this and asked in surprise, “Isn’t it held once every ten years?”

“Yes, it’s earlier than expected.” Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes and sighed: “Half a month ago, a small town near the City of Demons was attacked, resulting in heavy casualties. The frequent demon attacks within a year are quite unusual. I’m afraid this Immortal Gathering is just a pretext to gather all the immortal sects to discuss

countermeasures."

Lan Wu stopped in her tracks, staring at her in astonishment. Ji Lingyue turned around and whispered, "Lan Wu, this world is about to become turbulent."

Even after boarding the flying boat, Lan Wu remained somewhat uneasy. Ji Lingyue threw several thousand spirit stones into the magic array at the back of the cabin and returned to find Lan Wu still looking preoccupied. She couldn't help but say, "You don't need to worry so much. There were no merfolk in these attacks. Although we are both demons, merfolk shouldn't cause trouble if they don't go to sea."

"What difference does it make whether we cause trouble or not?" Lan Wu said in a low voice. "If things get to the point of no return, how can the sea race remain unscathed?"

She paced around the deck in distress, rubbing her alchemy tools, and muttered to herself, "No, I need to write a letter to my elder brother."

"Big brother?"

Lan Wu hummed in agreement and said, "After Father Emperor died, he became the new Sea Emperor. Perhaps he knows what happened in the Demon Realm and why there has been so much commotion lately…"

At this point, she lost her focus, turned around, and muttered to herself as she walked towards the study on the flying boat.

Ji Lingyue frowned as she watched her retreating figure, a strange displeasure rising in her heart: "Lan Wu."

Lan Wu acted as if she hadn't heard, and walked into the room without stopping, closing the door behind her.

Ji Lingyue: …

She straightened her face, about to summon the person back, when she suddenly heard footsteps below. Ji Lingyue was startled and turned to look out of the ship's side. When she saw the person's appearance, she couldn't help but raise an eyebrow: "Your Highness?"

Xiao Qingyu looked at the huge flying boat in front of her with some surprise, and responded after a beat. She slowly stepped forward and

held out the black ball in her hand to her: “Immortal Master, please take it with you.”

Ji Lingyue: “…What?”

Xiao Qingyu pursed her lips and said firmly, “Please take it with you.”

“Why?”

“If I tell the truth to my father, he will definitely choose to kill it,” Xiao Qingyu blinked, her long eyelashes gradually becoming damp with moisture, and said in a trembling voice, “I don’t want to deceive my father, but I don’t want it to be hurt either. Xiao Jiu feeds on dreams. When I was young, I had nightmares, and it suddenly appeared beside me and created a beautiful dream for me. It was just passing by back then, but it stayed because of my pleas, and has been with me for nearly ten years. But this is not its home after all.”

The girl pursed her lips, raised her hand again, and said in a choked voice, “So, please take it away and send it back to its hometown.”

Ji Lingyue frowned, and after a long while, she said in a low voice, “Most mortals are afraid of monsters, but someone like you is rare.”

Xiao Qingyu shook her head, subconsciously retorting, “Because Xiao Jiu is a good demon, just like Lan Wu. Would a celestial master be afraid of Lan Wu just because she is a demon?”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: “Of course not.”

After saying that, she was silent for a while before reaching out and taking the fluffy black ball: “Okay, I promise you, I will return it.”

The nightmare beast in my palm trembled, its grape-sized red eyes were even watery, and its body was warm and soft, like a harmless kitten.

It’s hard to imagine that not long ago, it was this very thing that imprisoned her in an endless nightmare.

“Thank you, Immortal Master,” Xiao Qingyu gently stroked its head again before reluctantly withdrawing her hand, taking two steps back, and revealing a sad smile: “Then, I hope you have a safe journey, Immortal Master.”

——

A brief transition, about to return to familiar territory.

I've read all your comments, thank you all for your support! Mua!
??ヽ(°▽°)ノ?

Sixty-eight strokes

Use water to conjure colorless little fish, put the paper strip sealed in the bamboo tube into the round belly, and then open the window to let it leave.

Lan Wu stood by the window, and only when its figure gradually disappeared into the thick dark clouds did she come back to her senses and look up at the moon, which was almost completely obscured by the clouds.

It looks like it's going to rain tonight.

She closed the window, put away the paper and pen, and neatly put the box back in its original place. But a casual glance revealed a thick book, "The Hundred Demon Records," in the most conspicuous spot on the bookshelf.

Ji Lingyue actually watches this kind of stuff.

Curious, she pulled out the book. The cover was old and badly worn, and the corners were wrinkled, indicating that it had been frequently turned over. Lan Wu lowered her eyes, casually glanced at a few pages of introductions to monsters, and quickly turned to the page introducing merfolk.

On the yellowed paper, besides two brief introductions, there was half a page of annotations written by someone. She examined it carefully and recognized that it was Ji Lingyue's handwriting, which was much more upright than her crooked scribbles back then, and also added a lot of elegance.

After reading a few lines, she couldn't help but read them aloud softly:

"Mermaids are intolerant of scorching heat and dislike extreme cold. They abstain from meat and spicy food. They are strikingly beautiful with heterochromatic eyes, as bright as the moon. Even when they transform into humans, they frequently drink water and prefer to live in moist, fresh places where spring reigns all year round. They are gentle and kind, and rarely hostile to others. However, when interacting with people, they can be eloquent, deceitful, and secretive,

so they should not be entirely trusted…"

The voice grew softer and softer, and Lan Wu's curiosity gradually turned into guilt. She paused for a moment, then turned to the next page, but her movements stopped.

It was also covered with densely packed words, but the handwriting was not as neat and elegant as before; instead, it was messy and disorderly, with each stroke deeply embedded in the paper, as if it contained extremely intense emotions.

Lan Wu, Lan Wu, Lan Wu, Lan Wu…

Looking at the pages filled with her own name, her long eyelashes trembled, and she hurriedly closed the book. Just then, a folded piece of white paper floated out and landed on the ground. Lan Wu bent down to pick it up, but after only unfolding it and glancing at it, a feeling of remorse instantly welled up in her heart.

That's her portrait.

In the portrait, she wears a snow-white Taoist robe from Haochen Mountain, yet she has silver hair and blue eyes befitting a demon, and smiles as she looks at the person outside the painting.

Ji Lingyue was not good at meticulous brushwork back then, but the portrait of her in this painting is so lifelike that every single hair is clearly visible. If she hadn't practiced hundreds of times and hadn't memorized her appearance so deeply, how could she have painted such a realistic portrait?

It seems she still underestimated Ji Lingyue's feelings for her…

Lan Wu carefully examined the portrait for a while before slowly putting things away and leaving the study.

"Ah Yue?"

A moment later, Lan Wu pushed the door to the bedroom in front of her and was surprised to find that it was locked from the inside. She frowned in confusion, wondering what she had done to offend Ji Lingyue. She knocked on the door twice, but there was no response. So she simply walked out and sat down on the deck, resting her cheek on her hand and staring blankly at the clouds flying by.

Snap…

Before anyone knew it, the first drop of rain fell from the clouds, followed by a flurry of slanting raindrops. The barrier surrounding the flying boat kept the rain out, and for a moment, only the pattering sound of water could be heard.

Lan Wu blinked, and the rain flowing down the barrier in her vision gradually blurred. In a flash, it turned into a closed door, and the luminous pearl emitted a soft light, illuminating the small room.

She raised an eyebrow, knowingly patted her hem, stood up, and turned to look at the woman who had summoned her in: “Not angry anymore?”

“Why am I angry?” Ji Lingyue retorted, her pretty face remaining stern. Lan Wu smiled and walked towards her, standing in front of her, and asked softly, “But I really don’t know what you’re angry about. Can you tell me?”

Ji Lingyue was silent for a while, then finally reached out and grabbed her sleeve: “You, you always seem to have other things to worry about, but I want you to keep looking at me, just like I… keep looking at you.”

Lan Wu couldn’t help but laugh: “Don’t you think it’s a little scary to say that?”

Ji Lingyue glared at her: “You know perfectly well what I mean.”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement and asked, “If that’s the case, why didn’t you call me earlier?”

“I’m not incapable of distinguishing between what’s important and what’s urgent,” Ji Lingyue muttered. “I do want to call you, but I can make a slight concession.”

Lan Wu blinked, her smile slowly fading, and sighed, “But you can’t just revolve around me, Yue. Your life can’t be entirely about me. You need to have things you like, things you… things you care about…”

Ji Lingyue raised her head and said matter-of-factly, “It’s you I care about.”

Lan Wu was momentarily speechless, then after a while, she suddenly frowned and asked, “If I hadn’t left back then, would you still have this kind of affection and obsession for me?”

The woman paused, looking at her with some confusion: “What do you mean?”

“I…” Lan Wu frowned even more deeply, looking into her clear eyes, but ultimately didn’t say anything: “Never mind, I’ll tell you about these things slowly later.” She stroked Ji Lingyue’s eyebrows and continued: “Now, let’s get some rest.”

——

A little today, much more tomorrow; (` ^′)gt;

(including vehicle)

69. Variety

“rest?”

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, her gaze falling on Lan Wu’s back. She saw Lan Wu lazily taking off her clothes, shoes, and socks, her beautiful butterfly bones stretching and contracting, creating undulating contours on the thin clothing. Soft silver hair cascaded down like a waterfall. Lan Wu raised her fingertips, and blue spiritual energy flowed out smoothly, cleansing herself completely.

After doing all that, she got into bed, lifted the covers, and lay down comfortably.

Ji Lingyue asked, “Are you resting so early?”

Lan Wu: “Yes.”

She pursed her lips, then suddenly ran over, jumped onto the bed, and emphasized, “This is my blanket.”

Lan Wu shamelessly said, “What’s yours is mine.”

Ji Lingyue immediately lowered her head, looking at her with displeasure. Lan Wu couldn’t help but shrink further under the blanket, only revealing a pair of bright eyes, sneaking around like a thief. Seeing her like this, Ji Lingyue became even more annoyed and simply grabbed the blanket and pulled it towards her: “Give it back to me!”

“Hey…you, you’re not afraid of the cold, why do you need a blanket? Wait, don’t pull…” Lan Wu couldn’t win against her, and soon only a small corner of the blanket remained. She was silent for a while, then

draped that small corner over her stomach, looked at the person who was wrapped up like a cocoon with her back to her, and said helplessly, “How can anyone be as childish as you?”

Ji Lingyue snorted: “Where can you find such an unromantic monster?”

Lan Wu was taken aback, then finally realized what she meant and couldn’t help but laugh: “But I’ve never been a smart monster.”

“You always have an excuse…” Ji Lingyue clutched the blanket tightly, about to turn around and accuse her, when Lan Wu pulled her and the blanket into her arms: “If you want it, just tell me.”

Ji Lingyue subconsciously shrank back and muttered, “But it’s always me who takes the initiative…”

Lan Wu smiled and pulled her out of bed: “Then I promise you, I will take the initiative from now on.”

“Easy for you to say,” Ji Lingyue said, half-heartedly being turned over by her, her pretty face stern. “Even if you were to take the initiative, you wouldn’t be enthusiastic, and you wouldn’t come up with anything interesting…”

Lan Wu immediately stopped what she was doing: “A fancy move?”

She frowned blankly, and after a while, hesitated before saying, “So you like that.”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, and subconsciously said, “That’s not what I meant…”

Lan Wu pointed, and a white rope suddenly appeared, deftly wrapping around Ji Lingyue’s wrist. Ji Lingyue’s eyes widened abruptly, and she instinctively tried to break free, but failed. She looked up at Lan Wu, forcing herself to remain calm, and said, “You…you want to tie me up and do this?”

“Didn’t you say I wasn’t enthusiastic and lacked variety?” Lan Wu propped herself up, looking down at her. “Then let’s try something different tonight.”

As she spoke, she lowered her eyes and leaned down to kiss her. Although Ji Lingyue was nervous, she obediently opened her mouth and took her lips and tongue into her mouth when she saw her

coming closer. Because her wrists were tied, she raised her arms and pulled her silver head into her arms.

Their damp breaths mingled, and Lan Wu skillfully stripped off her clothes. Her palm touched the woman's sensitive inner thigh, and she could feel the dampness coming from not far away.

She raised her eyes, glanced at Ji Lingyue's face so close to hers, and gently bit her soft tongue.

"Um……"

Ji Lingyue squinted, curled up her two bare legs, and just as she rubbed against the waist of the person on top of her, she felt hard scales emerge. At the same time, something wet and slippery wrapped around her calf. It felt cold, soft and slippery, and in a daze, it felt like she was being wrapped by a snake.

Her long, curled eyelashes trembled as if startled. Ji Lingyue's eyes flickered as she struggled out of the kiss, trying to look down, but Lan Wu cupped her face in her hands: "Don't look…"

She looked at Lan Wu and was somewhat surprised to find that the mermaid's usually fair skin was flushed, and her blue eyes were wet, making her even more embarrassed than she was.

The more she said that, the more curious Ji Lingyue became. She would occasionally glance down between kisses. Seeing that she couldn't concentrate, Lan Wu sighed and simply let go so that she could see clearly.

The woman's ribs, from her chest down, revealed faint silver scales, like two winding silver waves that converged at her hips. Several transparent tentacles, like jellyfish tentacles, wrapped one end around her waist and the other end softly around Ji Lingyue's legs or Lan Wu's arms, swaying gently with their owner's movements.

It looked almost alive.

Ji Lingyue stared at it in surprise and confusion, while Lan Wu raised the tentacle and shook it as if to greet it. Lan Wu said shyly, "Mermaid, if you don't want to have physical intercourse, you can also use it to… to mate."

After a long while, Ji Lingyue blinked and muttered, "I'm going to write this down in the 'Hundred Demon Records'."

Lan Wu: …

This reaction was quite unexpected, and for a moment… she didn't know what to do.

"You really are…" She shook her head helplessly, lowered her head and sealed Ji Lingyue's lips with hers again, but her fingertips touched down, peeled open the two wet and soft labia, and inserted into the wet hole.

Ji Lingyue hummed softly, but her eyes were still fixed on the transparent tentacles that were getting closer and closer to her. They seemed to be made of water, soft and flexible. As Lan Wu's right hand moved in and out of her private parts, one of them wrapped around her arm, and the round water ball at the top enthusiastically wrapped the woman's clitoris hidden in the petals.

Ji Lingyue suddenly grabbed Lan Wu's shoulders, tilted her head back, and tears instantly welled up in her narrow eyes: "Ah, no, no…"

It was clearly water, yet it seemed to exert a squeezing and sucking force from all directions, wantonly defiled her most sensitive parts.

Her body trembled uncontrollably. Ji Lingyue whimpered and kicked wildly on the bed, trying to get rid of the strange feeling. The soft water ball seemed to stick to the center of her thighs, constantly rubbing against the increasingly red and swollen clitoris.

She exclaimed in surprise, "Lan Wu!"

"Don't be afraid," Lan Wu kissed her neck, withdrew her fingers from her vagina, and then a tentacle reached out and smoothly squeezed in a bit.

Ji Lingyue tensed up immediately, her eyes red as she looked at Lan Wu: "Does it hurt?"

"No," Lan Wu hugged her and carefully kissed away the tears from the corners of her eyes. Having experienced so many sexual encounters, she had long since discovered that Ji Lingyue's acupoints were narrow and tightly gripped, making them easy to get injured and swollen. Therefore, she entered very carefully, gently rubbing her buttocks with both hands to try to make her relax.

She comforted him, saying, "If you use this, you can also help spirits cross over."

Ji Lingyue hummed in response, “Crossing… um, crossing what spirit?”

“Just… treat it as dual cultivation,” seeing Ji Lingyue bite her lips until they turned white, she couldn’t help but reach out and gently rub her lower lip. After she let go, she inserted two fingers. Ji Lingyue subconsciously took them in, and as she was teased by her little tongue being pinched between her fingertips, she let out an unbearable moan from deep in her throat. She squinted, her black hair stuck to her face with sweat, and her beautiful eyes were misty, making her look extremely pitiful.

“That way you won’t say I have no tricks up my sleeve.”

——

How about a chapter first? (???)

70. Petty and narrow-minded

Ji Lingyue blinked and mumbled, “You’re so petty…”

“How could I be as petty as you?” Lan Wu said, kissing her neck, forcing her to tilt her head back, then lowering her head to suckle her erect nipple, her other hand cupping and kneading it. Ji Lingyue trembled, and a gush of honey-like fluid flowed between her legs, wetting the slippery stream, and then it went in a little more.

“Um……”

She gasped, feeling an intense fullness beneath her. Her legs, wrapped around Lan Wu’s waist, trembled against the cool scales . Sensing that thing trying to penetrate further, she turned her head to free herself from the fingers playing with her lips and tongue, stammering, “Enough…too much…”

“No.” Lan Wu spat out the bright red nipple from her mouth and said gently, “It has to be at the deepest point, otherwise, there will be no effect from dual cultivation.”

Ji Lingyue shook her head repeatedly, twisting her waist to try to get the thing out. She stepped on the exposed part of the tentacles, but found that they spread out of shape, gently flowing over her ankles and turning into water-colored ropes that lifted her feet up, exposing her wet inner thighs.

"Lan Wu…" She gripped the mermaid's shoulders, about to give her a bluff warning, when the water ball covering her clitoris started moving again. Ji Lingyue froze, and the voice that came out of her throat immediately softened, turning into a few soft moans.

"Ah, haa…"

More and more vaginal fluid flowed from the opening, soon soaking the woman's fair inner thighs. Ji Lingyue whimpered a few times, then suddenly let out a sob, trembling as she straightened her back.

A stream of clear liquid spurted out from between her wide-open legs. Ji Lingyue tilted her head back, her eyes bloodshot, her long, curled eyelashes trembling, and a shimmering, watery look floating in her narrow eyes.

"Ugh, ugh… Ah, no, don't move…"

Ji Lingyue let out a sob and struggled, twisting her waist. But tentacles are different from fingers; no matter how much she struggled, the soft, cool thing remained deep inside. Desperate, she snuggled into Lan Wu's arms and pleaded, "I don't want it anymore… get out…"

"It's okay," Lan Wu said, hugging her and coaxing, "It won't hurt."

"I know," Ji Lingyue whimpered in her arms for a while before being coaxed out, and said aggrievedly, "You just want to torment me…"

Lan Wu said helplessly, "You started it, relax."

Ji Lingyue glared at her with tears in her eyes: "It's not like I don't want to relax."

Lan Wu looked down at her and saw that she was indeed very uneasy and her eyes were red. She couldn't help but feel a little soft-hearted. She touched Ji Lingyue's face, climbed down again, put her legs on her shoulders, and then lowered her head to suck on the swollen little clitoris.

"Ah… umm…" Ji Lingyue suddenly trembled, tears rolling down her cheeks. She had done this before, but the feeling of her clitoris being held in a warm, moist mouth always made her feel particularly lost. Her vaginal fluids surged and flowed from the gaps in her fully filled vaginal opening. Lan Wu's lips and tongue worked hard to suck and bite her clitoris, grinding and crushing it, giving her a continuous and

intense stimulation. Ji Lingyue trembled incessantly, her breaths filled with sobs, completely unaware that the cool tentacles had already burrowed in a little further.

After she reached her climax with gasps, Lan Wu continued to gently rub her slippery clitoris with her palm to prolong the pleasure. Ji Lingyue sobbed and trembled, her legs twitching involuntarily. She released several more streams of vaginal fluid as Lan Wu continued to rub her like this. It was only after a long time that she realized her lower body was stretched very hard.

The strange sensation gave her goosebumps. The soft tendrils seemed to pierce through her, drilling all the way to the deepest part. Just as panic resurfaced on her face, the water ball at the end pressed against her inside, grinding back and forth.

Ji Lingyue's mind went blank. The sudden, intense pleasure made her scream, and she trembled as she ejaculated sticky fluid. Lan Wu climbed up and hugged her, rubbed the corner of her lips, lowered her head and sealed her lips with his, their soft tongues intertwining.

"Mmm…mmm…" The pleasure continued unabated, and Ji Lingyue gradually couldn't bear it anymore. She kicked wildly on the bed beneath her, her arms instinctively trying to break free, but she was bound and couldn't move. In the end, she could only helplessly curl her toes and sob, "Lan Wu…mmm, too much…"

Lan Wu glanced at her wrist, which was red from being rubbed against her head, and kindly untied it. Ji Lingyue immediately hugged her tightly, wrapping herself around her like a vine, her body as slippery as a fish: "Slow down…don't move…"

"It didn't move," Lan Wu whispered. She had slowed her movements, only gently wriggling inside. But Ji Lingyue was too sensitive, and her acupoints were extremely tight. Once the tentacles entered, they almost filled every inch of space, grinding over every sensitive spot. That's why even the slightest movement brought such a great stimulation.

She sighed and asked, "Do you know how to transfer a soul?"

Ji Lingyue sniffled, her eyes blurry with tears as she looked at her, instinctively asking, "How do I transfer the spirit?"

"Like this."

The colorless jet of water suddenly began to pump, and although it had no shape when grasped, it was now able to stretch open the tight, alluring flesh inside the passage, squeezing out a large amount of sticky honey.

The spiritual energy flowed towards each other, but returned in a short while, becoming more abundant with each encounter. The continuous spiritual energy overflowed during their union, circulating through all the meridians and warming their bodies.

Ji Lingyue let out a comfortable hum, her long, damp eyelashes slowly opening. This time, she took the initiative to kiss her, pulling Lan Wu's hand between her legs: "Touch it…"

Lan Wu affectionately kissed the tip of her nose, turned the person in her arms over and pressed her onto the bed, kneading her breasts with one hand and reaching into her wet flower bush with the other, continuing to knead that delicate little clitoris.

Ji Lingyue was stunned for a moment, and subconsciously tried to get up, but Lan Wu pressed her tightly against her, and her legs were also pressed down and she could not move. In a daze, she felt like prey being watched by a hunter, and no matter how she struggled, she could not escape.

The slick tentacles on her lower body began to twitch again, no longer heeding Ji Lingyue's feelings as they moved in and out, forcefully thrusting in and out. Ji Lingyue groaned a few times, her legs trembling like sieves. Her petals, stretched white, pitifully clung to the tentacles, and glistening fluid splashed from her opening with each thrust, leaving dark stains on the bedsheets beneath her. Lan Wu was also splattered with her own fluids. She coordinated with the tentacles' thrusting movements, kneading Ji Lingyue's erect clitoris, and soon she was breathing sweet, seductive gasps.

The woman moaned incoherently, tears streaming down her face. She swayed her hips, actively seeking pleasure. Lan Wu lowered her head and kissed the woman's snow-white shoulder, pulling her into her arms.

As the climax approached, Ji Lingyue sobbed and hugged Lan Wu's arms tightly around her chest. She closed her eyes, lowered her waist, and rubbed her clitoris hard against Lan Wu's palm a few times before letting out a long moan and freezing in place, trembling.

The woman's tight flower-like opening gripped the tendrils between

her legs while gushing sticky nectar onto Lan Wu's hand. Her face was flushed with desire, her breathing rapid, her expression a mixture of pain and pleasure, a far cry from her usual dignified and aloof demeanor.

Lan Wu rolled her over, letting her lie on her side in her arms. One hand was still gently rubbing Ji Lingyue's wet private parts, while the other hand massaged her curled-up knees, which were already red. Lan Wu used her spiritual power to cover them, and the redness and swelling quickly subsided.

Ji Lingyue sobbed for a while longer under the gentle caress before her breathing gradually calmed. She curled up in Lan Wu's arms, the soft, transparent tentacle still inserted between her buttocks. Lan Wu touched it and gently brushed the stretched edge. Ji Lingyue shuddered again and murmured through her nose, "No more…"

"Okay." Lan Wu felt it was about time. After retracting all the tentacles back to her waist, the sticky water sound rang out in the quiet environment. Ji Lingyue blushed and groaned. She couldn't help but put her legs together. Her little hole, which could not be fully closed, was slightly opening and closing. Wet and slippery flower fluid flowed out and hung on her fair buttocks.

Lan Wu hugged her from behind, her chin slowly rubbing against the woman's neck, and whispered, "Are you satisfied with this style?"

Ji Lingyue shrugged: "You're so petty."

Lan Wu was amused by her and casually slipped her hand between her closed legs: "Is this your opinion?"

Ji Lingyue froze for a moment: "Um… no, don't touch me…"

"You called me petty, so of course I have to put my words to the test," Lan Wu said lazily, kissing her sweaty nape. "Otherwise, how can I prove that Master is right?"

Ji Lingyue grunted and glanced back at her, finally realizing that Lan Wu was not only accepting things well, but was also deliberately teasing her with the title of "master".

She immediately became embarrassed and angry: "You bastard…"

Lan Wu nodded: "You're right." She slowly spread Ji Lingyue's knees apart with her legs, and her fingertips once again probed into Ji

Lingyue's soft and mushy vagina: "I am."

——

If you like this style, you can continue using it in the future; if not, then we won't make it so fancy. _(:3 ⌒?)_

71. An unexpected encounter

For several days in a row, heavy rain continued.

Unable to enjoy the scenery and with nothing to do, the two spent almost every day in bed together. After a passionate encounter, Ji Lingyue nestled lazily in Lan Wu's arms, their naked skin pressed tightly together, still warm from the heat. She reached out and poked Lan Wu's tender cheek, saying in a hoarse voice, "When we get back to Haochen Mountain, you'd better change your appearance. A mask won't hide the eyes of Master and the others."

Lan Wu grabbed her fidgeting hand and nodded knowingly: "Okay."

Ji Lingyue added, "After you escaped back then, Haochen Mountain added another layer of barrier, making it impossible for monsters to hide or enter, except for those monsters that had formed a pact."

"I see..."

Ji Lingyue was a little sleepy. She squinted her eyes, yawned, and mumbled, "We won't stay at Haochen Mountain for too long. The Immortal Debate Conference is in about half a month. At that time, we will go to the Cloud Pavilion of Yaoshan together. As long as you stay obediently by my side, no one will discover your identity."

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, casually twirling the ends of Ji Lingyue's hair for a while. When she turned her head again, she saw Ji Lingyue breathing heavily and asleep against her. Her heart softened, so she pulled the blanket over both of their shoulders, turned to her side, pressed her cheek against Ji Lingyue's soft hair, and closed her eyes to get a good night's sleep.

In the middle of the night, the sound of thunder and lightning suddenly joined the pattering rain. Because they were flying in the air, the booming sound was almost right next to their ears. Lan Wu was awakened by the thunder. After listening to it for a while in a daze, she yawned and was about to hug someone and go back to sleep when she heard faint voices outside.

She frowned and sent a telepathic message to Xiao Jiu, telling it to go out and see what was going on. The Nightmare Beast, awakened from its dream, didn't complain and obediently went out to check. After a while, it sent a telepathic message back: "There are four cultivators outside the flying boat, wearing clothes from Haochen Mountain."

She paused for a moment, then woke Ji Lingyue and told her about it. Ji Lingyue was exhausted, and after listening, she casually said, "They must be fellow disciples who wanted to hitch a ride back. My flying boat has the mark of Haochen Mountain engraved on it, so they all recognize it."

Should we let them in?

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement: "Go and let them in, don't bother me."

After saying that, she closed her eyes, turned over, and buried her head in the blanket. Lan Wu had no choice but to put on her clothes, take out her mask, and put it on. Just as she went out, she heard someone say, "Strange, why hasn't Junior Sister responded for so long?"

Her heart skipped a beat. She looked up and saw that the person standing outside the flying boat on a flying sword was none other than Meng Changge. The once-famous Red Blade Fairy was now in the mid-stage of the Mahayana realm. People also called her Red Yama because of her decisive demon-slaying methods. Compared to before, she had a faint scar from the tip of her right eyebrow to her temple, which added a touch of wildness to her.

Lan Wu froze on the spot, hesitating whether to go back to find Ji Lingyue, when Meng Changge noticed her, his expression changed, and his voice suddenly turned cold: "Demon?"

As she spoke, she swiftly drew a sharp longsword, its blade a vibrant red, like fire or blood. Judging from her stance, she intended to forcefully break through the barrier right now. The junior brothers and sisters behind her, who were soaked to the bone, also changed their expressions and hurriedly drew their weapons.

Seeing that things were going badly, Lan Wu quickly stepped forward and said, "I am Ji Lingyue's contracted beast. I am here on her orders to open the barrier. If you don't believe me…" She reached out and gently touched her forehead. A golden lotus slowly emerged from under her fair skin, appearing and disappearing: "This is the proof."

Meng Changge squinted at her, scrutinizing her for a while before sheathing his sword: "Junior Sister, it's quite a surprise that you can contract a demon beast."

Seeing Lan Wu open the barrier, she strode in with her entourage and asked, "Why are you the one who opened the barrier? Where is my junior sister?"

Lan Wu said, "She is resting."

"Really?" Meng Changge glanced at her suspiciously, then strode into the house. "I'll go check on her."

Lan Wu's heart skipped a beat. She knew that Ji Lingyue's current state of excessive indulgence could not be seen by outsiders. She quickly blocked the door and forced a polite smile: "Master does not wish to be disturbed by outsiders. Please do not make things difficult for me, Immortal Master."

Meng Changge said unhappily, "What outsider? I'm her senior sister. What's wrong with me going in?"

Lan Wu choked, and said dryly, "If the Immortal Master insists on seeing her, I can go in and inform him first…"

"No need. Does that mean you can go in and see her whenever you want, but I can't?" Meng Changge said, seemingly annoyed. He reached out and pushed Lan Wu away. Lan Wu was already in the late stage of the Integration Realm, but she still staggered and almost fell after being pushed like that. She was annoyed and grabbed Meng Changge's wrist, suppressing her temper, and said, "Immortal Master, please don't make things difficult for me."

Meng Changge's interest was piqued, and he turned to look at her: "You listen to her, and you're quite bold. By the way, what kind of demon are you again?"

Lan Wu hesitated for a moment, then said, "Silver Carp."

"It's actually a fish." Meng Changge was slightly surprised: "It's rare for a fish to cultivate to such a high level."

As she said this, she suddenly leaned close to Lan Wu and put her mask on. Lan Wu was so frightened that she took two steps back, but this was exactly what she wanted. The mask was easily removed, revealing the face that had changed in a hurry.

She was tense all over, her head lowered, her cascading silver hair falling naturally, casting a shadow over her face.

“You are indeed beautiful.” As she said this, Meng Changge suddenly frowned and touched her chin with her fingers: “Haven’t I seen you somewhere before?”

Lan Wu chuckled dryly, “Immortal Master is joking.”

“Really?” Meng Changge approached her, forcing her to the side of the ship: “Lift your head up and let me take a good look at you.”

Lan Wu was filled with regret. If she had known this would happen, she would have let Meng Changge in to see Ji Lingyue. Even if there were troubles, they would have been troubles that Ji Lingyue could have solved herself, instead of getting herself into this dangerous situation.

After all this time, hasn’t Ji Lingyue been woken up yet?

She had just finished complaining in her heart when Ji Lingyue’s clear voice rang out as if the person involved had heard her: “Senior sister, stop bothering her.”

Meng Changge blinked, turned her head and saw Ji Lingyue standing in front of the door. She smiled and strode over: “Oh my, my junior sister has finally come out! It’s been two years since I last saw her, and she’s become even more beautiful!”

After saying that, she picked up Ji Lingyue like an eagle catching a chick and spun her around a few times.

Feeling embarrassed under everyone’s gaze, Ji Lingyue maintained a calm and composed expression: “Senior sister, put me down!”

“Okay.” Meng Changge smiled and put Ji Lingyue down. She was half a head taller than Lan Wu. Standing next to her, Ji Lingyue, who was usually quite tall, looked petite and thin. She took the mask from Meng Changge’s hand, walked to Lan Wu’s side and made her put it on, before asking, “Why did you come back, Senior Sister?”

Meng Changge’s attention was naturally diverted by her: “Isn’t the Immortal Debate Conference coming up soon? I heard that Gu Changli is going to participate, so my mother wrote to me asking me to take good care of him. I just happened to run into these junior brothers and sisters on my way back, and then this terrible weather suddenly

appeared. Luckily, I saw your flying boat. What a coincidence!"

72. Old Place

Ji Lingyue nodded, glanced at the disciples standing not far away drying their clothes, guessing that they were a team going out on a mission together, and said: "There are six rooms on the flying boat. I will stay in one, another one is occupied by my demon beast, and you can divide the remaining four rooms as you like. We can talk about anything else tomorrow."

Everyone nodded in agreement, and the younger ones looked delighted, probably because they had never stayed in a flying boat before. They went to choose their rooms together. Ji Lingyue wished Meng Changge sweet dreams and turned to go back to her room. Lan Wu was about to follow her in when she was grabbed by the collar. Meng Changge asked in bewilderment, "What are you going in for? Aren't demons supposed to share a room? Junior Sister doesn't like sharing a room with others, let alone a demon."

Lan Wu broke free from her grasp and looked at Ji Lingyue. She saw Ji Lingyue glance back at her before closing the door on her own. When she turned back, Meng Changge raised an eyebrow, looking like she was saying, "Am I right?"

Lan Wu gave her a forced smile, straightened her clothes, and turned to go to Xiao Jiu's room. The Nightmare Beast was fast asleep on the bed, completely undisturbed by the commotion outside. It was a tiny ball that took up almost no space. Lan Wu lay down on the empty spot, tossing and turning on the bed, and didn't know when she had fallen asleep.

The heavy rain finally stopped in the early morning.

The air outside was fresh and the spiritual energy was abundant. Several disciples of Haochen Mountain got up early and sat cross-legged on the deck, breathing in the spiritual energy. Meng Changge and Ji Lingyue set up a small table, holding chopsticks, and were about to eat when they saw Lan Wu slowly coming out. Meng Changge glanced at Ji Lingyue and called out, "Hey, you there, come and eat with us."

Lan Wu was taken aback and subconsciously looked at Ji Lingyue. The woman sat upright, dressed in white as snow, with her smooth black hair flowing down her back like silk. She took a sip of the porridge and said without looking up, "Come here." After a pause, she said to

Meng Changge, "You can just call her Yu San."

"This name is really unpleasant," Lan Wu said, rolling her eyes at Ji Lingyue after sitting down. "Didn't you say you were abstaining from grains? Why do you still need to eat?"

"It's just a habit." Meng Changge casually handed her a bowl of porridge and said, "I made it, have a taste."

Lan Wu was flattered and took it, sniffed it, and whispered, "Thank you."

"You're being rather pretentious, aren't you?" Meng Changge tapped her finger on the table and suddenly asked, "Eating while wearing a mask? Isn't that troublesome?"

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then smiled and said, "It's no trouble at all. I don't like people staring at my face, so I wear a mask wherever I go. If I have offended you, I hope you will forgive me, Immortal Master."

"Really?" Meng Changge nodded. "You are quite beautiful. I would like to take another look. But since you don't like it, then forget it."

Just then, Ji Lingyue put down her bowl with a crisp sound. She glanced at the two of them and said sternly, "One should not talk while eating."

Meng Changge laughed and said, "Alright, I'll listen to my junior sister."

The table finally quieted down, and the three of them ate quickly, finishing breakfast in no time. The task of washing the dishes naturally fell to her. When she came out of the kitchen, she found that the two had disappeared. Perhaps sensing her intention, a junior disciple from Haochen Mountain cautiously approached her and took the initiative to speak to her: "Senior Sister Meng and Senior Sister Ji have gone out to spar. They will be back in a while."

"A friendly spar?"

"Hmm," the girl said with envy, "Senior Sister Ji entered the Integration Stage in just fifty years. She is an example for all of us juniors. Her cultivation has increased rapidly, so Senior Sister Meng often spars with her. We are used to it, so don't worry."

Lan Wu hummed in agreement and said gently, “Thank you for telling me.”

“You’re welcome.” After saying that, she quickly returned to her companion’s side. When Lan Wu looked over, she saw her being pulled to the side by a slightly older female disciple, who gave her a wary look.

Lan Wu: …Never mind, she should stay inside.

The Nightmare Beast inside remained motionless, fast asleep. Lan Wu sighed, poked its furry body, and lamented, “If only I could be as carefree as you…”

Perhaps because she was about to return to her homeland, the closer she got to Beizhou, the harder it was for her to fall asleep. On the night before she arrived, she couldn’t help but get out of bed. As soon as she pushed open the door, she shivered from the cold air outside. Lan Wu looked up and saw that the sky, as dark as ink, was still twinkling with stars. It seemed that dawn was still a long way off. She estimated that she should have already entered Beizhou territory and that she should reach Jixuedu in a few more hours.

Even with spiritual energy protecting her, she still disliked the cold weather. Seeing that no one was around, she pushed open the door to Ji Lingyue’s room and crawled into her bed, her body still covered in cold air.

Ji Lingyue groaned softly, her brows furrowing in her sleep as she struggled to avoid being hugged. Lan Wu had no choice but to warm herself up before carefully taking her in: “A-Yue.”

Ji Lingyue frowned, rolled over, and whimpered as she snuggled into her arms: “Don’t move…”

Lan Wu stopped moving. After a long while, she asked softly, “Do you know what I was thinking about the night before we went to become disciples together?”

The person in her arms was breathing evenly, and just when Lan Wu thought she had fallen asleep again, the woman asked indistinctly, “What?”

“I thought to myself, why don’t I just leave after I’ve taken you there? Once you’ve entered the immortal sect, the poison in your body will definitely be gone.”

Ji Lingyue slowly opened her eyes, and after a while, she raised her head and asked, "Then why didn't you leave?"

"Maybe… it's because I can't bear to part with you."

She gently touched the corners of Ji Lingyue's eyes, which were wet with sleep, and sighed, "It's strange, why am I so worried about you even though I haven't fallen in love with you yet?"

Ji Lingyue was silent for a moment, then lowered her eyes, loosely held her wrist, turned her head and kissed her palm: "Because you are very good."

She repeated, "Very good, very good."

When she woke up again, it was bright outside. Ji Lingyue was curled up in Lan Wu's arms when she heard a clattering sound in her ear: "Junior sister, don't sleep, we'll be there soon!"

The knocking continued for a while before Ji Lingyue frowned, sat up, and said loudly, "I know."

Taking advantage of this moment, Lan Wu sneaked back to the next room. Ji Lingyue was suddenly left alone, and being woken up made her even more unhappy. She got up with a cold face, quickly washed and tidied herself up, and then pushed open the door and stepped out.

Meng Changge stood on the ship's railing, looking down with a bright and cheerful expression, completely oblivious to her sour face. She even laughed and said, "You've never liked sleeping in before. Why are you so lazy now? This won't do. If Master sees this, he'll definitely say you're wasting your time and not making any progress."

Ji Lingyue didn't speak. She stood beside her and looked down. Parting the swirling clouds, the bustling capital city appeared before her eyes. Not far ahead, towering mountain peaks rose into the clouds. A very faint golden barrier covered the area around the peaks, including the towns and villages at the foot of the mountains, encompassing an area of dozens of miles.

Lan Wu came out of her room and saw the faintly visible barrier. She realized that this was the barrier that Ji Lingyue had mentioned that could make ordinary monsters appear. As she got closer and closer to the barrier, she couldn't help but feel nervous. But nothing happened. The flying boat passed through it casually and headed towards the main peak of Hao Chen Mountain.

Ji Lingyue turned to look at her, and Lan Wu understood immediately. She transformed into a palm-sized silver carp wrapped in a water sphere, wagged her tail, and propelled the water sphere into Ji Lingyue's palm.

Perhaps because she had transformed into a fish, she looked both dazed and clumsy when she stared at Ji Lingyue with her big eyes open, and she opened her small mouth and spit out a string of bubbles.

Ji Lingyue couldn't help but smile. She raised her hand and floated the carp in the air. The flying boat stopped above the main peak and landed slowly. Many disciples who were going to class in the morning looked up curiously. When she got to her, they all stepped aside to make way for her.

As soon as Ji Lingyue stepped onto the ground, she received a telepathic message from Qin Yu. She hesitated for a moment, then decided to put Lan Wu back in her residence before leaving. Seeing that no one was around, Lan Wu lazily wandered around the house. It was no different from before. After walking around for a while, she estimated that Ji Lingyue would not be back for a long time, so she rolled onto Ji Lingyue's bed and closed her eyes to absorb spiritual energy.

When she opened her eyes again, it was dark outside the window. Ji Lingyue, who had returned at some point, was quietly leaning against the window, looking up at the inky sky outside.

Lan Wu slowly swam to her side, then looked up and asked, "Are you looking at the stars?"

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement: "It's a pity that although the stars are beautiful, they are ultimately meant to hang high in the sky and cannot be touched by people."

Lan Wu blinked and saw Ji Lingyue turn around and sit down by the bed. She said, "Lan Wu, Master summoned me today and asked me to go to the main peak in place of Elder Ye to teach the way of beast taming before setting off for Yunxiao Pavilion."

It was actually fine whether or not Lan Wu told her about this, since she couldn't really help much, but Lan Wu still frowned as she expected and asked, "Master… what happened to Elder Ye?"

Ji Lingyue said calmly, "She seems to be injured, but don't worry, the

herbalist is waiting by her side."

"Injury?" The silver fish almost swam to Ji Lingyue's face, its big eyes wide with anxiety. "What kind of injury is it?"

Are there any AUs you'd like to watch, something to lighten up the serious plot?

Modern AU

Meng Changge entered the password, hurriedly rushed into the apartment from under the scorching sun, ran to the kitchen, took out a can of ice-cold beverage from the refrigerator, popped it open, and gulped it down.

After finishing her drink, she let out a long sigh of relief and slowly walked out of the kitchen. Inadvertently, she glanced around and suddenly noticed a woman curled up on the living room sofa, staring at her intently.

“Lan Wu?”

She threw the empty can into the trash can, and subconsciously took a few steps closer. But when she saw the glasses on the person’s face and the displeased look in their eyes, she stopped abruptly and said dryly, “Lan Yuan, what are you doing here?”

Lan Yuan tapped the keyboard and sneered, “This is my sister’s house, why can’t I be here? It’s you who’s treating this place like your own home.”

Meng Changge pretended not to hear: “Where is she?”

“Her,” Lan Yuan snorted again, “thanks to you, she went to pick up her precious bodyguard.”

Meng Changge: “…She’s hiring bodyguards?”

“Wasn’t this the person you arranged?” Lan Yuan said sarcastically. “This isn’t hiring a bodyguard, it’s hiring a tyrant. I’ve never seen a bodyguard go to take his driving test and the boss has to pick him up.”

This person was filled with resentment. Meng Changge frowned and finally couldn’t help but ask, “Why are you so angry?”

“I have a bad temper?” Lan Yuan gritted her teeth, staring straight at her: “Lan Wu’s credit card was frozen half a year ago for spending money recklessly, but now she specially bought a luxury car to pick up her bodyguard. Guess whose card she used?”

She shouted angrily, “Mine!”

Meng Changge was silent for a moment, then suddenly said, “You

know she has her own little savings, right?"

Lan Yuan's eyes widened, and she sat bolt upright: "So she did it on purpose?!"

Meng Changge chuckled.

"why are you laughing?"

Meng Changge shook his head: "It's nothing, I just feel that the progress is good."

"Progress?" Lan Yuan frowned. "What do you mean? What progress?"

Meng Changge winked at her mysteriously, then turned and went into Lan Wu's study. A moment later, she came out with a bag: "You'll find out later."

After saying that, she waved her hand, pushed open the door, and left without looking back.

Blue Iris: …

After a moment, she shrugged uncomfortably and muttered to herself, "Why blink when you're supposed to be talking? It's disgusting…"

In such sweltering heat, the once bustling outdoor sports field was deserted. The brand-new car that Lan Yuan had so vehemently complained about was casually left to bake in the sun, though the air conditioning inside was so strong that one could not feel the heat outside.

"Baby," Lan Wu called softly, her fingertips rubbing the girl's wet opening before slowly inserting them: "How did the exam go? Hmm?"

Ji Lingyue shuddered, rested her chin on the woman's shoulder, and said in a trembling voice, "Full…full marks…"

"That's amazing," she smiled and coaxed, "Good boy, lift your leg up."

The girl obediently complied, and Lan Wu pinched her calves and put them on her shoulders, exposing her pink and tender vulva where Lan Wu's fingers were clamped. Lan Wu reached out and touched her back; it was slippery and damp. "You're sweating so much? Are you hot?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head, gently biting the woman's lip with her

pearly teeth. When the woman's cool fingers touched her, she lowered her head and took her fingers into her mouth, sucking on them haphazardly, making muffled noises: "Sister…"

Lan Wu lowered her eyes and slowly began to move her fingers in and out of the acupoint. Ji Lingyue let out a soft gasp, her waist rising up, and her wet petals pressed against Lan Wu's palm, rubbing against each other involuntarily.

"elder sister……"

She looked up and chased after Lan Wu's lips to kiss her, licking her like a puppy. After being fucked a few times, she let out a sweet and seductive moan. Lan Wu hugged her tightly with affection and sighed softly, "Why are you so clingy?"

Ji Lingyue looked at her with wet eyes, pursed her lips in grievance, glanced at Lan Wu's slender white neck and loose white T-shirt, suddenly reached out and lifted her shirt, pushed open her bra, and lowered her head to bite her full breasts. Lan Wu hissed, letting her kiss and bite as she thrust into the depths of her flesh. Ji Lingyue could not hold the breast in her mouth for long, and she leaned on her shoulder, moaning softly.

Lan Wu's breathing became slightly heavier. She felt the girl relax a bit, and her grip on her lower body loosened. So she quickened her pace, bouncing the person in her arms up and down. The climax of their union made a squelching sound, and even the hand supporting Ji Lingyue's buttocks was covered in the dripping fluid.

"Baby, you have so much water…"

Ji Lingyue suddenly hugged her neck tightly, her phoenix eyes filled with tears, her cheeks flushed, but she still shamelessly retorted, "Um…you, you like more…"

Lan Wu couldn't help but smile, pinching her waist to make her stand up. Her finger, covered in fluid, spurted out of her vaginal opening, the soft, red flesh clinging to it reluctantly, even being pulled out a little. Just as it was about to come out completely, she pressed Ji Lingyue's waist down heavily, making a loud slap sound, and her finger was thrust back in, pounding hard into the depths of her vaginal opening.

Ji Lingyue cried out in surprise, tears welling up in her eyes from the shock. Her toes curled up uncontrollably. Before she could recover

from the overwhelming pleasure, Lan Wu came again, each time with greater force. Ji Lingyue trembled and clung tightly to Lan Wu's shoulders, almost shrinking completely into her arms.

"Ah, ahh…so deep…it's hitting the spot…" She twisted her waist as if trying to escape, but Lan Wu held her waist tightly, and she couldn't help but whimper, "It's too deep, sister, oh, Lan Wu…no…"

"Shh, keep your voice down…" Lan Wu lowered her head and kissed her until she was breathless, then casually kneaded her buttocks and whispered, "Be careful someone hears us."

Ji Lingyue froze, glancing subconsciously at the empty parking lot outside the car window: "You, you scared me again…"

"You're easily frightened," Lan Wu teased. "If you're so easily scared, how can you be my bodyguard?"

Ji Lingyue retorted, "I don't usually… um, don't, don't move…"

Unfortunately, Lan Wu didn't listen to her. Instead, she smiled and increased the speed of her thrusts inside her. Ji Lingyue tightly gripped the clothes on her shoulders, reluctantly closed her eyes, and passionately kissed her lips, her legs wide open, letting the woman play with her.

After another ten or so thrusts, the girl let out a muffled groan, trembling as she bit down on Lan Wu's collarbone. Her buttocks quivered slightly, and her vaginal opening convulsed, spurting out glistening fluid.

Lan Wu frowned as she was bitten, and gently rubbed her head to comfort her. After a long while, she cupped her burning face and glanced at her own collarbone.

A red tooth mark was clearly left on it.

She was silent for a moment, then suddenly felt a headache coming on: "How am I supposed to attend the party tonight if you're like this?"

Ji Lingyue kissed it a little guiltily and said softly, "I'm sorry…" Thinking of the sexy, revealing dress that Lan Wu had planned to wear tonight, she blinked and said innocently, "Let's change your clothes."

(This AU is purely a work of free rein, and the character designs may

differ slightly from the main story. Just enjoy it for fun.)

If you like it, there might be a sequel.

73. Qin Yang

Ji Lingyue hesitated for a moment, then whispered, “Actually, it seems that it was Master who injured her.”

Lan Wu was stunned for a moment, and after realizing what was happening, she spun around in agitation several times, as if chasing after her own tail: “Your master, your master… now you’re even hitting people?!”

“Master is injured too…”

“He deserved it!”

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and said in a low voice, “Do you want to visit Elder Ye?”

Lan Wu froze for a moment, then cautiously asked, “May I?”

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement and opened her hand to her. Lan Wu instinctively swam over and nestled obediently in her palm, staring at her without blinking.

“If you don’t reveal your human form, no one should know it’s you.”

The road from Jinling Peak to Qianyun Peak seems no different from before. After passing through the snow-covered mountain path, tender green shoots gradually sprout on both sides. With each step forward, the vegetation seems to increase. After turning past the pavilion built by the waterfall, away from the rushing water, one can see the lush forest under the moonlight.

On the way to the main hall of Qianyun Peak, Lan Wu would pass by the courtyard where the disciples lived. Along the way, she saw many unfamiliar faces as well as some familiar ones. Without exception, these people all greeted Ji Lingyue politely, but after they left, they would utter a few idle words. Although they didn’t seem to have any malicious intent, the frivolous laughter and the subtle mockery made Lan Wu feel uncomfortable.

She couldn’t help but turn her head to look at them, but Ji Lingyue continued walking forward calmly, as if she hadn’t heard her. Lan Wu

could only suppress her displeasure and silently follow.

As they passed by Jianzhi Courtyard, Ji Lingyue said, "After you left, Yu Shanye has been living alone in this courtyard."

Lan Wu blinked and looked down at her shoulder, listening to her rambling: "A new disciple was supposed to be assigned here, but she kicked her out and was fined a lot of spirit stones for it."

Lan Wu was silent for a while, then said softly, "I have been away from you for far longer than I have spent with you, so why… do you still miss me so much?"

Upon hearing this again, Ji Lingyue was not as agitated and resentful as she had been the first time. She seriously considered it for a while before replying, "Because you are very important, Lan Wu. You may not realize it yourself, but you are much more important to us than you think."

Whether they are friends or lovers.

Changing the subject, she added matter-of-factly, "Otherwise, why would I cling to you like this?"

Lan Wu was speechless for a moment, then sighed with a headache: "There's no need to be so opportunistic."

Ji Lingyue smiled faintly, looked up at the pavilions that were faintly visible in the distance, and reminded them, "We've arrived."

Lan Wu immediately fell silent, her relaxed body tensing up again. She anxiously circled around Ji Lingyue's neck. Ji Lingyue tapped her head with her fingertip, led her up the stone steps, and calmly knocked on the door.

A moment later, footsteps came from inside. The person opened the door, and after seeing Ji Lingyue's face, paused for a moment: "Why are you here?"

Ji Lingyue raised an eyebrow slightly, surprised, and asked, "When did you get back?"

"I…" Yu Shanye glanced at her shoulder unintentionally, and after noticing the little fish with its wide-eyed stare, he suddenly fell silent.

As someone in the know, she recognized him at a glance, and couldn't

help but cough and take a step back somewhat guiltily: “I, I just got back not long ago. I heard that Master was injured, so I came to see.”

As she spoke, she tugged at her sleeve to cover up her actions. Lan Wu subconsciously looked at her hand and saw a white object flash by. She frowned and couldn’t help but swim towards Yu Shanye, wanting to see it more clearly.

Yu Shanye was startled and quickly turned around, striding inside: “You’ve come to visit your master too, right? Come with me.”

She walked extremely fast, almost as if her butt was on fire. Ji Lingyue, not understanding why, quickened her pace to follow behind her, and soon they arrived at the room where Ye Qingjun was resting.

A woman dressed in a plain-colored undergarment sat on the bed with her long hair down, holding a book in her hands. Hearing the noise, she lazily raised her eyes and gave a puzzled “hmm”.

“Disciple, who has come?”

Yu Shanye stood respectfully in front of her bed and said, “It is Ji Lingyue.”

Ye Qingjun gave an “oh” and stared at the white-clad woman who walked in. Suddenly, her gaze fell on the silver carp on the woman’s shoulder.

“This fish…”

She stared at Lan Wu thoughtfully, her gaze full of inquiry. Lan Wu was almost frozen in place, her eyes wide open, too frightened to move.

Ye Qingjun smiled and said, “You don’t seem very clever.”

Ji Lingyue chuckled dryly, hesitated for a moment, and then asked with concern, “Elder, are you feeling better? Do you still feel unwell anywhere?”

“Don’t worry about me,” Ye Qingjun waved his hand, “Why don’t you go and check on your master? He’s also badly injured.”

Ji Lingyue fell silent, lowered her head, and awkwardly scratched at the hem of her clothes.

Yu Shanye’s eyes darted left and right, and he couldn’t help but ask,

“So how exactly did Master and Elder Qin get into a fight? They’re both over a thousand years old combined. Couldn’t they have resolved things properly? Why did they have to fight?”

Ye Qingjun frowned, about to speak, when she couldn’t help but cough. Lan Wu quickly wagged her tail and stepped forward, balancing the teacup on her head, wobbling as she approached Ye Qingjun. The teacup seemed about to fall, making Ye Qingjun tremble with fear. She carefully took it, and couldn’t help but glance at the little fish again: “You gave birth to her, she looks somewhat familiar…”

Ji Lingyue: !

Yu Shan Ye: !

Lan Wu blinked guiltily, but seeing that Ye Qingjun was staring at her, she could only pretend to be stupid and spit out a string of bubbles.

Ye Qingjun chuckled, her eyes softening: “The one you gave birth to looks just like a little fish that my disciple used to raise.”

Lan Wu was stunned. She looked up at her, somewhat dumbfounded.

The woman stopped looking at her, took a sip of tea to moisten her throat, and said calmly, “There’s no other reason why I fought with him; it’s just about that monster thing.”

Ji Lingyue frowned: “But you’ve never fought like this before when you had differing opinions.”

Ye Qingjun shook her head: “That’s because this time the monster… is a little different.”

“What’s different?”

The woman subconsciously tightened her grip on the teacup in her hand. Gradually, the usual smile on her face faded. After a long while, she sighed softly, closed her eyes, and said in a hoarse voice, “That monster looks exactly like the monster that killed Qin Yang back then.”

Vampire AU-1

She shouldn’t have entered this abandoned castle.

Ji Lingyue gripped the short blade in her hand, held her breath, and

listened intently for a while, but she did not hear the footsteps from just a moment ago again.

She tilted her head slightly and glanced out through the mottled window covered in cobwebs.

The last rays of sunlight had already disappeared into the distant horizon, and the fiery red clouds were instantly replaced by the night. The undulating outlines of the mountains and forests were like a bold stroke of ink in the darkness, revealing an ominous stillness.

Leaving indoors under these circumstances and venturing into the monster-infested forest to find another refuge would undoubtedly be suicidal.

The person hiding in the shadows deliberately concealed their presence and figure, presumably not wanting to run into her. In that case, the two of them could perhaps spend the night peacefully and part ways the next morning.

Having made up her mind, Ji Lingyue tiptoed to the staircase against the wall, quickly climbed up to the third floor, pushed open the door at the far end of the corridor, and slipped inside, locking the door behind her.

There was still no other sound outside.

Ji Lingyue stood still for a moment, feeling slightly relieved. She glanced at the room behind her in the dim moonlight. The room was not large, with a soft red bed taking up most of the space. Dust covered the dressing table next to it, and bottles and jars were scattered haphazardly. Ji Lingyue then went to the window to check the latch. After confirming that it was safe, she carefully curled up in the corner between the wall and the headboard, holding her backpack.

She stared intently at the only door through which she could enter, like a wary cat. After a long while, drowsiness overwhelmed her, and the girl's head slumped down. Finally, she slowly, very slowly, closed her eyes.

"Crack…"

"Bang……"

A faint sound reached her ears, and Ji Lingyue, who was usually a light sleeper, suddenly opened her eyes and subconsciously reached

for the knife beside her. She looked up, and before she could react, the small door not far away was kicked open, and a cloud of black mist rushed in, rushing towards her with a speed that no ordinary person could possess.

Ji Lingyue was startled. Trapped in the corner with no way to escape, she rolled to the side and landed under the bed before the thing could pounce on her. She turned over and quickly crawled to the other side, but suddenly felt a chill on her ankle, as if something ice had been stuck to it, and pulled her back with a whoosh.

She looked up in horror, and by the moonlight, she could only see a pair of blood-red eyes and a pale face. The man grinned at her, his sharp canines gleaming with a bloodthirsty coldness.

vampire!

A cool fragrance wafted towards her, and just as the icy temperature was about to seep into Ji Lingyue's neck, she suddenly gritted her teeth and kicked upwards hard.

Unexpectedly, the person let out a howl and was actually kicked over by her, falling to the ground in a sorry state. Ji Lingyue quickly got up, picked up the knife on the ground, and pounced over like a little cheetah, kneeing the woman in the waist while stabbing her hard in the chest.

With a soft thud, the blade pierced flesh, and the vampire let out a painful groan. Ji Lingyue was suddenly thrown aside by a powerful force and slammed hard against the wall, almost losing her breath. When she finally managed to get up, she saw that her only weapon was under the vampire's foot, and a pair of scarlet eyes were staring intently at her.

Ji Lingyue froze instantly, her hair standing on end, as if she could already smell the approaching Grim Reaper.

"You…" The vampire's voice was a little hoarse, but it was still clear that it was a girl's voice: "How could you stab me with a knife?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, blinked, and a look of confusion appeared on her face.

The vampire stood there, clenching his fists and shaking them for a while. Then, he suddenly stomped his feet a few times and started acting like a spoiled child, saying, "I just want to drink some of your

blood! I'm starving, can't I even have a bite to eat? How could you kick me? Nobody has ever kicked me before! And you pricked me, it hurts! I've been starving for three months, what's wrong with wanting to eat?"

Ji Lingyue: …

She listened to the girl's whimpering sobs for a while, then slowly frowned and tentatively called out, "Lan Wu?"

The girl paused in her sobs, looked up, a single tear still clinging to her pale face: "You know me?"

Looking at that face that was both unfamiliar and familiar, Ji Lingyue's long eyelashes trembled, and she softly hummed in agreement: "I know him."

Before the disaster struck, the vampires, who had fought for hundreds of years, signed an agreement with humans and entered an era of harmonious coexistence. A very small number of vampires, due to their racial advantages, even shone in some fields. For example, Lan Wu was a teenage idol known for her beauty and singing voice.

Unfortunately, an unknown virus swept the globe overnight, turning humans into the kind of zombies we only see in movies. In just six months, the world order was completely destroyed, not to mention the peace treaty signed between vampires and humans.

Thinking of this, Ji Lingyue hesitated for a moment, then added, "I'll be a waitress at your seventeenth birthday party."

Lan Wu responded with an "Oh," somewhat excitedly: "So, you're my fan?"

"no."

Lan Wu immediately wilted, tapped her fingers on her knees, and asked cautiously, "Then… can I drink a drop of your blood?"

Ji Lingyue coldly replied, "No."

She picked up her backpack, intending to find another room to rest, but Lan Wu, sensing something was wrong, quickly pounced on her and hugged her leg: "Please, let me have a breath, okay? I'm starving…"

Ji Lingyue: “There are so many zombies outside, why don’t you just suck one of them?”

Lan Wu stared at her in disbelief: “Are you kidding me? I’ll get food poisoning if I eat that!”

“Go and catch some rabbits…”

“How could we possibly catch them? They’re too cunning!”

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and looked down. The girl kneeling on the ground had a beautiful face. Her blood-red eyes were not violent at all, but clear and pure. At this moment, she was looking at her pitifully with her eyes slightly wide open. She did not have the slightest bit of the arrogant look of a vampire.

She is incredibly strong, fast, and possesses the vampire’s powerful healing abilities, allowing her to survive even in this apocalyptic world. However, she seems to be spoiled by her family, lazy, ignorant of basic life skills, delicate, and timid. She has to beg this human for a mouthful of blood.

Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes and suddenly remembered the girl she had seen at the banquet.

She wore gorgeous clothes and exquisite makeup, standing tall and gracefully accepting everyone’s affection.

She said, “I wish everyone a wonderful day.”

But on that day, she received a call from the doctor outside the brightly lit hotel; her sister was beyond saving.

That’s so unfair…

Now, the carefree little princess knelt at her feet, seemingly completely under her control. Ji Lingyue lifted her long eyelashes, looked at her intently, and after a long while, asked in a low voice, “If I agree to let you drink my blood, what can you do for me?”

Lan Wu paused for a moment, her eyes brightening slightly: “Anything is fine.” She grinned, revealing sharp canines, her smile radiant, appearing both innocent and wicked: “I’ll agree to anything you want me to do.”

——

I'm about to finish writing the main story, but I'm having some trouble, so I'll just post a chapter about vampires first _(:3 ゝ∠)_

Vampire AU-2

"It's so hot..."

"Hot?" Ji Lingyue stopped what she was doing and stared at the girl who had sunk into the soft bed. Vampires have no breath or heartbeat, so there is no flowing blood or temperature. The body hidden under the exquisite clothes is as white as porcelain, and the touch is cold and smooth, as if you are touching a dead object.

She was so cold that the temperature that would normally make a human feel slightly warm was scalding hot to her.

Ji Lingyue asked in a low voice, "Have you never been intimate with anyone else?"

Lan Wu thought for a moment and shook her head: "If that's the case, then no."

"Why?" she couldn't help but ask. "You've been dating since you were sixteen, and you've had three rumored girlfriends before the apocalypse."

Lan Wu chuckled, smoothing her loose, curly hair behind her head. She smiled smugly at her, "You still say you're not my fan? You remember this so clearly..."

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then pinched the soft flesh of her waist with some annoyance: "You talk too much."

Lan Wu cried out, looking at her with a pitiful expression, her eyes instantly reddening: "It hurts so much..."

"Stop pretending," Ji Lingyue lowered her head, her soft, wet lips landing on her firm chest, showering her with hot breath: "I just stabbed you, and you're already healed. I didn't even use any force, so how could it hurt?"

"It already hurts," Lan Wu muttered. "Why are you so fierce? Nobody liked you before."

Ji Lingyue frowned: "Do you still want to drink blood?"

Lan Wu blinked, then quickly put on a sweet smile, kissed her cheek,

and said softly, “It’s okay, I like you.”

“Glib-tongued…”

Ji Lingyue lowered her head, grabbed the girl’s soft breasts, and shamelessly kneaded them into various shapes. Lan Wu let out a muffled groan, her face flushed as she wrapped her arms around Ji Lingyue’s neck, muttering, “How strange…”

What’s strange about it?

Lan Wu thought for a moment, then shook her head: “I don’t know, but it feels so good.” As she spoke, she pushed her chest forward again: “Rub it again.”

Ji Lingyue raised an eyebrow and obediently rubbed it. After hearing the other person’s sweet panting, she suddenly stopped. Lan Wu lowered her eyes, looking at her with teary eyes, and said with dissatisfaction, “Continue.”

“Why do I still feel like I’m the one who’s at a disadvantage?” She poked the pert red bud and muttered, “You’re even ordering me around now.”

Lan Wu gave a soft hum, and in her dazed state, she seemed to understand what she meant. She took the initiative to hold her hand and kiss it, saying ingratiatingly, “I can… I can protect you.”

“How will you protect me?”

“I can hear sounds from very far away, and I can smell the difference between humans and zombies. If you let me drink your blood, I can help you avoid danger,” she said, sticking out her tongue. The cool, soft object pressed against her palm, leaving a wet stain. “Hmm… I can take you to my house. It’s definitely safe there, and there’s plenty of food…”

“Home?” Ji Lingyue let her sticky licking and asked, “Speaking of which, why are you in this place? This place is clearly far away from Nanhai City.”

“I still have to go to the performance,” she muttered. “I just got off the plane in Songbei City and then the virus outbreak happened. They all got bitten, and transportation was paralyzed. I can only… I can only go back on my own…”

Ji Lingyue frowned and asked suspiciously, "But this is the north of Songbei City. Have you been walking in the opposite direction for so long?"

Lan Wu: …

She opened her eyes wide, stared at her blankly for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Oh, is that so?"

Ji Lingyue was speechless and choked with emotion: "You're such an idiot."

She decided to stop communicating with the idiot. Her slender fingers slid down, disappearing into her damp crotch, and began to tease the clitoris hidden deep within her petals.

Lan Wu trembled and instinctively grabbed the bed sheet. Slippery fluid flowed continuously from her opening, wetting Ji Lingyue's fingertips. Every time she touched her, the girl would pitifully kick her legs and squeeze out soft gasps from between her lips. But after a while, she completely abandoned her shame and began to moan with her head thrown back.

Ji Lingyue lowered her head and placed a few kisses on her smooth lower abdomen before licking her wet vulva.

Lan Wu immediately tilted her head back and cried out softly. She reached out and ran her fingers through Ji Lingyue's long hair, sobbing, "So comfortable… Ah, so hot…"

The warm, moist tip of her tongue felt like a scorching spark, bringing a temperature she had never experienced before. For a moment, she even mistook the pleasure for the pain of being burned by the sun.

The lewd sounds of water kept coming from below. Lan Wu twisted and turned, but Ji Lingyue, who could no longer bear it, pressed down on her waist and said fiercely with a stern face: "Don't move."

Lan Wu froze, gave her a pitiful look, and mustered up her courage to retort: "Why can't I move when I'm comfortable? I'm not… not a dead person."

Ji Lingyue's eyes darkened slightly. Suddenly, she reached out and pinched the swollen, red clitoris without any politeness. Pain and pleasure erupted at the same time. Lan Wu cried out in surprise, curled up her legs, and shuddered as she spurted out a stream of

lustful fluid.

Ji Lingyue licked the remaining moisture from her lips, looked at Lan Wu, whose face was still pale even in the throes of orgasm, and whispered, “You’re so wanton.”

Lan Wu was still panting when she heard this. Suddenly, she grabbed Ji Lingyue’s arm and pulled her into her arms. The neat clothes on the human body were nothing more than a few pieces of rags to her. She tore them to shreds with a flick of her wrist. She turned over and pressed herself against the warm source of heat. Her wet inner thighs pressed against the other’s thighs, and she moved closer to her neck with a fascination.

Ji Lingyue quickly reached out and pressed her hand against her face, looking at the sharp teeth peeking out from between her fingers, and said coldly, “Don’t suck.”

Lan Wu sobbed, whimpering with a hint of grievance, “You…you’ve already done it…”

“What kind of work is that?”

Ji Lingyue lifted her leg and rubbed it intimately against the soft, wet clitoris, whispering, “I haven’t started yet.”

Lan Wu bit her lip, and after being deliberately teased a few times, she went limp as if she had no bones, nestled in her arms, and said drowsily, “Okay, after you’re done, I’ll… um… suck again.”

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, used her knee to pry open her legs, smeared some of the honeyed fluid between her legs, and then slowly inserted her fingers inside.

“Hmm…”

Lan Wu shrugged, frowned, and breathed heavily.

The fingers inserted into the hole gradually accelerated from the initial slow pace, the soft, wrinkled flesh tightly wrapped around the fingers, and soon they were being fucked with squelching sounds.

Lan Wu’s uncomfortable groans turned into pleasurable moans. She licked her lips, swaying her hips to match Ji Lingyue’s thrusts, even urging, “Faster…faster…”

For some reason, Ji Lingyue felt she had been taken advantage of. She pursed her lips, put her arm around the girl's waist and sat up. As soon as Lan Wu's knees touched the bed, she began to bounce up and down on her own, her buttocks repeatedly hitting Ji Lingyue's thighs, creating lewd waves of flesh. Glistening water splashed from their point of contact, leaving tiny wet spots on the sheets.

She unconsciously gripped Ji Lingyue's shoulders, moaning incoherently, "Ugh…so good, so full…"

"You seem quite comfortable." Ji Lingyue frowned, then suddenly pressed Lan Wu down, her hands tightly gripping Lan Wu's neck. Lan Wu looked at her, panting, her Adam's apple bobbing. Even though red marks had appeared on her face, she didn't resist. Instead, a hint of confusion surfaced in her dazed eyes.

Yes, vampires don't need to breathe.

Ji Lingyue suddenly let go of her hand, looking at her thin body, but could not suppress the increasingly strong violent desire in her heart.

She wanted to leave some scars on Lan Wu.

Ji Lingyue stared intently at her, hoisting Lan Wu's legs onto her shoulders. One hand continued to move in and out of her vagina, squeezing out abundant fluid, while the other hand pinched her clitoris hard. Lan Wu jerked violently, and the vaginal muscles tightened even more, making it impossible for Ji Lingyue to move.

She sobbed through teary eyes, "Be gentle, it hurts…"

Ji Lingyue relaxed her grip and continued to knead her sensitive clitoris. She then inserted another finger, which stretched open the clenched opening, causing a continuous flow of love fluid to gush out. As Ji Lingyue moved in and out, the fluid was ground into a sticky white foam.

After an unknown amount of time, the girl groaned and arched her back, her warm, nectar-like fluid spraying wantonly onto her palm. Her vaginal muscles writhed tightly, eagerly sucking on the fingers buried deep inside.

Lan Wu tilted her head back to catch her breath, but Ji Lingyue looked up and kissed her. She blinked, gave a soft hum, and sat obediently in Ji Lingyue's lap with her legs spread wide, but her mouth was itching to bite Ji Lingyue's tongue.

Ji Lingyue raised her eyes and pinched her chin: “Don’t bite.”

“Why?” she asked, her eyes wide with confusion. “This time, is it all done?”

“Who said that?”

Ji Lingyue kissed the corner of her mouth again, her fingertips lingering between the girl’s reddened petals, skillfully scratching her swollen clitoris. After a few strokes, Lan Wu began to moan softly, her vaginal opening cooperating by releasing honey-like fluid.

“You’re so sensitive.” Ji Lingyue looked up and took her soft earlobe into her mouth, then casually pinched her soft buttocks. Lan Wu then narrowed her moist eyelashes and opened her legs to make it easier for her to move.

As she gradually felt more comfortable, she suddenly felt a chill on her shoulder, followed by a sharp, needle-like pain. Lan Wu’s long eyelashes trembled, and she opened her eyes in astonishment, just in time to see Ji Lingyue remove the knife tip from her body.

She was stunned for a moment before asking blankly, “You stabbed me?”

Ji Lingyue said calmly, “It was just a cut.”

Lan Wu: ?

“So it really doesn’t bleed,” she said, rubbing the cold back of the blade against Lan Wu’s chest. “As long as the weapon isn’t made of silver, it can’t hurt you, right?”

Lan Wu shuddered, sensing something strange about the conversation, but still honestly replied, “The sun can hurt me too.”

Ji Lingyue said “Oh,” put down the knife, and frowned with some regret: “Then I can’t leave you with a scar.”

Lan Wu was silent for a moment, then covered her chest and shrank back warily: “Pervert.”

Ji Lingyue smiled and leaned in to kiss her again, pressing her down: “If you want to drink blood, then behave yourself.”

Lan Wu never imagined that a human could have such good physical strength. By the end, she was so sleepy that she could barely keep her

eyes open, while Ji Lingyue was still enthusiastically gesturing with the knife on her body.

After a night's rest, her long-dormant biological clock woke her at sunrise. Lan Wu opened her eyes, watched the girl sitting on the edge of the bed rustling as she dressed, stretched groggily, and said in a hoarse voice, "Good morning…"

As soon as she finished speaking, Ji Lingyue froze for a moment. The person who was bending over to put on her shoes suddenly sprang up, grabbed her backpack from the ground, and rushed out of the room like a gust of wind.

Lan Wu: ?

A few seconds later, she suddenly realized what was happening, her eyes widened in surprise, she grabbed a coat to wrap herself in, and ran out barefoot.

The vampire was incredibly fast, instantly teleporting behind Ji Lingyue and reaching out to grab her. At that moment, the girl raised the iron rod in her hand and smashed the window next to her.

Golden sunlight suddenly streamed into the room, illuminating a section of the corridor. Caught off guard, Lan Wu was struck in the scorching light and cried out in pain. She hurriedly took a few steps back and retreated into the darkness once more.

The narrow beam of light separating the two easily halted her pursuit.

Ji Lingyue turned around and looked at her calmly.

The poor little vampire seemed not to understand what had happened. Her thin body was only covered by a garment that reached her knees, and her bare, pale skin still bore red marks from the sun. She stared blankly at Ji Lingyue, her bloodshot eyes as innocent as a lamb's.

"You don't really think I'd let you suck my blood, do you?"

Ji Lingyue sneered, casually tossing away the stick in her hand, and said without any politeness, "You stupid vampire, I hate you too much to even think about it."

After saying that, she curled the corners of her lips into a smile and left without looking back.

Vampire AU-3

The bright moon hung high in the sky, and suddenly several gunshots rang out in a dilapidated hospital building.

Ji Lingyue clutched her injured left arm and staggered down to the second floor. Turning into the deserted corridor, she bumped into several swaying figures.

A putrid stench assaulted her nostrils, and she was startled. She quickly raised the knife in her hand and slashed at the man's neck.

Unfortunately, due to her injury and lack of strength, she failed to cut it in one go and instead splattered it with foul-smelling blood. The hurried footsteps behind her gradually approached. Ji Lingyue hurriedly glanced around, pushed open the door next to her, and as she squeezed inside, she kicked the howling zombie, sending it flying towards the pursuers.

"Hold!"

Several more gunshots rang out. Ji Lingyue trembled as she locked the door, turned around and looked around, then ran towards the half-open window.

"Bang!"

After a loud crash, the intruder slammed against the door, yelling, "You bitch! Give it back!"

Ji Lingyue rushed to the window, glanced down at the height, and then looked back at the small window on the door, where a man's ferocious and angry face was reflected. He kept spitting out vicious curses and insults from his opening and closing mouth. With another loud bang, a crack appeared on the door, and the handle was obviously deformed.

Without further hesitation, she gritted her teeth and decisively jumped out of the second-floor window.

As soon as she landed, a piercing pain shot through her ankle. Ji Lingyue groaned, tears welling up in her eyes. She blinked a few times to suppress the tears, then forced herself to get up and limped toward the hospital entrance.

The sound of rapid breathing echoed in the silent courtyard. The

zombies that had been wandering around in twos and threes paused, slowly turned their rotting faces, and pairs of murky white eyes were fixed on her from all directions. Ji Lingyue was startled, gripped her backpack strap tightly, and quickened her pace to run towards the door.

She could… she could go to the next block and find another shelter.

She can do it.

"Bang!"

After the noise, Ji Lingyue lost her balance and fell forward, her hands and knees scraping hard on the ground, burning with pain. She whimpered and turned around in a panic, seeing her trouser legs quickly stained red with blood.

At a second-floor window not far away, the man lowered his gun and gave her a smug smile.

Ji Lingyue felt as if she had fallen into an ice cave. She dragged her injured leg to her feet and ran a few steps before stumbling and falling to the ground. A low growl came from behind her, and a gust of foul wind swept over her. Her heart tightened, and she instinctively rolled to the side, but the clothes on her arm were torn by sharp fingernails. When she looked up, a face covered in blood and black veins was already right in front of her.

Ji Lingyue's eyes widened, and for a moment she lost control of her body, frozen in place, watching helplessly as the rotting face drew closer and closer.

But at that moment, it comically stopped in place, as if someone had pulled it from behind, preventing it from moving forward even an inch.

"It stinks…"

Two slender, pale fingers carefully pinched the monster's collar. The little vampire, pale as a ghost, tossed it aside with utter disgust.

The girl lying on the ground stared blankly at her, her black hair damp with sweat and plastered messily to her face. Her eyes were wide open, her red lips were slightly parted, and her usually cool face looked silly.

Lan Wu calmly took off her hat, lowered her eyes, and looked at her lazily.

She was dressed in an elegant and stylish black dress, holding an umbrella in her right hand. She grinned, revealing two sharp canine teeth: "Gotcha, you little liar."

After being grabbed by the collar and led to a furniture store on the street, Ji Lingyue finally came to her senses and asked in astonishment, "How…how did you find me?"

Lan Wu snorted, "I told you my nose is very sensitive."

Ji Lingyue subconsciously asked, "More intelligent than a dog?"

Lan Wu: …

She had originally followed the scent out of sheer anger, and now this insult was simply unbearable!

She casually tossed the girl onto a bed, and as the girl struggled to get up, she grabbed her wrist and fell down, biting her neck.

The cold teeth pierced her blood vessels, greedily drawing in the sweet blood. Lan Wu squinted her eyes contentedly, her throat bobbing, and soon drank far more than she usually ate.

Ji Lingyue's face quickly lost its color, her brain spun in waves of dizziness, and her vision began to blur. She tried to push the person off her, but she couldn't even lift a finger.

It's so cold…

She shivered, feeling as if she were hugging a block of ice. The last bit of warmth in her body was being taken away by Lan Wu, and as she lost blood, it felt as if her life was slipping away.

Her eyelids grew heavier and heavier. Ji Lingyue opened her mouth, but no sound came out. She closed her eyes and completely lost consciousness.

The first rays of morning sunlight fell into the room, but failed to illuminate the deepest corner of the house.

In the silence, the girl groaned softly, groggily opening her eyes and staring blankly at the ceiling. As if sensing her awakening, the little vampire who had been lazily lying on her chest raised its head and

released its bitten, swollen nipple.

“You’re awake.”

Ji Lingyue was startled, and after a while, she looked down at the owner of the voice.

Lan Wu met her gaze, grinned, and revealed that innocent smile again. But if it weren’t for the fact that both of them were completely naked and there were specks of blood on the sheets, Ji Lingyue might have been fooled by her innocent face.

She still had little strength. She glanced listlessly at Lan Wu, then closed her eyes and was about to fall asleep again.

Seeing her reaction, Lan Wu frowned in dissatisfaction, suddenly grabbed her wrist, and slid her cold fingers up her forearm. When she touched the wound, she pressed it down without any hesitation.

Ji Lingyue trembled instantly, a suppressed sob escaping her throat. She struggled to shrink back, but Lan Wu remained smiling, pressing her fingertips even deeper into the wound: “Shouldn’t you apologize?”

Her thick eyelashes blinked helplessly, quickly becoming damp with moisture. The girl looked at her with red eyes, choking out, “It hurts…”

“Shh,” Lan Wu leaned closer, her lips almost touching hers, “Don’t cry, you’ll attract other dirty things, and I don’t want to share you with them.”

Ji Lingyue shuddered, pursed her lips, and looked at her with a sorrowful expression.

“Don’t make me angry,” Lan Wu stared at her without blinking, her blood-red eyes still pure and innocent, yet she seemed like a completely different person from not long ago: “You lied to me and ran so far away, you’re so mean.”

The girl sobbed and stammered, “In the hospital, there are other people in the hospital, and their blood… there’s a lot of it…”

Lan Wu frowned, stared at her for a moment, then suddenly laughed crisply: “See, you’re going to try to be clever again…”

She lowered her head and pressed her cool lips against her delicate

neck, feeling the sweet, metallic taste of blood flowing beneath the thin layer of skin: “The people in the hospital want to kill you, and you’d love for them to die. You called me there because you want me to kill them, don’t you?”

“no……”

“But I can help you.” Lan Wu interrupted her, her eyes crinkling as she kissed her lips with delight. “Your blood tastes delicious. As long as you obediently become my blood slave and send me home, I will protect you and grant your wish.”

She smiled and asked, “Is it okay?”

In this situation, how could Ji Lingyue say no? She closed her eyes, letting her long eyelashes tremble restlessly for a while, before finally managing to squeeze out a single word from her throat: “Okay.”

“I will be your blood slave.”

74. Not a fish

After saying this, Ye Qingjun glanced at the expressions of the two people standing under the bed and couldn’t help but chuckle, “Why do you two look like that?”

Yu Shanye forced himself to shut his mouth, but after a while, he couldn’t help but ask, “But, Master, wasn’t it… wasn’t she killed?”

“What are you thinking?” Ye Qingjun said calmly, “She is definitely not Lin Yao. I saw her die with my own eyes back then. There is no way she could still be alive.”

“Then what…”

“It must be a reincarnation,” Ye Qingjun lowered her eyes and said in a low voice, “The little fox demon who is over three hundred years old knows nothing about her past life. Qin Yu wanted to kill her, but I couldn’t bear it, so I saved her.”

Lan Wu blinked blankly, not quite understanding what they were talking about. She idly spun around a few times before slowly swimming back into Ji Lingyue’s palm.

“Did Master tell her the truth?”

“Why tell her?” Ye Qingjun said calmly, “She has a new life and

memories now, and even her personality is not the same as before. Lin Yao did something wrong and lost her life, but she… is no longer Lin Yao. Since that's the case, why tell her a story that has nothing to do with her? It would only add to her troubles."

"If that's the case, then Elder Qin is even more wrong!" Yu Shanye said indignantly, "Master should complain to the sect leader about him!"

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, thinking to herself that Yu Shanye really didn't treat her like an outsider. She lowered her head somewhat subtly and casually scratched her fish tail.

Lanwu shuddered, her tail snapping up sensitively, and slapped her fingertip.

Meanwhile, Ye Qingjun shook her head and sighed, "I can understand his feelings."

The events of that year were not complicated. She had discovered early on that the girl who had sneaked into the mountains was a monster, but she believed her excuse of becoming her apprentice and even helped her conceal her identity.

At that time, she, the current sect leader, and the siblings Qin Yu and Qin Yang were all disciples of the former sect leader. The four of them were inseparable, grew up together, and had the best relationship. Because of her, Qin Yu and the others also became friends with Lin Yao.

Lin Yao, a fox demon, has exquisite features and a charming temperament. She is naturally good at pleasing people. Apart from her, Qin Yang is the one who is most attached to her, always following her around and calling her "sister, sister".

Later, Lin Yao took the initiative to express his feelings to her. She was overjoyed, thinking that she and her beloved were of one mind. But just when she had completely accepted Lin Yao and offered him everything, Lin Yao took her life tablet, sneaked into the forbidden area, and stole the Qilian Immortal Herb.

As she was leaving, she accidentally bumped into Qin Yang, who was patrolling the mountain, and killed her without any mercy. When they found Qin Yang's blood-stained body, the little girl's eyes, which had lost their light, were still wide open in shock. From then on, the relationship between the group completely fell apart. Qin Yu was

filled with grief and anger and cut ties with her. She searched for hundreds of years and finally found Lin Yao on a winter day.

At that time, Lin Yao was already one of the four great demon lords of the demon realm, with many attendants. Ye Qingjun stepped forward alone with his sword, and only when the vast snowfield was dyed bright red did he kill her with his sword.

Even on her deathbed, Lin Yao's frivolous fox eyes were filled with mockery and laughter, without a trace of remorse. She was such a heartless and ruthless demon. Stealing the immortal herbs was only to curry favor with the Demon King. When she first met Ye Qingjun, she was already a powerful demon with profound cultivation.

All along, she was the only one who foolishly took that relationship seriously, offering her whole heart, only to be laughed at by the other party.

Thinking of this, she closed her eyes wearily and said, "The fault lies with me, so it's only natural that he's angry and furious."

Hearing this, Yu Shanye became even more indignant: "But Master is also a victim, and Lin Yao is already dead. Does Elder Qin intend to kill every one of her reincarnations?"

"Let's take it one step at a time," Ye Qingjun said in a low voice. "That little fox demon survived, but she was also injured. She'll probably stay far away from Qin Yu in the future. As long as she stays away, she should… be safe from harm."

Yu Shanye pursed her lips, her resentment rising. She couldn't help but glance at Ji Lingyue and purse her lips. Ji Lingyue sensed her dissatisfaction, calmly withdrew her gaze, and showed no intention of defending her master.

"Alright, it's getting late, and I'm fine. If you have nothing else to do, go back and rest." Ye Qingjun coughed lightly again, clutching her chest, and said, "Weren't you going to cover my classes? If there's anything you don't understand these next few days, feel free to ask me."

"yes."

After thanking her, she briefly asked a few questions about things to be careful about, and then planned to leave with Lan Wu. However, Ye Qingjun narrowed his eyes and suddenly asked, "What's the name

of your little fish?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback and said, "Yu San."

"puff."

Yu Shanye hurriedly pursed his lips, trying to put on a serious expression, while the woman said "Oh" and smiled, "It's an easy name to remember. Here, take this."

Ji Lingyue carefully took it, glanced down at it, and found that it was a bottle of elixirs specifically for feeding demonic beasts.

"It was originally made for Xiaoxue, but there's an extra bottle, so give it to her," Ye Qingjun said gently. "After the contract is formed, she will be at your disposal. If you can't treat her well and take good care of her, it's best to let her go."

Ji Lingyue suddenly gripped the porcelain bottle tightly, remained silent for a moment, and then whispered, "This disciple understands."

On the mountain path back, the little fish perched on her shoulder stared intently in the direction of Qianyun Peak, its tail drooping listlessly, far less lively than before.

Ji Lingyue glanced at her a few times, and finally couldn't help but ask, "What's wrong with you?"

Lan Wu rolled over listlessly, turning her belly up: "If Master has experienced something like this before, why did he still save me without hesitation when my identity was exposed?"

Why do you ask that?

Lan Wu blinked and muttered, "Because it looks a lot like it."

A demon who concealed his cultivation level to infiltrate a celestial sect; a demon who stole his lover's life tablet and broke into a forbidden area; a demon who ran away and never thought of returning.

Having experienced something so similar before, she still stood in front of Qin Yu, willing to be punished herself, just to spare her life.

"You know we look alike," Ji Lingyue said sullenly, lowering her head. "When you took my life tablet, you lied to me and said we'd live together from now on..."

"Hmm…" Lan Wu turned over again, hesitated for a moment, and stammered, "That, that wasn't me."

Ji Lingyue: …

She stopped, her eyes widening slightly in surprise. "Not you? Who else could it be? Could it be your sister?"

Lan Wu nodded hurriedly: "I was busy saving Fuyou at the time and didn't go to find you at all… She only told me about stealing your life tablet later when I pressed her for details."

"But if it was your sister, how could she have known about our relationship back then, and still made up such a lie…" Ji Lingyue said, then suddenly fell silent, a blush slowly creeping onto her fair face: "She, she saw it?!"

Lan Wu gave a guilty "hmm".

"You…you…" Ji Lingyue slowly clenched her fists, her face flushed: "Do you know, when she impersonated you to deceive me, I almost! I almost…"

Lan Wu's heart tightened, and she suddenly became alert: "Is something missing?"

Ji Lingyue shut her mouth, her face full of shame and indignation. She refused to say anything more and walked forward in silence.

Now it was Lan Wu's turn to panic. She flapped her tail and chased after her, asking repeatedly, "Almost something? Huh? Almost something? You didn't kiss her, did you?!"

Ji Lingyue retorted, "Even if I kissed her, it's still your fault!"

Lan Wu was shocked: "They really kissed?"

"No!" Ji Lingyue suddenly reached out and angrily pinched the water balloon covering her, twisting it into a deformed shape: "She won't allow it."

After being rejected, she was anxious for a while, thinking that Lan Wu was in a bad mood and was somewhat absent-minded during her night patrol. At that time, how could she know that Lan Wu not only had an older sister, but that the older sister could also transform into her exactly, even imitating her voice and smile perfectly.

After thinking it over, it's all Lan Wu's fault.

She gritted her teeth and said angrily, "You are the most hateful fish in the world!"

Lan Wu: …Huh?

At this moment, she suddenly became clever, flicked her tail, and quickly snuggled into Ji Lingyue's arms, saying in a crisp voice, "I am a mermaid, not a fish."

——

Lan Yuan: You want to kiss me? No way!

75. Contract

Beizhou Jixuedu is located in an eternally cold place. Within Haochen Mountain, where heavy snow falls all year round, only the main peak and Qianyun Peak are like spring all year round. In the continuous mountain range, Ji Lingyue stands on the towering white jade platform, and the swirling clouds are within reach.

She wore a light white dress, her jet-black hair simply tied back with a ribbon. Her fingers flew, forming an intricate hand seal, and then she whispered, "Go."

A flash of golden light appeared, and a small silver fish emerged from the dissipating magic circle, accompanied by a loud "Wow!" sound.

Lan Wu blinked, turned around blankly, looked at the curious faces surrounding her, and then looked at Ji Lingyue with a calm expression, expressing her doubt with her big eyes.

How could she be suddenly summoned while she was sleeping soundly?

Ji Lingyue suppressed her smile, gestured for her to come over, and asked, "Did you all see my demonstration just now?"

The boys and girls exclaimed in unison, "We saw it clearly!"

She hummed in agreement and tapped Lan Wu's forehead, whereupon a golden lotus appeared: "After the contract is formed, your contracted beasts will bear the master's mark. Each person's mark is different, and the mark will only disappear when the contract is dissolved. As for the methods to dissolve the contract, there are only

two." She said calmly: "First, the master voluntarily dissolves the contract; second, the master dies, and the contract naturally becomes invalid, but at the same time, the contracted beast will suffer severe damage. Conversely, the death of the contracted beast will not harm the master."

Someone asked, "What if the contracted beast wants to kill its master to break the contract?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head: "This situation generally won't happen. If the contracted beast does anything to harm its master, it will suffer a backlash."

"Isn't this still forcing them to submit?" a female disciple said. "If they really encounter a contracted beast that would rather die than harm its master, wouldn't both sides suffer heavy losses?"

Ji Lingyue looked at her seriously and said, "You're right. So after forming a contract, it's best to develop a good relationship with the contracted beast and become a trusted companion. Only then can the contract achieve its best effect."

Another person raised their hand: "Senior sister, does this also work on these demonic beasts?"

She paused for a moment, then hesitated and said, "Of course it works, but I suggest you just form a bond with the spirit beast."

"But isn't Senior Sister's contracted beast a demon?"

"That's how it is," Ji Lingyue said patiently, "Of course there are kind-hearted monsters in this world, but in this day and age, forming a contract with a monster will only lead to more trouble."

The surrounding disciples exchanged glances and asked curiously, "Then why did Senior Sister form a contract with a demon?"

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then subconsciously lowered her eyes. Lan Wu also raised her head and looked at her quietly, as if waiting for her answer.

She sighed silently and said, "Because it was me who forced it."

In the afternoon, after assigning contracted spirit beast tasks to her junior brothers and sisters, Ji Lingyue rushed back to change her clothes, preparing to attend a banquet in Jixue Capital.

When Lan Wu asked, she replied, “It was an invitation from a senior sister I’m quite close to; it would be very impolite to refuse.”

Why did I invite you?

“It’s probably a celebration,” she said slowly. “She and a fellow disciple have officially become Daoist partners. In human terms, that’s like getting married. It’s definitely a joyous occasion.”

Lan Wu gave an “oh” and swam to her side, only to be gently pushed away: “Don’t follow me this time, I’ll be back soon.”

“Okay,” Lan Wu quickly agreed, obediently returning to bed: “I’ll take a nap too.”

Ji Lingyue smiled, picked up the prepared congratulatory gift from the table, and instructed, “Don’t run around.”

Lan Wu yawned lazily, raised her tail slightly with her back to her, as if in response.

She glanced at it a few more times before reluctantly leaving. If it weren’t for the fact that her senior sister truly loathed monsters, even more so than she had back then, she would have definitely grabbed Lan Wu.

Jixue City was brightly lit, and Huailiu Street was bustling with people. After jumping off the long sword, Ji Lingyue walked forward with the flow of people. As she passed the Huailiu River, she suddenly noticed a familiar figure.

The woman, dressed in a thin red dress, was reluctantly being pulled along by the girl in front of her, seemingly muttering complaints. Ji Lingyue frowned and silently followed behind them, hearing her say with dissatisfaction, “We’ve been shopping all day, what’s there to see? Let’s go back.”

“If you won’t let me see my master when I go back, why should I go back?”

“Look at what you’re saying. Do you think I don’t want you to see me? If your master finds out that I’ve formed a sworn brotherhood with you, he’ll definitely chase me all over the mountain with a knife.”

“Then why don’t you just untie it?”

"Do you even understand where you are? If you don't form a pact, you'll be discovered soon, either killed or banished…"

Suddenly, her shoulder was patted, and Yu Shanye trembled. She subconsciously turned around, and when she saw Ji Lingyue's indifferent face, she was so frightened that her heart almost stopped. She nervously rolled her eyes and scanned Ji Lingyue up and down: "You, you, what are you doing here?"

Ji Lingyue said calmly, "Don't worry, Lan Wu didn't follow me."

"Sister Yue!"

Ah Li, standing to the side, showed a delighted expression and rushed over enthusiastically. Ji Lingyue froze for a moment. Although she was not used to the closeness of strangers, she did not push her away and gently patted her head: "What are you doing here?"

"I've come to find my master…"

"She secretly followed me back!" Yu Shanye hurriedly said, "I had already sent her to the South China Sea, but after we parted, she followed me all the way to Haochen Mountain and was forced to release her demonic energy by the barrier. If I hadn't reacted quickly and formed a contract with her first, she would have been captured by the disciples patrolling the mountain."

Ji Lingyue glanced at her and said bluntly, "Your cultivation is so much higher than hers, how come you didn't notice she followed you the whole way?"

Yu Shanye: "…"

She tried to defend herself: "Everyone makes mistakes, and even horses stumble."

Ji Lingyue shook her head and said, "I can keep it from Lan Wu for now, but you two are being too reckless. What are you thinking?"

Yu Shanye visibly breathed a sigh of relief, stammering, "Well, there's nothing we can do about it…"

"Alright, you'd better come up with a solution quickly," Ji Lingyue said seriously. "Either send Ali back to her as soon as possible, or be honest with Lan Wu that I have other things to do and won't linger here with you any longer."

Yu Shanye nodded vigorously, nodding obsequiously, “Okay, okay.”

Ji Lingyue glanced at her helplessly, then said to A Li, “You’re being too reckless. If your master knew you’d been paired with someone, he would be furious.”

Ah Li pursed her lips, finally asking in confusion, “But what’s wrong with forming a bond?”

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then said, “You don’t feel anything now because Yu Shanye never intended to do anything to you. The contract was only to protect you…”

Ah Li frowned and couldn’t help but ask, “What do you mean? Is forming a contract a bad thing? But you and Master formed a contract, didn’t you? Are you trying to hurt Master?”

Ji Lingyue stood rooted to the spot, subconsciously clenching her fists, unusually at a loss for words.

Ah Li continued, “Master told me that forming a bond is just adding another layer of connection between two people, that they should protect and help each other, and stay together all the time. Is all of this just a lie to me?”

——

I can’t wait to write about Xiaoyue’s drunkenness.

76. Dual Spiritual Roots

“Junior sister.”

Someone called softly in front of her, and a hand gently supported her face. Ji Lingyue squinted her eyes uncomfortably, shook her head, and tried to avoid the person’s touch, but her body fell backward instead.

“Oh dear!” the woman exclaimed, quickly helping her up, and asked in surprise, “You can’t drink alcohol? How come you drank so much?”

The man standing to the side said, “I told you I’d never seen Junior Sister Ji drink, but you didn’t believe me.”

“What should we do? Should we send her back?”

Ji Lingyue blinked, barely managing to regain a sliver of consciousness from her muddled mind, and said in a hoarse voice, “No

need, I'll go back myself."

As she spoke, she slowly stood up, supporting herself on the table. She covered her face for a while to catch her breath before turning around unsteadily and walking downstairs.

"Oh!" Seeing that she looked like she was about to fall, the woman quickly stepped forward, put her arm around her shoulder, and said worriedly, "How can you go back by yourself like this? Do you know the way? Can you stand on the sword? Why don't we call Danbo and have it take you back?"

Ji Lingyue pushed her away: "No need," she paused for a moment, then mumbled, "Someone's picking me up…"

"who?"

She continued walking downstairs, whispering, "He's mine, my beloved…"

"What?" The woman didn't hear clearly and tried to chase after him again, but was pulled back by the man beside her: "Alright, if Junior Sister Ji doesn't want you to see her off, then don't."

"But……"

"What problems could possibly arise with a cultivator at the Integration stage like her?"

"……All right."

A moment later, Ji Lingyue walked out of the brightly lit restaurant and stumbled into the bustling crowd in a daze. When she came to her senses, she was already standing on the deserted riverbank. The night wind blew, bringing a chilly feeling. She blinked, lowered her head, and stared at her reflection on the dark water. After a long while, she muttered to herself, "Am I that bad?"

Falling leaves created ripples, and the beautiful face gradually blurred. Ji Lingyue sighed, hugged her knees, and squatted down, whispering, "Lan Wu…"

A golden magic circle appeared, and the little fish yawned, turned around, and swam out, complaining as if it were a common occurrence: "Why do you always do this when I'm sleeping…"

After seeing the woman's condition clearly, she suddenly froze and stopped in her tracks.

Ji Lingyue's eyes were watery, and her fair face was covered with a thin layer of powder. She squinted her eyes, opened her arms to Lan Wu, and said softly, "Hug."

Before Lan Wu could react, she saw her stumble forward. She quickly stepped forward, and as she transformed into human form, her arms slipped under Lan Wu's armpits, pulling her into a tight embrace. Lan Wu lowered her eyes, smelling the strong odor of alcohol, and frowned, asking, "When did you learn to drink?"

Ji Lingyue snuggled against her and mumbled, "Today."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then reached out and cupped her burning cheeks: "Why did you drink so much? Others are becoming Daoist partners, not you. Why are you so happy?"

Her palms were cool to the touch, and Ji Lingyue's brows relaxed. She hummed comfortably, "Then… when will you become my Daoist partner?"

Lan Wu was taken aback: "Why are you suddenly asking this?"

"I knew it," she pursed her lips, looking aggrieved, "You never wanted to become my Daoist partner!"

Lan Wu couldn't keep up with her erratic thoughts for a moment, assuming she was just drunk and acting crazy. She brushed her disheveled hair behind her ear and asked, "Are you sleepy? Are you tired? Do you want to go back and rest?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head, opened her eyes and looked at her for a while, her eyes gradually reddening.

Lan Wu lowered her voice and asked, "What's wrong?"

"I…" she gasped for breath and said sadly, "I seem to hate myself."

Why do you say that?

Ji Lingyue raised her hand and pressed it against Lan Wu's cheek, her fingertips entwining in the mermaid's soft hair.

"Before, I didn't think I was wrong, and I didn't want to let you go." She narrowed her eyes and said slowly, "Now, I feel like… like I was a

little bit wrong…"

Lan Wu blinked and looked at her quietly.

"But I still don't want to let you go, I don't want to break the bond…" she asked softly, "Am I being a bad person?"

Lan Wu raised an eyebrow and rubbed her cheek with her fingertips: "If I said yes, would you cry?"

Ji Lingyue frowned, thought for a moment, and honestly replied, "Yes."

"yes."

Ji Lingyue was stunned for a moment, then looked up and stared at her without blinking, without saying a word.

Lan Wu tilted her head and smiled, "Why aren't you crying?"

Ji Lingyue: "You, you're toying with me…"

"You're not that silly," Lan Wu sighed, picked up her sliding body and gently said, "You're not bad, you're just… too scared."

Ji Lingyue instinctively hugged her neck and stubbornly said, "I'm just bad."

Lan Wu: …

She realized that this person couldn't listen to anyone when drunk, so she simply went along with her: "Okay, okay, you're the worst, you bad girl, do you want to go back to sleep?"

"No." She leaned against Lan Wu's shoulder and whimpered, "I'm not going back."

"Why?"

"It's too cold," she mumbled sleepily. "You're afraid of the cold."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, looked down at the person curled up in her arms, and her heart softened completely: "Where are we going?"

Ji Lingyue tried hard to think, but in this state, thinking was an extremely difficult task for her. After a while, she gave up, feeling dizzy and lightheaded: "Anyway, I'm not going back…"

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, glanced up at the bustling street not far away, and said, “In that case, let’s stay here for the night.”

After booking a room at an inn far from the main street, Lan Wu refused the hot water offered by the innkeeper. She returned to the room, took off the shoes and socks of the half-asleep person, and stripped off her clothes one by one. The spiritual energy flowing from her fingertips cleansed her completely.

Ji Lingyue let out a soft groan, leaning against her with a boneless softness. Her soft breasts pressed against her arm, overflowing with white flesh. Lan Wu carefully pulled her hand away and was about to find a clean undergarment for her to put on when Ji Lingyue struggled and grabbed her hem, lying on the edge of the bed and groaning, “Don’t go.”

Lan Wu patiently carried her back inside: “I didn’t leave, I’m looking for clothes for you.”

“Why are you looking for clothes?” she asked blankly. “Aren’t you going to sleep with me?”

Lan Wu was amused by her: “How can you sleep like that?”

“Why not?” she asked, widening her eyes and stammering, “I… I don’t need to move.”

Lan Wu: “…You’re quite insightful.”

She shook her head and sighed helplessly: “I don’t sleep with drunkards.”

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, stared at her for a while, and slowly her eyes turned red. Lan Wu exclaimed and chuckled as she touched her wet eyes: “You’re going to cry if I don’t sleep with you?”

Ji Lingyue reached out and pushed her away, choking back tears, “You just hate me. You said it yourself, you have to take the initiative…”

“I don’t hate you.”

Ji Lingyue wouldn’t listen, and after whimpering for a while, she suddenly grabbed her hand and pressed it to her neck. Lan Wu frowned, not knowing what she was up to: “A-Yue?”

"You're just blaming me for forming a bond with you. Anyway, I won't undo it. If you're angry, then get your revenge!"

Lan Wu gave a slow, deliberate "Oh," and then asked seriously, "How do you plan to get revenge?"

Seeing that she really asked that question, Ji Lingyue felt very wronged, and tears were about to fall from her eyes, but she pretended to be strong and said, "Hit me."

"Hit you?" Lan Wu chuckled. "You're a Nascent Soul cultivator, thick-skinned and tough. How could I possibly hit you?"

"You can hit me however you want." She couldn't help but sob, choking back tears as she said, "I won't fight back."

Even though she was so aggrieved, she still had to say such things. Lan Wu couldn't help but laugh, smiling as she looked at the woman who was about to cry. Suddenly, she reached out and slapped her on the bottom: "Is this how you hit someone?"

A red mark was instantly left on her fair buttocks. Ji Lingyue was stunned and stared blankly at her, seemingly forgetting even to cry.

"Why aren't you saying anything?" Lan Wu leaned forward, her bright face almost filling Ji Lingyue's entire field of vision. Under Ji Lingyue's stunned gaze, the merman smiled and asked in a low voice, "Are you really not going to resist?"

Ji Lingyue quickly closed her eyes, feeling dizzy again. She opened her mouth and said, almost unconsciously, "Really."

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, her warm breath brushing against her ear: "But I'm not entirely at ease."

Looking at the naked woman curled up on the bed, she reached out and flicked her finger. Several thin vines appeared out of thin air, snake-like, wrapping around the woman's thighs, chest, and forearms. They suddenly tightened, leaving ravaged red marks on her delicate body.

"Hmm!"

Ji Lingyue groaned, her hands bound behind her back, her legs spread wide, assuming a wanton pose. Lan Wu lowered her eyes and casually touched Ji Lingyue's forced-up chest a few times, causing her nipples

to tremble and stand erect, like two red plum blossoms on her snow-white skin.

She smiled, looked into Ji Lingyue's tearful eyes, and whispered, "I've been using it for so long that I almost forgot I actually have both water and wood spiritual roots."

77. No resistance

Lan Wu knelt on the bed with one leg down. As she lowered her head, her silky silver hair slid down her shoulder, and a slightly thick rattan cane appeared in her palm. She weighed it in her hand, glanced at Ji Lingyue who was trembling involuntarily, and calmly asked, "Do you want to continue?"

She thought these actions would scare the little drunkard away, but to her surprise, Ji Lingyue stared at her blankly for a while and then suddenly said, "You are so beautiful."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then looked up at her: "Hmm?"

The woman blushed slowly, blinked, and said shyly, "I thought you were beautiful the first time I saw you."

The girl in blue, who was unconscious under the tree, was surrounded by blooming wildflowers. She suddenly appeared before her like a mountain spirit that did not belong to the mortal world. She glanced at her, walked past her indifferently, and walked quite a distance. In the end, she hesitated and ran back, carrying the girl for several miles until they reached the abandoned mountain temple.

She whispered, "I didn't really want to save you. I just rescued a cat not long ago, but it didn't turn out well..."

Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled, and she asked in a low voice, "Then why did you still save her?"

The woman mumbled, "Because you seem to be in a lot of pain..."

Lan Wu pursed her lips, then gently stroked her cheek, her heart softening: "Thank you for your hard work."

Ji Lingyue gave a soft hum, tilted her head, and rubbed her palm affectionately: "It's not hard work."

Lan Wu let out a breath, suddenly not wanting to bother her anymore.

Just as she was about to let her go, the woman crawled forward two steps on her knees, staggered into her arms, and made an ambiguous mutter. Then she slowly raised her head and asked in a daze, “Why aren’t you hitting me?”

Lan Wu chuckled: “I have a feeling you’re hoping I’ll hit you.”

Ji Lingyue blinked: “How did you know?”

Lan Wu choked, then helplessly pinched her chin: “You really are honest when you’re drunk.”

Ji Lingyue chuckled foolishly and said smugly, “Anyway, you like me, so you won’t really hit me.”

Lan Wu: …

She clicked her tongue and suddenly asked, “Do you remember what you said before?”

“What?”

“They won’t resist.”

Ji Lingyue was stunned for a moment. Just as her eyes widened, the rattan binding her body suddenly tightened, one end wrapping around her limbs and the other end wrapping around the four corners of the bed, instantly pulling her to the center of the bed, suspending her in mid-air, half a foot above the bed sheet beneath her.

Ji Lingyue subconsciously struggled for a moment: “Lan Wu…”

“Smack!”

The rough vine lashed across her fair abdomen without mercy, leaving a noticeable red welt. Ji Lingyue shuddered, her legs dangling helplessly in the air: “Lan Wu…”

This call was filled with tension and unease. Lan Wu hummed in response and asked, “Does it hurt?”

Ji Lingyue shook her head: “It doesn’t hurt, but… oh!”

She curled her toes and strained to look down, trying to see what was sliding down her inner thigh.

“Didn’t you say you wouldn’t resist?” Lan Wu asked softly, raising her

hand and slowly gliding her fingertips across the crevice of her private parts, parting her full labia to reveal the opening of her vagina.

Under her gaze, the vine that had crawled over the woman's legs tentatively burrowed inside, stretching the opening wider and wider, the pale flesh petals opening into a circle, pitifully wrapped around the root of the vine.

Ji Lingyue cried out when the foreign object entered her body, and now her voice was trembling with sobs as she continued to call her name, "Lan, Lan Wu…"

"What's wrong?"

She then moved her hand upwards, peeled out the flower pit hidden deep inside, and patiently began to rub it.

"Hmm… Haa…"

Ji Lingyue twisted her waist, completely trapped in her fingertips. The more she struggled, the harder she was rubbed. Her face turned red, and she let out a few soft moans. In the end, she even shed tears while unconsciously swaying her hips to rub against her fingers.

Just as she was about to reach the summit, Lan Wu suddenly withdrew her hand. Ji Lingyue whimpered and subconsciously looked at Lan Wu, only to see the woman tuck her loose hair behind her ear, squint her eyes, bring her wet fingers to her lips, and lick them with her pink tongue.

She shuddered involuntarily, her vaginal muscles, which were tightly gripping the rattan, spasmed and released a stream of clear fluid that trickled down her thighs.

"Hmm…"

She hummed softly, her voice slightly nasal, and said in a coquettish tone, "Lan Wu, Lan Wu…"

"Um?"

"Touch me," she boldly begged, emboldened by the alcohol, "Fuck me."

Lan Wu said gently, "No."

Seemingly surprised by the rejection, she stood there, pursed her lips,

and looked like she was about to cry again: “Why?”

“Because,” Lan Wu raised her right hand and waved the rattan whip in the air, “I haven’t hit you yet.”

As soon as she finished speaking, she swung the rattan cane and struck the woman squarely in the chest.

The whip cracked crisply, but it didn’t hurt much when it struck her; it just burned and numbed her. Lan Wu seemed to be deliberately toying with her, striking her full breasts each time, turning her fair flesh red and deformed. When the whip landed on the red nipples, the two nipples immediately stood erect. Ji Lingyue let out an embarrassed whimper, trembling with each strike of the whip, while her body flowed even more freely, soon convulsing and leaking out, wetting her entire buttocks.

“Is it that comfortable?” Lan Wu raised an eyebrow, glanced at the mottled red marks on her chest, rubbed the whip between her legs until it was wet, and then brought it close to Ji Lingyue’s eyes: “Look, so much has flowed out.”

Ji Lingyue closed her eyes and turned her head to the other side.

Lan Wu chuckled: “A-Yue, hiding won’t help. You’re already all wet. You like being treated like this, don’t you?”

Ji Lingyue shook her head, choking back tears, and said, “No.”

“I was just praising you for being honest,” Lan Wu murmured, rubbing the rough rattan against her tender clitoris. “It’s not good to lie now.”

“Mmm…no, ahh…”

The surface of the rattan was uneven, with many thorns. When it scraped against her sensitive clitoris, it felt like being brushed by a small brush. Ji Lingyue trembled all over. She grabbed the rattan rope wrapped around her wrist with her backhand, and kicked her legs wildly in the air. Her juices dripped from her buttocks onto the bed, and her snow-white breasts swayed along with them.

“Lan Wu, ah…it feels so good…” she sobbed, “Rub it a little longer…”

“Where should I massage?”

She puffed out her chest and said in a trembling voice, “I want more, I

want you to suck it…"

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, obediently leaning down and enveloping her swollen, red nipples with her soft lips and tongue, sucking them passionately. Ji Lingyue let out a muffled groan, her brows relaxing as she comfortably unfurled.

But after a short while, she couldn't help but furrow her brows and start struggling again.

Lan Wu released the nipple from her mouth and asked good-naturedly, "What's wrong?"

Ji Lingyue groaned, "It's uncomfortable."

Having been suspended horizontally in mid-air for so long, she didn't feel any pain from the constriction on her limbs. But after Lan Wu sucked on her breast for a while, she felt an itch in her vagina. Unfortunately, the rattan inserted inside didn't move. It was swollen and uncomfortable, and it didn't help at all. She couldn't help but feel disgusted and wanted Lan Wu to put her hand inside and fuck her.

But Lan Wu disagreed just now…

Where does it hurt?

Ji Lingyue blinked, didn't speak, but instead raised her head and licked her lips like a small animal, softly saying, "Lan Wu…"

Lan Wu lowered her eyes, took her soft tongue into her mouth, and deepened the kiss.

"Hmph, um…"

Ji Lingyue was so breathless from Lan Wu's kisses that she didn't even notice the vines on her ankles being removed until Lan Wu pressed her down onto the bed, at which point she realized something was wrong.

She tried to get up, but didn't notice that her hands were still tied to both sides. She was suddenly pulled down and could only remain kneeling.

Lan Wu removed her clothes, bent down, and pressed her naked body tightly against Ji Lingyue's back. Her erect nipples pressed against the woman's slender shoulder blades. She wrapped her arms around Ji

Lingyue's front, one hand cupping the alabaster-like breast, while the other hand reached down and kneaded the clitoris: "Have you thought about your answer now?"

Ji Lingyue let out a gasp, instinctively sticking her buttocks out to make it easier for her to rub: "Wh… um, what's the answer…"

Do you like being treated like that?

Lan Wu kissed her shoulder, determined to get to the bottom of it, or perhaps the answer wasn't important; she just wanted to tease Ji Lingyue.

Ji Lingyue shuddered, still shaking her head in denial: "No, I don't like it…"

"Is that so?" Lan Wu sighed with a hint of regret. "I didn't want to bother you anymore."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback. Even though she wasn't as clear-headed as usual, she could still sense the danger hidden in those words. Just as she was about to ask Lan Wu what she meant, the body behind her suddenly moved away, a hand pressed down on her buttocks, and then there was a loud slap.

A few breaths later, Ji Lingyue finally felt a burning sensation on her buttocks. Her eyes widened, and she finally realized what Lan Wu was doing.

Lan Wu's smiling voice came from behind her: "A Yue, you can't resist."

She added gently, "You said it yourself."

78. The puppy

"Smack!"

Ji Lingyue's pale back trembled involuntarily. She sobbed and clutched the bed sheet beneath her, her shoulders hunched, and her long, black hair fell smoothly down.

The vines that were originally quietly stuffed inside were now slowly wriggling, and the clam meat pitifully stretched out on both sides, constantly spitting out slippery love juice, bubbling out like a hot spring.

She was struggling to stay kneeling and tried to fall down several times, but when the person behind her gave a calm command, she subconsciously tensed her waist, felt ashamed, and lifted her buttocks, exposing her private parts that were becoming increasingly excited after being whipped.

Even though Lan Wu's voice wasn't authoritative at all, and was even gentle, she didn't dare to disobey her at all, and just wanted to obediently follow her instructions and make her happy.

With another crack, the whip almost struck Ji Lingyue's thigh. She cried out in surprise, her vaginal muscles, which were biting the rattan, writhed and released a stream of honey-like fluid, which flowed down her thigh in a sticky, gooey way, disappearing into the mattress that had been crushed by her knees.

Lan Wu lowered her eyes and glanced at the buttocks covered in red marks, then called out, "A-Yue."

Ji Lingyue trembled, let out a soft cry, and when the person behind her touched her numb and slightly swollen buttocks, she couldn't help but shrink forward, saying aggrievedly, "No, don't hit me anymore…"

Lan Wu paused, her fingertips lightly tracing the whip marks on the woman's thigh, causing the woman to tremble involuntarily: "Didn't you say you could hit me however you wanted? Are you going to back out now?"

"No… Ah!"

Lan Wu lashed out again, the rough whip tip almost touching her full vulva, dripping with fluid. Ji Lingyue trembled and closed her legs, swaying as she crawled forward, but Lan Wu grabbed her ankle and pulled her back: "Don't move."

Cool fingertips parted the soft, moist flesh, probing into the damp, sparse thicket, and began to rub the burning hot clitoris. Ji Lingyue frowned, tears welling in the corners of her reddened eyes. She bit her lip, unable to resist lowering her waist and rubbing her hips against her palm.

Lan Wu blinked, slapped her buttocks hard, and said calmly, "Don't move."

Ji Lingyue froze, obediently lying prone, tears streaming down her face. After a while, she began to sob, her filled vaginal muscles

contracting desperately, squirting out a stream of wet love fluid.

The vine on her wrist was suddenly pulled back, then climbed up to her waist, wrapped around her several times, and hooked her into the air, then turned around and faced Lan Wu.

The woman was drenched in sweat, not to mention her constantly leaking vagina. When she turned around, the rough vines climbed up her legs, which were covered in red marks. They spread her legs apart, revealing her tender, pink vaginal opening that was biting the green vines and wriggling.

Lan Wu knelt on the bed, looking straight ahead, and saw this beautiful view. She beckoned with her finger, and Ji Lingyue was pulled forward, stopping only when she was only a fist's distance away from her.

She raised her hand, her palm gently caressing the woman's convulsing thighs. At such close range, her lower abdomen, covered in a thin layer of sweat, rose and fell restlessly, the outline of her muscles faintly visible.

Lan Wu raised her head, her bright face fully exposed in the warm light. Ji Lingyue looked at her in a daze, only to see her raise her red lips, her deep blue eyes seemingly filled with brimming spring water, and smile brightly: "I hope you will remember tomorrow."

Ji Lingyue stared at her blankly. The next moment, the woman lowered her head slightly and leaned forward. Her silver hair slipped off her shoulders. She half-closed her eyes, parted her soft, wet labia with her fingertips, and took the wet, swollen clitoris into her mouth.

"Hmm!"

Ji Lingyue clenched her fists, instinctively trying to close her legs, but the vines binding her knees and thighs tightened even more, leaving a painful red mark on her fair skin.

Lan Wu buried herself deeper, her supple tongue licking the delicate clitoris, then sucking it with her lips and teeth. The vines squeezed inside her hole suddenly moved, pulling out and inserting again, drawing out the soft, wet flesh. Amidst the gurgling sounds, abundant lustful fluids splashed everywhere.

"Ah… um, hmm…"

Ji Lingyue struggled violently for a moment, her soft and charming voice breaking through her lips and echoing in the small room. Her freed hand finally reached down to touch the fluffy head, but she straightened her back and pressed Lan Wu hard against her crotch.

Her slender legs, suspended in the air, swayed precariously, bathed in a warm orange glow from the lamplight. Before long, her delicate insteps suddenly straightened, and with a long moan, a gush of hot, moist fluid sprayed from her deeply engorged vagina.

Ji Lingyue's chest heaved violently, her face flushed, and even her red lips were wet. Lan Wu took a few breaths, pulled out the vine covered in dripping fluid, lifted the woman's legs onto her shoulders, and leaned in to kiss the still-flowing, still unable-to-close opening.

"Mmm…" Ji Lingyue trembled suddenly. She straightened her back, stared blankly at the ceiling, and ran her hands into Lan Wu's long silver hair. Involuntarily, she increased her strength and twisted her lower body to rub against Lan Wu's soft lips and tongue.

The nimble tongue slipped into the opening, circled around inside, and brought out large amounts of fluid before pressing against the trembling clitoris and teasing it. Ji Lingyue cried out a few times, tears streaming down her face, sobbing and calling out Lan Wu's name.

"Lan Wu, ah! It feels so good…"

Lan Wu cradled her wet buttocks, sensing her swaying hips as she bumped against him. Occasionally, her clitoris would bump against his hard teeth, causing the woman to tremble and whimper, her vagina releasing even more fluid.

After shivering and spitting out a large amount of vaginal fluid again, Ji Lingyue lowered her head, her body already flushed with a faint pink mist. She would tremble sensitively at the slightest touch. Lan Wu kissed her inner thighs a few more times before panting, raising her head, putting her arm around her waist, and setting her down.

The woman whimpered and, as soon as she landed, couldn't help but snuggle into her arms. Lan Wu soothingly stroked her waist, her fingers swirling around the entrance of her vagina before easily slipping inside. The vaginal muscles remained tight, eagerly sucking at her fingertips, biting and swallowing them.

Ji Lingyue frowned: "Hmm…"

Lan Wu gently entered and exited, lowering her head to kiss the corners of Ji Lingyue's eyes, which were flushed with rosy cheeks. When she kissed Ji Lingyue's lips, Ji Lingyue obediently raised her head, hooked her arms around Lan Wu's neck, and stuck out her tongue for Lan Wu to kiss.

Lan Wu held her tongue in her mouth, reached out and supported her head, deepening the kiss. In the midst of passion, Ji Lingyue lifted her leg and wrapped it around her waist, swaying her hips to swallow her fingers. Fine water sounds rang out one after another, and the place where the two were joined was wet, with love juice even splashing onto her lower abdomen.

She moaned softly, reaching climax soon after. Lan Wu withdrew her hand and slid it to her firm breasts, vigorously rubbing her nipples. Ji Lingyue groaned a few times, her nipples hardening from the stimulation, yet feeling incredibly pleasurable, so she rubbed them against Lan Wu's palm. After a while, Lan Wu parted her lips from the kiss, glancing at her with wet eyes, before lowering her head to suckle at Ji Lingyue's nipples. Ji Lingyue let out a soft moan, twisting her waist and rubbing against Lan Wu's legs, leaving sticky wetness behind.

Lan Wu's free hand slid down, kneading her swollen clitoris, while her middle finger probed into her vagina by one knuckle, gently thrusting in and out.

"Hmm… go in…"

Lan Wu spat out the nipple in her mouth and sucked on the other one. The soft flesh of her vagina writhed, wanting to swallow the finger that was gently poking at the entrance, but she always avoided it. Ji Lingyue was teased by her for a long time but could not get any pleasure. Feeling wronged, she bit Lan Wu's shoulder with red eyes.

Lan Wu hissed, rubbed the woman's sweaty nape, and whispered, "Why are you biting me? Are you a puppy?"

Ji Lingyue glared at her, her eyes sparkling, as if she were pouting: "I'm not that kind of stupid thing."

"Hmm?" Lan Wu smiled and teased her, "Then what are you?"

"I am…" She smacked her lips, her eyes darted around, and finally looked hesitantly at Lan Wu: "What, what do you like?"

Lan Wu pretended to think for a moment, then drawled out, “I like puppies.”

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, and after a long while, she reluctantly said, “I’m a puppy.”

Lan Wu chuckled, hugged her, and kissed her. With a soft squelching sound, her fingertips slipped into the acupoint. Ji Lingyue groaned, her eyes narrowing in satisfaction as she squeezed Lan Wu tightly around her. Lan Wu patted her bottom and coaxed, “Be good, relax.”

Ji Lingyue hugged her tightly and obediently spread her legs, trying to relax a bit, but every time Lan Wu gently trembled, it made her tremble all over, and she couldn’t help but clench her vagina again.

After getting drunk, she seemed to have less of a sense of shame. When she was being fucked comfortably, she would moan loudly. Occasionally, she would act like a passionate little vixen, clinging to her lover as if she wouldn’t stop until she was completely drained of her essence.

Outside, silence gradually fell, the streetlights went out one by one, and the bustling city fell into slumber. Inside, however, the atmosphere remained heated. The sound of water was crisp, and the woman’s moans were soft and sweet. Lan Wu swung her wrist, thrusting powerfully in and out of her vagina. Her palm, pressed against her mons pubis, kneaded her swollen and reddened clitoris, rubbing it rapidly. Ji Lingyue gripped Lan Wu’s back, breathing heavily with satisfaction and pleasure. Hot liquid poured onto Lan Wu’s palm and then flowed down her wrist.

“You’re so sensitive.”

Lan Wu murmured softly, withdrew her wet fingers, and gently pressed them against Ji Lingyue’s lips twice. Then, she stuck out her tongue and, with teary eyes, licked her own thing into her mouth.

Her obedience was so overwhelming that Lan Wu couldn’t control herself. After a moment of stunned silence, the green vines spread out again and plunged into Ji Lingyue’s acupoints. She suddenly curled up and, after just a slight friction, shuddered and spurted out a jet of water.

“Hmm… Hmm…”

Ji Lingyue breathed heavily, her expression dazed. Lan Wu brushed

the black hairs sticking to her face, cupped her face and kissed her, whispering, “Never mind, it’s better not to remember.”

79. Not good.

As the sun rises and sets, warm sunlight streams through the window, falling on the woman’s relaxed brows and eyes, leaving dappled golden highlights. After a short while, her long, curled eyelashes trembled uneasily, then slowly parted, revealing her dark eyes beneath.

She lay there blankly for a while, her eyes moving slowly. When she noticed the unfamiliar surroundings, she suddenly tensed up and sat up abruptly.

Her fingertips dug into the soft hair, and she froze for a moment. She turned her head in a panic, but only blinked when she saw the silver head, and her heart settled back into her stomach.

Although she didn’t understand the situation, she breathed a sigh of relief and lay back down peacefully.

The cultivator’s body is strong and resilient. Even though there were so many shocking whip marks left last night, they have faded a lot by now. Ji Lingyue didn’t notice those marks. She turned over and moved closer to Lan Wu, but smelled a faint woody fragrance.

She wrinkled her nose, trying to figure out where the scent was coming from. She sniffed the woman’s face, then snuggled into Lan Wu’s arms, nuzzling her neck. Lan Wu felt tickled by the soft hair and drowsily opened her eyes. Feeling the head rubbing against her chest, she reached out and pinched the woman’s chin, asking in a hoarse voice, “What are you sniffing? Are you really going to be a puppy?”

Ji Lingyue subconsciously said, “What puppy…”

She stopped abruptly halfway through her sentence, her body becoming increasingly stiff.

Lan Wu propped her cheek up with her hand and asked lazily, “Remember now?” She pinched Ji Lingyue’s chin and shook it, then laughed, “Little Ji?”

Ji Lingyue’s long eyelashes trembled slightly. She raised her wet eyes and glared at her before struggling to free her head from her grasp. She then turned over and wrapped herself in the blanket.

Lan Wu wasn't angry that her blanket was taken away. She reached out and tugged at her in a good mood: "Aren't you going to class today?"

A muffled voice came from inside: "The next lesson is in five days."

She gave an "oh" and tried to pull the person out, but after turning her over, she couldn't find an opening. Ji Lingyue gripped the corner of the blanket tightly, as if she wanted to wrap herself up like a silkworm. Lan Wu couldn't help but ask worriedly, "Aren't you suffocating?"

After waiting for a while, but receiving no answer, she blinked and asked softly, "Really not coming out?"

"Um."

"Fine." Lan Wu placed her hand on the bed and tapped it absently. "If you don't come out, I'm leaving."

After a moment of silence, Ji Lingyue slowly poked her head out and snorted, "You can't leave, I'll… ah!"

She looked down in astonishment at the green vine that had somehow wrapped around her waist, and the memory of last night resurfaced: "You, let go!"

Lan Wu smiled and said, "If you really wanted me to let go, I would have done so long ago."

The reason she didn't use it is because Ji Lingyue wasn't serious at all and didn't intend to use the contract, right?

Upon hearing this, Ji Lingyue blushed instantly, truly enraged this time, and said in shame and indignation, "Let go!"

The vine snapped back, and Ji Lingyue grabbed a soft white robe, which covered the ambiguous kiss marks on her body. She pretended to be calm and scolded, "Your wood spirit root is useless against enemies, but you know how to use it on me."

Lan Wu said matter-of-factly, "That's why we call it making the best use of resources."

Ji Lingyue remained silent for a moment, then shot her a sharp glare: "Sweet talk."

She fastened her belt, opened the window, and squinted as the sunlight shone in. The noise from the streets and alleys poured into the room, adding a touch of everyday life. Lan Wu walked behind her with her hands behind her back and followed her downstairs. After glancing around, she looked at the distant, rolling peaks.

The snow-capped peaks, bathed in golden sunlight, were even more magnificent.

“How could I forget?” Ji Lingyue said softly, “You’re not afraid of the cold anymore.”

Lan Wu didn’t speak, but carefully reached out and pinched her fingertips: “Let’s go for a walk.”

“Want to browse around?”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, lowered her eyes, and spiritual energy flowed out, turning her long hair over her shoulders into black strands. Her unusual eyes also turned jet black. Ji Lingyue turned her head and stared at her blankly. In a daze, she seemed to see the carefree girl from back then, wearing a Taoist robe and smiling brightly, who never had any worries.

She subconsciously reached out and gently lifted Lan Wu’s chin. The mermaid’s long eyelashes trembled, and she obediently raised her head. The sweet face of the blue pheasant disappeared, replaced by a pair of calm eyes and a thin face.

Ji Lingyue frowned, suddenly feeling a little sad: “Lan Wu.”

“Um?”

Are you not doing well?

Lan Wu subconsciously smiled: “Why are you suddenly asking that?”

“Because… I don’t think I ever asked.” Ji Lingyue stared at her intently: “Before, I think I was only thinking about myself.”

She whispered, “I’m sorry.”

Lan Wu stared blankly at her, her eyelashes fluttering a few times, and a faint blush suddenly appeared at the corners of her eyes. She pursed her lips and said in a flustered manner, “There’s nothing wrong, I, I…”

She opened her mouth helplessly, but couldn’t say anything more. The

grievances and sadness buried for many years seemed to surge up all at once. After a long silence, Lan Wu closed her wet eyes and said in a hoarse voice, “It’s not good.”

She took a breath, slowly buried her head in Ji Lingyue’s shoulder, and said in a trembling voice, “It’s not good at all.”

That year, they finally made it back to Kunlun Sea, but for some reason the prophecy was leaked. Her brother and sister were seriously injured, her mother was exhausted and powerless to protect them, and the beloved Sea Emperor died. She had to face the various sea tribes that came to attack her alone. Even her own people, most of them resented her, the ignorant princess, because of the prophecy, and wanted her to pay the price for this disaster.

She presided over the funeral of her father and the fallen soldiers amidst countless curses, humbly appeasing the various tribes. Even after her brother awoke, took over the heavy responsibility, and became the new Sea Emperor, those voices of discontent did not disappear.

Under pressure, she was punished by her brother to guard the Sea Prison, where she remained for twenty years. The Sea Prison was desolate and dark, and for years, only the screams of the prisoners bound there kept her company. Even after she left the Sea Prison, she refused to show herself to anyone and went alone to the Sea Abyss to search for clues.

She thought that perhaps once she found the real murderer, her sins would be lessened, and the relatives and friends of the soldiers who died because of her might not hate her so much.

But she never told anyone else that even though she felt extremely guilty and remorseful, deep down she still felt a little wronged.

“I didn’t do anything.”

A pearl fell with a thud and rolled to the ground. Lan Wu trembled as she clutched Ji Lingyue’s clothes at the back of her waist, choking back tears as she said, “I told you before that I am… I am a mermaid princess, but actually, they don’t like me anymore.”

Ji Lingyue quickly shook her head: “I like you, and…and Yamaha! And Ali…”

Lan Wu said sadly, “A Li is a hybrid of human and dragon, ostracized

by the dragon clan, and has been wandering alone in the outer sea. Once, she was bullied by other dragons, and I helped her. After that, she became my little shadow, always clinging to me and talking to me. As a result, she became even less popular with the other dragons…”

“They’re blind!” Ji Lingyue was a little angry, her chest heaving rapidly. She almost wanted to take her sword and go to Kunlun Sea to beat them up. She bit her lip with a grim expression, carefully stroking Lan Wu’s eyes, trying to cheer her up: “Don’t cry. Look, the pearls you dropped could… could buy a house in the human world.”

Lan Wu blinked and said in a muffled voice, “Two seats.”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, then chuckled softly, “Yes, you’re so amazing. When we travel to famous mountains and rivers in the mortal world, as long as you’re here, we won’t have to worry about travel expenses.”

“We need to find…”

“I know,” Ji Lingyue interrupted her, and said seriously, “We need to find the person who killed your father first. But I don’t care what that damn prophecy says. If it’s not your fault, then it’s not your fault. The real murderer is still at large. Why should you bear the guilt?”

“Lan Wu, you are not the beginning of all the calamities, so do not feel guilty for the sins of others.”

80. Endure.

As the sun began to set, Lan Wu circulated her spiritual energy through her meridians for one full cycle before slowly opening her eyes.

At this time, Ji Lingyue should have finished class. In a good mood, she swam out of the house, intending to go to the mountain path to pick up the people returning home. Unexpectedly, halfway through the swim, she saw two people standing not far away, seemingly arguing about something.

Lan Wu hid in the shadows and peeked out curiously. She discovered that it was Meng Changge and Gu Changli. The woman frowned, her face full of displeasure, while the boy also had a stern face and was pushing the long sword in his hand towards her.

"I don't want your things."

"It's not mine," Meng Changge said impatiently, "My mother asked me to bring it to you."

"I don't want that either."

She suddenly clicked her tongue: "Take it or leave it. If you don't want it, just throw it away."

After saying that, she turned and left. Gu Changli subconsciously took two steps after her, then stopped. After a long while, he still pursed his lips, gripped his sword, and left.

Lan Wu looked at Meng Changge's back, then at Gu Changli's back, and after a long while, she wondered incredulously, could these two be siblings?

While pondering, she slowly swam out of the shadows and continued down the mountain. She passed by a waterfall with flying flowers and broken jade, and even admired it with great interest. At this moment, she heard a scream from above.

She instinctively looked up and saw a small figure swaying as it fell from the iron sword, letting out a shrill scream: "Aaaaaah!! Elder!"

Lan Wu's mind stirred, and she transformed into human form, leaping up to grab the disciple's belt. This person, likely a beginner in sword flight, was still completely disoriented, clinging to Lan Wu's waist like a koala. The moment she touched the ground, she collapsed like a noodle, stammering, "Th-th-thank you…"

Lan Wu: "You're welcome."

She turned around, about to continue walking, when she heard a click behind her, followed by a cold male voice asking, "Who are you?"

Upon hearing this voice, Lan Wu froze, and the hairs on her body stood on end.

Qin Yu stepped forward and asked in a deep voice, "Whose demon beast are you?"

Lan Wu clenched her fists, silently changing her expression as she said in a hoarse voice, "I am…"

Qin Yu suddenly frowned, stretched out his five fingers and clenched

them tightly. A strong suction force came from behind, as if an invisible hand had grabbed her shoulder and twisted her around.

Caught off guard, Lan Wu stared blankly at Qin Yu, her palms sweating. She dared not breathe, hoping that Qin Yu would not recognize her somewhat dissimilar face, just like Meng Changge. But the man stared intently at her, his dark eyes, sharp as a hawk's, beneath his furrowed brows, seemed to see right through her.

Gradually, anger rose on that cold and stern face, and his gaze cut into her like a knife, as if a storm was about to break.

Oh no!

Lan Wu sensed something was wrong and abruptly broke free from the force on her shoulder, turning to run. But after only a couple of steps, a sharp chill pierced her back. Startled, Lan Wu quickly turned to the side. As her hair danced wildly, a sword light grazed her cheek, suddenly cutting a wound on her fair skin, from which blood slowly seeped out.

Lan Wu casually wiped the blood from her face, conjured her silver sword with her other hand, and warily stared at the man with the gloomy expression.

A gentle breeze blew by, causing Qin Yu's robes to flutter lightly. Lan Wu, however, keenly sensed the change in the ground. She subconsciously looked down and saw that green lotuses were growing all over the ground beneath her feet, with ripples spreading out like water. Lan Wu blinked and realized that this was the Xuanlin Realm, which only a cultivator in the Nirvana stage could create. She felt a chill run down her spine and gritted her teeth, ready to flee.

"Where are you going?" Qin Yu coldly waved his sleeve, and several sword shadows flew towards her with a whoosh. Lan Wu had no choice but to turn around and block. With a clang, she was shaken and staggered backward. Her whole hand was also numb and she could hardly hold the sword.

Having only paused for this short distance, she could no longer see the outside world at all. Looking around, all she could see was a vast expanse of white, with the ground still covered in blue lotuses, swaying gently in the breeze of the Xuanlin Realm.

She has already missed her chance to escape.

Lan Wu tensed up and finally turned around to meet Qin Yu's gaze.

"You dare to come back." As he spoke, sword shadows replaced the golden ring and emerged from behind the man. Hundreds and thousands of sword blades hummed like metal and stone, ready to strike.

Lan Wu gripped her longsword tightly and said in a hoarse voice, "Elder Qin, I do not wish to draw my sword against you."

Qin Yu sneered: "Is it that you're unwilling, or that you're afraid?"

His gaze sharpened, and the countless sword shadows suddenly froze. In the next instant, all the sword tips, gleaming with cold light, turned sharply and aimed at her. Lan Wu's pupils contracted slightly as she looked up at the dense array of killing weapons surrounding her. She suddenly remembered when she had last seen this move.

It was the night Qin Yu seriously injured her sister.

Now, her cultivation level is about the same as Lan Yuan's back then. If Lan Yuan couldn't stop her then, how could she possibly stop her now?

As night fell, a white figure gradually appeared on the quiet mountain path. Ji Lingyue stepped into the moonlight, weighed the oil paper package in her hand, and couldn't help but smile.

I heard this is the most popular snack in Jixue City, Lanwu should like it.

The sound of rushing water came from not far away. The closer one got, the more one could feel the coolness and chill. The white water fell like silk, hitting the moss-covered rocks and splashing up snow-white water droplets. Ji Lingyue avoided the stream bank, but out of the corner of her eye, she caught a glimpse of an unfamiliar disciple standing by the waterfall, pacing back and forth with an uneasy expression.

She looked away and walked past casually. The closer she got to her residence, the more excited she became. She looked up at the courtyard but did not see the lights she had expected.

Is Lan Wu still cultivating?

She frowned slightly in surprise, quickened her pace, pushed open the

door, and saw the wind chimes hanging from the eaves tinkling.

"Lan Wu?" she called out, stepping into the courtyard and then hurrying towards the house. "Lan Wu?"

The room was pitch black, with no trace of Lan Wu.

Ji Lingyue froze, her heart pounding. In an instant, a long-lost sense of gloom and unease surged into her heart. Her chest heaved, and she subconsciously began to form a hand seal to summon, but then she stopped herself, remembering something.

"Maybe he just went out for some fresh air…"

The woman muttered to herself, pacing around the room as if she had lost her soul. After a while, she lowered her head, her fingertips digging into her palms in frustration, her lips turning white from being bitten, and her breathing becoming heavier and heavier.

"Hmm…"

Suddenly, she raised her hand and smacked her head, her voice hoarse, "I have to… I have to hold back. Lan Wu doesn't like it…"

81. The Contract of Life and Death

"Well!"

The woman standing in the room suddenly staggered, barely managing to grab the table under the window, and coughed up a mouthful of blood.

She wiped the blood from the corner of her lips blankly, and before she could figure it out, her heart began to ache as if it had been stabbed with needles. Ji Lingyue groaned and knelt down with a thud, clutching her chest tightly.

Her soft white clothes were instantly soaked with cold sweat, her long hair fell down, and the veins on her forehead throbbed as she hissed and panted.

This sudden and inexplicable pain could only… she could only think of one reason.

Ji Lingyue blinked a few times in alarm, quickly formed hand seals and cast a spell, choking out, "Go!"

A flash of golden light appeared, and a blood-soaked figure fell to the ground in the center of the formation. The long sword clattered to the ground, startling Ji Lingyue so much that her eyelids twitched. She stumbled over and rushed over to hug her.

“Lan Wu!”

Lan Wu frowned, her clothes almost completely stained red, and blood was seeping from the wounds on her neck and arms. She huddled in Ji Lingyue’s arms and coughed, vomiting blood that stained her fair chin.

“What’s wrong with you? You…” Ji Lingyue’s eyes were red, and she hurriedly took out the pills to feed her, but then she heard a gust of wind outside, and the door was blown open with a bang and slammed against the wall.

Under the serene moonlight, Qin Yu stood outside the door, sword in hand, his robes fluttering, exuding a murderous aura: “Ji Lingyue.”

Ji Lingyue froze for a moment: “Master.”

“No wonder,” he shook his head, then suddenly chuckled, “Who else but you would bring her in? Do you know what you’re doing?”

Ji Lingyue gritted her teeth and said, “Disciple understands.”

“You know?” Qin Yu questioned coldly, “You know, yet you still treat her like this. Have you forgotten how you were on the verge of death back then? And how you were deceived by her? You are utterly stubborn!”

Ji Lingyue retorted, “She lied to me, but my serious injuries had nothing to do with her; it was another merman…”

“Even if it’s another merman, he came because of her, and he hurt you because of her. Don’t deceive yourself!” Qin Yu stepped forward and said, “You made her your contracted beast. Sooner or later, her accomplice will come looking for trouble with you, and may even hurt you to break the contract. Only by killing her can you avoid all the troubles that will follow. Ji Lingyue, if you repent now, I will pretend this never happened…”

“Master!” Ji Lingyue suddenly interrupted him, hot tears falling drop by drop onto the merman’s blood-stained face, but it did not elicit the slightest reaction from her. Lan Wu’s eyes were tightly closed, as if she

had already lost consciousness.

Golden spiritual energy flowed from the woman's fingertips, flowing towards her like fireflies. Ji Lingyue, her eyes red, looked at Qin Yu, her bloodied lips parting in a trembling smile: "Disciple has… formed a life-and-death pact with her…"

In the dead of night, a figure hurriedly stepped out of the room and quickly boarded a flying sword.

A creaking sound came from behind, and the sleepy-eyed little girl, who had somehow appeared by the window, yawned lazily: "Where are you going? It's so late, are you going out again?"

Yu Shanye was taken aback, turned to look at her, his eyebrows furrowed tightly: "Did I wake you up?"

Ah Li gave a listless "hmm".

The woman looked at Ah Li with a serious expression for a while, then shook her head and said, "It's nothing, just some sect affairs. You go to sleep, I'll be back before dawn."

Ah Li stared at her blankly for a while, then agreed, "Okay."

Seeing that she obediently closed the window and retreated, Yu Shanye felt relieved, turned around and flew towards the top of the mountain. She soon landed outside the courtyard where Ye Qingjun lived. She ran over and knocked on the door hurriedly. Just as she was about to call out, she heard footsteps approaching from inside. Then, a fair white hand pushed open the door.

Ye Qingjun's serene face appeared before Yu Shanye, and she subconsciously said, "Master…"

"I know." Ye Qingjun interrupted her, flicked her sleeve and walked out, saying in a low voice, "Let's go."

Yu Shanye was taken aback, only then noticing that the woman was neatly dressed and didn't look like she had just gotten up. She quickly followed, hesitated for a moment, and couldn't help but ask, "Master, does Master know?"

"I knew it all along." Ye Qingjun sighed. "The demon beast that Ji Lingyue had a pact with looks exactly like the little fish that Lan Wu used to raise. If you think about it carefully, you'll know who it is."

"Then why didn't you expose her back then, Master?"

"Why expose her? Besides you and me, who else on Haochen Mountain would remember that insignificant little fish?" Ye Qingjun said, "If she doesn't transform into human form and isn't seen by her former acquaintances, she probably won't be discovered… It's actually better for her not to acknowledge her."

At this point, she fell silent and sighed softly, "That's incredibly audacious."

The two rushed to the main peak without stopping. As soon as they entered the main hall, they heard a voice say, "…The death penalty can be waived, but punishment is inevitable. Now that Fang Yuan and Chang Lang are both here, why not ask for their opinion?"

Ye Qingjun couldn't help but speak up: "Elder Lin, if I remember correctly, the matter of Lan Wu was already over back then, wasn't it?"

Lin Heng's ears twitched, and he glanced at her sideways, scoffing, "Elder Ye arrived quite quickly."

Ignoring his sarcastic tone, Ye Qingjun slowly walked to Chi Jinghe's side and asked, "Back then, I suffered a hundred blows from the Soul-Devouring Whip, and Ji Lingyue also took blood to save people. Were all of that in vain?"

Chi Jinghe turned his head, his gaze falling on her pale face, and his brows furrowed: "You should get some rest."

Ye Qingjun shook her head and said seriously, "I am fine now. I only have one question for the sect leader: was the punishment we suffered back then in vain?"

After a moment of silence, Chi Jinghe looked at her intently and said, "No."

Lin Heng was taken aback and subconsciously said, "Sect Leader, Elder Ye was punished with a hundred lashes for letting a demon escape, and Chang Lang's life was hanging by a thread, which was Lan Wu's fault. Ji Lingyue's blood donation to save him was also the right thing to do! For so many years, Chang Lang's body has been damaged, and his cultivation can no longer advance. He will never have the chance to attain immortality again in this lifetime. Who will compensate him for these losses?!"

Chi Jinghe put his hands behind his back and hesitated before saying, "What you said makes sense."

Ye Qingjun suddenly pursed her lips, but out of the corner of her eye she caught sight of a slender woman kneeling not far away, motionless like a statue.

It is Ji Lingyue.

But for some reason, she looked particularly unwell. Her shoulders were trembling, her head was drooping, and she seemed about to collapse. Standing next to her was Qin Yu, dressed in black, whose face was even more unpleasant. The two of them seemed to be completely detached from the conversation, yet a strange atmosphere permeated between them, making others hesitant to approach.

Chi Jinghe pondered for a moment and finally said, "No matter what, what happened back then was indeed caused by Lan Wu. Even if she has become Ji Lingyue's contracted beast and has no ability to harm people, some punishments still need to be borne by her alone. Otherwise, how can I explain this to my disciples?"

As she spoke, her calm, still eyes were fixed on Ye Qingjun, as if she were patiently explaining the reason. Ye Qingjun unconsciously clenched her fists, and after a long while, asked in a hoarse voice, "Then what punishment does the sect leader want to give her?"

"One hundred lashes, how about that?" Chi Jinghe said calmly, "Just like you did back then."

Ye Qingjun looked at her silently, without answering for a moment.

One hundred lashes is lighter than crippling her cultivation or taking her life, but heavier than ordinary punishment. After the lashes, Lan Wu might be carried out lying on her side.

But in this situation, she couldn't find a reason to stop it.

Ye Qingjun remained silent for a long time, and was about to reluctantly give in, when a hoarse voice suddenly rang out: "That's not right."

Everyone was taken aback and subconsciously looked at the owner of the voice. Qin Yu's face turned cold in an instant, and he said sternly, "Ji Lingyue."

Ji Lingyue raised her head indifferently and said in a low voice, "Not a hundred lashes."

Chi Jinghe frowned: "What do you mean?"

Ji Lingyue was quiet for a while, then turned around, revealing an extremely pale face: "When Chang Lang was seriously injured, Lan Wu's life tablet was still intact, and she was still a disciple of Haochen Mountain. Even if she is to be punished, she should be punished according to the rules for disciples."

Lin Heng chuckled in surprise: "What nonsense are you talking about? Lan Wu is a demon!"

Ji Lingyue calmly retorted: "Our sect rules have never stated that we cannot accept demons as disciples, yet it states that those who hold life tablets are all disciples of our sect. Aren't these inscribed at the main peak gate?"

"Ji Lingyue," Qin Yu said unhappily, "Stop talking!"

She turned a deaf ear, defying her master's wishes for the first time, and said no matter what: "Article Seven of the Disciple's Law states that anyone who seriously injures a fellow disciple without his own intention shall be punished with twenty lashes. Even if Lan Wu is to be punished, it should be twenty lashes, not a hundred."

As she spoke, she stared straight at Chi Jinghe and said, word by word, "Is that so, Sect Leader Uncle?"

82. All returned

The footsteps were hurried, and a faint smell of blood wafted over. Ye Qingjun turned around at the sound, frowned at the person being brought in, and the next moment, her pupils suddenly contracted.

She took two steps forward, and asked in astonishment, “What’s going on?”

Yu Shanye, who had been standing quietly behind her, was also taken aback and instinctively ran over: “Lan Wu!”

Lan Wu hung her head listlessly, and after kneeling down, her body went limp and she collapsed. Two golden ropes flew out from both sides, wrapped around her wrists, and lifted her up so that she wouldn’t fall down.

Yu Shanye knelt down beside her and, trembling with fear, cupped her face in his hands.

Brushing aside the disheveled silver hair, her fair face was smeared with blood. Lan Wu’s eyes were closed, and she seemed to have lost consciousness. Her head was limply resting in Yu Shanye’s palm, and her breathing was barely audible.

Yu Shanye froze, and after a long while, he turned around with red eyes. Ye Qingjun’s long eyelashes trembled, and after a moment, she slowly turned around and asked, word by word, “Why has no one ever told me that my disciple… has already been beaten once?”

Elder Ye…

“Who hit him?!”

The woman suddenly raised her voice, her usually gentle face filled with anger, and her cold gaze swept over everyone present, finally landing on Qin Yu.

After a long silence, she gritted her teeth and said, “It’s you.”

This was not a question, but a statement of certainty.

The woman clenched her fists and cried out in a sorrowful voice, “Qin Yu, it’s you again!”

Qin Yu lowered his eyes and said expressionlessly, “Since the sect

leader has decided on the punishment, then it was indeed my fault for taking action before. If you feel resentful, you are free to retaliate."

"Revenge?" Ye Qingjun suddenly scoffed and shook her head: "Qin Yu, do you really think that because I've been holding back for so many years, I really don't dare to really hurt you?"

Qin Yu: "I never…"

Before she finished speaking, Ye Qingjun suddenly sprang up, her clothes fluttering even without wind, and a long, dark blue sword flew toward the man with murderous intent.

Chi Jinghe hurriedly shouted, "Ye Qingjun!"

Qin Yu stood still, neither dodging nor avoiding. At the critical moment, someone suddenly stepped in front of Qin Yu, but was swiftly passed through by the sword shadow and staggered to his knees.

After a moment of silence in the hall, Ye Qingjun's voice, filled with shock and anger, rang out: "Ji Lingyue!"

Ji Lingyue trembled and vomited a mouthful of blood, crawling on the ground in a sorry state. Qin Yu's expression changed slightly, and he subconsciously stepped forward, but she raised her hand to avoid him.

The woman gasped as she raised her head, her face completely drained of color: "Sect Leader, twenty lashes, begin."

Yu Shanye was taken aback, his eyes widening in confusion, and he shouted angrily, "Ji Lingyue!"

Ji Lingyue closed her eyes and said in a choked voice, "Do it!"

Chi Jinghe frowned, stared at her for a moment, and said in a low voice, "Elder Lin."

Lin Heng, who had been watching the commotion from the sidelines, suddenly snapped out of his daze and replied, "Yes."

"To administer punishment."

"yes."

Soon, Lin Heng brought out a long whip. The whip was jet black, and the end of the whip shimmered with a dense array of cold metallic

light, consisting of rows of sharp barbs.

Yu Shanye refused to leave, arguing, "She's already been beaten like this, isn't that enough to make up for twenty lashes?"

Lin Heng said, "One thing at a time. This matter has nothing to do with you. Yu Shanye, do not obstruct the execution of the punishment."

"But she's still unconscious…"

Lin Heng frowned impatiently, and with a push, an invisible force shoved her aside. Yu Shanye hurriedly got up and turned to look at Ye Qingjun: "Master!"

Ye Qingjun seemed not to hear, instead staring intently at Ji Lingyue kneeling on the ground, her brows unconsciously furrowing into a small mound.

"Smack!"

The sharp crack of the whip tore through the air and reached Yu Shanye's ears. She couldn't help but tremble and turned around in alarm, only to see Lin Heng raising the whip a second time.

"Smack!"

Lan Wu remained oblivious, only swaying forward as the whip struck her back, dragging the rope, like a lifeless puppet.

Yu Shanye said in a trembling voice, "Master…"

Ye Qingjun continued to stare intently at Ji Lingyue. The woman's fingers were clenched into fists, her head was lowered, and her body would tremble with each crack of the whip.

Beads of cold sweat dripped down, mingling with the bloodstains on the ground, turning into streaks of pale red.

Ye Qingjun's long eyelashes trembled, and her expression gradually changed. Qin Yu's face also changed. He took the first step and asked sharply, "Ji Lingyue, what are you doing?!"

Ji Lingyue remained silent, but more blood seeped from her snow-white clothes, like red plum blossoms blooming in the snow.

He stared in astonishment, then suddenly turned around and shouted,

"Stop!"

Lin Heng was startled, and frowned as he gripped the whip, asking, "What's wrong with you?"

"There are still… twelve more lashes." Before Qin Yu could speak, a hoarse voice came from the ground. The woman didn't raise her head and said weakly, "Elder Lin, please continue."

"You!" Qin Yu clenched his fist, about to speak, when Ye Qingjun interrupted him: "What's your hurry now?"

She chuckled coldly, which aggravated her old injury, causing her to cough again: "Isn't this exactly what you wanted, Elder Qin?"

Qin Yu stood frozen in place, not uttering another word.

After the last lash fell, a metallic taste rose in Ji Lingyue's throat, which she swallowed hard. She looked up, panting, and saw that Yu Shanye had already rushed over and hugged Lan Wu not far away.

She blinked, then groaned and straightened up.

Her disheveled black hair fell over her shoulders, her face, as pale as paper, was covered in cold sweat, her pupils were extremely dark, and her lips were a bright red.

Chi Jinghe sighed, turned away with a flick of his sleeve, and said, "Let's leave it at that."

"Yeah?"

Chi Jinghe was taken aback, frowned, and turned to look at Ji Lingyue: "What do you want to say?"

"Is this really the end?" Ji Lingyue asked in a hoarse voice. "Won't we bring up the past again and settle scores once more?"

Lin Heng raised an eyebrow, surprised, and said, "What do you mean? Do you know what you're saying?!"

Ji Lingyue ignored him and stared stubbornly at Chi Jinghe: "Can the sect leader guarantee that this matter… will end here?"

Chi Jinghe said, "I guarantee it."

"Okay, okay…" Ji Lingyue closed her eyes wearily and whispered, "I

hope the sect leader will keep his word."

She slowly exhaled, as if she had finally made up her mind, and took off the life tablet that had been hanging on her waist. She held it in her palm for a while before carefully placing it on the ground in front of her.

The loud click successfully drew everyone's attention.

Ji Lingyue remained silent, then took off her storage ring, jade hairpin, jade pendant, and even protective robe, placing them one by one in front of her knees.

"All the spirit stones and artifacts I have accumulated over the years, as well as everything I acquired as a disciple of Haochen Mountain, are here."

Chi Jinghe frowned and asked in a deep voice, "What are you doing? Are you trying to leave the sect?"

"It's not that I want to leave the sect, it's that the sect can't accept me." Ji Lingyue chuckled softly, a tear falling from the corner of her reddened eyes: "All my skills were taught by the sect. I grew up here, studied, practiced martial arts, and learned about the ways of the world. Over the years, I have long regarded this place as my home."

"Then why did you do it?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head and said, "I initially cultivated Taoism to eliminate all demons in the world and protect the peace of the people, but in the end, the person I love is a demon, and I can't protect her at all."

"From now on, I will still fight demons and monsters, but I will be with her, and I will never believe that the world is full of evil demons again. I am no longer worthy of the name of Haochen Mountain disciple."

As she spoke, she stood up unsteadily, stretched out her hand, and conjured a long sword.

She turned around and handed the long sword in her hand to Qin Yu, saying in a hoarse voice, "This is… the spirit sword that you personally forged for me, Master. I have failed your expectations and am not worthy of this sword. I return this sword to Master."

Qin Yu's jaw was clenched, and he remained motionless, but his eyes were fixed on her.

Ji Lingyue coughed lightly and continued, "I came here at the age of fourteen and grew up under my master's care. It was my master who raised me. I will never forget your kindness to me. Just now, I took that sword for you. Consider it my way of repaying you…"

A crane's cry rang out from outside the door. The snow-white crane flapped its wings and gracefully landed behind Ji Lingyue. The woman blinked, wearily stroked its downy feathers, and slowly raised her bloodstained fingertip to draw a bright red mark on the crane's head.

"Even if I cannot repay your kindness to me, I will return everything in full."

83. I'm sorry

The dark clouds dispersed, and the clear, silvery sunlight spilled onto the mountain path, illuminating the figures of people trudging along.

The blood that had flowed from her body had dried and was no longer dripping, but a metallic, rusty smell still lingered in her throat. Ji Lingyue coughed and lifted the person on her back a little higher before walking down the mountain step by step.

In the stillness of the night, all living beings are still sleeping soundly, seemingly unaware of what has just happened.

She heard hurried footsteps behind her, and soon a pair of hands supported her. Yu Shanye said anxiously, "Where are you going? I'll take you there."

Ji Lingyue glanced back at her and said in a hoarse voice, "In two days, won't you be going… cough… to attend the Immortal Debate Conference?"

"So what if it's a few days later?" Yu Shanye gritted his teeth. "Even if I don't go, my master doesn't care about me, so what can they do to me?"

As she spoke, she took Lan Wu from Ji Lingyue, carried her on her back, and carefully bounced her up a bit before gesturing for Ji Lingyue to reach into the storage pouch at her waist: "This is the medicine that Master just gave me. Quickly take a few pills and then feed them to Lan Wu."

Ji Lingyue obediently took the medicine, then carefully lifted Lan Wu's face. After a long while, she said, "Go to Zhongzhou."

What are you going there for?

"Go find Xuan Yu." Ji Lingyue said in a low voice, "Not long ago, when I returned from Yunhuang, I passed by her residence and temporarily entrusted a Nightmare Beast to her care. She is a demon tamer, and her place is suitable… suitable for demons to recuperate, and it's also safer…"

As she spoke, she gently stroked Lan Wu's brow, the bloodstains were wiped away by her spiritual power, revealing a fair face beneath. Ji Lingyue stared at her for a while, then said in a hoarse voice, "I was wrong."

Lan Wu closed her eyes and breathed softly, as if she were just asleep.

"I shouldn't have brought you back."

She blinked, a layer of mist clouding her dark pupils, which she hurriedly wiped away. As she gasped for breath, a metallic taste rose in her throat, and blood spilled from the corner of her lips. Ji Lingyue groaned, staggered, and grabbed a tree trunk for support, vomiting a mouthful of blood.

Yu Shanye was startled: "Are you alright?!"

"No, it's nothing…"

She wiped her lips with her sleeve and said in a trembling voice, "I'll be fine after a short rest."

Yu Shanye frowned and couldn't help but ask, "Was it that sword of Master's… You, you said you would repay him, but you insisted on blocking that sword. Are you out of your mind?!"

Ji Lingyue shook her head: "Otherwise, how could we possibly repay it all?"

She paused for a moment, straightened up, and said wearily, "Let's go."

Yu Shanye pursed her lips, finally hummed in agreement, stepped onto the flying sword, and after she had steadied herself, she quickly ascended into the sky and flew south.

"Haa…"

In the stillness of the night, the woman lying on the bed trembled slightly with her long eyelashes, suddenly opened her eyes, and tightly gripped the arm of the person beside her. Ji Lingyue was startled awake, ignoring the pain, turned over, and anxiously stroked her face: "Lan Wu?"

Lan Wu seemed not to hear her voice. Her eyes were wide open, staring blankly at the darkness above her. Her chest heaved violently, as if she couldn't breathe, and her breathing was rapid and short.

"Lan Wu, Lan Wu!"

Ji Lingyue panicked, lit a candle, and carefully tucked her long hair, which was soaked with cold sweat, behind her ear: "It's alright, it's alright, I'm here."

As she spoke, her voice trembled again: "Don't be afraid, we're not in Haochen Mountain anymore, we're out, Lan Wu…"

Lan Wu blinked, and after a moment, her wet eyes turned to Ji Lingyue: "A-Yue?"

Ji Lingyue nodded quickly, bent down, and gently pulled her head into her arms, choking back tears as she said, "It's me, I'm here."

Lan Wu was stunned for a moment, then slowly relaxed and leaned softly into her arms: "I'm not dead?"

Ji Lingyue froze, her nose stung, and she nodded repeatedly: "No, you're perfectly fine, how could you be dead?"

"Your master…"

"He is no longer my master," Ji Lingyue interrupted her, her voice hoarse, "He is no longer."

Lan Wu frowned, looking at her blankly, wanting to ask something, but as soon as she opened her mouth, she let out a heart-wrenching cough, and her chest ached.

"Mmm…" She frowned, trembling as she curled up, panting heavily as she buried her face in the woman's arms: "Ah Yue…"

"What's wrong?"

"It hurts so much…" She closed her eyes, tears falling from the corners of her eyes, wetting Ji Lingyue's clothes. Ji Lingyue stared blankly at the water stains at the corners of her eyes, her fingertips unconsciously digging into her palms, almost drawing blood.

Qin, Qin…

She suddenly closed her eyes, her heart filled with a mixture of guilt and hatred, which nearly drove her to the brink of collapse.

Ji Lingyue took a breath, her eyes red, and placed her hand on Lan Wu's chest. A faint golden spiritual energy slowly flowed over her, and the woman's tightly furrowed brows relaxed slightly.

"Does it still hurt?"

Lan Wu let out a soft moan, her eyes half-closed, and murmured, "Much better." After a pause, she raised her hand and gently rubbed it against Ji Lingyue's cheek, saying, "I don't hurt anymore, you, you don't cry."

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and said in a hoarse voice, "I didn't cry."

"Hmm," Lan Wu snuggled closer to her, her voice tinged with amusement, "You said you didn't cry… then you didn't cry."

Ji Lingyue bit her lip, suddenly took a breath, and choked out as she raised her hand to wipe her eyes: "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have brought you back, it's all, it's all my fault…"

She apologized incessantly, but the person in her arms remained motionless. Ji Lingyue froze for a moment before carefully lowering her head, only to find that Lan Wu had her eyes closed and seemed to have fallen asleep again.

She was quiet for a moment, then lowered her head and hugged Lan Wu even tighter.

——

Yu Shanye: I feel like I've forgotten something.

84. Not worth it

At dusk the next day, the three entered the territory of Zhongzhou and, guided by Ji Lingyue, headed to Burning Sound Valley.

On the way, Yu Shanye frowned as he looked down at the endless green fields. After a long silence, he finally couldn't help but ask, "What method did you use to take twenty lashes in her place?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback and subconsciously looked at Lan Wu. After a while, she asked, "Can't you guess?"

Yu Shanye pursed his lips and said, word by word, "It's not that I can't guess, but in this world, the only thing that can achieve this level of power, besides the evil magic used by demons, is… isn't it a life-and-death contract?"

The woman chuckled softly and sighed, "Isn't it obvious?"

Yu Shanye's long eyelashes trembled, and he involuntarily clenched his fist: "I wish you had used evil magic, but with your personality, you probably look down on those evil ways… Do you know that once a life-and-death contract is made, it can never be removed?"

"I know."

"You know this, yet you still act so recklessly. To put it bluntly, if one of you two encounters misfortune in the future, the other will die with you!"

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement and said calmly, "Isn't that a good thing?"

Yu Shanye choked for a moment, then said helplessly, "I really don't know if you're selfish or selfless."

Ji Lingyue lifted her long eyelashes, looked up at the drifting clouds passing by, and called out, "Yamaye."

"Um?"

"Don't tell Lan Wu about the life-and-death pact," she added. "The pact is already set in stone. If she finds out, she'll be angry, but she'll definitely be very upset."

Yu Shanye sarcastically asked, "Are you afraid she'll be sad now?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head: "She will be sad for me."

She sighed, gently smoothed Lan Wu's relaxed brows, and murmured, "But I'm not worthy."

Before she knew it, it was late at night again. Lan Wu woke up groggily and was helped by Ji Lingyue to drink some water. After drinking it, she saw Ji Lingyue turn and walk away, so she subconsciously called out, "A-Yue."

Ji Lingyue responded and turned around, a few pills appearing in her palm: "What's wrong?"

Lan Wu blinked and whispered, "It's nothing."

She relaxed, obediently placed her hands on her lower abdomen, and mumbled, "Do I have to eat this much?"

"Of course, Elder Ye gave us the best medicine," Ji Lingyue said, carrying a cup of tea to her side. "After you finish eating, continue to rest. We should arrive at Burning Sound Valley tomorrow."

"Burning Sound Valley?" she asked hesitantly. "Are we going to pick up Xiao Jiu?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head: "We're not picking it up, we'll stay there for a while too."

Lan Wu frowned, and after finishing the pill with water, she remembered what happened last night: "You, you said before that Qin Yu was no longer your master… what happened?"

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, took the empty bowl, and said with a normal expression, "I am no longer a disciple of Haochen Mountain."

Lan Wu's eyes widened: "What do you mean by that?"

"It means exactly what it says." Ji Lingyue said to herself, "Leaving isn't so bad. It's just that I'll lose some spirit stones and magic artifacts. I'm so powerful that even if I lose them, I can earn them back myself in the future."

She turned her head and saw Lan Wu still staring at her blankly, as if she couldn't understand what she was saying at all.

Ji Lingyue softened her voice and asked, "What's wrong?"

Lan Wu pursed her lips and asked softly, "Is it because of me?"

"Why would it be because of you?" Ji Lingyue forced a smile. "I left for my own sake."

"For what?" Lan Wu couldn't help but prop herself up and sit higher, her breathing becoming increasingly rapid. "If you are a disciple of Haochen Mountain, everyone in this world will respect you. No one will bully you, and no one will despise you. Besides, you've been on Haochen Mountain for so many years; you've long considered it your home…"

"But my home can't accommodate you!" Ji Lingyue couldn't hold back any longer and suddenly interrupted her: "Lan Wu, can't you think about yourself? Don't always think about me like this…"

Lan Wu froze, staring blankly at her.

With tears welling up in her eyes, Ji Lingyue asked, "You're only thinking about what benefits I'll get from being at Haochen Mountain. Tell me the truth, are you happy to go back to Haochen Mountain?"

Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled, her lips gradually pressed into a straight line, and she remained silent.

"You're unhappy," Ji Lingyue nodded and continued, "but you've never said that before, because you're always going along with me and I've just… I've always taken it for granted and ignored it."

She gasped for breath, wiped her eyes, and choked out, "How could I have become like this…"

For a moment, only the woman's weak sobs could be heard in the quiet room. Lan Wu's arms were a little weak, and she slowly lay down. After a while, she turned her head to look at Ji Lingyue and called out, "Ayue."

Ji Lingyue stood still, looking up at her.

Lan Wu raised her lips and gave her a weak smile: "Come here."

After a moment of silence, the woman obediently walked to the bedside and sat down with her hand.

"I don't blame you…"

"You should blame her," Ji Lingyue interrupted her, her voice still trembling, "From now on, don't wrong yourself anymore." She gripped Lan Wu's hand tightly, as if she had made up her mind, and gently placed her head on the back of Lan Wu's fingers, whispering, "I will compromise for you."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then subconsciously curled her fingers and awkwardly turned her eyes to the other side, her nose starting to sting.

After a while, she muttered, “You were very bad before.”

“sorry.”

Lan Wu blinked, suppressing her tears, and hummed, “If you want me to be happy, at the very least, break the beast contract first.”

Ji Lingyue frowned and hesitated, saying, “This…”

“You don’t want to?” Lan Wu’s eyes widened immediately: “You just said…”

“No!” Ji Lingyue quickly explained, “It’s just that breaking the contract… breaking the contract is a bit painful for demons. I want to wait until you’re better before breaking it.”

Lan Wu asked suspiciously, “Really?”

“real.”

Lan Wu looked at her for a while, then said, “Okay, I believe you.”

With a little force, she pulled Ji Lingyue down, and the woman obediently leaned down and lay down beside her. Lan Wu looked at her, carefully reached out and touched her face, and asked, “Why do you look so pale? Are you sick?”

Ji Lingyue shook her head and said frankly, “No, I just… I just blocked Elder Ye’s sword.”

As expected, a look of surprise and uncertainty appeared on Lan Wu’s face. Seeing this, Ji Lingyue quickly described what had happened to her. After she finished speaking, she comforted her, “I’m fine. My injuries are much less severe than yours. Don’t worry.”

Lan Wu asked softly, “Does it hurt?”

“It doesn’t hurt.” She smiled slightly. “Without this sword strike, I wouldn’t have had the confidence to leave my sect. I should thank Elder Ye.”

“Stop talking.” Lan Wu placed her hand on her waist and patted it gently. “Since he’s no longer your master, sooner or later I’ll give him

a good beating."

Ji Lingyue: "No, it's better not to. You can't beat them."

Lan Wu rolled her eyes at her: "Can't you just go along with what I say?"

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then quickly realized what she meant and nodded: "Then… I'll help you call it."

Lan Wu chuckled: "Really? Can you do it?"

"If you make a move, I'll make a move."

"Okay," Lan Wu smiled, snuggled closer to the woman's soft embrace, and said in a hoarse voice, "You have to keep your word."

On the morning of the third day, Ji Lingyue woke up on time. When she turned around and saw that Lan Wu was still sleeping peacefully, she moved quietly and carefully changed her clothes and washed up. After getting ready, she took a few pills and forced herself to cheer up. She planned to call Yu Shanye to set off as soon as possible and arrive at Burning Sound Valley today.

As soon as she opened the door, she saw the woman in red pacing anxiously in the hallway outside. Ji Lingyue was startled, carefully closed the door, and asked, "What's wrong?"

Yu Shanye was startled, turned around and saw her, breathed a sigh of relief, then frowned in distress and hesitated, "It's nothing, it's just… it's just…"

"What is it?"

"Sigh!" Yu Shanye looked around, and after making sure no one was around, he sneakily leaned close to Ji Lingyue's ear: "You know Ali, right?"

Ji Lingyue answered instinctively, "How could I not know, she…"

At this point, Ji Lingyue suddenly stopped, looking at her in surprise: "You didn't bring her with you?"

"If I were to bring her along, wouldn't you have noticed in the last two days?" Yu Shanye whispered. "Even now… I could summon her, but given Lan Wu's condition, if this were exposed, I'm afraid she might actually faint from anger."

Ji Lingyue was silent for a while, then hesitated and said, "Are we just going to let her stay on Haochen Mountain by herself?"

"As long as she stays at Qianyun Peak, there should be no problem, but who knows if she'll rush off in a hurry..." Yu Shanye's voice trailed off as he said guiltily, "So, I want to summon her here."

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement: "Summon them."

Yu Shanye was taken aback: "Really? You're so easy to talk to?"

"What does this have to do with me?" she said indifferently. "If Lan Wu finds out after you summon me, you can explain it to her yourself."

"Hey, how can you be so disloyal..."

"Explain what?"

Suddenly, a hoarse voice came from behind them. The two were startled and turned around at the same time. They saw the silver-haired mermaid standing crookedly in the doorway with a frown. Although she looked sickly, she still forced herself to stare at them and asked, "Who are you summoning?"

85. The Fox Demon

A complex red magic circle appeared in the air, radiating a dazzling light like a blazing flame. The next moment, a pretty girl appeared in the center of the magic circle, hugging her knees, and turned her head in a daze.

Soon, she saw the woman sitting on the bed with a stern face. Suddenly, her eyes widened, and she exclaimed in surprise, "Master!"

Lan Wu's expression worsened, and just as she raised her hand to cover her lips, Ji Lingyue handed her the teacup: "Shan Ye didn't mean to hide it from you..."

"Is it only Yamaha?" Lan Wu, overwhelmed with emotion, clutched her chest and coughed. "You're no better. You knew all along, but you didn't...you didn't tell me, cough, you didn't tell me!"

"It's my fault." Ji Lingyue softened her voice and patted her back reassuringly. "Alright, don't upset yourself. Here, drink some water to soothe your throat."

Lan Wu was silent for a moment, then rolled her eyes at her in annoyance. In the end, she awkwardly lowered her head and took a sip of water from her hand.

Ah Li scrambled to her feet and ran happily toward Lan Wu, but before she was halfway there, Yu Shanye grabbed her by the waist and pulled her back: “Slow down, your master can’t withstand your pounce.”

Ah Li was taken aback: “What’s wrong, Master?”

“It’s nothing.” Lan Wu couldn’t help but glare at Yu Shanye. The woman blinked, then guiltily raised her eyes as if she wanted to stare the roof beams until they bristled.

Lan Wu gasped for breath, her fingers trembling as she spoke in a hoarse voice, “Untie, untie it.”

A-Li frowned, looking at her suspiciously, then at Yu Shan-ye: “Untie what?”

Yu Shanye coughed lightly: “If you’ve untied it, then you’ve untied it. Why get so worked up?”

As she spoke, she casually made a cut on her fingertip and used her blood as ink to draw a complete talisman on Ah Li’s forehead. Soon, the bloodstains left on her fair skin emitted a faint light and, like a living thing, merged into the girl’s muscles and bones, disappearing from sight.

“Ugh!” Ah Li suddenly clutched her forehead, groaned in pain, and staggered as if about to fall to the ground. Yu Shanye quickly pulled her into his arms and gently rubbed her head: “It’s alright, it’ll be fine soon.”

Lan Wu instinctively tried to stand up: “A-Li?”

The girl gripped Yu Shanye’s sleeve tightly for a while before finally raising her head, panting. Her curled eyelashes were already damp with sweat: “Master…”

“Um?”

She pursed her lips and asked softly, “So, forming a bond isn’t a good thing, is it?”

Lan Wu was taken aback. Before she could speak, A Li slowly stood up straight and wiped away the tears from the corners of her eyes: "I'm not stupid. If it's a good thing, why is Master so angry?"

Lan Wu sighed silently, forcing a reassuring smile: "I still wanted to maintain my image in front of you. If you found out the truth and discovered that I had been easily bound to a contract, wouldn't that be too embarrassing?"

A-Li shook her head, pushed Yu Shanye away, and walked to Lan Wu's side: "Master should have told me sooner."

What good would it do to tell you? Wouldn't it just add to your troubles?

"Tell me…" A-Li sniffed, glared at Ji Lingyue with red eyes, and said fiercely, "I will go back to find help and ask the Second Prince to save Master."

Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes and awkwardly looked away.

Ah Li continued, "Indeed, humans are indeed very cunning, and masters of disguise…"

"Hey," Yu Shanye couldn't help but interrupt her, "I've never done anything bad to you. You can criticize Ji Lingyue alone, why condemn her as a whole?"

"You…you formed a bond with me!"

"How can you turn your back on me like this? I was only doing that to protect you. Did I ever use the contract to do anything bad to you?"

Seeing them start arguing again, Lan Wu closed her eyes with a headache and groped to the side, but Ji Lingyue, who had been watching her, grabbed her hand in time: "Are you feeling unwell?"

"I'm a little tired," Lan Wu groaned softly. "My wounds also hurt a bit."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, frowned, and turned her head to say, "You two, get out."

"Why? You're the one who wants to leave, you wicked woman!" Ah Li clenched her fists and said angrily, "If it weren't for Master liking you, I… I would have been rude to you long ago!"

Yu Shanye chuckled: “Your mood changes pretty quickly. Just a few days ago you were calling her Sister Yue… Oh dear!”

Her eyes widened, and she hopped a couple of steps on tiptoe: “You stepped on me?”

“If you say that again, I’ll not only stomp on you, I’ll bite you!”

Ji Lingyue, unable to bear it any longer, waved her sleeve, exhaled a gust of wind that blew the two of them away, and slammed the door shut.

Lan Wu was stunned for a moment, and subconsciously said, “You…”

“Hmm?” Ji Lingyue turned her head, glanced at her, then knelt down in front of the bed, lifted up Lan Wu’s trouser leg, revealing two long scars on her originally smooth and fair calves. Although they had scabbed over, they still looked shocking.

Ji Lingyue was silent for a while, then said in a low voice, “After applying the medicine one more time, we’ll continue on our way.”

As she spoke, she took out the ointment, dipped her fingertip in it, and gently applied it to the wound. Lan Wu lowered her eyes and noticed that Ji Lingyue only had her long hair tied up with a thin rope. Her appearance was not as neat and exquisite as before, and a few strands of hair fell casually in front of her eyes. Her face was also very plain. Because of the injury, her complexion was paler than usual, making her look thin and weak.

Lan Wu blinked and whispered, “You’re so fierce.”

The woman paused, looked up at her, and seemed somewhat bewildered.

“If you kick Ali out like that, she’ll like you even less in the future.”

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, lowered her head again to continue applying the medicine to her, and said, “I’ll apologize to her later.”

The voice sounded somewhat aggrieved.

Lan Wu chuckled, and seeing her applying medicine back and forth on the wound, she grabbed her wrist and lifted her up: “Alright, the medicine was applied last night, but your injury hasn’t healed yet.”

Ji Lingyue landed on her lap and stiffened involuntarily: “It will press

on the wound…"

"If you don't move around, you'll be fine."

She wrapped her arms around the woman's waist and noticed that the other woman was still tense and dared not put her full weight down, so she couldn't help but soften her heart: "Ah Yue."

"Um?"

Lan Wu closed her eyes and shook her head: "It's okay, just let me hold you for a while, it'll be fine in a little while."

As the sun began to set, Yu Shanye, carrying three others, finally arrived at Burning Sound Valley after a hurried journey. She was the first to step onto the ground, glanced at the dark forest shrouded in mist before her, and asked suspiciously, "Isn't Xuanyu the young master of Cloud Pavilion? Doesn't she live in the sect? Does she really live in a place like this?"

"The sect does not welcome her raising dozens of demonic beasts."

As Ji Lingyue spoke, she reached out to help Lan Wu, but A Li beat her to it.

The young girl was simple-minded and made no attempt to hide her emotions, wearing her heart on her sleeve. Even after receiving Ji Lingyue's apology, she always gave her a sour look, her lips pouting so much they could hold a teapot.

Ji Lingyue reluctantly withdrew her hand, took a few steps forward, and when she reached the center of the two tall and straight pine trees, she raised her hand and tapped in the air.

The next instant, a gust of wind arose, birds took flight in fright, and transparent ripples spread outwards from Ji Lingyue's finger in the calm air.

Ah Li subconsciously widened her eyes and looked up in surprise, while Lan Wu explained in time: "This is a barrier that can remind the host that guests are coming. If you try to force your way in, you will be trapped in a maze from which you cannot get out."

Ah Li said "Oh," and then asked, "Is it like Penglai Island?"

Lan Wu was taken aback: "How did you know?"

Yu Shanye chimed in from the side, "I told her."

"…Okay, that's about right."

As the group was whispering among themselves, Ji Lingyue took a step back and said, "They're here."

As soon as the words were spoken, the barrier that flowed like water suddenly parted, and a woman in yellow appeared before everyone.

When they first met in the Taixu Secret Realm, Xuan Yu's face was covered in blood. Not long ago, when Lan Wu brought Xiao Jiu here, she had not left the flying boat. Therefore, this was the first time she had seen Xuan Yu's face clearly.

The woman wasn't particularly striking in appearance, but her bright, clear eyes were exceptionally lively, and she possessed a scent that attracted many demonic beasts. Lan Wu couldn't help but sniff her, and was drawn to take two steps forward. Ji Lingyue cupped her hands in greeting and bowed her head, saying, "I apologize for disturbing you."

"Not at all," Xuan Yu said gently. "The purpose of your visit has been clearly stated in your letter. Please come in."

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement and beckoned the other three to follow. After they filed in, the opening that had been left for only one person to pass through closed again. Looking back, it was still the same deep forest as before.

But ahead lay a lush, sun-drenched valley filled with blooming flowers.

A single step can make all the difference.

Lan Wu couldn't help but look around. Within her sight, there were several tigers, leopards, and deer leisurely strolling about. Although they were demonic beasts that could not yet transform into humans, their relaxed demeanor and glossy fur showed how comfortable their lives were.

"Aren't you going to participate in this Immortal Debate Conference?"

"I'm not going." Xuan Yu shook her head: "There's no point in comparing. You'll be number one again anyway. But since you're not going, the third place will benefit."

Ji Lingyue smiled faintly and asked again, “Is your injury fully healed?”

“That’s about it, it’s been so many days already.”

As she spoke, Xuan Yu glanced behind her and asked, “Is that the demon beast you formed a bond with? Is it… a sea creature?”

Ji Lingyue nodded and said, “Not bad, it’s a silver carp.”

“Silver carp?” Xuan Yu frowned slightly, looked at Lan Wu a few more times, and then said, “However, the fact that you can contract a demon beast is already surprising enough. I heard you say before that you would never contract a demon beast in your life. I didn’t expect that you would change your mind in just over twenty years.”

Ji Lingyue blinked, unwilling to elaborate on the matter, and coughed lightly, changing the subject by asking, “Where’s your fox?”

To everyone’s surprise, Xuan Yu’s expression changed as soon as she said that. She clenched her fist and whispered, “I’ll let her go.”

“Release them?”

“Hmm.” Xuan Yu lowered her eyes and said vaguely, “She was not suitable to be a monster to be bound by, so I… I let her go.”

“…”

It seems they all have their own secrets.

After exchanging a glance, the two tacitly looked away.

Upon reaching the depths of the valley, several simple wooden houses stood beside a tranquil stream not far away. Xuan Yu pointed to them and said, “These houses are all empty. You can stay as long as you like. I’m usually all alone here, and it’s quite lonely. If you stay here, you can chat with me and relieve your boredom.”

Thank you.

“What are you thanking me for?” Xuan Yu shook her head, glanced at Lan Wu, and then quickly walked into one of the rooms. After a while, she came out with a small box: “This is the medicine I usually use to treat the monsters. It has a miraculous effect on monsters. If you don’t mind, feel free to take it.”

Lan Wu shook her head: “How could I mind? Thank you so much.”

At this moment, Yu Shanye spoke up, “Now that you have made your arrangements, I should go back.”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: “What, aren’t you going to stay a few more days?”

Yu Shanye shook his head: “No, after all, I’m still in the sect and have to follow the sect’s arrangements. I’ll come find you after that damn conference is over. If anything happens, I can still send a message back.”

Ji Lingyue hesitated for a moment: “Okay, then I’ll see you off.”

Yu Shanye chuckled: “What’s there to give? With our relationship, do we need to be so polite?”

“I won’t give gifts to anyone else,” Ji Lingyue said, telling Lan Wu to sit down and rest, and then to A Li, “Keep an eye on your master.”

“I know without you telling me.”

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement and was about to walk out with Yu Shanye when Xuan Yu stopped her. The woman handed her a jade token and said gently, “Take this. With this, you can freely enter and exit this barrier.”

“good.”

The two turned and left, walking further and further away. Lan Wu watched their backs from afar. After a while, she looked at A Li beside her and found that she was also looking in that direction with a frown, as if she was reluctant to leave.

She couldn’t help but advise, “If you can’t bear to part with Yamaha, then go and see him off too.”

A-Li was startled, blinked nervously, and stammered, “I, I don’t miss her, I just… I’ve been with her all this time since coming to the human world, and I’m just not used to it…”

“Really?” Lan Wu asked, “You two had such a big argument this morning, I thought you hated her.”

“I don’t dislike her…” Ah Li pouted and muttered, “It’s just that she always teases me.”

Lan Wu chuckled, patted her head, and said nothing more.

After seeing Yu Shanye off, night had fallen, and the mountains were silent. The lights in the distant town gradually went out, leaving only a few scattered lights. Ji Lingyue walked back, her feet occasionally stepping on broken, withered branches that made a creaking sound. When she reached two pine trees, she took out a jade pendant from her bosom, about to activate the barrier, when she suddenly felt a chilling coldness rising behind her.

As the wind whistled past, Ji Lingyue's ears twitched, and she reacted swiftly, dodging a sword strike to the side and then taking two steps back to avoid a palm strike aimed at her chest.

Without her weapon, she picked up a dry branch from the ground, gathered her spiritual power, and swept it forward. The monster was also extremely agile; it bent its waist at an unimaginable angle, braced itself on the ground with both hands, and leaped several feet away with ease.

Silence returned to the forest, and the two remained motionless, watching each other warily.

The dark clouds dispersed, and moonlight filtered through the branches, casting two slanted shadows. Only then could Ji Lingyue clearly see the monster's appearance: a pair of upturned eyebrows and a pair of vermilion lips. Even with a face full of murderous intent, it was still beautiful and captivating.

She suddenly frowned, looking surprised and uncertain, and asked, "Aren't you that fox demon?"

86. Yaozhu

The fox demon narrowed his eyes, and after a long while, slowly said, "I remember you, a disciple of Haochen Mountain."

As she spoke, she twirled her sword and smiled, "Since we're acquaintances, little Daoist, why don't you come closer and we can catch up?"

As Ji Lingyue gazed into her beautiful eyes, her body gradually relaxed, and she was genuinely momentarily dazed, involuntarily taking a step forward.

"Click".

There was another crisp sound under her feet, and she froze abruptly. She shook her head as if startled awake, then clenched her fists and said coldly, “Don’t use your seductive arts on me, you fox demon.”

The woman frowned and scoffed impatiently, “You think I wanted to?”

No sooner had she finished speaking than she moved, charging forward with her sword. Ji Lingyue, still recovering from her injuries and unarmed, dared not confront her head-on. She spun around, took a few steps on the tree trunk, and with a powerful stomp, flipped from above the fox demon’s head to behind her, aiming a withered branch at the back of her neck.

Caught off guard, the woman felt a burning pain where she had been struck. She gritted her teeth, her eyes flashing green, and turned around, furious, to slash at Ji Lingyue’s right hand. Ji Lingyue quickly retreated, but the branch in her hand was snapped in two with a crack. The ensuing fierce wind whipped her hair, which flew like a colorless blade to the side where the longsword had been swung, and then crashed down on the surrounding trees.

Ji Lingyue felt a tightness in her chest. After regaining her balance, she raised her sleeve to cover her lips and said in a hoarse voice, “We have no grudge against each other, why must you kill me?”

“You’re from Haochen Mountain, so you’ve become my enemy.”

The fox demon sheathed her sword, her fingernails grew long and sharp, and her emerald eyes gleamed with a sinister aura: “Give me the jade token!”

Ji Lingyue was slightly taken aback: “You want this?”

“Enough with the nonsense!”

Ji Lingyue was still puzzled: “Didn’t Xuanyu let you in?”

These words seemed to strike a nerve. The woman let out a fox-like howl, and her body suddenly swelled several times its original size. A fiery red fox emerged from the human body and pounced fiercely at her.

Ji Lingyue stood still, her hands raised in front of her chest, her fingers flying as she quickly formed a hand seal. A golden lotus bloomed from beneath her feet, releasing a faint halo that enveloped

her in a dome-shaped shield, completely protecting her within.

With a clang, the fox demon's claws struck the dome, unable to advance any further.

Ji Lingyue looked up and stared into her angry eyes, frowned, and asked, "Xuanyu has already broken your contract, why don't you leave?"

"I didn't let her untie it," the fox demon said bitterly. "She didn't ask for my consent when the contract was formed, and now she's breaking it without my permission? What, am I some kind of pet she can summon and dismiss at will?!"

Ji Lingyue said "Oh," as if deep in thought, "I see, it's because Xuan Yu doesn't want you anymore."

"You!" she exclaimed angrily, "You really are that scoundrel cultivator from Haochen Mountain! I'll kill you!"

Although she had already left Haochen Mountain, Ji Lingyue still couldn't help but ask, "What did Haochen Mountain do to you?" after being scolded like that.

"Should I be asking you that?" She raised her claws again, bringing them down with immense demonic power. "You cultivators of Haochen Mountain attack me without a word, how dare you treat human… and demon lives so lightly!"

Ji Ling frowned even deeper, something flashing through her mind: "You…you were injured by people from Haochen Mountain before?"

"Otherwise what?"

Ji Lingyue hesitated and asked, "Was it a man who hurt you?"

The fox's eyes widened: "How did you know?"

"After that, was there a woman who came to your rescue?"

"Save her?" She sneered. "They're all from Haochen Mountain. One plays the good cop, the other the bad cop. What, do you expect me to be grateful to her?"

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then said seriously, "You shouldn't have said that."

“So verbose!”

The fox let out a low growl, its paws stepping on the pale golden spiritual barrier. Its body grew larger and larger, blocking the bright moonlight that shone down. Ji Lingyue clenched her fist, looked up at the mountain-like beast, and was preparing to meet the fox demon’s full-force attack when she heard a voice shout: “Yaozhu, stop!”

In an instant, the giant fox shrank rapidly like a deflated balloon, and the charming woman with beautiful eyes and brows stood gracefully not far from Ji Lingyue again. She turned her head and gave the newcomer a slight smile: “You’ve finally agreed to see me?”

The woman in yellow walked out slowly, her face cold as she asked, “Why haven’t you left yet?”

“Why should I leave?” Yao Zhu raised her face and chuckled, “You know perfectly well what you did with me.”

Xuan Yu pursed her lips, looked at Ji Lingyue who was standing motionless beside her, and gave a polite smile: “You should go back first, Miss Lan is getting impatient.”

Ji Lingyue hummed in response, as if nothing had happened, and stepped into the opened barrier, walking forward without looking back.

After passing through the jungle and over the hillside, Ji Lingyue saw someone sitting alone outside a wooden cabin, staring intently in her direction. She paused, then snapped out of her reverie and quickened her pace to run towards her: “Lan Wu.”

Lan Wu’s eyes crinkled as the girl ran over and hugged her tightly. She instinctively reached out and patted her on the back: “What’s wrong?”

Ji Lingyue shook her head, and after a long while, whispered, “I saw that fox.”

“A fox?” Lan Wu tilted her head. “Xuan Yu’s fox?”

Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes and said slowly, “She, she seems to be…”

“Um?”

“She seems to be another one of Elder Ye’s foxes…”

Lan Wu was taken aback, and it took her a while to realize what Ji

Lingyue meant: "Lin Yao?"

"It's Yaozhu," Ji Lingyue nestled in her arms, her voice tinged with confusion: "Why is it that someone who was remembered so fondly by Elder Ye can…can forget their past without any burden and fall in love with someone else so easily?"

Lan Wu blinked, her hand sliding down her back and gently resting on her waist: "Perhaps it's because once you're dead, you're dead. Even if you're reincarnated, you're no longer the same person you were before."

Ji Lingyue said sullenly, "Really?"

"Yes." Seeing her unusual sentimentality, Lan Wu couldn't help but soften her voice and comfort her, "Shizun has already thought it through and accepted everything, so you don't need to feel sad for her, and Shizun doesn't need anyone else to pity her."

Ji Lingyue was silent for a while, then said in a low voice, "But I still don't think it's worth it."

"Whether it's worth it or not is not for us outsiders to judge." Lan Wu sighed, lifted her cheek to look at her, and wiped a speck of dust from her chin: "Why are you so dirty? Did you roll around outside?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, and quickly raised her sleeve to wipe it. After a while, she muttered, "Sure enough, I still need a sword."

87. Jealousy

When the faint sound of footsteps was heard, Ji Lingyue suddenly opened her eyes, instinctively grabbed Lan Wu, and tensed up. But the person outside the window seemed to be just passing by. Soon after, a creaking sound came from the next room, and the footsteps disappeared with the sound of the door closing.

After a moment's thought, Ji Lingyue knew that only Xuan Yu would be returning at this time, but she had been outside for so long that she couldn't help but worry. After hesitating for a long time, she finally got out of bed, put on her outer robe with a rustling sound, and was about to go out when a hand grabbed her sleeve.

She turned around and saw that the merman lying on the bed had woken up at some point, frowning and looking at her sleepily: "Where are you going?"

Ji Lingyue whispered, “I’ll go check on Xuanyu.”

Lan Wu grunted and slowly sat up, placing her feet on her shoes on the ground.

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: “What are you doing?”

“I’ll go with you.” After saying that, Lan Wu yawned again and looked at her sleepily, “Let’s go.”

If you’re sleepy, you can continue sleeping.

Lan Wu shook her head and stubbornly said, “I’ll go with you.”

Helpless, Ji Lingyue had no choice but to take her hand and go out together. Unexpectedly, after taking only a few steps toward Xuan Yu’s room, someone came out from inside and carefully closed the door.

Xuan Yu stood in front of the door for a while with a complicated expression, then sighed silently. After a long while, she turned around with a heavy heart. As soon as she looked up, she saw two people standing not far away. She was so startled that she almost screamed.

“Ji…Ji Lingyue?”

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, glanced at the bloodstains on her clothes, and asked, “Are you alright?”

“I’m fine,” Xuan Yu said, pausing for a moment before fiddling with her sleeve. “If we’re talking about these bloodstains, they’re not mine… they’re Yao Zhu’s.”

“Yaozhu? You got into a fight with her?”

Xuan Yu shook her head: “She got injured herself. After you left, she argued with me for a bit, got emotional, coughed up blood, and fainted…”

Ji Lingyue frowned and looked hesitantly into the closed room: “You brought her in?”

Xuan Yu smiled bitterly, “There’s nothing I can do. I can’t just leave her like that.”

“Since you’re still so worried about her, why did you terminate the contract with her?” Ji Lingyue blinked and added, “She seems very

unwilling."

Xuan Yu didn't answer, but instead looked at her with surprise: "You actually care about monsters now."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback. Before she could speak, she felt a weight on her shoulder. She instinctively turned her head and saw that Lan Wu had placed her chin on her shoulder, her eyes half-closed, looking listless.

"Lan Wu?"

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, then leaned her weight on the woman's back as if no one else was around, wrapping her arm around Ji Lingyue's waist and embracing her intimately.

This action really seemed like a declaration of sovereignty, but such domineering behavior seemed a bit out of place on Lan Wu. Ji Lingyue glanced at her blankly and, seeing that she still looked listless, assumed that she was tired of standing and wanted to lean on her to rest for a while.

Xuan Yu's gaze shifted subtly as she looked at the two of them, then hesitated before asking, "Ling Yue… in the letter you sent before, you said that you are no longer a disciple of Hao Chen Mountain. May I ask why?"

Ji Lingyue opened her mouth, but swallowed the words back down.

Although she wanted to tell Xuanyu directly about her relationship with Lan Wu, Ji Lingyue was unsure if Lan Wu would agree. She frowned and hesitated for a moment.

She turned her head, about to ask Lan Wu for her opinion, when she felt something soft touch her cheek. Then, a soft voice sounded in her ear: "That's the reason."

Ji Lingyue suddenly widened her eyes and stared at her blankly. With a gentle pull, she obediently followed.

It wasn't until she was back inside that she realized what had happened. She froze on the spot, her face flushed, and stammered, "You, you…"

"What about me?"

"How could you kiss me… in front of strangers?"

Lan Wu climbed onto the bed and lay down nonchalantly: "Isn't this what you did before? I'm just repeating it."

Ji Lingyue frowned blankly, and it took her a while to recall that she seemed to have… deliberately kissed Lan Wu in front of Yu Shanye.

"But that's different," Ji Lingyue argued, "Yamaha isn't an outsider!"

"Outsider?" Lan Wu yawned and said lazily, "When you and Miss Xuan were chatting happily and intimately, you didn't seem like outsiders at all."

"When did I ever get intimate with her…" Ji Lingyue stopped mid-sentence, staring intently at Lan Wu: "You didn't…"

Lan Wu immediately replied, "I'm not."

"I haven't said what it is yet?" Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, but a joyful smile gradually bloomed on her face. She climbed onto the bed, lay down next to Lan Wu, and said with great interest, "When I came here today, I was talking to Xuan Yu and neglected you. Are you unhappy?"

Seeing that Lan Wu closed her eyes and didn't speak, she thought for a moment and then said, "I was worried about Xuan Yu, so I went to check on her when I heard noises in the middle of the night. Are you jealous and that's why you insisted on coming with me?"

Lan Wu frowned slightly and couldn't help but mutter, "I'm not that petty."

"Then why did you do that?"

Lan Wu lifted her long eyelashes and met Ji Lingyue's bright eyes. She was speechless for a moment. After a while, she said helplessly, "Okay, let's just say that I was confused just now and did something childish because I was bewitched."

"It's not childish," Ji Lingyue said earnestly. "I like it very much."

She lowered her eyes and whispered, "It's always… I'm the only one who feels uneasy about others liking you. This is the first time you've felt so uneasy because of me."

Lan Wu was slightly taken aback: "A-Yue…"

The woman hummed in agreement, bent down, and her soft, long hair cascaded down Lan Wu's shoulder, releasing a faint, sweet fragrance: "Although it might sound a bit mean to say this, I'm very happy to see you like this."

Lan Wu blinked, opened her mouth, and obediently welcomed her burning lips and tongue. Only when the calloused fingertips slipped inside her thin clothes and enveloped her soft breasts did Lan Wu tremble and gasp, letting out a soft moan: "A-Yue…"

Ji Lingyue kissed the corner of her moist eye and whispered, "I'll be gentle."

She slid down and gently kissed Lan Wu's fair neck, leaving a mark with a slight suck. Lan Wu let out a low breath, half-closing her eyes as she looked at the ceiling, her hands climbing onto Ji Lingyue's shoulders.

Ji Lingyue continued to leave marks, seemingly enjoying this activity immensely, determined to mark Lan Wu's most tender and private areas. When Ji Lingyue kissed her inner thigh, Lan Wu couldn't help but gasp, covering her eyes with her arm and mumbling, "Are you a puppy?"

"I'm not that stupid…" Ji Lingyue's voice came from under the covers, muffled, as if it were far away, but the next moment, Lan Wu felt a wet heat pressed against her from below, a soft tongue pressing against her sensitive clitoris, teasing her awkwardly.

Lan Wu suddenly trembled, her legs tightening slightly to clamp the furry head of the person beneath her: "Mmm…"

Amidst the overwhelming waves of pleasure, the mermaid's pale face gradually flushed red. She collapsed limply onto the bed, vaguely thinking that tomorrow… she would probably have to sleep in again.

——

Ji Xiaogou himself doesn't like being called "Little Dog" (?`~′?)

88. Transformation

"You're finally awake."

Lan Wu paused, tilting her head from the rocking chair to look at the woman who had somehow sat down next to her, resting her chin on

her hand: "Yao Zhu?"

"Hmm." The woman narrowed her eyes, her fluffy ears twitching slightly. She gripped the chair and gossiped, "Are you and that little Taoist cultivator really lovers?"

"…"

If it weren't for the fact that this fox couldn't maintain her human form and her ears and tail were sticking out, and seeing her energetic appearance, Lan Wu really wouldn't have guessed that she was seriously injured.

However, even though she understood that Yaozhu was no longer the fox who had hurt her master back then, Lan Wu still felt agitated when she saw that smiling face. She turned her head away and said coldly, "I won't tell you."

Yaozhu exclaimed in surprise, "The last time I saw you, you were a friendly fish."

Lan Wu: "You're as annoying as ever."

Yao Zhu was puzzled by her attitude and asked, "Weren't you also injured by that cultivator surnamed Qin? Shouldn't we sympathize with each other in our suffering?"

Lan Wu: "Who shares your suffering?"

She reached out to push away the woman who was getting closer and closer, but the woman suddenly transformed into a fluffy, fiery red fox, which wrapped around her arm and climbed up, standing casually on her stomach.

The fox chuckled, "I heard that little Taoist cultivator is Qin's disciple. You made Qin so angry that you even kidnapped his precious disciple. Well done!"

Lan Wu said angrily, "Get down!"

She reached out to grab the fox's ears, but Yaozhu nimbly dodged her and instead climbed up onto her arm, saying, "Tell me, is his face all green?"

This fox is like an eel, impossible to catch. Lan Wu struggled for a long time but couldn't get rid of her. Annoyed, she poked at her sore spot:

"Instead of wasting your time, you should worry about your own affairs. Does Xuan Yu like you?"

The fox paused, then said unhappily, "Whether she likes me or not, she can't get rid of me anyway."

As she spoke, she took another step forward and squatted down in front of Lan Wu's chest: "Since you are also a demon, you should help me out. Tell me, what method did you use to abduct that Taoist priest?"

"I don't need a method."

"Then what should we use?"

Lan Wu sneered: "I used my true heart."

Yao Zhu: "…Stop fooling around."

Believe it or not.

Yao Zhu thought for a while and said, "How about this, you tell me the method, and I'll tell you a secret."

Lan Wu turned over: "I won't listen."

"The Secret of Haochen Mountain!"

Lan Wu scoffed, "How could you possibly know the secrets of Haochen Mountain?"

Yao Zhu shook her head and said smugly, "I know a lot. After all, Xuan Yu is the young master of Yunxiao Pavilion. I followed her in Yunxiao Pavilion for several years. I heard everything that I could and couldn't hear. For example, did you know that the sect leader of Haochen Mountain likes Elder Ye Qingjun of our sect?"

Lan Wu was startled and turned her head abruptly: "What?"

After a while, she frowned: "You didn't make this up, did you?"

"Why would I make this up? These are all things said by those high and mighty immortal masters of the Cloud Pavilion."

"Why are the immortal masters of Yunxiao Pavilion talking about Haochen Mountain?"

"What do you think? Humans love this kind of boring gossip the most. Even those immortal masters who seem to be above worldly affairs are the same. Don't be fooled by their human appearance. I think they are no different from demons at heart. They are all just seeking immortality and power."

Lan Wu's expression gradually darkened, and after a long while, she said, "She is not worthy of my master."

Yao Zhu tilted her head blankly: "Who?"

Lan Wu waved her hand, successfully pushing the fox down this time. She sat up straight, staring at the fallen Yao Zhu, and whispered, "I thought I could be as open-minded as Master."

But when she actually heard Ye Qingjun's name being uttered by Yao Zhu as some trivial gossip, she found it utterly ridiculous.

Lan Wu sighed and asked, "How long have you been with Xuan Yu?"

"It's been five or six years."

Yao Zhu recalled, "I could barely transform into a human when I was a hundred years old. I was the king of the mountain in my village. Later, Xuan Yu passed by and I went to steal her elixir. I didn't expect her magic to be so powerful that she took me in instead."

She said this with a relaxed air, her tail swishing casually, seemingly not angry at all.

"However, she had always been good to me, until not long ago, when I used my seductive arts to bewitch her and we made love..."

"Wait a minute?" Lan Wu asked in surprise, "If you use seductive arts, wouldn't Xuan Yu be completely unwilling?"

Yao Zhu snorted coldly: "After she took off her clothes, I didn't use any more seductive arts. She took the initiative from then on, but when I told her the truth, she acted like the sky had fallen." At this point, the fox gritted her teeth and said angrily: "She even broke the contract the next day and hid in this place by herself."

Lan Wu pursed her lips, and after a long while, asked hesitantly, "Can you tell me this kind of thing directly?"

"No, I shouldn't have." The fox raised its chin and laughed gleefully.

"But now that she wants to forget all of this and pretend it never happened, of course I have to spread the word everywhere."

"…"

Lan Wu closed her eyes with a headache, stood up from the rocking chair, and intended to get away from Yao Zhu. She had only taken two steps when she caught sight of a white ball of fluff emerging from the grass not far away. Lan Wu turned her head and looked at it carefully, and found that it was a small cat.

The kitten shook the grass off its head, looked up and saw her. It opened its big black eyes, meowed, and waddled over. Lan Wu was startled and subconsciously bent down and reached out her hand. The kitten bumped into her arm, its paws clinging to her arm, and meowed anxiously twice more.

Lan Wu frowned, picked her up, and ruffled her hair: "Where did this cat come from?"

As soon as he finished speaking, two more people emerged from the bushes. Xuan Yu was carrying a bamboo basket on her back, while A Li looked uneasy and glanced around before fixing her gaze on Lan Wu.

Lan Wu glanced behind them and asked, "Where's A-Yue? Didn't she go to gather herbs with you?"

Ah Li blinked, and after a long while, she shakily raised her hand and pointed at Lan Wu: "Isn't that… over there?"

Lan Wu hummed in confusion, then after a moment, she suddenly realized what she meant and raised the cat in her hand in astonishment: "You mean this?!"

"Meow!"

Xuan Yu quickly explained, "Ling Yue said she wanted to learn the art of transformation from me, because she might need it in the future, so I… I taught her."

"Transformation?" Lan Wu asked, confused. "Didn't she already know the technique to change her appearance?"

"It's not about changing appearance, but about changing race." Xuan Yu hesitated. "This kind of magic is rather unorthodox. After all,

nobody wants to transform into a demon, and some people even think it's a heretical practice…"

After understanding her meaning, Lan Wu looked down at the dejected kitten with its head drooping and asked, "Why did you suddenly want to learn this?"

In the silence, A-Li clutched her clothes guiltily and whispered, "It was…it was me who told her that if she couldn't become a sea creature, she wouldn't be able to enter the barrier of the Kunlun Sea."

Lan Wu was taken aback, but quickly understood the whole story. She couldn't help but laugh, "You actually believe that? How could there be such a simple barrier that can fool everyone just by changing its appearance? Ah Li is trying to annoy you, can't you tell?"

The kitten lowered its head even further and weakly meowed, "Meow…"

Xuan Yu quickly tried to make amends for her: "She's already very capable. On her first attempt, she was able to completely transform into her beast form. She's truly gifted. Miss Lan, don't worry. In three days at most, she'll gradually return to her original form."

Lan Wu asked, "Can't she turn back now?"

Xuan Yu said awkwardly, "With insufficient spiritual power, it naturally cannot be transformed back."

Lan Wu nodded, changed her position, and carefully supported her on her arm: "I understand, I will take good care of her."

Seeing that she didn't blame her, Xuan Yu breathed a sigh of relief and said, "In that case, you should continue to rest. I'll go and brew the medicine for you."

Thank you.

Xuan Yu said "You're welcome," turned around, and was about to leave with her medicine basket when she suddenly noticed something and stopped in her tracks.

Lan Wu subconsciously looked over and found that Yao Zhu, who had been jumping around in front of her just moments before, had slumped down and was lying weakly on the ground, looking sickly.

Such a stark contrast made her frown, wondering if the fox was faking it.

Xuan Yu was clearly taken aback. She bent down, picked up the fox, gave Lan Wu an awkward smile, and quickly left.

As the woman walked further and further away, the soft fox perched on her shoulder quietly opened its eyes and winked at Lan Wu.

Lan Wu: …

Sure enough, the fox was cunning.

——

Let's teach Ah Yue a new skill that she can use in the future.

A few more sweet chapters, and then we can move on to the next stage.

89. I want you

After taking her medicine, Lan Wu served Ji Lingyue's bowl and returned to the house with light steps.

She pushed open the door, only to find the bed empty. Looking around, she discovered the kitten curled up in front of the window, its ears drooping sadly. From behind, it looked like a soft, snow-white ball of fur.

Lan Wu tiptoed closer and poked her furry back, causing her to stumble. Ji Lingyue straightened up, meowed in dissatisfaction, then quickly shut her mouth and turned to lie down on the other side.

If she poked that ball of fluff again, she would only get a silent kitten dressed as an ostrich.

Lan Wu couldn't help but chuckle, guessing that Ji Lingyue felt embarrassed and didn't want to talk to her, so she carefully placed the medicine bowl on the table and said softly, "Take your medicine."

Ji Lingyue stood with her hands in her pockets, motionless like a statue. When Lan Wu leaned closer to look at her, she slowly moved her body to face another direction, turning her back to her.

Lan Wu blinked, her attention quickly drawn to the tail trailing behind her. After hesitating for a long time, she couldn't resist

reaching out and pinching it.

“Meow!”

The snow-white fur ball instantly exploded into a fluffy ball, and a paw swung out. Lan Wu hissed and quickly withdrew her hand, which startled Ji Lingyue. She opened her eyes wide, meowed twice in a panic, and ran towards her.

Two shallow bloodstains appeared on the back of her pale hand. Even though they didn’t look serious, she still felt guilty. After a moment of silence, she raised her head to look at Lan Wu, her eyes wet with tears.

Lan Wu smiled reassuringly at her: “It’s okay, I shouldn’t have suddenly grabbed your tail.”

Even so, Ji Lingyue paced around irritably for a few moments before slowly approaching Lan Wu’s injured hand, lowering her head, and carefully licking it with her pink tongue.

Lan Wu’s long eyelashes fluttered, and she looked at her in surprise: “A-Yue?”

The kitten didn’t make a sound, but kept licking her wound. Its fluffy tail silently wrapped around her wrist, and the tip of the tail burrowed into the woman’s palm.

After a while, Lan Wu whispered, “A Yue, you have barbs on your tongue, they’re really prickly.”

Ji Lingyue: …

She suddenly raised her head, stomped her four paws angrily on the table, and turned to leave. But Lan Wu smiled and suddenly hugged her from behind, lifting her up.

“Meow!”

Ji Lingyue was startled, her hair standing on end. Lan Wu chuckled and nestled into her soft belly, sighing, “How can you be so cute?”

Unfortunately, the kitten didn’t appreciate it. Instead, it retracted its claws and tried its best to push her face with its paw pads, struggling fiercely in her palm. Lan Wu had no choice but to put it down. As soon as it landed, Ji Lingyue ran back to the medicine bowl, paused

for a moment, then turned her head and meowed at her twice in a loud voice.

Lan Wu understood immediately: “I won’t look.”

She obediently turned her back, and soon she heard the smacking sound of small animals licking water.

It seems she wants to drink the medicine quickly, heal her wounds quickly, and turn back to normal as soon as possible.

Lan Wu tilted her head helplessly. With the slightest movement, the licking sound behind her disappeared, followed by two more meows.

Lan Wu quickly sat up straight and assured him, “I really won’t look.”

After nightfall, Ah Li came over.

After today’s events, her previous dissatisfaction with Ji Lingyue had largely disappeared. Now, seeing the white cat lying on the bed, she couldn’t help but feel guilty. She put down the bathtub full of water, threw in a fireball, and ran away in a flash.

Ji Lingyue used to be very clean, but now Lan Wu wanted to hug her and wash her, but she was met with strong resistance.

She watched the kitten shaking off the water droplets and wondered to herself, “Does becoming a cat change my habits too?”

Since Ji Lingyue was unwilling, she couldn’t force her. After taking a bath alone, she put on a thin robe and sat on the bed to apply medicine to herself. After a while, a furry head peeked out from the edge of the bed. The kitten climbed up the sheets and sat obediently beside her legs, watching her carefully apply the medicine.

Perhaps due to the merfolk’s constitution, the hideous sword wounds faded considerably in just a few days. After applying the medicine, Lan Wu picked her up and laid her down on her chest.

Ji Lingyue lowered her head, pressed her head against her chest, and listened to the deep, steady heartbeat, slowly relaxing.

“Ah Yue”.

The kitten stirred, raised its head, and stared at her longingly.

Lan Wu sighed, scratched her chin, and whispered, “This kind of life

feels like a fake."

Ji Lingyue couldn't help but squint her eyes, letting out a comfortable gurgling sound in her throat. She rolled around in Lan Wu's arms. Lan Wu was taken aback, looking down at her unusually carefree appearance, her brows and eyes gradually relaxing.

"Forget it, let's not think about those things." Lan Wu turned to the side, placed her hand on her warm body, and whispered, "Goodnight, A-Yue."

Ji Lingyue curled up, nestled on the pillow, and let out a soft meow.

Lan Wu closed her eyes, her consciousness gradually sinking into darkness, her breathing becoming even and gentle. It should have been a peaceful night like any other, until she woke up with a groan as her lips stung.

With only darkness in her vision, Lan Wu frowned in confusion, only to feel a hot body pressing tightly against her, biting her haphazardly like a small animal. Lan Wu blinked and subconsciously tried to push the person off her, but her hand sank into soft flesh.

She was startled and froze, and it took her a long time before she could barely make out the person on her body by the moonlight.

"Ah Yue? You…you've turned back?"

Ji Lingyue remained silent, gripping Lan Wu's wrists with both hands and pressing her down on her body. She lowered her head to kiss Lan Wu's neck, and as her long hair fell down, Lan Wu inadvertently caught a glimpse of two ears peeking out from her thick black hair.

Cat ears.

Lan Wu: ?

The scene was so bizarre that she didn't react for a moment, but the person in her arms was obviously just busy licking and biting, burying his head and humming, leaving another tooth mark on her collarbone.

"Ugh!" Lan Wu winced in pain, her lips pressed tightly together, her eyes brimming with tears. She glared angrily at Ji Lingyue. Ji Lingyue seemed to sense her emotions, paused, lowered her head, and licked the teeth marks with her tongue in a conciliatory manner.

The scorching breath fell on her skin, and Lan Wu gasped, completely at a loss for how to deal with her.

Clearly, Ji Lingyue is not quite normal right now either.

Lan Wu sat up, struggling to push her shoulders back, and asked in a trembling voice, “In the middle of the night, what… um, what are you doing?”

After being pushed away, the woman groaned impatiently a few times, her ears twitching restlessly. After a while, she suddenly took Lan Wu’s hand and pressed it against her bare chest, making that familiar gurgling sound in her throat again.

Seeing that Lan Wu still looked confused, she opened her mouth, and finally stammered, “I want… you…”

90. It’s uncomfortable.

Seeing that she didn’t move, Ji Lingyue made a few soft moans and then sat in her lap, wrapping her long legs around Lan Wu’s waist and hooking her feet around her waist. Lan Wu was so tightly wrapped around her that she couldn’t move and soon started sweating. Ji Lingyue lifted her disheveled clothes and kissed her down her neck, taking her erect nipple into her mouth. Lan Wu couldn’t help but tremble and gasp for breath.

“You…” She managed to squeeze out a few words: “Stop it…”

Ji Lingyue twitched her ears, looked up, and gazed at her intently. Lan Wu met her eyes and coaxed in a soft voice, “Be good, let’s continue sleeping.”

The woman was silent for a moment, then pursed her lips sadly and said, “I feel terrible…”

“Feeling unwell?” Lan Wu frowned, stroking her flushed face. “Why do you feel unwell?”

Ji Lingyue tilted her head and rubbed her cheek against Lan Wu’s cool palm. A fluffy tail then wrapped around Lan Wu’s wrist. Lan Wu was startled and stared at the tail in astonishment. After a while, she looked at Ji Lingyue’s tearful eyes and asked, “?”

The tail wrapped around her wrist dragged her down, slowly touching the wet valley between her legs. Ji Lingyue groaned softly, leaning

limply against Lan Wu's shoulder and swaying her hips comfortably.

Soon, Lan Wu felt her palms become wet.

Watching this enthusiastic courtship, she blinked, finally realizing a beat too late that cats… apparently do have a heat cycle…

While she was lost in thought, Ji Lingyue suddenly pressed her down and made her sit up in a kneeling position.

The woman's eyes were filled with spring, her red lips were moist, and her long, black hair flowed down her body. The red plum blossoms on her chest were faintly visible, and her pure white, naked body was exposed in the dim moonlight, as if it were covered with a layer of silver glow.

Lan Wu stared at her blankly, unable to think about anything else. When the jade-like person leaned down to kiss her, she subconsciously closed her eyes.

A soft, wet tongue pried open her lips and teeth and slipped inside. Ji Lingyue explored her body up and down, untied the knot on her belt, and completely stripped off her clothes. Lan Wu was pressed tightly against her, and with each breath, she could only smell the faint fragrance emanating from the woman's body. Her mind gradually became dizzy, and after their lips parted, she was still panting heavily with a flushed face.

Ji Lingyue rubbed her lower lip, kissed her again, straightened up and scooped Lan Wu's right leg into her arms, crawled two steps forward, and her soft, wet petals almost recklessly bumped into the same spot on Lan Wu.

Lan Wu gasped sharply, her upper body jerking slightly, and she asked in a trembling voice, "A-Yue?"

Ji Lingyue closed her eyes and recovered from the unfamiliar pleasure for a while before forcefully pressing down on Lan Wu and swaying her waist. Softness against softness, her slightly hard clitoris pressed against the other's and rubbed against her, constantly spraying out hot liquid and making lewd water sounds.

The slender tail quietly wrapped around Lan Wu's thigh, pulling her legs wider. Ji Lingyue's waist trembled violently, and she rubbed against her back and forth, letting out a charming moan. Lan Wu was pressed down by her and could not move. Her slender fingers dug into

the sheets beneath her, creating messy folds.

The hand pressing on her right thigh was burning hot, almost leaving red marks to prevent her from moving. Lan Wu spread her legs, and after being rubbed against for a while, she felt a little uncomfortable, but the pleasure in her private parts was extremely intense. She frowned, and soon whimpered as she reached orgasm, hot liquid gushing from between her legs, wetting the bed sheets beneath her.

"Ha…ah…"

Lan Wu's thick, long eyelashes were damp with moisture, her eyes were hazy, and the corners of her eyes were tinged with a passionate blush. Ji Lingyue looked at her with a kind of infatuation, and couldn't help but lower his head to gently bite her lips, while his movements below continued, pressing against her in a hurried and chaotic way, pursuing a pleasure that was enough to make one lose their senses.

"Mmm…" A soft moan escaped the woman's lips. Her fingers gripped Ji Lingyue's back, but she couldn't bear to hurt her. She only rubbed and pressed with her fingertips. Ji Lingyue was panting even more heavily than her. Her clitoris was red, swollen and hot. She reached out and hugged Lan Wu tightly. Her waist swayed a few more times. Finally, she trembled all over and buried her head in the mermaid's shoulder and bit down hard.

Her crotch was incredibly slippery, almost completely covered in honey-like fluid. Ji Lingyue bit down hard, her mind going blank with excitement. When she came to her senses, she realized there was a faint taste of blood in her mouth. She blinked dazedly, gently licking the wound on Lan Wu's shoulder, sucking away the fine beads of blood, making muffled sounds in her throat. Lan Wu leaned limply against her, and after a while, she asked in a hoarse voice, "Are you feeling better now?"

After asking the question, she chuckled and even joked, "Every time I do it, you bite me."

Ji Lingyue subconsciously looked at her. The mermaid's originally smooth and beautiful silver hair was messily stuck to her face, and her pair of clear blue eyes were still covered with a layer of mist. Her snow-white neck and shoulders were covered with kiss marks and teeth marks, and she looked like she had been ravaged.

She lowered her eyes guiltily, leaned in and gently licked Lan Wu's

lips, her hands also climbing up to Lan Wu's full and perky breasts, kneading them lightly. Lan Wu closed her eyes and let out a soft moan, putting her arm around Ji Lingyue's shoulder. When Ji Lingyue kissed her ear, she whispered, "Are you in pain, or… um… or are you just tormenting me?"

Ji Lingyue remained silent, then playfully placed a light kiss on Lan Wu's face. Lan Wu squinted, letting her kiss her while reaching up to stroke the tail wrapped around her leg, casually smoothing it.

When she stroked the base of the tail, the woman suddenly trembled and slumped into her arms with a soft moan. Lan Wu was taken aback and realized that she was in pleasure, so she grasped the base of the tail and began to knead it.

"Uh-huh……"

The woman's voice grew increasingly sweet, her private parts pressed against Lan Wu's legs, the gushing, slippery, and hot fluids like molten lava. Lan Wu bent her knees and gently rubbed against her soft petals, then raised her hand and tentatively pinched the cat ears on her head. Ji Lingyue groaned, closed her eyes, and lowered her head to rub against Lan Wu's palm.

Lan Wu pinched and rubbed her ears a few times, then took the initiative and pressed down on her. Ji Lingyue did not resist at all, obediently hugging her neck, her legs involuntarily clamping around Lan Wu's slender waist.

Lan Wu cupped her breasts and kneaded them, causing her to moan involuntarily and curl her toes in discomfort. Lan Wu lowered her head and gently kissed her brows, the corners of her eyes, and down her nose, leaving wet kiss marks on her chest and lower abdomen. Ji Lingyue curled her legs in discomfort, and with each kiss from Lan Wu, her vulva gurgled out a pool of honey-like fluid, soaking her inner thighs and the tail behind her buttocks.

Lan Wu continued downwards, kissing her inner thigh before moving on to kiss her wet opening.

"Ah…" Ji Lingyue let out a short groan, her waist instinctively rising, her legs trembling as she gripped Lan Wu's. Her swollen, erect clitoris was being rubbed by the soft tip of Lan Wu's tongue, and Lan Wu's hands were kneading her buttocks. The hot fluid flowing from her vaginal opening trickled down her chin, soaking the sheets. Ji Lingyue couldn't help but shrink back, pressing against the cold wall with

nowhere to retreat, but her body remained hot, burning with a thin pink blush all over.

She moaned softly above, while Lan Wu dutifully soothed her from below. Noticing the vaginal opening gradually contracting, she took the poor clitoris into her mouth and sucked hard. Ji Lingyue gasped in surprise, and the hand pressing on her head unconsciously tightened, causing the vaginal fluid that spurted out to almost all splash onto Lan Wu's face.

"Mmm, um…"

Lan Wu casually licked her lips, gently kissed the trembling, spasming instep of her legs, and after a while, slowly climbed up and pulled the person covered in a light sweat into her arms: "Are you still feeling unwell?"

The fluffy tail wrapped around Lan Wu's waist again. Ji Lingyue blinked, and tears streamed down her face. She hugged Lan Wu's neck, sobbing and snuggling against her, saying aggrievedly, "It hurts…"

91. So good

Lan Wu sighed, cupped her face and rubbed it: "Who told you to be so easily fooled? If you want to know anything in the future, you can ask me, and I will tell you everything."

Ji Lingyue groaned as she was being rubbed, and instinctively rubbed against Lan Wu, feeling a cool and comfortable sensation. Lan Wu was being clung to by her like an octopus, and after touching her sweaty back, she said helplessly, "Why are you so clingy?"

Knowing she wouldn't get an answer, Ji Lingyue raised her head, frowned, and asked for a kiss. She softened and lowered her head, gently licking her lips. One hand then slid down her smooth skin, touching her tailbone and pinching the slender tail.

"Um……"

Ji Lingyue couldn't help but grip her shoulders tightly, wrap her legs around her waist, and sway her waist slightly, her wet opening brushing against Lan Wu's lower abdomen, leaving trails of moisture.

Lan Wu closed her eyes, stroking Ji Lingyue's chest while continuing to slide down from behind her tail, past her buttocks, and touching

the constantly opening and closing orifice.

A soft moan escaped Ji Lingyue's lips as she gasped for breath from the kiss. She finally turned her head and rested her head on Lan Wu's shoulder to catch her breath. Lan Wu turned her head and kissed her drooping earlobe a few times. Sure enough, she heard a few soft sobs. Ji Lingyue's waist swayed even more violently, and her wet petals rubbed against Lan Wu's palm.

After touching her a few times, she withdrew her hand and slipped it into the dark thicket along the woman's supple abdomen, smoothly entering the narrow passage. Ji Lingyue suddenly tightened her arms, her breathing became heavy, and her beautiful eyes narrowed. Only when the fingers inside her began to twitch did she gradually relax, limply resting on Lan Wu's shoulder and moaning.

"Mmm…mmm, ah…" she gasped a few times, then suddenly stammered, calling out, "Lan…Lan Wu…"

"What's wrong?" Lan Wu lowered her head and kissed her cheek, asking, "Are you feeling unwell?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head, rubbing her legs against her waist: "Over there, too…"

Lan Wu was stunned for a moment before realizing that she had been playing with one of Ji Lingyue's breasts and neglecting the other. She couldn't help but feel a little pleased by Ji Lingyue's honesty and obediently changed her target to caress the other breast that had been neglected for a long time.

The woman groaned contentedly, and soon her moist lips and tongue enveloped the erect nipple. Her body went limp, and she felt so comfortable that her mind went blank. She just wanted to hold Lan Wu's head and continue to be happy like this forever.

Her fingertips rubbed against the uneven folds of the acupoint, and her palms rubbed against the wet and soft labia. Soon they were covered with honey water. With the squelching and thrusting, Ji Lingyue's entire vagina gradually softened. Lan Wu estimated that it was feasible, so she pulled her fingers out, and the transparent tendrils that spread out from her waist tentatively burrowed inside.

Ji Lingyue suddenly tensed her waist, her feet braced against the sheets as if trying to dodge, but Lan Wu grabbed her buttocks and pulled her back.

She shook her head anxiously: "No… I can't get in…"

"You can get in." Lan Wu hugged her and coaxed, "You got in last time, didn't you? Be good, this way we can cultivate together…"

As she spoke, the soft tentacles kept pushing in. Lan Wu parted her alluring red labia, her fingertips gently scratching the swollen clitoris at the tip. Ji Lingyue's face was flushed, her fingertips rummaging around on Lan Wu's back. Even though she tried to relax her body, the feeling of being stretched open was still clear. Every movement made her tremble with sensitivity, and her juices kept flowing out, which provided Lan Wu with excellent conditions.

Once the tentacles were completely inside, they began to thrust back and forth without stopping. The slight discomfort quickly disappeared, and waves of pleasure washed over her. Ji Lingyue soon succumbed to it, moaning softly. She hugged Lan Wu tightly and kissed her neck in a daze. Lan Wu turned her head to kiss her, running one hand through her thick black hair and stroking her furry ears.

Her moans were all muffled in her throat. Ji Lingyue closed her eyes, tears dripping down her face. Along with the soft, wet sounds below, she was soon brought to orgasm.

She was trembling violently, her whole body soaked, as if she had been pulled out of the water. Lan Wu massaged her sore little hole with her palm, as if she had fallen into sticky honey. Gradually, Ji Lingyue's breathing became rapid again. She gripped Lan Wu's shoulders tightly and trembled as she whispered, "More…"

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, wiped away the tears from the corners of her eyes, and whispered, "Then let's continue…"

As the seasons changed and the moon rose and set, the warm atmosphere inside the room remained constant.

Ji Lingyue was extremely enthusiastic. After spitting out the tentacles, she couldn't wait to put her fingers into her mouth again. The gushing fluids almost soaked the sheets. When Lan Wu slowly withdrew her fingertips, the vaginal muscles still bit her passionately. The originally pink petals were swollen and red from being fucked, pitifully wrapped around her fingertips.

She squeezed out some spiritual energy and carefully relieved Ji Lingyue's soreness. Ji Lingyue fell asleep as soon as she lay down, her ears fluttering a few times involuntarily before drooping limply onto

her head, and her fluffy tail loosened its grip on her body.

Lan Wu glanced at the messy bedsheets, thought for a while with a headache, and finally decided to change them herself. As she threw the torn sheets and blankets aside, she couldn't help but mutter to herself, "Really, I, the injured person, have to clean up this…"

Half an hour later, she climbed onto the now dry and soft bed, lay down next to Ji Lingyue, and drifted off to sleep with her. She didn't know how much time had passed when Lan Wu was awakened again by the warmth in her arms. A wet kiss landed on her chin, and she heard soft moans and whimpers. She opened her eyes wearily, her long eyelashes fluttering, and through the hazy light, she saw Ji Lingyue kissing her with red eyes.

Lan Wu instinctively reached out and hugged the person in her arms, feeling the burning hot core pressing tightly against her leg. Ji Lingyue was steaming hot, kissing her while sobbing as if she was about to cry: "Lan Wu…"

Lan Wu: "…"

Xuan Yu sat upright at the table, glanced at the sun outside, then at the fox lying on the table drinking its medicine, and finally frowned as she looked at the empty seats on the other two sides and the medicine bowl that was about to go cold, falling into silence.

After drinking the medicine, the fox licked its lips and said knowingly, "I'll go call them."

She jumped off the table and had only taken two short steps when she heard Xuan Yu ask behind her, "Can't you transform into a human yet?"

Yao Zhu was startled and chuckled dryly, "Of course I can only transform into a human for a short time, since I'm still injured and can't maintain it for too long…"

Xuan Yu was silent for a while, then said, "You should leave once your injuries have healed."

Yao Zhu pursed her lips, pretending not to hear, and turned and ran away in a flash. Soon, she reached Ji Lingyue's room and shouted at the window, "Hey, little Taoist, and that fish, it's time to take its medicine."

A gentle breeze rustled through the trees, casting dappled shadows, but no one answered.

“Little Daoist cultivator?” Yao Zhu raised her voice and called out a few more times, frowning as she muttered to herself, “Isn’t he here?”

In the dimly lit room separated by a wall, a pale, naked body knelt trembling on the bed. A dark shadow throbbed between her parted legs, and drops of fluid dripped onto the bed. Lan Wu embraced Ji Lingyue from behind, her other hand caressing Ji Lingyue’s lips. After gently stroking them a few times, Ji Lingyue opened her lips and took them into her mouth. Ji Lingyue whimpered indistinctly, her body leaning back, instinctively trying to embed herself into Lan Wu’s embrace.

Lan Wu shushed her, “Don’t make a sound.”

Ji Lingyue blinked, obediently took her finger in her mouth, and hummed in agreement.

Yao Zhu circled the doorway a few times, then raised her paw and patted it a few times: “Where is everyone?”

Seeing that no one answered, she flicked her fluffy tail and walked back in confusion. As her footsteps faded into the distance, Lan Wu breathed a sigh of relief, pulled out her wet fingers, and kissed her ear: “Good girl.”

92. Accumulating Virtue

The soft mattress was dappled with warm yellow light, and barely visible dust particles drifted in the light streaming through the window. The woman lying on the bed had long eyelashes that trembled slightly. After a while, she slowly opened her eyes, then groaned and closed them again.

Someone hugged her from behind, and when she moved, they asked in a low voice, “Awake?”

Ji Lingyue opened her mouth, but felt her throat was extremely dry and her head was throbbing. She gently rubbed her temples, and her ears twitched involuntarily.

…Wait, ears?

Ji Lingyue was startled. She raised her hand and scratched the furry

ear on her head. In an instant, the image of her wantonly begging for pleasure with Lan Wu flooded into her mind. She froze and her cheeks slowly turned red.

After a long silence, Ji Lingyue closed her eyes, slowly turned over, and buried her head in Lan Wu's arms.

Lan Wu rubbed her ear, sat up and brought her a bowl of water from the bedside. Ji Lingyue hesitated for a moment, then carefully crawled out, let her hair down, and went to drink the water. After drinking, she snuggled back into Lan Wu's arms and wouldn't move.

This movement is just like a cat's…

While suspecting that she hadn't completely shaken off her cat-like habits, Lan Wu coaxed her, "I've seen all kinds of you, why are you shy now?"

A muffled voice came from her arms: "It's different."

"What's the difference? It's just that I have two extra ears… um…"

Ji Lingyue covered her mouth, raised her eyes, and said with embarrassment and annoyance, "Don't say it."

Lan Wu nodded, and only after she removed her hand did she say, "It's already late afternoon."

"Shenshi (3-5 PM)?" Ji Lingyue was startled and sat up abruptly. "Then Xuanyu…"

"It's alright." Lan Wu pressed her down: "I went over there when you were asleep at noon. You can take your medicine tonight."

Ji Lingyue finally relaxed, bent her knees and sat up, but put her arms down on the bed. She didn't seem to think the position was wrong. She squinted, yawned, and wrinkled her nose, looking a little uncomfortable.

Seeing this, Lan Wu took out a jar of ointment from behind her and said carefully, "I may not have been careful last night. If you feel unwell, apply this."

Ji Lingyue stared at her blankly for a long time before realizing what she meant. Her face immediately flushed, and she shrank back in resistance: "No need… hiss…"

Lan Wu asked anxiously, "What's wrong? Where does it hurt?"

Ji Lingyue's face grew even redder. She felt a sharp pain even when she casually curled her legs up, realizing the seriousness of the situation. She stammered, "I… why didn't you apply the medicine while I was asleep?"

Lan Wu blinked and stammered, "You, you finally fell asleep, I'm afraid if I wake you up again, we'll really be asleep all day…"

"…"

Ji Lingyue stared at her in shock, her eyes dark and bright, but a blush gradually rose at the corners. After a long, staring contest, she lowered her head first, saying shyly, "Then, you, you apply the medicine…"

Lan Wu couldn't help but smile: "Okay."

By the time the two had finished getting ready, the sun was already setting. Ji Lingyue refused to go out, so Lan Wu had to go get the medicine by herself. On the way, she saw a fox squatting by a stream, and beside her was a nightmare beast that she hadn't seen in a long time.

Upon entering this place, Lan Wu saw this Nightmare Beast for the first time. Xiao Jiu looked much rounder and resembled a lump of coal more than before.

Curious, she crept closer and overheard the fox say, "Create a dream for her, make her and me make love? What kind of method is that? It's still fake."

Xiao Jiu retorted: "What do you mean by fake? The dreams I create are all taken from the depths of the host's memory. Even if there is fabricated content, it is based on facts and can be considered half true and half false at most."

Yao Zhu was taken aback and turned her head to say, "That's even more unacceptable. If you can see things deep in her memories, wouldn't that be like showing you our live sex show?"

Xiao Jiu fell silent for a moment, realizing that what she said made some sense.

Just then, it noticed the shadow cast from behind and quickly turned around. Sure enough, it saw Lan Wu standing behind it with a frown.

Yao Zhu also reacted, turned around, and stared in astonishment with wide eyes: “When did you get here? How much did you hear?”

Lan Wu ignored her and instead frowned as she looked at Xiao Jiu, asking seriously, “Are the dreams you create based on facts?”

Xiao Jiu obediently hummed in agreement.

Lan Wu pursed her lips and asked again, “But what if I don’t remember at all, and don’t feel like I’ve ever experienced anything similar to your dream?”

“You mean that dream in the Cloud Wasteland Palace?” Xiao Jiu recalled for a moment and said, “You know, my target wasn’t you back then, so I didn’t bother to weave a dream for you. What you dreamed about all came from your own memories. As for what you dreamed about, I don’t know either. If you don’t think that such a thing ever happened, the reason is very simple,” it blinked and said matter-of-factly, “It’s because you forgot.”

Lan Wu frowned in confusion: “Is my memory really that bad?”

“You’re almost three hundred years old, do you really think you’ll remember things from your teens?”

Lan Wu hesitated for a moment, then whispered, “No.”

Xiao Jiu said knowingly, “So, since you’ve forgotten, it means it’s not a big deal for you, so why bother about it so much?”

Lan Wu lowered her eyes, stared blankly at the fallen flowers in the stream for a while, and said, “That’s true, since you’ve forgotten, it shouldn’t be… important.”

She now carries a heavy burden, needing to both recover from her injuries and wait for Yuan Zhen to decipher the inscription on the stone tablet, hoping he could bring her good news. A childhood dream is hardly enough to distract her.

Lan Wu sighed, straightened up, and nodded to Xiao Jiu: “Thank you for your explanation.”

After saying that, she turned and continued walking towards the kitchen. Yaozhu exclaimed twice, insisting, “Hey, how much did you hear? You’re not going to tell Xuanyu, are you?”

Lan Wu waved her hand at her: "I didn't hear anything."

In the heart of Southwest China, amidst the vast desert, a tiny black dot, no bigger than an ant, is slowly making its way forward.

The sallow-faced, muscular man stumbled up the sand dune, raising his hand to shield his eyes from the blinding sunlight. When he saw that all he could see ahead was an endless expanse of yellow sand, he was filled with despair and staggered to his knees.

The sun rose directly overhead from the east and then set in the direction he was heading. In the dead of night, the temperature plummeted. He walked for a long time without seeing a single person. He had already drunk his last drop of water and had no oil paper or tinder on him. Only the starry sky above him, seemingly within reach, illuminated the desolate sand. The world was vast, and he felt incredibly lonely in this sea of death, as if he were the only person in the world.

His lips were cracked and peeling, and his mouth was parched. If he couldn't find a spring soon, he feared he would die here.

The man, panting, climbed another steep slope, but when he reached the top, he felt dizzy and fell down. His consciousness became increasingly blurred, and just as he was about to fall into unconsciousness, he heard the faint sound of camel bells.

He struggled to open his closed eyes again, barely managing to turn over and look towards the source of the bell. On the distant horizon, a group of people had indeed appeared. A look of surprise flashed in the man's eyes, and with a strength he didn't know he had, he managed to get up and stumble forward.

He yelled at the top of his lungs, "Help! Help!"

The closer he got, the clearer he could see. The group of people were all wearing white cloaks, their appearance was neat, and their faces were hidden in the wide hoods, making them look extremely mysterious.

But he couldn't care less about anything else. He rushed forward and grabbed the leader's boots: "Help, help me! I've been caught in a sandstorm and got separated from my companions. Please… take me out of here…"

The man lowered his head, his eyes, hidden in the shadows, seemed to

be scrutinizing him. After a while, he clicked his tongue impatiently.

It was a female voice.

She raised her hand and casually pulled off the hood on her head, revealing a head of long, flowing silver hair. A silver leaf headdress adorned her forehead, and beneath her delicate eyebrows were a pair of deep blue eyes, as unfathomable as the sea. Even when she wasn't speaking, she slightly curled the corners of her lips, looking down at the man with a nonchalant expression.

The man standing beneath the camel was momentarily dazed by her beauty. When he came to his senses, a chill suddenly ran through him. He took two steps back and collapsed to the ground, groaning, "Demon, demon..."

Lan Yuan bent down and dusted off her boots, saying casually, "Feng Yi."

The girl beside her responded, a flash of blue light appeared, and the man who was screaming in agony fainted.

Feng Yi turned his head and asked, "Your Highness, shall we kill him?"

"Why kill him? He's just an ordinary human, not a cultivator." Lan Yuan said calmly, "Erase his memories and throw him into the City of Demons."

"But it will take two more days to reach the City of Demons."

"Then let him stay unconscious," Lan Yuan said. "The entrance to the Demon Realm will not open for another six days. Be careful these next few days and don't let the cultivators from the City of Demons target you."

Feng Yi pouted: "Wouldn't it be safer for us to just leave this person here?"

Lan Yuan said lazily, "I'm in a good mood, so I'm doing a good deed to accumulate merit."

"Your Highness still believes in this?"

Lan Yuan put her hood back on and hummed in agreement: "I learned it from Lan Wu."

——

I quickly progressed through the plot.

93. Incident

Time flies, and in the blink of an eye, the group had been staying in Burning Sound Valley for nearly a month. Two days ago, a light drizzle had been falling in the valley. At dawn, the grass and trees were lush and green, and the dew was clinging to their clothes. Xuan Yu put on her straw hat, whistled to summon a white wolf, and soon disappeared into the misty rain.

Yao Zhu squatted down and watched her leave. After a while, the fiery red fox transformed into human form, turned around and half-lay on the swing under the eaves, resting her head on her arm and sighing deeply.

Lan Wu, unfazed, finished her medicine, popped a candied fruit into her mouth, and asked, “Did Xuan Yu chase you away again?”

Yao Zhu snorted: “If I hadn’t coughed up blood again yesterday, I’m afraid she would have grabbed me by the neck and thrown me out last night.”

Lan Wu was silent for a moment, then advised, “This can’t go on forever.”

“What else can we do?” Yao Zhu glanced at the graceful figure practicing swordsmanship not far away and muttered, “If only Xuan Yu could be as easy to talk to as Ji Lingyue.”

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then looked over. A woman in white was twirling among the flowers, her figure as light as a bird, without trampling a single daisy. Even the raindrops were deflected by the invisible sword energy, leaving no trace of moisture on her clothes.

She watched quietly for a while, then said in a low voice, “A-Yue didn’t accept that I was a demon from the beginning, and besides…” She paused, then continued, “Xuan Yu is the young master of Yunxiao Pavilion, bearing heavy responsibilities. Presumably, she can’t abandon everything as easily as A-Yue… You…”

“I know.” Yao Zhu turned over, turning her back to her unhappily. “You don’t need to remind me anymore.”

Lan Wu blinked and said "Oh".

At noon, the group sat together in the kitchen, watching Ji Lingyue's busy figure. After a while, the woman turned around, carrying a clay pot. After carefully putting it down, she lifted the lid, and a fragrant steam rose out.

Looking down, the broth in the pot is rich and golden in color, with fresh mushrooms garnishing the chicken pieces, making one's mouth water.

Yao Zhu shook off her morning gloom, picked up a spoon, ladled out a bowl of soup, and eagerly took a sip. She stuck out her tongue, burning herself from the heat, and exclaimed, "You're really good at cooking!"

Ji Lingyue said calmly, "I am a hunter's daughter. I have helped my parents with housework since I was a child, so of course I can cook."

As she spoke, she turned around and brought two bowls of lighter soup to Lan Wu and A Li, saying in a low voice, "These have been cooled down for a while, so they shouldn't be too hot anymore."

Lan Wu hummed in agreement and obediently scooped up the wine with a spoon. After a while, she asked again, "But where did you get the chicken?"

Ji Lingyue raised her chin at Yao Zhu: "She gave it to me."

Yao Zhu said, "I caught it in the valley."

Lan Wu paused, "Could it be a chicken that Xuan Yu keeps free-range in the valley?"

"So what if it is? Chickens are raised to eat, aren't they?" Yaozhu said matter-of-factly. "Are you going to raise them to become spirits?"

Lan Wu hesitated and said, "But… wouldn't it be inappropriate to eat it without telling Master?"

"It's too late to say now," Yaozhu said with a smile, her eyes crinkling. "Can you even bring yourself to say it?"

Lan Wu: …

"There are plenty of them anyway, she won't notice if one is missing. Eat up, eat up, we'll get it all sorted out before she comes back." As

she spoke, she enthusiastically picked up a piece of soup for Ah Li, who was sitting next to her drinking it obediently: “Eat some, your master doesn’t like meat, so eat more.”

Ah Li turned her head and looked cautiously at Lan Wu, who nodded helplessly: “Eat if you want.”

The girl smiled and had just put a chicken nugget in her mouth when she heard a wolf howl in the distance. Startled, Yaozhu slammed down her chopsticks and looked outside: “Oh no, oh no, why are they back so early? They usually don’t come back until evening.”

She glanced at the steaming chicken soup, then at the faintly visible shadows in the distance, coughed lightly, and calmly said, “It’s alright, I’ll go explain to her. You two just sit here.”

Under the watchful eyes of three people, she stood up and walked out of the kitchen with an air of composure.

The white wolf drew closer, its fur glossy white as snow after being soaked in the rain, but there were several dark marks on its neck.

It let out another howl, its voice unusually shrill.

Yao Zhu was startled, her expression suddenly changed, and she quickly ran towards it. Lan Wu and the others also noticed something was wrong and ran after her. When they reached Yao Zhu’s side, they heard her sternly ask, “Where is Xuan Yu? Didn’t you go to get the letter with her?”

The white wolf flicked its tail restlessly, howled twice, and dragged Yaozhu out by biting her sleeve. Yaozhu glanced at the bloodstains on its body, her face growing increasingly grim. She leaped onto the wolf’s back and said, “Let’s go!”

“Yaozhu!”

Ji Lingyue called out urgently and took a few steps after her, but Yaozhu seemed not to hear her and ran far away in the blink of an eye. Ji Lingyue frowned and turned around, seeing Lan Wu’s serious face, and said in a deep voice, “Let’s follow.”

“good.”

Lan Wu summoned her silver sword, pulled Ji Lingyue onto it, and turned around to see the bewildered A Li. She said, “You stay here and

don't go out."

"But…" Ah Li asked anxiously, "When will you be back?"

"I'll be back soon." With that, Lan Wu spurred her spirit sword and flew away, her voice fading into the distance: "Remember, whatever you do, don't go outside!"

The longsword pierced through the misty rain and sped away. They rushed out of the barrier and flew down the mountain for about ten miles before they saw the white giant wolf galloping across the fields. Lan Wu looked around and said with some worry, "Two demonic beasts, running out so openly, it won't be long before they are noticed by cultivators."

Ji Lingyue looked down at the rushing figure below her feet and whispered, "If we encounter cultivators, we can say they are my contracted beasts. Xuan Yu must have encountered an accident. Yao Zhu can't go back with us, and we can't go back either." She made up her mind: "We have to go with her to find Xuan Yu."

Lan Wu nodded: "Of course."

After agreeing on their plan, the two descended and followed Yaozhu.

The woman's ears twitched, and she turned her head to look at him. Her long hair was blown behind her by the wind, and anger and hostility still lingered on her charming face: "Why did you follow us here?"

"Of course I'm here to help you."

As Lan Wu spoke, she threw Ji Lingyue onto the wolf's back: "If you run like this, you won't even get a hundred miles away."

Yao Zhu pursed her lips, and after a long while, whispered, "Thank you."

94. What happened?

Following the scent, the white wolf sped along for a day, and Lan Wu felt increasingly uneasy.

If Xuan Yu was indeed captured, then the group that captured her must be rushing on their way, seemingly heading towards Yunxiao Pavilion. But at this time, the Immortal Debate Conference being held

at Yunxiao Pavilion should not have ended yet. What are those people planning to do by bringing Xuan Yu to her ancestral home?

Countless questions swirled in Lan Wu's mind, as if a fog were obscuring her vision, impossible to dispel or see clearly.

She sighed silently and looked ahead, her mind heavy with worry.

As night fell, the group, weary from their journey, stopped at the foot of Wanhua Mountain, where Yunxiao Pavilion was located. Ji Lingyue jumped off the white wolf and walked up the blue stone steps. After turning a corner, a narrow and steep sliver of sky appeared before her, and the mountain gate was located there. Two disciples stood guard at the entrance with swords in hand. Hearing the commotion, they looked at her.

The young man standing on the left quickly recognized her and exclaimed in surprise, "Fellow Daoist Ji, weren't you not going to participate in this Immortal Debate Conference? Why are you here now?"

Ji Lingyue frowned, somewhat surprised by his attitude: "Why do you say that?"

He exclaimed, "Oh, that's what your sect says, that you went on a long journey."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback. She hadn't expected that Hao Chenshan hadn't told anyone about her leaving the sect. She didn't know if it was because family scandals shouldn't be aired in public, or if there was some other reason. In any case, he had actually helped her out.

She went along with it, saying, "I was passing by and thought I'd stop by for a look."

"That's good," he nodded, then frowned, noticing the human and fox behind her. "What's this?"

"It is my contracted beast."

As she spoke, Ji Lingyue raised her hand and stroked Lan Wu's forehead, and a golden lotus appeared. Lan Wu, holding the fox in her arms, bowed her head respectfully, looking obedient and timid.

"And this fox?"

"She can't transform into human form yet," Ji Lingyue said calmly. "She is also my contracted beast."

Perhaps because he trusted Ji Lingyue completely, the young man hummed in agreement, quickly took out his token, and stepped aside to let her in: "Please come in."

Ji Lingyue thanked her and led Lan Wu up the mountain path. After walking a few steps, she suddenly remembered something, turned around, and asked hesitantly, "Have you seen Xuan Yu?"

"Senior Sister?" He raised an eyebrow and said, "What a coincidence, she just got back this afternoon, she should be in the mountains."

After flying a few miles up the mountain, Lan Wu couldn't help but ask, "So Xuan Yu is alright and came back on her own?"

Yao Zhu said irritably, "Impossible. The white wolf has Xuan Yu's blood on it, and with the two of you wounded here, she couldn't have left without saying goodbye."

"That's true." Lan Wu pursed her lips, looked at Ji Lingyue, and saw that her expression was serious, as if she was thinking about something. After a while, the woman closed her eyes and sighed softly, "Why did they still come…"

As the group ascended, passing over verdant mountains and clear waters, they broke through the clouds and suddenly fell silent. The cold moonlight illuminated the steep, knife-cut peaks ahead, with countless pavilions dotting the precipitous cliffs. The lights that shone on the cliffs resembled fireflies, while the main peak, surrounded by mountains, was shrouded in mist and shimmered with silver light.

Ji Lingyue's long black hair danced in the wind as she whispered, "That's the main pavilion, Cloud Pavilion. People must be gathered there."

Lan Wu subconsciously looked up and heard the fox in her arms say, "Over the past few centuries, at least eight or ten people have ascended to immortality in Yunzhongque. I used to hear people say that this is the closest place to immortals. Looking south from here, you can even see the end of this continent at a glance. But when I actually came here, I found out that it was not like that."

"Indeed." Ji Lingyue continued, "When I visited this place with the Haochen Mountain group years ago, I stood on the peak and looked

south. I could only see the dense forests of the Southern Continent, not the waters of the Kunhai."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, lowered her eyes, and carefully pinched the fingertips hanging by her side: "In the future, I will take you to see the Kunhai."

Ji Lingyue didn't say anything, but quietly turned her wrist and took her hand.

The closer one gets to the summit, the louder the noise becomes. The Cloud Pavilion is a hundred feet high, and outside the pavilion is a huge circular platform. Twenty-seven towering white jade pillars stand around the edge, and huge luminous pearls on the top of the pillars emit a soft glow, illuminating this place as bright as day.

At the northernmost point of the circular platform stood the white-robed disciples of Haochen Mountain, their bearing impeccable, like a blanket of snow. To the easternmost point were the disciples of Yunxiao Pavilion, the largest group, dressed in blue robes, their demeanor gentle and refined. Standing to the west were the Golden Hall cultivators adorned with gold and silver, and the disciples of Penglai Island, each exuding an air of grandeur and extraordinary bearing. As for the remaining open space, it belonged to the independent cultivators from all corners of the land.

At this moment, the cultivators below the stage were whispering and chatting, the atmosphere relaxed and carefree. Ji Lingyue led Lan Wu into the crowd without being noticed by others. She breathed a sigh of relief and subconsciously looked towards the center of the round platform.

Coincidentally, she recognized both people on the stage. One was Xuan Rulin, the head of Yunxiao Pavilion and Xuan Yu's father, and the other was the third-place winner whom Xuan Yu had teased earlier for being able to take advantage of others.

The competition seemed to have just ended. Xuan Rulin smiled broadly and handed her the long sword in his hand: "Congratulations on becoming the champion of this year's centenarian category."

The third-place winner didn't seem very happy. He accepted the gift with a stern face and said dryly, "Thank you, Pavilion Master."

Xuan Rulin nodded, raised her hand to pat her shoulder and offer some words of comfort, but the third-place winner turned around and jumped into the group of independent cultivators without looking back.

His raised hand awkwardly froze in mid-air. After a moment, Xuan Rulin touched his beard to cover his embarrassment, coughed twice, looked at the whispering crowd below the stage, frowned slightly, and suddenly raised his voice: "Everyone, although all the competitions of this Immortal Debate Conference have ended, there is a major event concerning the future of my Cloud Pavilion that I hope you will all witness together."

His deep voice echoed across the entire round platform, snapping the distracted crowd out of their reverie and causing them to stop talking and turn to look at him.

Xuan Rulin glanced around at the people below the stage and called out, "Yu'er, come here."

A figure in blue emerged from the crowd, ascended the stone steps, and calmly walked to Xuan Rulin's side.

Ji Lingyue was startled. She exchanged a glance with Lan Wu, then looked at Yao Zhu. Before she knew it, the fox had already stood up and was standing on Lan Wu's shoulder, staring intently at the familiar figure.

Xuan Rulin glanced at her with satisfaction, then stretched out her hand to the other side and said gently, "Shi Qing, come here."

As soon as he finished speaking, a young man stepped out from the front of the procession at the Golden Hall and walked with a smile to the other side of Xuanru Forest.

Under everyone's gaze, Xuan Rulin raised her head and said loudly, "Wen Shiqing and my daughter were childhood sweethearts, and they are in love with each other. He is not only the second prince of the Sheng Dynasty royal family, but also the senior brother of the Golden Hall. He and my Yu'er are a match made in heaven. Today, the two of them will become Daoist partners here. From now on, the Golden Hall and the Cloud Pavilion will form an alliance, inseparable and

unbreakable!"

As he spoke, he gestured, "Shi Qing."

Wen Shiqing nodded, knowingly extending his hand to Xuan Yu. Xuan Yu turned her head slightly, glanced at him calmly, and then offered her hand to him.

Lan Wu's heart skipped a beat, and she quickly tightened her arms to grab the fox in her arms, but she was too late. The red shadow shot upwards like an arrow, and in mid-air, it transformed into a slender human figure with a head of black hair dancing wildly behind it.

Under the watchful eyes of everyone, she leaped onto the stage with lightning speed, grabbing Xuan Yu's hand in shock and anger: "Xuan Yu!"

The woman paused, frowned, and looked at her. In that brief moment, Yaozhu met her dark eyes and suddenly froze.

She exclaimed in astonishment, "You're not Xuan Yu!"

In the blink of an eye, 'Xuan Yu' suddenly pursed her lips, conjured a long sword in her right hand, and decisively stabbed at Xuan Rulin beside her.

Xuan Rulin suddenly opened his eyes wide and hurriedly dodged backward, but 'Xuan Yu' flicked her wrist and her long sword cut off a silk ribbon at his waist, and a scroll fell down immediately.

She slightly tightened her fingers, and a dense demonic aura enveloped the scroll, instantly bringing it into her hand.

"A demon! It's a demon!"

Screams erupted from the audience, but Yaozhu still held onto her tightly, shouting sternly, "Where's Xuanyu? Where did you take her?!"

'Xuanyu' glanced at her coldly, then suddenly unrolled the scroll in her hand and flung it at Yaozhu's face. The scroll was several feet long, and the blue water depicted on it was so lifelike that it seemed to be flowing gently.

Caught off guard, Yao Zhu instinctively reached out to shield herself, but her figure vanished in an instant.

Lan Wu, who witnessed the whole thing, stared in shock: "Yaozhu…

was swallowed up by that painting!"

Ji Lingyue struggled to raise her voice amidst the noise: "That is the treasure of Yunxiao Pavilion, the Hundred Demon Scroll, which can suck demons into the world within the painting and trap them inside forever according to the scroll's owner's wishes!"

Lan Wu opened her mouth, but before she could speak, the woman impersonating Xuan Yu flew into the air, surrounded by azure demonic energy. Ominous scarlet magic arrays emerged from beneath her feet, and the Hundred Demon Scroll slowly unfurled, growing longer and longer until it almost encircled the entire circular platform.

Lan Wu's body suddenly felt light, and she was suddenly lifted into the air uncontrollably, flying towards the scroll. Ji Lingyue quickly grabbed her, but was pulled and stumbled, her feet almost leaving the ground.

She gritted her teeth and said, "What on earth is going on?!"

95. Greetings

Strands of eerie blue demonic energy flowed from her body to the scroll, forming a faint, intertwined bond. The more Lan Wu struggled, the faster her demonic power dissipated. Looking around, she discovered that there were many contracted beasts in the air in the same situation as her, some of which had even had half their bodies swallowed into the painting.

Ji Lingyue struggled to pull her along, but her feet slid forward little by little. On the ground behind her, a thick black mist was gradually rising. Before long, a monster with a blue face and fangs, a pig's head and a human body, emerged from it. Its large, copper-bell-shaped eyes suddenly fixed on Ji Lingyue, and it silently raised its double axes to chop at her.

"Watch out!" Lan Wu shouted in a panic, forcefully pushing Ji Lingyue aside. Ji Lingyue staggered a step, a gust of wind whistling past her ears. She bent over to dodge the axe that whizzed past her nose, lightly touched the ground with her fingertips, and gracefully somersaulted, landing steadily a few feet away.

When she looked up again, Lan Wu had already been sucked far away.

Ji Lingyue hurriedly jumped up to chase after it, but she could not fly far before her body could no longer move forward. She looked back

and saw that the pig demon was holding her ankle tightly, letting out an angry roar, and slamming her hard to the ground.

Startled, she reacted swiftly, bracing herself against the ground to avoid being smashed into the hard jade. In the next instant, she spun around, breaking free from the pig demon's grasp, and kicked its bulging belly hard. Using the force, Ji Lingyue floated back a distance, but heard screams and roars all around her. She looked up and saw that the cultivators around her were all caught in a battle with the demons. Countless wisps of black mist surged into the crowd, as if attacking from all directions, making it impossible to defend against.

From the crowd, a familiar voice shouted, "Disciples of Haochen Mountain, form ranks!"

Holding a fire bow, Yu Shanye stood on high ground and shouted, "Disciples above the Nascent Soul stage, stay outside! All other disciples, stay inside! Senior brothers and sisters from all peaks, protect your junior brothers and sisters!"

As soon as she finished speaking, she pursed her lips, drew her bow, and shot an arrow that pierced through a crow that swooped down from the sky.

Ji Lingyue glanced at her hurriedly, then quickly looked away and strode after Lan Wu. Lan Wu was suspended in the air, her long hair dancing wildly, her thick eyelashes falling down, casting a deathly shadow. Ji Lingyue was expressionless, but her movements became increasingly violent. She picked up a sword and weaved through the noisy crowd, clearing away everything in her way without hesitation.

Behind her, limbs and severed bodies were left scattered everywhere. The woman's clothes fluttered like butterflies, splattered with specks of red. She pierced a demon's throat, shook off the blood dripping from her sword, and then, with a keen ear, twitched her ears. She quickly raised her hand and held the sword horizontally in front of her, blocking the spiked club that came crashing down from the shadows. With a crack, countless cracks appeared on the silver-white blade, emitting a grating, ear-piercing sound.

Ji Lingyue's eyes flashed, and before the sword blade shattered completely, she suddenly let go and took a step back. The demon was caught off guard and fell forward due to inertia, only to meet the woman's raised knee. He immediately saw stars and his nose bled profusely. After a cry of pain, he stretched out his hairy claws,

grabbed Ji Lingyue's waist tightly, and lifted her up like an eagle snatching a chick.

Her body was lifted into the air, and Ji Lingyue quickly grabbed the edge of his hand to prevent him from suddenly crushing her bones. Just as they were locked in a stalemate, she suddenly heard someone shout at the top of their lungs: "You, surnamed Ji!"

Ji Lingyue was startled and subconsciously looked in the direction of the voice. She saw a third person standing on a white jade pillar in the distance, with a luminous pearl under his feet and a burning gaze on him, saying, "Catch!"

A silver light flew from her hand. Ji Lingyue caught it with one hand, and golden light surged from her body. Countless sword shadows appeared and sliced the wolf demon's two arms to pieces. She landed on the ground and, as the wolf demon howled, severed its head with a sword. She looked back at the stone pillar, but the man was already gone.

High above, the dancing canvas silently changed its appearance; the original ripples of water disappeared, replaced by lush, verdant forests.

Lan Wu's legs were completely submerged in the painting. She barely opened her eyes and saw the woman impersonating Xuan Yu standing not far away, suspended in mid-air.

Xuan Rulin lived up to his reputation as the master of Yunxiao Pavilion. Although he was confused by the series of changes just now and even accidentally lost the Hundred Demon Scroll, he kept pressing towards this side after he came to his senses. The demons that rushed in to block his way were easily killed by him, as simple as crushing an ant.

But such a swarm of monsters couldn't hold him off for long.

'Xuanyu' glanced at the contracted beast that had been sucked into the Hundred Demon Scroll, bit her index finger, and drew a complex magic circle in mid-air. The red light flashed, and each of the four ends of the magic circle was left empty. 'Xuanyu' frowned and squeezed out more blood. She wrote North at the bottom and East on the left, and quickly finished writing the four characters of East, West, South, and North.

Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled slightly as she finally realized what

she was drawing.

Counter-curse.

She groaned, her upper body still outside the painting. Her hands were helpless, and her demonic power was rapidly dissipating. No matter how she struggled, she sank deeper and deeper in vain, soon to be swallowed up to her chest.

Just as she was in despair, a white figure rushed up on a sword. Ji Lingyue entered the cage woven from demonic energy. Her robes billowed in the wind and soon tore open in several places, seeping out bright red blood. She ignored it and grabbed Lan Wu's hand.

"Ah Yue," Lan Wu gasped, her voice hoarse, "Let go, you can't pull my…"

"No." Ji Lingyue's eyes were red. After trying her best but failing to pull Lan Wu away even a little, she suddenly raised her sword and viciously stabbed at 'Xuan Yu'. 'Xuan Yu' raised her eyes, flicked her sleeve, and a gust of wind blew her away. She tumbled several times in the air before barely managing to steady herself.

'Xuanyu' withdrew her hand, glanced at Ji Lingyue a few times, and suddenly asked, "Since she is your contracted beast, why go through all this trouble? Why not just summon her back to your side?"

Ji Lingyue was stunned, staring intently at her without saying a word.

'Xuanyu' added, 'If we don't summon it now, it will be too late.'

Ji Lingyue was startled and quickly looked over. Only Lan Wu's shoulders and above were still outside, and she was about to be completely swallowed up. Although she felt that there must be a trap, she couldn't care less about that now. She gritted her teeth, finally reached out to form a hand seal, and recited the incantation that she had recited a thousand times.

"Majestic divine presence, solemn and clear voice, the Yin of the six directions, ruling over all spirits…"

The cold, stern voice reached her ears, seemingly dispelling her slight drowsiness. Lan Wu murmured softly, shook her head, and in a flash, something crossed her mind.

Counter curse!

She suddenly realized what was happening, her eyes widened, and she cried out, "Ah Yue! No…"

Before she could even utter the word "summon," a golden light appeared before her eyes, and Ji Lingyue materialized beside her, half of her body disappearing into the scroll along with her. Lan Wu opened her mouth, but before she could say another word, she was completely swallowed up.

"Lan Wu!"

Ji Lingyue hurriedly turned around and found herself in the same situation as Lan Wu. Unfortunately, even with her spiritual power, she couldn't break free from the huge suction force of the painting. Moreover, Lan Wu had already been sucked in.

After much deliberation, she gave up struggling and let herself sink. Suddenly, a familiar figure appeared in her field of vision and rushed in front of her in the blink of an eye. Yu Shanye looked shocked and shouted, "Ji Lingyue, what are you doing here?!"

She shouted as she gripped her hand tightly. Ji Lingyue shook her head and said, "Don't worry about me. Take care of yourself. I have to go find Lan Wu."

"This won't do!" Yu Shanye refused to believe it and kept pulling her away desperately. "Who knows where you'll be taken!"

"It's no use." Ji Lingyue gasped for breath, tilted her head back, and suddenly remembered something. She struggled to pull out the jade pendant from her waist and stuffed it into her hand: "Go find A-Li, she's still at Fenyin…"

Before she could finish speaking, her figure suddenly vanished, leaving only ripples on the scroll depicting the dense forest. The next moment, the scroll automatically closed, transforming back into a form that could be held in one hand before Yu Shanye's eyes, returning to 'Xuanyu's' hand.

She glanced at Yu Shanye indifferently, then turned and left. The demons that had been fighting with the cultivators below seemed to have received a command, instantly turning into black mist and surging out of the round platform like a receding tide. While everyone was filled with doubt and uncertainty, the woman's cold voice rang out from high above, clearly reaching everyone's ears: "The Demon King sends his greetings."

96. Protection

Suddenly, a figure appeared in the vast sky and plummeted into the rushing river below. Lan Wu abruptly opened her eyes, panting heavily. The unbearable feeling of suffocation disappeared. She flipped over in mid-air, her clothes fluttering wildly in the wind. The lush, dense forest rapidly expanded in her field of vision. Lan Wu clenched her fists, feeling the abundant demonic power flowing back into her body.

For some reason, she didn't feel any pain after being swallowed; on the contrary, the atmosphere here made her feel very comfortable.

The sound of water grew clearer. Lan Wu prepared herself and plunged in. She was swept far away by the rapids before emerging from the water, wiping the water from her face. The clear chirping of birds and the gentle breeze made this painted world incredibly peaceful and serene.

Soon, her attention was drawn to a small black dot high in the sky. Golden light flickered around the dot, fast and chaotic. Several other shadows were also entangled around her. Startled, Lan Wu plunged into the water, her long legs merging into a strong fish tail, propelling her quickly toward the black dot.

She pressed her lips together, her mind in turmoil, somewhat puzzled as to why Ji Lingyue hadn't summoned them. Now both of them… were both swallowed up, struggling was futile; Ji Lingyue should have summoned her to her side.

A silver light streaked across the clear water like an arrow, and after locating the approximate position, Lan Wu burst out of the water and flew towards the deep forest from which the rumbling sound came from.

"Ah Yue!"

The woman surrounded turned around at the sound, her beautiful face now stained with blood, her white clothes stained crimson, almost covering half her body—a horrifying sight. Seeing Lan Wu, her expression relaxed slightly. She drew her sword and stabbed at the monster blocking her path. Taking advantage of his momentary lapse in attention, she ducked under his arm and pounced on Lan Wu.

Lan Wu caught her in her arms, immediately smelling the pungent stench of blood. The person in her arms was heaving, her brows

furrowed, as if utterly exhausted. She gripped Lan Wu's clothes tightly and said in a hoarse voice, "There's no spiritual energy here..."

"No spiritual energy?"

Before Lan Wu could even process what this meant, the demons who had previously attacked Ji Lingyue turned around and glared at them menacingly. The leader, a man with orange-yellow eyes and black round ears with yellow tips, appeared to be a leopard demon. Holding a sharp sword, he said in a vicious voice, "Since you are also a demon, why are you protecting this human?"

Lan Wu pushed Ji Lingyue behind her and frowned, saying, "She has no grudge against you, so why would you kill her?"

"No enmity?" The leopard demon's eyes flashed with ferocity as it hissed, "I've been captured by that old man Xuan Rulin and imprisoned here for decades. I wish I could devour his flesh alive. If I can't see him, killing his disciples and followers is no different!" With that, it pointed its sword at Lan Wu: "If you don't move aside, I don't mind killing you too. Anyway, we're all trapped here. In order to leave this hellish place, taking your demon core to boost my cultivation isn't out of the question!"

Lan Wu pursed her lips and remained motionless.

The man stared at her for a while, then suddenly narrowed his eyes and said, "You weren't forced into a contract, were you?"

As soon as he finished speaking, the monsters standing behind him burst into laughter. Seeing that Lan Wu did not answer, the leopard demon raised his eyebrows and mocked, "It really is true. No wonder you have the audacity to be a slave to humans."

Lan Wu's face turned cold: "I am not a slave."

"Since that's not it, then kill your master." The leopard demon curled its lips, coaxing, "You should have noticed, right? There's only demonic energy here, no spiritual energy, making it perfect for demons to live in. But as for human cultivators, staying here will only gradually deplete their spiritual power, eventually turning them into useless cripples..."

Lan Wu pursed her lips and couldn't help but glance at Ji Lingyue. The other woman's face was pale. She subconsciously touched her forehead. After a long time, the lotus flower finally appeared, but it

lacked its usual bright color and became dull and lackluster.

The leopard demon continued its seduction: “The power of the contract has weakened. If you are still afraid of being betrayed by the killing of your master, then stand aside and let us do it. Don’t worry, even if she dies, you won’t be seriously injured. From now on, you will be completely free. Don’t you want that?”

Lan Wu remained silent, her brows furrowed in thought. Just then, someone tugged at the hem of her dress from behind. Lan Wu turned around and saw Ji Lingyue staring at her with her dark eyes fixed on her, her lips pursed. She couldn’t help but soften and said, “Don’t be afraid, I won’t listen to him.”

“I know,” Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes, buried her head in her shoulder, and said in a muffled voice, “I hate him.”

“Alright,” Lan Wu replied, “I’ll kill him right now.”

These words were not spoken impulsively. After this brief exchange, Lan Wu had realized that this leopard demon was a problem. As he said, those that had been sucked into the painting before were all demons captured by Xuan Rulin. This time was an exception. In addition to the dozens of contracted beasts captured by the fake Xuan Yu, there were also countless contracted masters who had been tricked into the trap because of the reverse curse.

Having been trapped here for years, the demons, who harbor extreme hatred for cultivators, will likely unleash their fury upon seeing these fallen masters, much like sharks smelling blood. They will combine their old and new grudges and vow to kill them without rest.

What are you two whispering about?

Sure enough, the leopard demon became impatient when Lan Wu didn’t move. He glared at Ji Lingyue with a fierce look in his eyes and said in a sinister tone, “If you don’t make a move, I won’t be polite. This human looks so delicate and tender. He must taste delicious. Hmm… just thinking about it makes my mouth water.”

As he spoke, he stuck out his tongue and licked his lips, his eyes filled with lust, already regarding Ji Lingyue as fish on a chopping board.

Lan Wu was disgusted by him. She made a hand seal with her right hand and set up a barrier to protect the woman: “Stay here and don’t go out.”

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, watching her from inside the barrier: “Be careful.”

Lan Wu nodded, turned around, stretched out her arm, and a silver longsword materialized. Without giving the other party time to react, she attacked without saying a word. The silver light fell like stars, heading straight for his neck.

The leopard demon was startled and hurriedly retreated, but Lan Wu clung to him like a shadow. Her first attack failed, and she immediately turned and stabbed at his abdomen, drawing blood with a soft “plop.” He was both in pain and furious, and slammed his palm at Lan Wu’s chest. The merman decisively released her sword and leaped back. The leopard demon then reached for the sword embedded in his abdomen, but the moment he touched the hilt, the cold blade transformed into formless water, flowing from his wound and then solidifying back into a sword in Lan Wu’s palm.

“You, you…” The leopard demon roared, its eyes bloodshot, “I kindly advised you, but you were so stubborn, willing to be a lackey of the human race. You are a traitor!”

“Traitor? You just said you were going to kill me for my core. Do you think I’d believe you were genuinely trying to help me?” Lan Wu twirled her sword, her eyes brightening slightly. Faint scales gradually appeared at her temples and the corners of her eyes, and a powerful demonic aura emanated from her. She formed hand seals, and the river behind her slowly churned, with trembling water droplets rising in the air. The leopard demon, clutching his wound, stared at her in astonishment, exclaiming, “What are you?!”

Lan Wu snorted coldly, not intending to waste words with him. The formation was complete, and a water wall two or three zhang high had risen from the lake at some unknown time. The water droplets that had been condensed had turned into thin and sharp needle-like objects, radiating murderous intent towards him. Lan Wu’s eyes were sharp, and she raised her hand and shouted, “Go!”

Instantly, the formless lake water transformed into two churning water dragons, roaring as they charged towards the leopard demon. Tiny water needles, as fine as pine needles, also pierced towards the demons. The leopard demon’s expression changed drastically, realizing that it had encountered a formidable opponent. It hurriedly transformed back into its original form and fled.

Lan Wu leaped after her, her robes billowing without wind, her silver hair cascading behind her. She jumped straight into the misty water and vanished from Ji Lingyue's sight in an instant.

The woman remained standing within the barrier, obediently waiting for Lan Wu to return. After an unknown amount of time, several shrill screams pierced the mist, and fine rain suddenly fell from the sky, passing through the barrier and landing on her. Ji Lingyue was startled, raised her hand to catch a few drops of dew, and smelled a faint scent of blood drifting in the air. She then stared intently at the swirling mist and saw a slender figure gradually emerge from the mist, walking towards her step by step.

Ji Lingyue looked at her and smiled. She reached out to Lan Wu, and the silver-haired mermaid obediently bent down and hugged her. Her body was clean and fresh, without a trace of dirt.

She whispered, "Ah Yue, I will protect you."

Ninety-seven. Older sister

This demon realm is truly a bitterly cold place.

After entering the gate and traversing three hundred miles of desolate yellow sand, one finally arrives at a vast plain embraced by a river. In the distance, the black city walls stand tall and imposing, and the closer one gets, the stronger the sense of oppression becomes. Entering this city called Yandu, one finds bustling streets and alleys just like those of the human world. The difference is that the residents all possess an appearance unlike that of humans.

The Demon King's residence stood at the highest point of Yandu. Standing at the city gate, one could see the magnificent, undulating palaces with a glance. The demon envoy who came to greet them had beautiful deer antlers on his head. After settling Lan Yuan and her party in the most scenic spot, East Pond, he left behind the words, "His Majesty is still in seclusion, please wait a few days," and then disappeared.

Helpless, Lan Yuan could only wait quietly. However, half a month passed, and she wandered around Yan Du aimlessly several times without being summoned by the Demon King. Finally, she could not bear it any longer and took Feng Yi with her to the stone steps leading to Changjue Palace early in the morning.

The little mermaid stayed close to her, asking hurriedly, "Your

Highness, shouldn't we tell that demon envoy?"

Lan Yuan countered, "Do you know where she is?"

"…But, if we barge in like this, what if we anger that lord…"

"Wasn't she in seclusion? How did she anger us?" Lan Yuan snorted. "She sent a letter early this morning saying she wanted to visit. Why did she have to go into seclusion now of all times? I think this Demon King is just deliberately keeping us waiting."

Feng Yi's face paled, and she said nervously, "Your Highness, you mustn't say that!"

Lan Yuan pouted, about to criticize her for being timid, when she heard laughter coming from ahead. She paused, then saw a woman in black standing with her hands behind her back on the stone steps not far away, smiling at her. The woman was tall and elegantly dressed, with a delicate, doll-like face but a pair of sinister red eyes. Even with a smile, she looked eerie.

Lan Yuan frowned and stopped in her tracks: "What are you laughing at?"

The woman blinked, slowly walked to a spot two steps in front of her, and bowed her head, saying, "I rarely hear people speak ill of the King like this. This sister must be the Second Prince of the Merfolk, Lan Yuan."

"You recognize me?"

"How could I not recognize you? My sister is the most dazzling pearl of Kunlun Sea, renowned for splitting mountains and cleaving seas. Who in the demon realm hasn't heard of her?"

Lan Yuan was unmoved by the flattery. She gave the woman a cold look and walked past her, continuing uphill. The woman narrowed her eyes and turned back to say, "If you are going to see the King, I'm afraid you will return empty-handed."

Lan Yuan stopped in her tracks: "How did you know?"

"Because I just met her," she raised her face, revealing her sharp canine teeth, "I forgot to introduce myself. I am Ji Xing, one of the four great demon lords of the demon realm and the master of Xuandu."

Lan Yuan stared at her expressionlessly for a moment before asking, "So, your king hasn't come out yet?"

"Indeed, our queen is a master of cultivation. She can only come out for a few days each year to get some fresh air. The rest of the time, even I can't see her."

"Why didn't you say so earlier?" Lan Yuan clicked her tongue, turned around and walked down. "With that time, we would have left this godforsaken place long ago."

Having lived in Yandu for half a month, even the most scenic Dongchi was just a field of withered grass when viewed from the window. Her visit to the Demon King was not for any important matter. She had just received a letter from Lan Wu and wanted to ask about the reasons for the recent disturbances in the human world and the future plans of the demon realm. Since she was turned away, she decided not to ask. In any case, since they were staying in Kunlun Sea in seclusion, it wouldn't affect them.

Thinking this, Lan Yuan ignored the person standing to the side and walked back with an air of not daring to breathe. As she brushed past them, a cold hand suddenly grabbed her wrist. Lan Yuan was startled and subconsciously shook her off, frowning as she asked, "What are you doing?"

Ji Xing pursed her lips, seemingly a little aggrieved: "Sister, do you hate me?"

Lan Yuan's eyes widened, and she felt even more disgusted: "Don't try to get close to me, I don't know you at all."

"But I'm more than ten years younger than you, can't I call you 'older sister'?"

Lan Yuan coldly refused: "I only have one younger sister, her name is Lan Wu."

"Really?" Ji Xing nodded lazily. "Then she is really lucky to have such a good older sister like you. It's quite enviable."

"…" After a moment of silence, Lan Yuan frowned and said bluntly, "If you are lacking love, go find a wet nurse, don't take it out on me."

Ji Xing chuckled: "Sister, you're really funny."

This person was completely unyielding, so Lan Yuan ignored her and walked down the aisle without looking back. But then she heard a woman's commanding voice behind her: "Sister, you've come here to find out what the demon realm will do in the future, so that your merfolk can be prepared and protect yourselves, right?"

Seeing that Lan Yuan did not stop, she continued, "I am the demon lord closest to the king. I know all these things clearly. If you agree to my conditions, I can tell you everything."

Lan Yuan paused, finally stopping, and asked in a low voice, "Why?"

"Um?"

She turned around, her blue eyes filled with confusion: "Why me?"

Ji Xing smiled and spread her hands, saying, "It's probably because I feel a connection with you, sister."

The number of monsters in the Hundred Demon Scrolls was far greater than Lan Wu had imagined.

After slaying four or five demons who harbored ill intentions towards Ji Lingyue, she realized that things would get increasingly bad if this continued. She could easily deal with the demons who had come after hearing the news, but if they continued to launch sneak attacks one after another, she was afraid she would be exhausted to death. Thinking of this, Lan Wu lifted Ji Lingyue onto her back and asked, "Has the bleeding stopped?"

Ji Lingyue hummed in response, still looking weak and listless. Lan Wu turned her head and glanced at Ji Lingyue's pale face resting on her shoulder. After a moment's thought, she opened her collar and said, "Take a bite."

Ji Lingyue opened her eyes and looked at her blankly: "Hmm?"

"Take a bite," Lan Wu repeated, explaining, "and drink the blood."

Ji Lingyue subconsciously shook her head: "No…"

"You're being polite now," Lan Wu teased. "Didn't you like to bite when you turned into a kitten?"

The woman was startled, and a blush quickly crept onto her fair earlobes. Seeing her face turn red with embarrassment, Lan Wu

pressed her head down and coaxed, "It's alright. There's plenty of demonic energy here. If you drink my blood, I can recover quickly. If you really care about me, then hurry up and heal your wounds. The two of us are better than me alone."

Warm lips pressed against her fair skin. The woman froze for a moment before carefully opening her mouth and biting down.

Lan Wu frowned, continuing to walk along the water's flow while muttering, "I told you to leave, but you wouldn't listen. Now look what's happened, we've all fallen in, and we don't even know where Yao Zhu is."

Ji Lingyue blinked, swallowed a few mouthfuls of blood, licked the sweet-smelling bloodstains from the corner of her lips, and said in a muffled voice, "Wherever you go, I'll go. Don't even think about getting rid of me."

"But I don't know what's going on here…"

Ji Lingyue hugged her neck tightly and snorted, "The worst that can happen is death. Anyway, if you die, I won't be able to live either."

Lan Wu thought she was just saying that out of anger, but she was still terrified. She quickly spat several times and said, "Don't say such things. You're alive and well, and I'm alive and well too. What's with all this talk about dying?"

Ji Lingyue smiled, then slumped down softly, nestling obediently on her shoulder. After a moment, she squinted and said, "Lan Wu…"

"Um?"

I'm a little tired.

"If you're tired, take a nap," Lan Wu said gently. "I'll stay with you."

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, shifted her position on top of Lan Wu, and closed her eyes wearily. Her breathing was deep and heavy, and her warm breath occasionally brushed against Lan Wu's neck. Lan Wu, however, felt reassured by her presence. She sighed, lifted Lan Wu up slightly, and continued walking towards the bright moon.

98. Don't be afraid.

The rain pattered down. Lan Wu pushed aside the damp leaves in

front of her and looked up to see two corpses lying on the ground not far away.

She paused for a moment, then turned to look at Ji Lingyue. The woman was walking two steps behind her, a small jellyfish floating above her head to shield her from the drizzle. Noticing Lan Wu's gaze, she quickly looked over with a questioning look: "What's wrong?"

Lan Wu said, "There are people ahead."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback and subconsciously stepped forward, but then heard Lan Wu add, "She's already dead."

After a moment of silence, she walked across the muddy ground and stopped beside the two corpses. Perhaps because of the rain, the woman's face, which had been dead for a long time, was no longer bloody, as if she were asleep. Beside her lay a wounded bluebird, which had been transformed into its original form after its demon core had been taken.

Ji Lingyue looked at her for a moment, then said in a low voice, "I've seen her before."

Lan Wu squatted down without a word, her demonic power flowing from her palms, digging a deep enough hole in the ground. She laid several layers of fallen leaves inside, carefully cleaned them up, and then slowly carried them inside.

Ji Lingyue watched quietly as she buried the body. When she stood up, she slowly grabbed the hem of her clothes. Lan Wu raised her wrist, took her hand, and gently shook it: "Let's go."

"good."

The two left the makeshift grave, their figures gradually disappearing into the lush, dense forest. As night fell, the rain continued to fall, and the forest was shrouded in mist, making it exceptionally damp. Lan Wu carried Ji Lingyue up a thick tree trunk, found a secluded spot, spread large bamboo leaves overhead to shield them from the rain, and released small, swimming fish to scout ahead before finally relaxing and sitting down, letting Ji Lingyue rest against her chest.

All that remained in her ears was the crisp sound of raindrops hitting the leaves and the faint cooing of birds. Ji Lingyue closed her eyes, and after a long while, whispered, "Lan Wu."

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, her chin resting on her head twitching slightly. "What's wrong?"

Will we be trapped here forever?

"I don't know," Lan Wu sighed, gently stroking her long hair. "The monsters that captured us here probably didn't intend to trap us forever. Until a turning point comes, we can only take it one step at a time."

The person in her arms was quiet for a moment, then started fidgeting again. Lan Wu loosened her arms and looked down to see what she was going to do, only to be met with a quick kiss on the tip of her nose. She blinked, staring intently at Ji Lingyue. The woman initially met her gaze calmly, but after a while, a blush rose to her face, her long eyelashes trembled slightly, and she shyly looked away. Lan Wu chuckled, pinching her cheeks with both hands and gently rubbing them: "Why are you suddenly taking advantage of me?"

Ji Lingyue didn't struggle, and said in a muffled voice, "Do you need a reason to kiss me?"

Lan Wu couldn't help but chuckle, cupped her cheeks, and gently touched her forced pouting lips: "Looks like it's not necessary."

Ji Lingyue smiled and leaned in to continue being intimate with her, but was pressed against Lan Wu's chest and made to lie face down. A woman's soft voice came from above her head: "Rest now, don't think about those things."

Ji Lingyue was somewhat unconvinced: "I didn't."

"I didn't say what it was, so you don't have anything?"

Ji Lingyue was stunned: "I, I..."

"Shhh."

Lan Wu lifted her up a little and kissed her earlobe: "Go to sleep. We still have a long way to go tomorrow, so we need to find a safe place."

Ji Lingyue immediately fell silent, nestled obediently in her arms, and after a while, she murmured, "I hope tomorrow will be a good day."

Lan Wu hummed in agreement: "I hope so."

In the dead of night, Lan Wu suddenly opened her eyes.

The sound of pattering rain still echoed in her ears. Her heart was pounding. She instinctively reached for her chest, but touched a fluffy head. Startled, Lan Wu looked down and saw the person still curled up asleep. Only then did she realize her current situation.

Overwhelmed by the unusual palpitations, Lan Wu slightly raised her upper body, summoning the fish back. Soon, the inconspicuous little fish swam back from all directions and obediently floated in front of her.

Lan Wu's gaze swept over them, and she couldn't help but frown.

One line is missing.

She then noticed that the faint birdsong around her had disappeared at some point. A strong sense of unease welled up in her heart. Lan Wu shook the person in her arms and quickly covered Ji Lingyue's mouth when Ji Lingyue couldn't help but whimper. She put a finger to her lips and met her tense gaze. Ji Lingyue quickly sobered up and knelt up, looking at her blankly.

Lan Wu looked serious and pointed in a direction. Ji Lingyue nodded, quietly got up, and together they peeked out from behind the tree trunk to look in that direction.

All that could be seen was a lush, dense forest under the rain curtain and a darkness that seemed capable of swallowing everything.

Ji Lingyue stared intently, unable to discern anything for a long time. Just as she was about to turn back to ask Lan Wu, she saw the dark shadow suddenly move. Then, two hairy arms emerged from within. Ji Lingyue froze on the spot, staring intently at the climbing behemoth, only then realizing that the darkness she had seen earlier was actually the back of a black ape.

This black ape was surprisingly large, and under the cover of the pattering rain, it made almost no sound. It gripped the tree trunk in front of it and slowly stood up. In the end, its head reached the same height as theirs.

Keep in mind that the place they were standing in was dozens of feet high.

After sniffing around for a while while remaining upright, the black ape stretched out its hairy arm, parted the dense leaves in front of it, and poked its huge head inside.

A moment later, a howl suddenly came through the rain. The sound was almost tearing apart, so shrill that it didn't sound like a human voice, but it stopped abruptly. Immediately afterward, a clear crunching sound rang out. Ji Lingyue immediately got goosebumps all over her body, her hair stood on end, and she felt her body stiffen.

She turned her head very slowly, looking at Lan Wu with a panic. Lan Wu was also pale, and opened her mouth, mouthing to her: Let's go.

The two held their breath, preparing to leave before it noticed them, but as soon as they took a step, the chewing sound suddenly stopped, and the jet-black head turned halfway around, its large eyes staring unblinkingly in their direction.

A leg wearing a black boot was still hanging out of the giant ape's mouth, and its hairy face was covered in blood. After a moment, it continued to chew, but its eyes remained fixed on this side.

Lan Wu felt a chill run through her body. Even from such a distance, she felt a strong sense of crisis. She pursed her lips, made a decisive move, suddenly turned around, grabbed Ji Lingyue's waist, and ran towards the river not far away.

A sudden howl from behind made her back ache. Lan Wu couldn't see what was happening behind her, but Ji Lingyue could see it clearly. The black ape was on all fours, chasing after them at an extremely terrifying speed. Because of its huge size, every step it took closed the distance between them.

Ji Lingyue held Lan Wu in one arm and summoned her spirit sword with the other, attacking its limbs with all her might. However, when the high-grade spirit sword, imbued with spiritual power, pierced the black ape's calf, it bounced off with a clang, as if hitting a stone.

Ji Lingyue was shocked and reminded her, "Lan Wu!"

Lan Wu gritted her teeth and almost turned into a streak of light. The rushing water was almost upon her. Holding the person in her arms, she leaped towards the water with all her might. Suddenly, a dark shadow darted up from behind and grabbed the hem of her dress that was floating behind her. Ji Lingyue reacted quickly and swiftly cut off the hem of her dress, falling into the water with Lan Wu.

Bubbles rose to the surface, and the mermaid, whose tail had transformed into a fish tail, carried her to the bottom of the water, dodging the black shadow that followed closely behind. Ji Lingyue

opened her eyes wide and realized that it was a tail as thick as a water bucket. The black ape retracted its tail after the first attack failed, but still followed closely to the shore, and plunged its tail into the water again, trying to catch them.

Lan Wu nimbly dodged and rushed forward with the current without looking back, finally leaving it behind. After the two swam a long way, Lan Wu finally surfaced panting. Looking back, the black ape had become a small black dot.

Ji Lingyue was still in shock and clung to her tightly. Lan Wu took a few more breaths before her heartbeat gradually calmed down. She patted Ji Lingyue's back tremblingly, unsure whether she was comforting her or herself: "It's alright, it can't catch up now, don't be afraid, don't be afraid."

99. Delay

As dawn broke, the rain still hadn't stopped. Dense, dark clouds pressed down overhead, making the view still dim. Although they were shielded from the rain pouring down from above, they inevitably got their bodies wet from being soaked in the water. Lan Wu was alright, but Ji Lingyue started shivering after being soaked for several hours.

With little spiritual energy left in her body, it would be a waste to use it to avoid water and keep warm. In order not to distract Lan Wu, she had been enduring the cold, but now that she was shivering in Lan Wu's arms, she was unsurprisingly discovered.

Lan Wu let out a soft "ah," and, feeling somewhat guilty, lifted her up a little. The trees that used to block out the sky were gone from the banks of the river; in their place were steep, undulating mountain ridges. Lan Wu found a rocky beach, waded out, quickly dried her damp clothes, and took out a fire bead from her storage bag for her to hold.

Ji Lingyue subconsciously reached out to take her hand, but she shook her head and dodged it, saying, "I'm too cold."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback. Just as she was about to say something, she suddenly realized something, her eyes narrowed, and she looked up: "Who?"

Lan Wu reacted quickly, drawing her longsword in a flash. Several meters above her head, a huge snake head emerged from the rock

wall, its golden eyes staring straight at them. Lan Wu tensed up, her pupils gradually narrowing, and as her demonic power gathered, a clear voice suddenly rang out: "Wait, don't make a move!"

As she spoke, the snake swam down a bit more, revealing a girl in yellow riding on her back. The girl glanced down and exclaimed in surprise, "Senior Ji?"

Ji Lingyue frowned: "Who are you?"

"I am Lin Jingzhe from Medicine Immortal Valley." Seeing that Ji Lingyue still looked blank, she patted the snake's head in front of her and said, "Back then, Bai Zhi stole chickens in Crescent Moon Village. Because I pleaded for her, you gave her a simple lesson and then handed her over to me. Have you forgotten?"

Ji Lingyue vaguely remembered this: "Oh, it's you."

Lin Jingzhe nodded and jumped off the snake. The snake then transformed into a tall, black-haired woman who stood beside her, like the most loyal guard.

The girl exclaimed happily, "It's so wonderful to meet a senior like you in a place like this!"

"Is everything alright?" Ji Lingyue frowned, looked her over a few times, and asked with some surprise, "Weren't you targeted by other monsters?"

"Of course not." Lin Jingzhe shook his head and said, "When I first came in, I encountered a lot of monsters, but later, I ground the skin that Bai Zhi had shed into powder and sprinkled it on my clothes to cover up the smell, which made me much safer."

Lan Wu sheathed her sword and pondered, "That's a good idea."

As she spoke, she turned and walked towards the water's edge, but Ji Lingyue quickly grabbed her, asking, "Where are you going?"

Lan Wu replied matter-of-factly, "Pull off two scales."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: "Doesn't it hurt?"

"It will grow back," Lan Wu said nonchalantly. "Anyway, the few scales at the tip of the tail will naturally fall off after a certain period of time and be covered by new scales. This is just pulling them off

ahead of time.”

“It falls off naturally, which is not the same as you pulling it off by hand.”

“I’m not afraid of pain.”

Seeing that the two were about to argue about this, Lin Jingzhe grunted and hesitantly raised his hand: “Senior, I have some snake molts from Angelica dahurica here. How about I lend you some?”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, remained silent for a moment, and then said dryly, “Then, thank you very much.”

After getting everything ready, the four of them discussed it and decided to set off together to see if they could encounter other contracted beasts and their masters. Lan Wu, however, was much quieter than before. When Ji Lingyue tried to take her hand, she was gently pushed away. Lan Wu rarely acted so sulky. For a moment, Ji Lingyue was both surprised and puzzled. After thinking for a long time, she could only attribute it to the two arguments they had just had about whether or not to sever ties.

After walking half a mile along the rocky beach, Ji Lingyue glanced at the two people walking ahead, and tried again to hook Lan Wu’s fingertips, calling softly and repeatedly, “Lan Wu, Lan Wu, Lan Wu…”

After being chanted like a spell for a long time, Lan Wu finally couldn’t take it anymore and asked, “What?”

Ji Lingyue tentatively moved closer to her, but Lan Wu quickly pulled away, muttering, “You smell like a snake demon, don’t get so close to me.”

“Don’t you like snake demons?”

Lan Wu snorted, “I don’t really like it or not, it’s just too strong, it’s suffocating.”

Ji Lingyue gave an “oh,” then suddenly curled her lips into a smile and asked, “Is it because it’s too strong and irritating, or is it because it’s too strong on me that it’s irritating?”

Lan Wu was taken aback, then glanced at her nonchalantly: “What do you mean?”

Ji Lingyue cut to the chase: "I don't smell like you, aren't you happy?"

"What are you saying?" Lan Wu quickly denied, "I'm not one of those savage animals that mark their territory by scent. I'm a merman, I don't have that kind of childish habit!"

Ji Lingyue smiled and pursed her lips: "I didn't say you wanted to do that."

Lan Wu was speechless and turned to look at her in surprise. She found that she was much smarter now and not so easy to fool. Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes, obediently snuggled up to her, and whispered, "That's what you always do, teasing me like this."

After a moment, Lan Wu chuckled softly, "You certainly know how to apply what you've learned."

"Thanks to the teacher's excellent teaching." Seeing that no one was paying attention, she turned her head and quickly touched Lan Wu's cheek: "Don't be upset."

Lan Wu didn't answer, but instead took her hand and asked, "Are you still cold?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head: "It's not cold anymore."

In the next two days, they didn't encounter any more monsters that had specifically come to track them down, but they did witness several battles between monsters. Having been imprisoned in this place for many years, and not knowing when they could leave, most of the monsters had gone mad, and killing their own kind was commonplace. Along the way, they saw many monsters who had lost their demon cores and died.

This made Lan Wu worry about Yao Zhu. She had thought that since Yao Zhu was not a contracted beast and there were no humans around, she wouldn't encounter any danger even if she fell in alone. Now it seemed that this was just the most optimistic guess.

As dusk approached, the sky was ablaze with red clouds, and birds returned to their nests. Lan Wu went to the stream bank alone to fetch water, but suddenly felt the ground beneath her feet shake, and the pebbles on the shallows seemed to come alive and start to clatter and jump.

The scene was truly bizarre. She barely managed to maintain her

balance and turned around to call out, “Ah Yue!”

Not far away, several figures quickly emerged from the cave that was intended for their rest that night. Huge boulders rolled down the cliff, filling the air with dust. Ji Lingyue was shaken and stumbled towards her.

With a deafening roar, the sky and earth seemed to turn upside down, mountains and rivers crumbled. Lan Wu only managed to grab Ji Lingyue’s hand before they were both flung into the air, tumbling wildly like being caught in a whirlpool. Dizzy and disoriented, Lan Wu gripped the woman’s arm tightly, pulling her close and holding her close. Her words were barely out of her mouth before being scattered by the gale, forcing her to shout at the top of her lungs, “Are you hurt?”

Ji Lingyue shook her head in her arms, her black hair dancing wildly, obscuring their vision. After an unknown amount of time, the feeling of floating suddenly disappeared, and the two of them fell straight down. Lan Wu reacted quickly, flipping over to cushion Ji Lingyue’s fall. The next moment, they crashed solidly to the ground.

“Hmm!”

She was nearly knocked unconscious by the impact, her face flushed red, unable to utter a single word. Ji Lingyue was terrified and hurriedly rolled off her. Just as she was about to ask how she was, a large shadow fell over them, and monsters began to tumble down from the sky like dumplings being dropped into a pot. Ji Lingyue quickly used her remaining spiritual power to create a makeshift barrier, thus avoiding being smashed into a pulp by the monsters. When the dense rain of monsters finally stopped, she lowered her hands, slightly out of breath, and looked around, but couldn’t help but shrink her pupils.

In a short period of time, this area was filled with all kinds of monsters groaning incessantly, numbering in the hundreds.

Ji Lingyue’s face turned cold. She lowered her head again and carefully helped Lan Wu up. Lan Wu coughed a few times, lifted her trembling long eyelashes, and saw a slender figure reflected in her vision. The person was charming, with red lips and white teeth. She patted the dust off her clothes unhappily, and when she noticed Lan Wu’s gaze, she turned her head away.

Their eyes met, and Lan Wu subconsciously asked, “Yaozhu?”

Yao Zhu was taken aback, but quickly jumped over the monsters scattered all around and strode over to their side: "What are you doing here too?"

"It's a long story." Lan Wu stood up, clutching her chest as she surveyed her surroundings. Yao Zhu glanced at the increasingly noisy demon horde and, together with Lan Wu, sandwiched Ji Lingyue between them. "The situation isn't good…"

Lan Wu lowered her voice: "You don't need to tell me."

As soon as she finished speaking, a powerful demonic force swept over, sending those with weaker cultivation levels flying. Even the stronger ones changed their expressions slightly. Lan Wu was startled and quickly shielded Ji Lingyue to take the hit. She immediately felt a tightness in her chest and began to cough.

After the attack, the noisy demons immediately fell silent and looked ahead. A black sedan chair had appeared in the air at some point, and a woman in black with long hair reaching her knees was leaning against it, looking down at the demons below with an expressionless face. Behind her, another person sat quietly with his eyes closed, as if he were in a trance.

A moment later, the woman in black, who was looking down at me, tilted her head, rubbed her temples, and clicked her tongue impatiently: "You're really wasting my time with my sister."

100. Cat Demon

The woman sitting behind her opened her eyes and said coldly, "This was originally your task. You just dumped it on me halfway through, so you'll have to do the finishing touches."

"How stingy." Ji Xing rested her chin on her hand and said lazily, "Wutong."

A tall man stepped forward in response, bowed to Ji Xing, and then looked at the swarming demons, saying loudly, "You have gathered here, presumably with many questions. To be honest, the two above are the two demon lords of the demon realm, sent by the demon king to take you all home. Now that the Hundred Demon Scroll is no longer in Xuan Rulin's hands, the demon lords can let you leave at any time. After you leave, you will reach the entrance to the demon realm."

The words had barely left his mouth when an uproar erupted below.

Amidst the commotion, a burly man with a bull's head shouted, "Is this really true?"

"Naturally true."

"Aren't there any conditions?"

"No."

"Could such a good thing really happen?" the bull demon asked suspiciously. "Why did the Demon King suddenly remember us? He hasn't come to our rescue in the past hundred years."

"You are referring to the former Demon King, aren't you? The current Demon King has only been in power for fifty years. He needs time to recuperate and plan."

"In that case, let us out now."

"Yes!" You Yao excitedly agreed, "I want to go out right now!"

"No rush," Wutong smiled and said, "These past few days, you should have all noticed that a few humans have entered the Hundred Demon Scroll."

His eerie green eyes swept over the heads, finally settling on one, and he continued, "His Majesty is kind-hearted. Knowing that some demons in the human world have unfortunately been bound by contracts, become slaves, and gone astray, he also wants us to rescue some of them. Before we leave, we must help these fellow demons in distress break free of their contracts and bring them home with us." As he spoke, he pointed to a spot and smiled, "What do you think?"

In an instant, countless heads turned to the point he was pointing at, revealing two figures standing among them.

Wutong said slowly and deliberately, "Young lady, your master must have lost all spiritual power. Here, the power of the contract's backlash has also been greatly weakened. In order to prove that you have not been deceived by the human race and still have the right to go home, then you will have to do something." He raised his eyebrows and said, word by word, "Kill her."

Bai Zhi was taken aback. She glanced at the girl beside her, and after a long while, shook her head and said, "No."

Wutong narrowed her eyes: “What did you say?”

Bai Zhi calmly retorted, “Who knows how much the power of the contract’s backlash has actually weakened? If you’re lying to me and you kill her, wouldn’t I die too?”

Wutong: “I didn’t lie to you.”

How do you prove it?

The man frowned, staring at her with some displeasure. Just then, a lazy voice interrupted, “Isn’t this easy to handle?”

Ji Xing lowered her eyes and pointed as if watching a show: “There are still quite a few contracted beasts here. Why don’t you two duel and see who kills the other’s master first? Then you’ll know the result.”

Wutong’s eyes lit up, and she said, “You are truly wise, sir.”

Ji Xing curled her lips and leaned back, but heard a barely audible sigh behind her. She paused, glanced at him with a mocking look, and said, “What, can’t stand it anymore?”

Yun Chuhe said in a low voice, “Why resort to such underhanded tactics?”

“You call me insidious? Well, you’ve done just as many of these things.”

As she spoke, Ji Xing casually glanced down. The monsters seemed to find her suggestion amusing as well, and they were pushing the contracted beasts and their masters that had been discovered to the center. Malicious gazes fell on them, and their strange, ferocious faces were somewhat like those of humans cheering in a gladiatorial arena.

Suddenly, a silver head caught her attention. Ji Xing froze, subconsciously straightened up, and looked down without blinking. After seeing the person’s face clearly, she unconsciously gripped the armrest of the sedan chair. After a moment, she shrugged and chuckled softly.

She was rarely this happy. Yun Chuhe couldn’t help but look at her. Before she could ask, Ji Xing got up and landed on the ground. She took a few steps forward and grabbed one of the people’s chins.

Lan Wu was startled and quickly shook off the woman, but then heard her say with a smile, "Lan Wu, how did you end up in such a state?"

Lan Wu suddenly opened her eyes wide: "You recognize me?"

"How could I not recognize you?" Ji Xing grinned. "The dignified Third Princess of the Merfolk."

Lan Wu pursed her lips and clenched her fist: "Since you know who I am, show some respect. If anything happens to me…"

"But who would know you were here?" Ji Xing interrupted her, glancing casually at the person behind her, her smile widening: "And who would believe you've been bound by a human? Lan Wu, you're as useless as ever."

Cold fingers crawled up Lan Wu's clothes and suddenly pulled her forward. Lan Wu staggered a step and looked up. The woman's pale face was close to hers. The gentle gaze traced her features inch by inch: "We have the same face, so why do you disgust me so much?"

Lan Wu asked instinctively, "Have you met my sister?"

"Sister? Do you deserve to be her sister?" Ji Xing smiled lazily and said, "If you die here, will your people be sad? Oh, probably not. They might even be happy to see you die, after all, you killed so many people."

Lan Wu froze, staring at her, and said in a hoarse voice, "How did you know?"

Ji Xing scoffed, "I know you perfectly well. You're a failure, weak, cowardly, and indecisive. Tell me, what's the point of you being alive? You'll only bring disaster to those around you…"

"shut up!"

Suddenly, an extremely cold voice rang out. Ji Lingyue's face was as cold as ice. She could no longer hold back and swiftly drew her sword to stab Ji Xing.

Lan Wu snapped out of her daze and exclaimed, "A-Yue!"

Ji Lingyue was already burning with rage and couldn't hear her words anymore. Missing her first strike, she twisted her wrist and swung it horizontally at the woman with murderous intent. Lan Wu grabbed

her waist, and seeing the immense strength, cried out urgently, “Ji Lingyue!”

Upon hearing the name, Ji Xing suddenly paused, grabbed the incoming sword blade with her bare hands, and repeated, “Ji Lingyue?”

Lan Wu sensed something was wrong and hurriedly grabbed Ji Lingyue to retreat. Ji Xing threw away her longsword, her scarlet eyes fixed on the woman in white, and shouted, “Kill that beast! She’s a mermaid, and eating her is very nutritious!”

A surprised and uncertain voice rang out: “A merman?”

“They’re merfolk!”

The monsters reacted a beat too late, their greedy eyes immediately falling on Lan Wu. A dark mass of shadows surged forward, instantly engulfing the two of them.

Ji Xing frowned and said again, “Give me that human!”

A blood-stained white figure was quickly brought out, restrained. Ji Lingyue, her long hair disheveled, struggled to look at the demon horde: “Lan Wu!”

Ji Xing clenched her fingers, and the demonic energy that had solidified enveloped Ji Lingyue, pulling her in front of her. She used her cold fingers to clamp Ji Lingyue’s chin, leaned forward to examine her face closely, her red eyes flashing with excitement, and the corners of her lips turned up even more.

Ji Lingyue felt a tightness in her chest from the immense demonic power, but she still tried to look behind her: “Lan, Lan Wu…”

Her breathing became increasingly rapid, her eyelashes fluttered, and she suddenly coughed up a mouthful of blood. Ji Xing’s expression changed slightly, and the hand that had been gripping the woman’s chin moved to her neck. After a moment, she asked in surprise, “You’ve planted a life-and-death pact?”

Ji Lingyue’s eyes were tightly closed, and in the blink of an eye, she became barely breathing. Ji Xing’s face darkened, and she finally turned her head and said, “Stop!”

This time, her voice was completely drowned out by the cacophony of

screams. The monsters attacked each other frantically, swarming towards the center without showing any sign of stopping. Ji Xing pursed her lips, then suddenly waved her hand, her powerful demonic energy sending them staggering: "I said stop!"

Among the staggering figures, the silver-haired merman in the very center was still standing, swaying precariously. Blood dripped down her longsword. Lan Wu barely managed to lift her head, took a step forward, and then knelt down with a thud.

Yao Zhu rushed over and hurriedly hugged her: "Lan Wu!"

Upon hearing this voice, Ji Lingyue coughed and struggled to lift her long eyelashes. Ji Xing smiled and leaned closer, saying cheerfully, "Long time no see! I almost didn't recognize you."

Ji Lingyue blinked, staring at her dazedly, without saying a word.

Seeing her reaction, Ji Xing quickly frowned, somewhat displeased: "What, don't you remember me?"

The fingers gripping Ji Lingyue's chin suddenly tightened, causing her to groan in pain. Ji Xing stared at her with her red eyes like a venomous snake eyeing its prey, and murmured, "How could you not remember me? I liked you so much back then and wanted to bring you back to the demon realm. If it weren't for that wicked Taoist priest, I would have succeeded long ago. Fortunately, you still showed up on your own."

Ji Lingyue was startled, a look of confusion appearing on her face. But after a while, she suddenly realized something, her eyes widened, and her body gradually stiffened.

"It's you…"

Her fair eyes slowly turned a pale red, and Ji Lingyue let out a low gasp, as if drowning in an endless sea of blood. The air was thick with the pungent, metallic smell of rust, and the sounds of hellish wails filled her ears. But if she listened carefully, she could hear those people calling her name: "A-Yue! A-Yue!"

The woman's face was pale, but her eyes were gradually becoming bloodshot, and her teeth were grinding together. Ji Xing looked at her with great interest as she was on the verge of collapse, and continued, "Later I went back to look for you, but you were no longer in that village. So I dug up the graves you dug for them, wanting to see if you

had left anything behind. Unfortunately…" Ji Xing smiled and said, "There was only a pile of rotten bones inside."

Ji Lingyue suddenly let out a suppressed groan, hot tears falling in a splatter. Her reason completely vanished, her eyes turned blood red, and in an instant she broke free from Ji Xing's control, grabbing Ji Lingyue's neck with intense killing intent: "I'll kill you!"

She was consumed by hatred, her beautiful face contorted in rage, and the voice she uttered was so shrill it sounded unlike her own: "You are that cat! You are that cat demon!"

101. Fallen Demon

With hands of distinct knuckles, he gripped the woman's slender neck tightly and slammed her to the ground. Wutong was startled and cried out nervously, "My lord!"

"Don't come any closer," Ji Xing looked up at the woman on top of her and asked with a smile, "Do you think you can kill me with that kind of strength?"

Ji Lingyue gasped for breath, her eyes bloodshot, her fingertips digging deep into Ji Xing's flesh, gradually staining it with the spreading blood. Ji Xing coughed, her face slowly turning red, but she still laughed heartily: "If you do this, I'll think you can't bear to kill me."

Blood and tears fell in torrents. Ji Lingyue trembled all over. The faint golden light in her palm flickered like a candle in the wind and gradually disappeared. At this moment, a cold wind rose from around her and scattered her messy, long hair.

Ji Lingyue suddenly closed her eyes and let out an extremely painful scream: "Ah!!"

The mermaid, who was almost unconscious, trembled, her long eyelashes fluttering uneasily. She looked at her with difficulty, and in her blurred vision, wisps of black energy were swirling and surging into the woman's body, almost engulfing her. Lan Wu stared blankly, but suddenly a sentence flashed through her mind that she had seen on the title page of "Entering the Dao" many years ago when she first entered Haochen Mountain.

"The light and pure Qi rises to become the heavens; the heavy and turbid Qi condenses to become the earth. Those who draw pure Qi

into their bodies enter the path of immortality; those who draw turbid Qi into their bodies become demons."

Lan Wu slowly opened her eyes, finally realizing what was happening, and muttered to herself, "No…" She choked back tears as she broke free from Yao Zhu's embrace, staggering towards Ji Lingyue, "No…"

A trail of bloody footprints was left behind her. Lan Wu coughed violently, then collapsed to the ground, dizzy and weak. She struggled to her feet and continued crawling toward Ji Lingyue.

Ji Lingyue's aura grew increasingly chaotic. The golden light in her palm vanished, replaced by dense black energy that surged upwards, scorching Ji Xing's flesh. Yet, she did not resist. Gazing into the woman's bloodshot eyes, which mirrored her own, she murmured hoarsely, "Yes, that's it. That way, you can… cough… kill me…"

Hot tears of blood dripped onto her face. Before she knew it, the person kneeling on her was no longer in pain. Ji Lingyue stared at her with satisfaction, tears streaming down her face as she grinned and laughed tremblingly.

"I'll kill you," her long, black hair flew wildly in the howling wind, and eerie demonic patterns silently crept up the woman's pale nape. She gripped her delicate neck tightly in her palm and murmured repeatedly, "I'll kill you…"

Suddenly, a pair of arms wrapped tightly around her from behind, and the person said in a trembling voice, "A-Yue! Stop!"

Ji Lingyue ignored her. The sweeping black energy completely enveloped them, isolating them from the outside world. Lan Wu groaned and hugged her waist tightly, trying to pull her away from Ji Xing: "Stop, you can't…" She choked back tears and hissed, "You can't fall into demonic ways!"

Demons, in the eyes of humans, are rarer and more evil than monsters. Once they fall into demonic ways, they are abandoned by their own kind. Her A-Yue is a spirited disciple of the immortals, a clear-headed sword cultivator who says she will travel across mountains and rivers, subduing demons and monsters. She cannot… she cannot just fall into this quagmire of no return.

Seeing that Ji Lingyue remained motionless, Lan Wu became agitated, aggravating her internal injuries. She only had time to clutch her aching chest before she coughed up a mouthful of blood. The hot,

bloody blood splattered all over the woman's shoulder, and a few drops splashed onto her stiff face. Ji Lingyue's long eyelashes trembled, and after a moment, she blinked, her scarlet eyes slowly turning around.

Lan Wu's face was as white as paper, her eyes unfocused as she coughed up another mouthful of blood. A strong, metallic stench filled the air. She suddenly froze, staring unblinkingly at Lan Wu. Lan Wu wearily closed her eyes, unable to hold on any longer. Her head slumped, and her body slumped towards the ground. Ji Lingyue's eyes widened abruptly, as if finally realizing what was happening, and she caught her in a panic: "Lan Wu!"

Suddenly freed, Ji Xing coughed violently. She sat up, touching her neck, and looked at the two people embracing each other. Ji Lingyue had her back to her, and the demonic markings on the back of her neck were slowly fading. Ji Xing blinked, and her expression gradually darkened.

"Lan Wu, Lan Wu…" Ji Lingyue kept calling out. She hugged the mermaid tightly in her arms, her hands trembling as she tried to cover the wounds on her body that were constantly bleeding. Suddenly, a powerful suction came from behind her, pulling her violently. Ji Xing bound her hands, and a thin needle condensed in her palm, piercing into Ji Lingyue's dantian with a whoosh.

Ji Lingyue groaned in pain, realizing that her spiritual meridians had been sealed. Her eyes reddened as she glared at Ji Xing: "You, you…"

Ji Xing looked at the faint demonic aura still lingering on her body, twitched the corner of her mouth, and said indifferently, "Never mind, I'm not in a hurry, Wutong."

"exist."

"Arrange these contracted beasts and their masters using the method I just described. As for this merman, lock her up in the Water Prison alone. Be careful not to let her die."

Wutong raised her head and asked in confusion, "Isn't the master here watching over things?"

"What's so interesting? It's boring." Ji Xing glanced at Yun Chuhe, who was still sitting quietly, and snorted, "Anyway, with Lord Yun here, there's definitely no trouble. I'll go back first."

Wutong nodded: “Yes, sir.”

When he looked up again, Ji Xing and the Daoist were no longer there. He was taken aback and hesitated before looking at Yun Chuhe: “Lord Yun…”

Yun Chuhe sighed: “Let’s begin.”

“yes.”

“Wait a minute,” she frowned, then suddenly remembered something, and a small white porcelain bottle flew out of her palm. Wutong caught it and asked in confusion, “My lord, what is this for?”

“Feed it to that merman.” Yun Chuhe glanced at Lan Wu and said calmly, “Didn’t we say we couldn’t let her die?”

Wutong responded with an “oh,” and cupped his hands in a gesture of respect, saying, “Your subordinate understands.”

102. Sister

A black palace in the northeast corner of Yandu was Ji Xing’s temporary residence. After leaving the Hundred Demon Scroll, she returned to the palace in less than half an hour, threw the person she was holding onto the cold floor, and then conjured shackles to lock her limbs.

It was just an ordinary chain, but because the spiritual veins were sealed, even though there was a little spiritual energy in this demon realm, Ji Lingyue could not absorb it and could only lie on the ground panting.

Ji Xing squatted down in front of her, grabbed her chin, and forced her to raise her head: “You and Lan Wu have formed a life-and-death pact, why?”

Ji Lingyue frowned in pain. Beneath her thick, long eyelashes, one eye had recovered completely, but the other was still blood red. Ji Xing stared at her heterochromatic eyes and asked again, “You just listen to her like this? Even if you can’t kill me, you’re unwilling to fall into demonic possession?”

“Heh…” Ji Lingyue scoffed, “Does falling into demonhood kill you? You just want to… you want to drag me into the mire and make me unacceptable to the world.”

"Wouldn't that be better?" Ji Xing tilted her head and gently wiped the blood from her face. "If you become a demon, you can stay with me legitimately."

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, looked up at her in disbelief, and after a long while, suddenly laughed with a trembling voice.

Ji Xing frowned: "What are you laughing at?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head, a tear falling down her cheek: "If I had known this would happen, I should have let you freeze to death in the snow back then."

The hand gripping her chin suddenly tightened, and Ji Lingyue let out a muffled groan, looking at her with red eyes.

The cat demon asked with a stern face, "What did you say?"

"I said…" Ji Lingyue opened her mouth, laughing even more heartily: "In this life, there will never be anyone or anything that belongs exclusively to you. You deserve… you deserve to be all alone and helpless!"

Ji Xing fell silent, staring intently at her, her fingertips tightening with each passing moment, as if she wanted to crush her bones. Just then, a cautious voice came from outside the door: "My lord?"

She asked impatiently, "What is it?"

The man paused for a moment, then spoke again, his voice much softer: "It's…it's the Second Prince of the Merfolk."

Both of them were startled. Ji Lingyue subconsciously glanced towards the door. After the initial surprise, a glimmer of hope appeared on her face. Ji Xing snorted coldly, threw her to the ground, sealed her throat, and strode out. Not far from the door, under the Praying Rain Pavilion, stood Lan Yuan with her arms crossed. Hearing the footsteps, she casually turned her head to look.

The mermaid's thick eyelashes danced in the dappled sunlight, and her silky long hair seemed to shimmer, making her look like a dream. Yet, her calm gaze was undeniably real as it fell upon her. Ji Xing paused, and a smile unconsciously appeared on her face: "Why are you here, sister?"

Lan Yuan frowned: "Didn't you invite me to go boating on the lake

this afternoon?"

Ji Xing then remembered this and quickly nodded, "It's my fault, I should have gone to pick up my sister."

She walked to Lan Yuan's side, but the other woman's gaze suddenly shifted downwards. Before she could react, she reached out and gently touched the bruise on her neck: "What, did someone beat you up?"

As she spoke, a cool breeze covered the gruesome red marks, quickly easing most of the pain. Ji Xing was taken aback, looking at her with a flattered expression: "Sister, are you concerned about me?"

Lan Yuan clicked her tongue and withdrew her hand: "Don't be so disgusting, it's just an eyesore."

Ji Xing nodded: "Sister is right."

Lan Yuan couldn't help but frown again. Her ears twitched, but a strange sound caught her attention. She turned to look at the tightly closed hall and asked, "What's that noise?"

Ji Xing said without changing her expression, "I just caught a demon pet. It's too fierce, so I locked it in the house. It's probably throwing a tantrum again."

"A demon pet?" Lan Yuan frowned. "You are a demon, and you want to capture demons as pets?"

"If my sister doesn't like it, I'll release her another day."

"What does this have to do with me?" Lan Yuan said irritably. "Are you leaving or not? It'll get dark if you don't leave soon?"

"Of course we'll go." Ji Xing smiled and extended her hand: "Sister, come with me."

The two walked further and further away, and their voices gradually faded away. Ji Lingyue groaned and let her hands fall limply to her sides. The part of her body connected to the iron chain had been worn raw and bloody, and blood dripped down. She took a few breaths and was about to kneel up when she suddenly trembled.

A sharp pain jolted her awake, and Ji Lingyue collapsed to the ground uncontrollably, her body convulsing. She almost bit her lip until it bled. Trembling, she clutched her chest, her head covered in cold

sweat. As her consciousness gradually faded, she vaguely realized what had happened.

The remaining demonic energy is polluting her spiritual veins.

It's so cold…

The woman floating in the water trembled her long eyelashes and finally slowly opened her eyes.

What met her eyes was a bottomless darkness, like the gaping maw of an abyss, swallowing all the light that approached. Lan Wu felt a jolt in her heart and abruptly turned her head to look up.

A dim light flickered overhead. She splashed in the water, instinctively swimming upwards, but her path was blocked by cold iron bars. Lan Wu turned around and looked around, only to find that she was locked in a cage that was completely submerged in water. With a slight wiggle of her tail, she touched the cold iron walls all around her.

She paced anxiously for a few moments, gripping the railing tightly and straining with all her might to pry it open. Intricate incantations flashed across the pillar-shaped iron wall, absorbing all the demonic power she unleashed. Lan Wu suddenly gasped for breath, wearily closing her eyes and pressing her forehead against the cold railing. The wounds on her body reopened from the exertion, oozing a faint trickle of blood.

After a while, she lifted her long eyelashes and caught a glimpse of another iron cage floating in the water. Inside that cage, a person was also curled up, with their back to her. A long snake tail coiled around several times, and the person lay lifelessly at the bottom of the cage.

Lan Wu was taken aback, but quickly recognized her: "Bai Zhi?"

She quickly swam over, pressed herself tightly against the iron railing, and shouted, "Bai Zhi! Bai Zhi, what happened? Do you know where this is?"

Bai Zhi remained motionless, as if she hadn't heard. Lan Wu, growing impatient, slammed her fist against the iron bars: "Bai Zhi! Say something! You…"

The sound stopped abruptly. She opened her eyes wide and stared blankly at Bai Zhi, who had turned her head. The woman's eyes were

red, and even though she was submerged in the water, it was clear that she was crying.

Lan Wu froze, and asked in a hoarse voice, “Why are you crying?”

Bai Zhi said in a hoarse voice, “Ji Lingyue is still alive.”

Lan Wu pursed her lips, instinctively gripping the railing in front of her: “Did you kill her? You…you…”

“She committed suicide.” Bai Zhi interrupted her, her gaze gradually becoming vacant: “Before she committed suicide, she broke my contract.”

A deathly silence fell over the surroundings, as if only one’s own heartbeat could be heard. After a long while, Lan Wu closed her eyes, slowly released her grip, and let her body drift backward, silently sinking to the bottom of the cage.

“On what grounds?”

In the bustling streets, Yaozhu was stopped at the entrance of Wanxiang by guards clad in black armor. Her eyebrows furrowed, and she angrily demanded, “Why won’t you let me in?”

The bird-man on the left said, “This is the residence of all the lords and the king. Who are you, little demon? Why should we let you in?”

The ram on the right said, “If you have any urgent matters, go to the Wantang Division and report to them. After the division chief reviews it, he will inform the king on your behalf.”

“What Master of the Department?”

Yao Zhu turned around in a daze, and they pointed in a direction: “Go to that red-roofed house.”

She frowned, glanced back at the two monsters, then looked at the house, hesitated for a moment, and then walked over.

Behind them, two demons whispered to each other: “Why did you send her to Wan Tang Si?”

“Now any monster dares to see the king. Let her go to the chief priest and learn her lesson.”

“With the Master’s fiery temper, wouldn’t he berate her mercilessly?”

"Then it's none of my business."

The two demons laughed and watched the woman's figure disappear into the distance. Meanwhile, Yaozhu stepped over the high threshold of Wantang Si, looked around, and saw no one, only a few bare trees in the empty courtyard. The scene was truly desolate. She stepped back, checked the plaque on the door again, and then hesitantly went inside.

The place was eerily quiet, with no one to guide her. Yao Zhu slowly walked to the depths of the courtyard and saw a large house with its door wide open directly opposite. She immediately perked up, quickened her pace, and ran over to the door, knocking: "Master is here…"

Before she could finish speaking, a dark shadow flew towards her. Yao Zhu was startled and quickly dodged it. When she saw that it was an inkstone, her anger flared up: "Are you crazy?!"

"presumptuous!"

The man seemed even angrier than she was, striding out of the shadows, his red robes almost billowing in the wind: "Who gave you the audacity…"

Yao Zhu, her face cold, was waiting for her to utter some harsh words, but the person suddenly froze on the spot, staring at her in astonishment with wide eyes.

Yao Zhu raised an eyebrow impatiently: "Hmm?"

Lin Wantang blinked absently, her voice suddenly softening: "Sister?"

103. Local bully

"Sister?" Yaozhu looked her up and down and said in surprise, "Your demon realm is really strange. There are even people who claim kinship everywhere."

"Don't you remember me?" Lin Wantang subconsciously took a step forward and said anxiously, "I'm your sister!"

"Sister? My brothers and sisters from the same litter were all ordinary foxes, and they're all long dead. So where did you come from?"

"I am…" Lin Wantang paused, then suddenly realized something and

murmured, “No, you are already dead…”

Yao Zhu immediately became displeased: “What’s wrong with you? Why are you cursing others like that?”

Lin Wantang stopped answering, turned around blankly, and then suddenly ran back into the shadows. After a series of crackling sounds, she returned carrying a mirror, almost shoving it into Yaozhu’s face. Yaozhu subconsciously took a step back, looked at her own face in the mirror, and hesitated, “What are you doing?”

Lin Wantang peeked into the mirror, her eyes suddenly lighting up: “I knew it!” She turned back to stare at Yaozhu, overjoyed, and exclaimed, “You’re my elder sister!”

Yaozhu: ?

“This mirror is called the Mirror of Reincarnation. It can reflect the past lives of all things in the world. You… your face in your past life was my elder sister’s face! You are my elder sister!”

After a while, Yaozhu finally understood what was going on. Unlike Lin Wantang, she was not excited. She just felt very strange that a younger sister had suddenly appeared out of nowhere and was grabbing her with tears in her eyes, which made her head spin.

She couldn’t help but ask, “How did your older sister die?”

Lin Wantang corrected, “You are my elder sister.” Then she added hatefully, “Killed by a Daoist cultivator!”

Which Daoist cultivator?

“Ye Qingjun of Haochen Mountain!”

Yao Zhu was taken aback: “Ye Qingjun? Why did she kill your sister?”

Lin Wantang shook her head and choked up, saying, “I don’t know either. I was young back then, and you raised me single-handedly. Later, I fell ill with a strange disease and was on the verge of death. You went to beg the former Demon King for help, but he asked you to steal something from Haochen Mountain as a trade. You were gone for many years, and when you came back, you became taciturn. But you never told me what happened there.”

Yao Zhu pursed her lips, and after a long while, muttered, “But not

long ago, she saved me."

Lin Wantang asked in confusion, "What did you say, sister?"

Yao Zhu shook her head and sighed, "I am not your elder sister. As you said, your elder sister died long ago. But I have a father and mother, brothers and sisters. I grew up in the human realm. I am not surnamed Lin, nor am I a demon lord. I came here only to find someone. Now, I also need to find my two friends who are in trouble."

"I can help you," Lin Wantang said stubbornly. "Anyway, you are my older sister."

After a moment of silence, Yao Zhu frowned and looked at her hesitantly: "Can you help me? But those who kidnapped my friend are all demon lords. Can you go against them?"

"It might not work elsewhere, but this is Yandu, the city guarded by the King. For so many years, the King has lived in seclusion, and I have been in charge of most of the affairs in the city. No matter how powerful Ji Xing is, she is only the master of Xuandu. Even a powerful dragon can't suppress a local snake."

Yao Zhu couldn't help but laugh: "Are you a local bully?"

Lin Wantang nodded eagerly, her eyes sparkling, as if seeking praise: "Impressive, right?"

"Amazing," Yao Zhu smiled and gently rubbed her head. "Really amazing."

A calm voice suddenly rang out on the tranquil lake: "What are you doing bringing back these contracted beasts?"

"Contracted beasts?" Ji Xing shifted her gaze from the withered riverbank and raised an eyebrow. "So you're so well-informed, sister. You even know we captured some contracted beasts."

"Not only that, I also know that you stole the Cloud Pavilion's most precious treasure, the Hundred Demon Scroll." Lan Yuan frowned and said, "Are you all insane?"

Why do you say that?

"You actually asked me? The Immortal Debate Conference is the most important event for cultivators. To be attacked at such a time and

have the Hundred Demon Scrolls taken away in public is undoubtedly a very serious provocation to them."

"Yes," Ji Xing laughed, "that's exactly what we're going to do."

She tilted her head lazily and said, "Since you already know about the contracted beasts, it won't hurt to tell you. This morning, those contracted beasts killed their masters with their own hands, and their bodies have been transported out of the demon realm and are being sent to the City of Demons."

Lan Yuan suddenly raised her head: "What did you say?"

"Taking the Hundred Demon Scroll is not only to give those Daoist cultivators a warning, but also because the Hundred Demon Scroll is a rare treasure. In the hands of humans, it can permanently imprison demons. It's a pity that those demons, imprisoned inside, have instead fought each other and developed profound skills. Once released, they will be the demons who hate humans the most."

"No, not the Hundred Demon Scroll," Lan Yuan shook her head with a headache and said, "I'm talking about those contract masters. As far as I know, many of the contract masters you captured were disciples of prestigious sects, and rare Daoist cultivators who had goodwill towards demons. Why did you kill them and send their corpses to the human race's Demon City?"

Ji Xing laughed: "It's precisely because they have goodwill towards demons that killing them will only provoke the wrath of the human race, won't it?"

Lan Yuan froze. After a long while, she whispered, "You want to start a war."

"Is that not allowed?" Ji Xing suddenly raised her arm and laughed, "Sister, look at this demon realm, look at those ordinary demons who live such hard lives. This miserable place has brought so many diseases and disasters. Why should we demons have to stay? Why should humans be allowed to occupy the best land?"

Lan Yuan clenched her fist: "Is this also the Demon King's intention?"

"nature."

"But why do you have to use this method?" Lan Yuan's face darkened. "You could have talked to the humans. Doing this makes me think

that you are not trying to occupy the land, but simply want to start a war between the two races."

"Talk? Sister, you've been in the human realm for so long, have you forgotten the hatred of the past?" Ji Xing narrowed her eyes: "Your Kunlun Sea is in the human realm. It has never experienced the torment of thousands of years of desolation, but it has a history of being slaughtered by humans for hundreds of years. Sister, why do you still have a heart that can't bear to be with humans now?"

Lan Yuan's face tightened: "It's not that I have a heart for humans." She raised her head, looked into Ji Xing's eyes, and said seriously: "You should know that if things develop to the point of no return, thousands of innocent demons will die."

Ji Xing snorted, "This is a necessary sacrifice for a stable life in the future."

Lan Yuan's long eyelashes fluttered, and she asked in a low voice, "Really? You've done all this, just to fight for land?"

"But?" Ji Xing scoffed, "The hatred of thousands of years has destined us to be mortal enemies with the human race. Now that the time is ripe, why should we continue to endure this kind of life? Sister, now that I have told you everything, what will you do?" Ji Xing slowly leaned closer to her, a smile playing on her lips, "Will you join this war that is destined to break out, or will you return to the Kunlun Sea and tell all the sea creatures to go into hiding and avoid the chaos?"

104. Rescue

Night fell, and Ji Xing still hadn't returned.

Ji Lingyue lay curled up on the ground, trembling all over, enduring the lingering pain she had just suffered. After several rounds of torment, her eyes were unfocused, and her body was covered with bruises from her desperate struggles.

In this extreme pain, she was almost losing her mind, but she managed to hold onto a sliver of will, telling herself not to actively seek death. Tears streamed down her face as Ji Lingyue turned over, pressing her forehead against the cold floor, breathing heavily.

Lan Wu…

She sobbed a few times, and the demonic energy that had circulated

for a week flowed back into her spiritual veins. Ji Lingyue clenched her fingers tightly, whimpered a few times, and then, unable to bear it any longer, raised her head and slammed it hard against the ground. With a few thuds, blood gushed from her fair forehead, quickly soaking her entire face. Ji Lingyue's ears rang, and she fell heavily to the ground, finally knocking herself unconscious.

When she woke up again, it was already daytime outside. The pale sunlight shone through the intricately carved window lattice, leaving patches of light of varying sizes on the ground. Ji Lingyue stared blankly for a while before slowly supporting herself to get up and noticing the person sitting in the rocking chair in front of her.

Ji Xing rested her cheek on her hand, and seeing that she was awake, she asked with a smile, "How are you feeling?"

"Very good." Ji Lingyue took a breath and replied in a hoarse voice, "I'm sorry to disappoint you."

"Really? But I like you just the way you are now." Ji Xing leaned closer to her, studied her for a while, and said with interest, "But can those hypocritical immortals and Taoists tolerate a half-demon like you?"

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, beads of cold sweat appearing on her forehead, indicating that the pain had returned. However, she forced herself not to show her disheveled state in front of Ji Xing. Ji Xing clicked her tongue, her icy fingers tracing her blood-stained face, and whispered, "You're not as cute as you were yesterday when you first recognized me. Don't you hate me as much anymore?"

"You don't hate me?" Ji Lingyue opened her eyes, her voice trembling. "Ji Xing, one day, I will tear you to pieces..."

"Really?" Ji Xing raised the corners of her lips and smiled, "I'm so happy that you're so persistent with me."

Upon hearing this, Ji Lingyue suddenly lunged forward, but was pulled back tightly by the iron chains, making a rattling sound. She gritted her teeth and said hatefully, "Ji Xing!"

"Hmm, behave yourself." Ji Xing patted her cheek lightly. "If you don't want to fall into demonic ways, then suffer here slowly. Anyway, I have plenty of time to waste on you."

The moon rose and set, and in the blink of an eye, it was the third day

that Yaozhu stayed in Yandu. These past few days had felt like an eternity to her. As soon as night fell, she put on her cloak and hood and followed Lin Wantang to the outside of Wanxiang Gate.

The gatekeepers were no longer the sheep demon and birdman they had encountered a few days ago. They seemed to be familiar with Lin Wantang. After calling out "Master," they stepped aside to let them pass. As Yaozhu passed by them, she subconsciously glanced at them. The demon's gaze swept over Yaozhu but did not linger, as if he had not seen her at all.

Lin Wantang pulled her along from ahead and whispered, "Sister, walk faster."

Yao Zhu quickly followed and asked, "Where should we go first?"

"Naturally, it's the Water Hell. Aren't my sister's friends in the Water Hell?"

Yao Zhu hummed in agreement, then looked up at the towering eaves undulating in the night, with palaces and pavilions lying quietly on the ground, like a giant beast in a deep sleep. Instead of heading towards those buildings, they turned early and headed west along a path under the palace wall. After a long while, they finally saw a small stone house.

The hut was really inconspicuous, and there was only one guard at the door, who looked relaxed and was yawning with his eyes half-closed.

Lin Wantang took the lead and called out, "Ah Qi."

Ah Qi was taken aback, then immediately stood up straight: "Master."

Lin Wantang nodded and asked, "Are there no demon guards inside?"

"No, it's time for the shift change. Hurry up, the replacement demon guards will be here in about an incense stick's time." As he spoke, Ah Qi took out a key from his pocket: "Here, don't leave any clues. After all, the demon lord instructed us to keep a close watch on the demons inside."

Thank you.

Lin Wantang took the key and led Yaozhu into the stone house. The space inside was small, with a table placed inside. The remaining space felt crowded with just two people standing there. Yaozhu looked

around but couldn't figure out what was going on. Before she could ask anything, she heard the stone slab under her feet crack, and they slowly descended.

After descending to the bottom, a long, dark tunnel appeared before her. The deeper she went, the more humid the air became, and she could hear the dripping sound of water. When she reached the end, her vision suddenly opened up. Yaozhu looked up in surprise and found that she had entered a huge cavern, and not far away was a deep, dark pool that exuded a chill.

Lin Wantang glanced at the two empty chairs by the pool, handed her the key, and instructed, "Go and come back quickly."

Yao Zhu hummed in agreement. Even though she hated water, she didn't care about manners at this moment and jumped in with a splash. Soon, she found the cage at a depth of ten feet. A familiar figure was curled up in the cage, holding his big tail in a depressed mood, letting his silver hair float with the water.

She quickly approached and called out, "Lan Wu!"

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then subconsciously turned around. When she saw her, her eyes lit up: "Yao Zhu? What are you doing here?"

"Of course I'm here to save you." Yao Zhu muttered as she circled around looking for the keyhole, "Your mouth is so tight! Why didn't you say you were a mermaid earlier, and that you had so much love and hate with this so-called demon lord…"

Lan Wu followed her, subconsciously defending herself: "It was indeed wrong of me to conceal my identity, but I really don't know that so-called Demon Lord."

Yao Zhu snorted, finally found the keyhole, and clicked it in: "Your body recovers quickly."

The cage opened, and Lan Wu swam out, gripping the bars. She asked urgently, "Have you seen A-Yue?"

"No." Yao Zhu took her hand without ceremony, and with a swift motion, she slashed it with her sharp claws. Blood flowed out, and Lan Wu shuddered, unable to help but shrink back. However, she was forcibly pulled and pressed the wound against a palm-sized wooden puppet. The puppet, stained with blood, emitted bursts of red light.

Yao Zhu threw it into a cage, and it quickly transformed into Lan Wu's appearance.

Lan Wu exclaimed in astonishment, "A puppet?"

Yao Zhu locked the cage and said, "Hurry up."

Lan Wu hurriedly followed her upstream, but soon she remembered something and frowned, looking to the other side.

"What are you looking at?"

Yao Zhu turned back to urge them on, but caught a glimpse of something strange not far away. She was startled and looked over, only to be met with a pair of lifeless eyes. She was terrified: "How come there's another one? Oh no, she saw everything. Will she expose us?"

Lan Wu shook her head: "Do you have a way to get her out?"

"I'm not a god," Yaozhu retorted angrily. "Saving you is already a huge effort, and all I have is the key to your cage!"

"I understand." Lan Wu pursed her lips, looked at Bai Zhi one last time, apologized, and then quickly swam up with Yao Zhu, breaking through the water.

105. Auspicious Omen

The sound of splashing water rang out, and Lin Wantang, who was guarding the shore, quickly stepped forward, pulled Yaozhu up and down to look her over, and then looked at the target they were trying to rescue. What she saw made her eyes widen in surprise, and she exclaimed, "Second Prince?"

Lan Wu was taken aback: "You've met my sister?"

"Sister?" Lin Wantang suddenly gasped, realizing what was happening. "You're not the Third Prince of the Merfolk, are you? Ji Xing actually imprisoned the Third Prince of the Merfolk in the Water Prison?!"

I don't know which of these two things shocked her more.

Yao Zhu was puzzled. After glancing at the two of them, she frowned and said, "Lan Wu, is there something you haven't told me again?"

Before Lan Wu could respond, Lin Wantang said happily, "Isn't that easy? Your Highness's sister is currently in the city. As long as you sisters reunite, who would dare to touch you?"

"She's inside the city?" Lan Wu was utterly confused. "What's she doing here?"

"Your Highness can ask her about these things yourself after you go out," Lin Wantang said. "The Second Prince lives in Dongchi. Just go out of Wanxiang Gate and walk three streets to get there. I'll take you to see her now."

Lan Wu nodded, a smile finally appearing on her face: "Thank you for your trouble."

"It's no trouble at all."

The three entered the dark tunnel, but after only a few steps, they heard a rumbling sound coming from the end of the tunnel. Lin Wantang stopped and quickly pulled the two into an inconspicuous alley, put her index finger to her lips and shushed them.

Footsteps sounded from the depths of darkness, gradually approaching and passing by the path where they were hiding. Lan Wu glanced over and saw that they were two tall demon guards clad in black armor, chatting as they walked towards the cold pool.

Yao Zhu asked in a breathy voice, "What should we do? Should we still leave?"

Lin Wantang said, "Let's wait a bit longer. Going up will make too much noise and people will hear us."

"When will that be?"

"Hmm…" Lin Wantang hesitated, "Next shift change?"

Yao Zhu's vision went black: "Wouldn't that take three hours?"

The atmosphere suddenly became tense. Lan Wu straightened up, about to accept the bad news that she would have to wait for three hours, when a muffled howl came from the direction of the deep pool. The sound seemed to come from the bottom of the water, desperate and shrill. Accompanied by the clanging sound of hitting the iron cage, it even stirred up the dead still water of the pool.

A voice said, "What's going on? Why is that snake acting so crazy?"

Another said, "Ignore her, she'll get tired soon."

"But this is too noisy," the voice hesitated for a moment, then made up its mind and said, "Fine, I'll go down and take a look."

Hearing this, Lin Wantang's eyes lit up, and she whispered, "Quick, let's go while their attention is on that snake."

Lan Wu was startled, then subconsciously followed. She took one last look at the churning, cold pool before leaving without looking back.

After reaching the ground, Ah Qi, who was guarding outside the door, breathed a sigh of relief and said thankfully, "These two demon guards came suddenly ahead of time, which scared me. I thought you were going to be discovered."

Lin Wantang tossed him the keys: "We're not that unlucky, the rest is up to you." Then she handed Lan Wu a cloak: "Your Highness, put this on. If all goes well, we'll see the Second Prince in half an hour."

Lan Wu asked, "Can't we just fly there?"

"There are eagle guards patrolling the sky day and night. If we fly over there, we might be discovered by them before we even leave Wanxiang Gate."

Lan Wu gave an "oh," pulled up her hood, and obediently followed behind Lin Wantang. After some time, the person who was running silently under the shadow of the tree suddenly felt a chill on her long eyelashes. Lan Wu was startled, looked up, and a crystal snowflake landed on the tip of her nose.

"Snow…" She stretched out her hand, feeling the cool touch of snowflakes melting in her palm: "Snow in June…"

Lin Wantang said dismissively, "There's nothing strange about it. The climate in the demon realm is unpredictable. Don't even mention snow in June, it can even be… wait?" She suddenly stopped, looked up at the firelight shining from the towering palace, and frowned, "Has something happened over there…?"

"Never mind that," Yaozhu urged, "Let's go, let's go. Can that Second Prince help me find Xuanyu too?"

Perhaps.

Lin Wantang snapped out of her daze and continued walking, but Lan Wu, who was following behind, was a step behind. She looked anxiously at the faint firelight. Seeing that the two people in front of her were getting further and further away and had a distance between them, Lan Wu quickly quickened her pace. When she passed through a small alley, she suddenly heard a gust of wind and then a bloody smell hit her.

Lan Wu was startled and turned to defend herself, but was still violently tackled to the ground. The person on top of her was panting heavily, clutching a sharp wooden splinter in their hand, which they aimed for her eye without hesitation. Lan Wu's pupils suddenly contracted, and with lightning speed, she grabbed the person's wrist. In the struggle, the wide hood fell off their head, revealing silver hair filled with moonlight that flowed out and cascaded down their back. The person's breath hitched, as if they had instantly lost all strength, and Lan Wu easily flipped them to the ground.

She gasped for breath, and was about to reach out to grab the person's throat when, unexpectedly, she stretched out her arms and hugged her tightly: "Lan Wu…"

Lan Wu froze abruptly, her hands hovering in mid-air. After a long while, she carefully brushed the disheveled hair from the face of the person in her arms: "A-Yue?"

Ji Lingyue shrank back slightly: "No, don't look at me."

She frowned and hurriedly buried herself in Lan Wu's arms. But in that brief moment, Lan Wu could clearly see that the woman's eyes were one red and one black, and the black eye was also covered with blood vessels, making it look extremely terrifying.

Lan Wu's nose stung, and her throat felt constricted, rendering her speechless. Ji Lingyue, head bowed, stammered, "I didn't, I didn't fall into demonic possession…"

"I know."

Lan Wu got up from the ground and bent down to hug her, but the person could not even stand steadily. Her ankle was rubbed raw and bloody, almost to the bone. She could only let Ji Lingyue lean against her. When she held her hand, she groaned and subconsciously shrank back.

Lan Wu was startled and held on tightly to prevent her from pulling back. Looking down, she noticed that the little fingers of both of her hands were drooping limply, and the knuckles were red and swollen, as if they had been broken.

Seeing her staring intently at her injury, Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and said uneasily, "It doesn't hurt anymore. I… I broke it myself. I know what I'm doing…"

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, hastily wiped her eyes with her sleeve, turned around and carried her on her back: "Let's go, once we see my sister… once we see my sister, everything will be alright."

Ji Lingyue asked in a daze, "Sister? Is Lan Yuan here?"

"Yes, there are also some merman guards," Lan Wu whispered. "As long as we see Lan Yuan, we will be safe."

She lifted Ji Lingyue's legs and hurried forward to catch up. Before long, she encountered Yao Zhu and the other person who had turned back to look for her. Yao Zhu was full of resentment and was about to scold her, but she suddenly saw the person on her back and was surprised: "Ji Lingyue? Where did you come from?"

"It's a long story," Lan Wu urged, "Let's hurry up."

Lin Wantang was completely baffled. As she hurried forward in a daze, she wondered incredulously, "How could we suddenly pick up someone?"

"Isn't this perfect? We saved everyone in one trip." Yao Zhu said happily, "Perhaps it's a good omen."

Lin Wantang smiled and agreed, "Sister is right, that's indeed true…"

Before she could even utter the word "good fortune," she suddenly stopped, catching Yaozhu off guard, who bumped into her back.

The fox gasped, clutching its shoulder and frowning, "Why did it suddenly stop?"

Lin Wantang turned around and glanced at her, her expression suddenly becoming serious: "There's a problem."

"What's the problem?"

Lan Wu stepped forward. Not far away, under the Wanxiang Gate,

stood a woman in black with her hands behind her back. The woman raised her head, her long black hair, reaching her knees, fell naturally, and her scarlet eyes looked calmly at the snow falling all around.

"Hmm…"

Just then, the person on her back suddenly began to tremble uncontrollably, and even though the groans muffled in her throat were faint, Lan Wu, who was standing right next to her, could still hear them clearly.

"Ji, Ji Xing…"

106. Revenge

Lan Wu immediately realized: "She's here to ambush A Yue."

"Then what should we do now?" Lin Wantang frowned and said, "Can we just go there directly? I am the Chief of the Department, and you are the Third Prince. Ji Xing knows that the matter of your imprisonment has been exposed. Shouldn't she at least restrain herself a little?"

Lan Wu shook her head: "She already knew my identity in the Hundred Demon Scroll, but she still wanted to kill me. If things are exposed, whether she will stop is another matter, but killing me to silence me is more likely."

Yao Zhu nodded in agreement: "You have no idea how crazy she is, she's so unpredictable. It's best to avoid her. But, can we only go through Wanxiang Gate? Can't we climb over this wall?"

"There's a formation on the wall; climbing over it will trigger it."

Yao Zhu sighed and said with distress, "Really, I just said it was a good omen, and then this happens. I have such a bad mouth."

After a moment of silence, Lan Wu suddenly said, "I'll go."

The person on her back shifted uneasily. Lan Wu carefully put her down and held her in Yao Zhu's arms. Ji Lingyue struggled slightly, her fingertips gripping Lan Wu's collar tightly: "Lan Wu…"

Lan Wu comforted her, "Although I don't know why, Ji Xing really dislikes me. If she sees me run out, she will definitely focus her attention on me."

"You're going to be bait?" Yao Zhu exclaimed in surprise, "You can't beat her!"

"If I can't beat them, I can run away," Lan Wu said, taking off her cloak and covering Ji Lingyue with it. "This is the only way, A-Yue. When you see your sister, ask her to remove the sealing needles from your spiritual veins. Then you can use the contract to summon me back."

Ji Lingyue shook her head, choking back tears: "No…"

Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled, and she continued, "Lan Yuan is more capable than Ji Xing. She will definitely be able to remove the sealing needles. I will hold on until then. Don't be afraid. I will… I will get through it." As she spoke, she turned to look at Lin Wantang and said in a hoarse voice, "Please."

Lin Wantang couldn't help but purse her lips: "I'm sorry, I thought I could get you out of here safely."

"You've already done me a great favor." Lan Wu took a breath and slowly backed away. "Be careful."

Lin Wantang hummed in agreement, while Lan Wu retreated into the darkness, stood quietly for a while, then suddenly stepped forward, carefully cradling Ji Lingyue's tear-stained face, and kissed her forehead: "Good girl…"

She whispered, "I'll be alright."

The familiar scent suddenly faded away, and Ji Lingyue abruptly opened her eyes wide. All she could see was the woman's receding figure. She whimpered, and the pain within her body resurfaced, causing her to lose her senses and begin to convulse involuntarily again.

She opened her mouth and called out in a trembling voice, "Yao, Yaozhu…"

Yao Zhu noticed something was wrong with her and quickly asked, "What's wrong?"

Ji Lingyue blinked, tears falling in a plop: "Should I… not have run away tonight? Should I… um, have endured it a little longer…"

Yao Zhu was taken aback. After a long while, she said in a hoarse

voice, “It’s not your fault, Ji Lingyue, it’s not your fault.”

A cold wind swept by, and snowflakes fluttered dazzlingly. Suddenly, a silver light darted out from the side, stabbing towards her like a dragon. Ji Xing frowned slightly, raised her hand in time, and steadily stopped the sword in place, preventing it from moving forward any further.

With a loud bang, the two demonic energies collided, and the resulting gale whipped up her disheveled hair and stung her cheeks. Ji Xing squinted and saw the attacker’s face through the flying snow. Suddenly, she sneered, “Lan Wu.”

She suddenly raised her hand, and her powerful demonic energy pushed Lan Wu away. Lan Wu took a few steps back, twirled her sword, and stared coldly at her.

“Yun Chuhe is truly kind-hearted,” Ji Xing raised an eyebrow and said, “She actually fed you her Cloud Dew.”

Although she didn’t know what she was talking about, Lan Wu still mocked, “Compared to you, even the King of Hell has the heart of a Bodhisattva.”

Ji Xing nodded in agreement, “I’ll take that as a compliment.”

“…You really are disgusting.”

Lan Wu frowned, kicked off the ground, and attacked with her long sword. Ji Man watched her indifferently, standing still and only extending one arm to defend. After several missed attacks, Lan Wu pursed her lips, and the silver bracelet on her wrist suddenly melted into hundreds of sharp silver threads, which rushed towards Ji Xing.

“Hiss…” Ji Xing blinked, subconsciously turning her face to the side. After a moment, she raised her hand to wipe her face, and after seeing the bloodstains on her fingertips, her eyes gradually turned cold: “Lan, Wu.”

Seeing this, Lan Wu turned to leave, but Ji Xing clenched her fists and pulled out a long, black whip from thin air, lashing it towards Lan Wu’s ankle. Lan Wu, however, spun around, grabbed the whip, and yanked it, causing Ji Xing to stumble. Anger flashed across her face: “You’re asking for death!”

The woman’s figure was like mist, floating upwards and instantly

getting close to Lan Wu. Lan Wu was startled and subconsciously raised her sword to defend herself, but was immediately slapped away by a huge force, and a metallic taste rose in her throat.

Her old wounds had not yet healed. After falling to the ground, she coughed up a mouthful of blood in a disheveled state. A fierce palm wind struck again. Lan Wu's eyelashes trembled, and she quickly rolled forward, barely dodging the blow. Only then did she stand up, leaning on her sword, and run quickly towards the palace above.

The cold snowflakes brushed against her face, making the hairs on the back of her neck stand on end. That chilling voice followed her like a shadow, as if it were right behind her ear: "Where are you going?"

Lan Wu gasped for breath, then lashed out her silver silk net to intercept the enemy. Ignoring the piercing clang behind her, she charged headlong into the towering, continuous, dark palace at the top. Determined to escape Ji Xing, she paid no attention to the path ahead until, after walking for a long time into the high walls and deep courtyards, she suddenly realized how eerily quiet her surroundings were.

Lan Wu stopped in her tracks. As soon as she looked up, she felt a suffocating sensation. Dark shadows surrounded her on all sides, and the withered branches were reflected on the cold brick wall, looking like a ferocious monster with bared fangs and claws. She gripped the sword in her hand, took a breath, and cautiously continued forward.

After an unknown amount of time, a faint light suddenly appeared in the pitch-black night. Lan Wu frowned and slowly approached, discovering that it was a pool of water sparkling with fireflies, and floating in the pool was a person with long hair, only their face visible above the water.

Lan Wu looked closely and exclaimed in astonishment, "Xuan Yu!"

She took a few steps forward and jumped into the waist-deep pool. She was immediately shivering from the cold. Xuan Yu kept her eyes closed and remained motionless, as if she were asleep. Lan Wu called her name a few times but received no response. She nervously reached up to Xuan Yu's neck and breathed a sigh of relief after a moment.

She hugged Xuanyu, preparing to pull her out of the water, when a cold voice suddenly came from behind her: "Who?"

Lan Wu was startled and quickly drew her sword, pointing it at the

woman standing barefoot by the water. She was only wearing a thin white robe, and her silver hair fell to her waist. Her deep blue eyes were quietly watching her.

Lan Wu met her eyes, paused for a moment, and couldn't help but start to have wild thoughts.

This person… looks like a mermaid…

"Blue Iris?"

The cold voice rang out again, startling Lan Wu. Before she could respond, the voice continued, "Still Lan Wu?"

Lan Wu was taken aback: "You recognize me?"

"It seems to be Lan Wu," the woman said indifferently. "Who allowed you to come in?"

Lan Wu was puzzled and was about to speak when her gaze inadvertently swept over the broken stone slab in her hand. She immediately fell silent. She opened her eyes wide and stared intently at the broken stone slab, feeling dizzy.

"You…" She released Xuanyu and asked in a hoarse voice, "Who are you?"

"Who am I?" the woman repeated softly, then asked in return, "Don't you know?"

"Why should I know?!" Lan Wu suddenly looked up and glared at her, her eyes turning bloodshot in an instant: "Who are you! Why are you holding that thing?!"

"This thing?" The woman looked down at it and asked, "What's wrong with this thing?"

Lan Wu was furious: "A fragment of this thing appeared at the site where my father died! Why do you have this stone tablet?!"

The woman gave an "oh" and said calmly, "It's very simple, because I killed your father."

The air fell silent for a moment, and after a long while, Lan Wu asked incredulously, "What did you say?"

"I said, I killed your father." She even gave a slight smile: "However,

he died too easily."

Lan Wu trembled, then suddenly groaned in pain, whipping up waves to attack her. But the sharp sword beams were blocked by an invisible barrier, unable to get any closer. She looked into Lan Wu's sorrowful eyes and frowned: "You want to kill me?"

Lan Wu hissed, "You killed my father, shouldn't I kill you too!"

"You want to avenge your father?" The woman blinked, as if she had heard something utterly ridiculous, and burst out laughing: "Lan Wu, you actually want to avenge your father? What kind of revenge do you want?"

"What do you mean?!"

The woman grinned, then flung Lan Wu away, laughing loudly, "Clearly, the one who wanted you dead the most all along was him!"

107. Old Memories

"Lan Wu, Lan Wu."

A hand gently nudged her head, and Lan Wu groggily opened her eyes, meeting a round, adorable little face: "Why are you sleeping here? Your mother is so worried."

"Sister?" Lan Wu rubbed her eyes, yawned, and muttered, "This seashell is more comfortable than mine."

"If you like it, take it back." Lan Yuan took her hand and pulled her out of the white seashell. "When you go out to play in the future, remember to bring your guards with you. Otherwise, tell your mother that she has been looking for you all day."

Lan Wu nodded obediently: "Where is Father?"

"Father has gone to the East Sea and will probably not be home these days."

The two little mermaids swam side by side into the deep sea, and soon arrived at a dazzling coral reef. They passed through schools of fish, grabbed the tail fins of whales and dolphins and went down. In the distance, they saw a white building that was faintly visible. A figure was leading a group of maids who stood motionless at the entrance, arms crossed and looking at them.

Lan Wu pursed her lips guiltily. Sure enough, from a distance, the woman's angry voice pierced through the water: "Lan Wu, where have you run off to again!"

She shivered, then listlessly swam to the woman's side, trying to feign pitifulness and get away with it: "Mother, I saw a lost little jellyfish, and I helped her get home."

"Helped you for a whole day?"

"Uh-huh."

"A fish that lies will not grow tall."

Lan Wu remained silent for a while, then mumbled, "After helping out, I was so tired that I took a nap."

"Where did you sleep?"

Lan Wu fell silent again. Jiang Xi straightened her face and her voice suddenly turned cold: "You went to the nearshore area again."

Before she could get angry, Lan Yuan quickly said, "Mother, we didn't see any humans in that area, please don't be angry."

"It's too late to see!" Jiang Xi grabbed Lan Wu's pointed ear without hesitation and dragged her towards the city: "You are really audacious. Before your father returns, you will stay in your palace to reflect on your mistakes and are not allowed to go out!"

After swimming a short distance, she turned back to look at Lan Yuan, raised an eyebrow, and said, "What are you standing there for? Aren't you going home?"

Lan Yuan quickly followed, holding Jiang Xi's little finger, and said obediently, "Mother, I will watch over her."

"You? You won't help her sneak out then." Jiang Xi sighed and said, "Lan Wu, why can't you learn from your older brother and sister? Give me a break."

Lan Wu pouted, looking somewhat aggrieved, and remained silent.

Sunlight is invisible on the seabed, but in the city of the merfolk, the magnificent and orderly buildings are all coated with delicate fluorescent powder, and the small round nests hanging on the corals are also adorned with shining fluorite. Countless sea pearls illuminate

this sea area as bright as day. At night, the clam spirits take back the sea pearls one by one, and the city falls into slumber.

Lanwu's shell was beautiful. Lying inside, one could see the undulating, wave-like patterns on the smooth inner wall with just a glance up, while the bottom was covered with soft, transparent aquatic plants that felt very elastic to the touch. It was said that clam shells that grew to this size were basically hundreds of years old, yet her father had used it as a bed for the little princess. The shell was spacious enough to accommodate four or five Lanwus rolling around without restraint, but when it was quiet, it felt empty and unsettling.

She tossed and turned for a long time, unable to fall asleep, so she carefully crawled out of her shell, swam to the tightly closed clam shell next door, and huffed and puffed as she squeezed inside. The little mermaid inside was curled up in a ball, sleeping soundly on the soft seaweed. Lan Wu fluttered her little tail and snuggled into her arms, waking her up in no time.

Lan Yuan yawned, put her hand on her back, and mumbled, "Why aren't you asleep yet..."

Lan Wu found a comfortable position and finally behaved herself: "Sister, I actually saw someone today."

Lan Yuan mumbled sleepily, "People..."

Lan Wu added, "That person was also holding... holding a bamboo flute, and the sound it made was so beautiful."

"Bamboo flute..."

"It's... a kind of musical instrument that humans play. I've seen it in a book." Lan Wu hesitated for a moment, then whispered, "Sister, do you know that there's a human being imprisoned in the Forbidden Land? She's incredibly beautiful. She was the one who showed me that book."

Lan Yuan remained silent. Lan Wu blinked, tilted her head to look at her, and realized that Lan Yuan was fast asleep with her eyes closed. After a while, Lan Wu sighed maturely, lay down again, hugged Lan Yuan's arm, and slowly drifted off to sleep.

The next day, Lan Yuan got up early to go and study with her teacher. Although Lan Wu was confined to her quarters, she was not idle. She stayed at the door and secretly observed. When the two merfolk

guarding the door were not paying attention, she transformed into a small fish the size of a fist and darted away.

She swam familiarly to the northwest corner of the Sea Emperor's Palace, squeezed through the gap in the barrier, and suddenly felt a heavy weight on her body, landing with a thud on the ground.

Even after several visits, she still couldn't get used to the feeling of suddenly leaving the seawater. Lan Wu awkwardly transformed into legs, stood up unsteadily, and walked forward on the cold jade stones. Before her eyes was an ordinary white palace. Lan Wu crossed the threshold with some difficulty, looked up and glanced around, and soon spotted a woman sitting at a table reading a book.

She took a breath and cautiously approached. Seeing that the woman did not react, she sat cross-legged on the floor next to her and picked up a book from the table.

Shouldn't you go to school?

Lan Wu was startled and looked up, only to find that the woman was still reading her book with her chin propped up on her hand, not giving her any attention at all. She was relieved at first, but then felt a little frustrated and muttered, "I'm reading."

"You should be reading merfolk books, not human books." She turned a page and continued, "You've read through all the books here; you don't need to come back."

Lan Wu mustered her courage and said, "I am the princess of the Merfolk. This entire sea is my territory. You cannot stop me from coming."

The woman was silent for a moment, then finally turned her head to look at her: "Is this how your father taught you?"

Lan Wu stared at her face for a long while before saying, "My father doesn't often spend time with me; it's usually my mother who does."

Seeing the woman turn her head back again, Lan Wu gripped the pages of her book and finally couldn't help but ask, "How long have you been here? This is forbidden territory. Father never allows anyone to enter. Could it be… could it be because of you?"

"What's it to you?"

Undeterred, Lan Wu asked again, “What’s your name?”

The woman simply stopped answering. Lan Wu pursed her lips, sat quietly for a while, and then suddenly called out in a clear voice, “Chu Chunhan.”

Chu Chunhan paused in his turning of the pages, and after a moment, he turned his gaze to her again: “How did you know?”

Lan Wu raised her head and stubbornly asked, “Tell me first, why are you here? How long have you been here?”

Chu Chunhan looked at her quietly. Beneath her thick, long eyelashes, her clear, dark eyes reflected the little mermaid’s nervous and uneasy face. “Lan Wu,” she sighed softly, and whispered, “Is this really what you want to ask?”

Lan Wu blinked, unconsciously clutching the hem of her dress. After a long while, she finally asked in a trembling voice, “Why do you look so much like me?”

Lan Wu often heard such words when she was very young.

“The two little princesses are intelligent and lovely, but why do they resemble neither His Majesty nor the Empress?”

That was just idle gossip from the maids, but after hearing it so many times, Lan Wu couldn’t help but start to have doubts. She secretly asked Lan Yuan, “Are we really not like Father and Mother?”

Lan Yuan glared at her: “Who said children have to look like their parents? Look at Duan Yun, his parents are so good-looking, but he’s ugly.”

Lan Wu was amused by her and quickly forgot about this sad thing. Until one day, her pet jellyfish accidentally ran into her father’s study. She sneaked in to look for it and found a box in a hidden corner.

Upon opening the box, an old scroll floated out. The young man sitting in the chair had a handsome face and black hair, but it was indeed her father, the Emperor. The other two were unfamiliar women. Lan Wu looked at the painting for a long time, her attention drawn to the woman standing in the back.

The man had a faint smile, dressed in white, with bright, star-like eyes. His face, though unfamiliar, had a strange sense of familiarity

about it.

Lan Wu pondered for a long time before finally realizing it.

This person looks just like Lan Yuan!

Wait, wouldn't that mean…?

Lan Wu's hand trembled, and the painting fell heavily to the ground with a dull thud.

After this incident, she suddenly became less cheerful than before. She began to frequently glance at her mother and secretly observe how she and her father interacted. But seeing how harmonious, affectionate, and loving they were, her suspicions began to waver again.

What if it's just a coincidence?

Until she accidentally entered the forbidden area's barrier, and the seawater around her suddenly disappeared, she was caught off guard and fell onto the hard ground. Tears welled up in her eyes from the pain, and she suddenly heard footsteps beside her.

With red eyes, she looked up and saw the woman standing quietly under the pear tree.

Such a terrestrial tree could not possibly survive in the deep sea, yet a large tract of soil was created within the barrier, nourished by demonic energy, and the tree blossomed with pure white pear flowers.

The woman looked down at her, her voice cold and clear: "Whose child are you?"

That night, Lan Wu sneaked back to the study and unfolded the painting. This time, she finally saw the blurry writing at the bottom.

"Blue Moon Invitation, Blue Zhichuan, Chu Chunhan…"

108. Waste

"Chu Chunhan." Lan Wu looked up at the woman before her and asked again, "Why are you here? Did Father Emperor hide you here?"

"Hidden?" Chu Chunhan chuckled and shook his head. "Do you think this is hiding? Doesn't it look more like imprisonment?"

Lan Wu's face turned pale instantly, and she stammered, "Father

would not do such a thing."

Is he good to you?

Lan Wu nodded helplessly: "Okay, Father Emperor is very good to me, he loves me very much."

Chu Chunhan suddenly chuckled and shook his head, saying, "Lan Wu, you shouldn't have been secretly coming to see me all this time."

"Why?"

"Because," she sighed and whispered, "I hate you."

Lan Wu trembled, her round eyes quickly filling with tears: "But this year, you told me so many stories about humans…"

"That's because you kept bothering me, and I was just dealing with you," Chu Chunhan said coldly. "But actually, every time I see you, I feel disgusted."

"Why?!" Lan Wu blinked frantically, choking back tears, "Is it because of… because of those questions earlier? I promise I won't ask them again!"

Chu Chunhan suddenly stood up, grabbed Lan Wu by the collar, and threw her outside. Lan Wu rolled on the ground, and by the time she got up, the door had already been slammed shut. She stared blankly at the closed door, sat there for a long while, and then stood up, sobbing. She wiped away her tears and transformed into a little fish, swimming away.

After swimming out of the Mermaid City, Lan Wu climbed onto the coral reef, sobbing as she hid in the dense seaweed. Exhausted from crying, she grabbed a handful of seaweed and drifted off to sleep.

"Lan Wu…"

"Lan Wu!"

The increasingly loud calls woke her from her sleep. Lan Wu woke up groggily and instinctively poked her head out: "Mother?"

The calling abruptly stopped, followed by an angry shout: "Lan Wu, didn't I tell you to stay home and reflect on your actions!"

Lan Wu shuddered. Through her blurry vision, a woman with an

angry expression, wearing a magnificent crown and a silver brocade robe, rushed up from afar and poked her forehead without any politeness. Her voice was like a firecracker: "Where have you been again? To the nearshore area again? I told you not to go, but you insisted on going, didn't you? Do you even know how dangerous humans are! Is your brain as big as those small fish and shrimp?"

Lan Wu groaned, and after being poked hard a few times, the pent-up grievances suddenly welled up in her heart: "What kind of mother is you in this world!"

Jiang Xi was startled, her fingertips hovering in mid-air, and asked in astonishment, "What?"

Lan Wu said with a sob in her voice, "You don't like me at all. You always think I'm troublesome, that I'm silly, that I don't study hard, and you always scold me. If that's the case, why do you insist on becoming my mother?"

Jiang Xi stared at her intently for a long while, then bit her lip and said, "You think…you think I want to be your mother?"

After saying this, she suddenly trembled, blinked her reddened eyes as if she had just woken up, and Lan Wu got some kind of answer from her reaction. Her body stiffened, and tears welled up in her eyes.

"As expected," she sobbed, "it was just like that."

"Third Prince," a gentle female voice sounded beside her. Lan Wu listlessly turned her head and saw the High Priest's warm gray eyes: "Are you in a bad mood?"

Lan Wu glanced at the woman and, seeing that the ever-present, shadowy figure wasn't beside her, she buried her face in her arms and whispered, "When I was little, my mother read me the story of the little dragon searching for its mother."

The high priest chuckled and patted her head: "How old are you now, and you're already talking about your childhood?"

Lan Wu pouted, turned her head to the other side, and continued, "Even a little dragon that is forced to separate from its mother at birth is born because of love."

The high priest paused for a moment, then placed his warm palm on Lan Wu's head and remained still. Lan Wu's voice grew softer and

softer, barely audible: “But my birth doesn’t seem to be welcomed.”

After a long silence, the high priest asked in a low voice, “You know everything?”

Lan Wu was taken aback: “You knew too?”

“I am the High Priest; nothing in this sea can be hidden from me.” The woman sighed and asked, “Has Your Highness acknowledged her?”

Lan Wu shook her head, her eyes instantly welling up with tears of grievance: “She hates me.” She sniffed, then asked, puzzled, “High Priest, why… doesn’t my mother love me?”

“Not every mother in this world will love her child.”

Lan Wu looked at her expectantly: “Why?”

The high priest, unable to bear revealing the truth, countered, “Why does Your Highness insist on seeking her love? Aren’t His Majesty and the Empress both treating you very well?”

Hearing this, Lan Wu felt even more disappointed: “But I said some bad things to Mother.” She counted on her chubby fingers and said dejectedly, “Mother hasn’t spoken to me for half a month.”

The high priest narrowed his eyes, solemnly took out several bone skewer sticks, and said, “How about I cast a divination for Your Highness to see when the Queen will forgive you?”

Lan Wu’s eyes lit up: “Great!”

She curled up in a ball, obediently squatting beside the high priest, watching her arrange the formation intently. At this moment, a muffled sound suddenly erupted in the distance, followed by a powerful wave of water sweeping in. The high priest frowned, quickly pulling Lan Wu into her arms, but was still knocked back by the impact.

Lan Wu, still shaken, raised her head and looked towards the city not far away, only to see a vortex swirling up countless grains of sand.

Wait, that location is…

Startled, she sprang from the high priest’s arms and swam quickly toward the scene. The closer she got, the clearer the devastation in the city became. Large swathes of orderly houses had collapsed into ruins,

and the royal palace, situated at the highest point, was the most severely damaged. Countless merman guards, armed with weapons, were surging in from all directions. Taking advantage of her small size, Lan Wu nimbly weaved through them. Soon, she heard someone shout in panic, “Third Prince! Third Prince! Come back!”

She ignored the sounds and swam to the forbidden area without looking back, only to find that the entire barrier had vanished, and the pear tree had been completely destroyed by the sudden influx of seawater. Lan Wu grabbed a petal floating in the water, spun around helplessly, and swam towards the familiar house, calling out, “Chu Chunhan!”

With no response, she blinked, couldn’t help but let out an impatient groan, and was about to crawl into the crumbling ruins when she was suddenly pulled back.

Lan Wu subconsciously turned her head and saw the man’s gloomy face.

She opened her eyes wide and exclaimed in surprise, “Father!”

Lan Zhichuan glanced at the collapsed ruins before turning to Lan Wu and asking, word by word, “What are you doing here?”

Lan Wu was taken aback, her mouth agape, unsure what to say. Fortunately, a mermaid swam quickly to their side and said in a deep voice, “Your Majesty, they have headed towards the Western Sea.”

Lan Wu recognized him as General Jian Qing of the Merfolk. Before she could react, Lan Zhichuan’s gaze fell upon her again.

“Father, Father Emperor…”

Lan Zhichuan stared at her intently, tightening his grip on her arm. Just as she couldn’t help but groan in pain, he suddenly turned and swam away, shouting, “Chase!”

He swam extremely fast, and Lan Wu, held tightly in his arms, was almost exhausted. But the man showed no mercy, breaking through the waves like an arrow released from a bow. After chasing for half an hour, he finally spotted the two figures in the nearshore waters where the light sunlight shone.

They’ll be ashore soon.

He stared menacingly at the two retreating figures, then suddenly stopped, raised the dazed little mermaid in his arms with one hand, and shouted, “Chu Chunhan! If you dare to leave, I’ll kill your own flesh and blood!”

The sound carried extremely far. Lan Wu opened her eyes wide in horror, and before she could utter the word “father,” her throat was grabbed.

Lan Zhichuan said sternly, “I’ll give you half an incense stick’s time. If you don’t obediently come back, you can expect to get a corpse!” As if to prove that what he said was true, he loosened his grip slightly, giving Lan Wu a chance to catch her breath: “Chu Chunhan, half an incense stick’s time.”

The little merman, held in his palm, drooped her head. After a moment, she raised her head, her face flushed, and stared at him in disbelief: “Father…”

“Shut up.”

Lan Wu trembled, and tears streamed down her face, merging into the vast, boundless sea: “She won’t come back.”

Lan Zhichuan frowned: “What?”

“She won’t come back,” Lan Wu sobbed. “She doesn’t love me, she won’t do this for me…”

“Lan Zhichuan.” A cold female voice suddenly rang out. Lan Wu was startled and slowly turned her head. The familiar white figure passed through the clear seawater and calmly entered the cage set up for her: “Have you become so cold-blooded?”

Lan Zhichuan snorted, revealing a confident smile: “No matter what, you’re back, aren’t you?”

Chu Chunhan sighed. Even though she was in the water, she moved her legs as if she were walking steadily.

Dozens of merman guards raised their longswords, surrounding her and watching her every move warily. Lan Zhichuan floated in place, watching the woman approach, and clicked his tongue: “This time, I won’t be angry with you. But if there’s a next time…”

“Lan Wu”.

Lan Wu’s long eyelashes trembled, and she choked out, “Chu…”

“Close your eyes.”

What?

Lan Wu stared at her blankly. The next moment, a blinding golden light shone, and with a loud roar, everything went black before Lan Wu’s eyes, and she completely lost consciousness.

“Huff… huff…”

The viscous liquid stuck to her face, only to be wiped away by the warm seawater in an instant. Lan Wu’s eyelids felt extremely heavy. She frowned and struggled for a while before she could barely lift her long eyelashes and see the blood-mist-shrouded seawater in front of her.

She was still being held in someone’s hands. The man was breathing heavily, and it seemed as if there wasn’t a single piece of good flesh on his body. Blood was gushing from wounds all over his body, and his usually meticulous hair ornament was now disheveled.

“Ugh! Cough cough!” He suddenly coughed, hot, blood gushing from the corner of his lips, and was once again submerged in the seawater.

Lan Wu’s body stiffened, and after a long while, she slowly raised her head and looked around, but apart from the two of them, there was no

other person in this sea area.

“You actually…” Lan Zhichuan slowly lifted her up, his bloodshot eyes staring at her in disbelief: “You actually… are still alive…”

He frowned, feigning simple confusion, and murmured, “Self-destructing your golden core at such close range, why… why didn’t you die?”

Lan Wu’s eyes widened slowly: “Self-destruction… of the Golden Core?”

Lan Zhichuan and Lan Wu stared at each other for a moment, then Lan Zhichuan suddenly burst into laughter, shook off Lan Wu, and shook his head, laughing loudly: “Chu Chunhan, Chu Chunhan, you are the truly ruthless one!”

Lan Wu’s breathing became rapid. She turned over, staring at the wisps of blood mist drifting in the water, and stammered, “No, don’t…”

“Lan Wu!”

A voice came from afar, and Lan Yuan rushed over, hugging Lan Wu tightly, and asked in alarm, “Are you alright? What happened? Father… Father?”

She turned her head, staring in shock at the man who seemed to have gone mad, and instinctively said, “Father?”

Lan Zhichuan turned around and suddenly noticed the High Priest standing quietly not far away. His smile gradually faded: “High Priest?”

He narrowed his eyes, staring coldly at her, and asked in a hoarse voice, “High Priest, what did you foresee?”

The high priest remained silent for a long time before finally saying, “Your Majesty…”

Lan Zhichuan frowned: “Hmm?”

He died because of three women.

A sudden, deathly silence fell. Lan Yuan’s hair stood on end, and she instinctively tightened her grip on the blood-soaked girl in her arms. At that moment, Lan Wu suddenly trembled, raised her face, and

revealed a pair of blood-red eyes: "I'm going to…kill you…"

On her youthful face, a hatred and despair beyond her years gradually surfaced: "I'm going to kill you!"

Lan Yuan froze, glancing in alarm at the man's increasingly grim face, and said urgently, "Lan Wu, why did you say such things?! Take them back! Apologize to Father Emperor!"

Lan Zhichuan remained silent, but a long sword gradually materialized in his palm, which was covered in wounds.

Lan Yuan quickly stepped in front of Lan Wu, looking at him in fear: "Father, Father! Lan Wu was just confused for a moment, Lan Wu is talking nonsense!"

Lan Zhichuan said, "Get out of the way."

"Father! She is your daughter!"

"If you don't move aside, I'll even…"

"Stop!" A loud whistle pierced the waves, and a silver dragon leaped out of the deep sea, sweeping its long tail to shield the two girls beneath it.

"Jiang Xi," Lan Zhichuan stopped in his tracks, frowning as he looked at her, "What are you doing?"

The dragon's black eyes stared coldly at him: "I will not let you kill Lan Wu because of a prophecy."

"Ha…" he scoffed, "Now you want to be a good mother? When I asked you to raise them, didn't you hate them and feel completely unwilling?"

"I was unwilling at first, but you insisted that I become their mother." Jiang Xi said through gritted teeth, "Now, I have raised them for decades as you have instructed, and I have long regarded them as my own daughters."

"So, you absolutely have to protect him?"

"Yes," Jiang Xi said coldly, "Lan Wu is my daughter, and I will not let you kill her without cause."

Lan Zhichuan stared at her quietly for a while, then finally chuckled

and sheathed his sword.

“Then be a good mother.” He narrowed his eyes and said, word by word, “In this life, you must… raise her to be a useless, incompetent, and harmless piece of trash. If I sense even the slightest threat from her, I will kill her without hesitation!”

109. Lying

Lan Wu blinked, and snowflakes fell silently from her eyelashes. Her face was already wet.

“Do you remember now?”

The woman’s voice was low and husky as she withdrew her fingertips from between the woman’s eyebrows: “Now that things have come to this, do you still want to avenge your father?”

Lan Wu trembled suddenly and staggered back a few steps, using her sword to support herself so as not to fall. She lowered her head, and her breath condensed into white mist in front of her, which was quickly dispersed by the cold wind.

However… it was all for naught.

Tears streamed down her face as Lan Wu shook her head, desperately denying, “This isn’t…it’s not true…”

“Is that so? Do you really think so? Or are you unwilling to admit that everything you’ve endured all this time, the truth you’ve been searching for, has just been a joke.”

Lan Wu shook her head: “No, Lan Yuan…”

“Lan Yuan?” The woman looked at her pitifully: “Do you think Lan Yuan’s memories haven’t been erased by him? He’s afraid that you, his daughter, will kill him. Would he keep another daughter as a threat?”

“Nonsense!” Lan Wu suddenly raised her head and said in a trembling voice, “Who exactly are you?!”

“Can’t you guess yet?” The woman stepped forward and grabbed her clothes tightly. “I am the Demon King, the Blue Moon Invitation who should have become the Sea Emperor, and also your good father’s sister, your aunt!”

Lan Wu said in a panic, “Auntie, Auntie died a long time ago… She

was killed by the Sea Demon Clan…"

"Sea Demon Clan?" Lan Yueyao suddenly chuckled, her thin shoulders trembling uncontrollably. The thin white robe that was casually draped over her body slowly slipped down to her arms, revealing large areas of skin. Lan Wu subconsciously looked over, but her pupils suddenly contracted.

The woman, Jiao Bai, was covered in hideous scars resembling earthworms. However, the merfolk had a unique constitution; unless the same area was repeatedly injured hundreds or thousands of times, it would be impossible for such marks to remain.

Lan Yue stared intently at her and said, word by word, "Lan Wu, I am the way I am now, all thanks to your father!"

Three hundred years ago, Lan Yue met Chu Chunhan for the first time in the vast South China Sea.

The woman and her father sat cross-legged on the back of a whale floating on the water, chatting happily. Hearing the sound of the water breaking, the Sea King turned around, looked at the two young merfolk clinging to the whale's fin, and smiled gently: "Young friend, these are the son and daughter I told you about."

Lan Yue blinked and looked up curiously, meeting Chu Chunhan's bright, star-like eyes. Chu Chunhan nodded at her, his peach blossom eyes naturally smiling, yet his temperament was very reserved and restrained.

At that moment, she heard the boy beside her secretly gasp. Turning around, she saw Lan Zhichuan staring intently at the woman, his face showing a focus she had never seen before.

Actually, she didn't like Chu Chunhan at first. If she had to give a reason, it was because Chu Chunhan was a human, and he was still very young. Considering his birth year, Chu Chunhan might even be younger than her.

But despite her young age, the Sea Emperor wanted to hire Chu Chunhan to be the teacher of the siblings.

Lan Yueyao was very puzzled and complained that she was unwilling. She even told the Sea Emperor about her dissatisfaction. The usually gentle Sea Emperor tapped her on the head and said, "She is a genius who has never been seen before. You can learn a lot from her. Yueyao,

you are the eldest daughter. You will inherit the Sea Emperor's throne in the future. You should also get to know humans. If one day we can resolve the hatred and the two races can live in harmony, we merfolk will no longer have to live in seclusion in the dark Kunlun Sea for generations."

"But what can she teach me? She's human, I'm a demon, we're fundamentally different."

"Talismanic arts and illusions are not distinguished between humans and demons," the Sea Emperor said. "With her talent, one day her name will resound throughout the land."

As he spoke, the Sea Emperor rubbed the spot where he had just been tapped, saying soothingly, "Do you know? She came to the sea to find a merman and get his blood to save her seriously ill father. But three months ago, she encountered Xiao Liu, who was injured and unconscious. Instead of taking advantage of her, he stayed by her side to protect her until she woke up, and then asked Xiao Liu for some blood."

Lan Yueyao was surprised: "She's the benefactor Xiao Liu mentioned?"

"Yes, now that her father has recovered, she came back specifically to express her gratitude. I admire her, and when I went out to sea to exchange skills with her, I found that she is truly remarkable. However, it is also because of Xiao Liu's kindness that she agreed to be your teacher."

Lan Yueyao remained silent for a while, then muttered, "Father is getting on in years, does he want to follow the example of humans and form friendships across generations?"

Poseidon laughed and patted her on the shoulder: "She's a very nice human, you'll like her."

She didn't care at the time, but little did she know that the Sea Emperor's words would come true.

In the years that followed, Chu Chunhan would occasionally come to teach them talismanic magic and illusion techniques, and the lessons would take place on the broad back of a whale in the middle of the South China Sea. The three of them became more and more familiar with each other, and their relationship grew closer and closer. They even went ashore together, transformed into human form, and traveled with Chu Chunhan to all the mountains, rivers, lakes, and

seas.

Along the way, she witnessed the birth, aging, sickness, and death of humans, as well as love, hate, and separation. She also witnessed the changes of the world and the rise and fall of dynasties. The joys and sorrows she experienced were no different from those of the mermaids.

On the night of the Qixi Festival, Lan Yueyao leaned against the window of a brightly lit restaurant, gazing at the starry sky. Looking down, she saw a young merman standing in the middle of the street, nervously handing a sachet to the woman beside him.

Lan Yueyao paused for a moment, recognizing that it was a sachet that Lan Zhichuan had been making privately these past few days. She unconsciously gripped the railing tightly, feeling somewhat flustered. After blinking a few times, she turned and shrank back into the house.

After a long while, the noise on the street gradually subsided, and the restaurant was about to close. Lan Yueyao climbed out of the window, absentmindedly lowering her head, but unexpectedly bumped into a white figure.

She was startled and exclaimed, “Chu Chunhan?”

The woman stirred and slowly raised her head: “Hmm?”

“what are you doing here?”

“I’ll wait for you.” Chu Chunhan said calmly, “It’s late, and I’m afraid you might get drunk and not be able to find your way back to the inn.”

“I didn’t drink!” Lan Yueyao said, dissatisfied. “Besides, in a place like this, I shouldn’t be so lost!”

“But you got lost last time.”

Lan Yueyao blushed slightly: “Never mind, how did you know I was here?”

“I saw it.”

“when?”

“When Lan Zhichuan gave me the sachet.”

Lan Yueyao fell silent for a moment before stammering, "Then, then, did you accept it?"

Chu Chunhan raised her head and looked at her quietly: "Do you care a lot?"

Lan Yueyao's eyes widened suddenly: "Ha, why should I care? It's just a sachet. What does it matter to me whether you accept it or not? You talk as if I care. I can easily pay a tael of silver on the street…"

"Confiscated."

"real!"

As soon as she finished speaking, Lan Yueyao realized that her joy was too obvious, and the corners of her raised lips froze on her face. Chu Chunhan, however, smiled at her with his eyes crinkled.

"Blue Moon Invitation, you seem to be very bad at lying."

——

I'll finish the flashback in one go in the next chapter.

The last big one will come in the chapter after next.

110. Dreams Shattered

The giant sea monster cleaved through the waves, and two people lying on its back enjoyed the cool evening breeze, their heads touching as they gazed at the starry sky.

After a long while, a voice said, "In fact, for thousands of years, the successor of the Sea Emperor can only marry into the Sea Clan to form an unbreakable alliance."

Chu Chunhan blinked, but before she could ask a question, Lan Yueyao continued, "But someone has to break the precedent, right?" She smiled and said, "And someone has to bring the merfolk back to a place where they can be exposed to sunlight."

Chu Chunhan hummed in agreement: "You will succeed."

Lan Yueyao rolled over and couldn't help but pinch the tip of her hair that was sticking up: "If there are no children in the future, I will pass the throne to Zhichuan's child. He has been getting along very well with the eldest princess of the Jiaolong clan these days. Perhaps good

things are coming soon."

Chu Chunhan said, "Okay."

Lan Yueyao pursed her lips and pinched her ear with some dissatisfaction: "Why are you always like this? You only reply with 'uh-huh' and 'oh-oh'."

Chu Chunhan shrank her neck, and seeing that she wouldn't let go, she let her go: "I haven't been home for a long time."

Lan Yueyao was taken aback, then sighed, "You shouldn't have said that. Now that you've brought it up, I'm getting nervous again. Do your family… really like me?"

"Really," Chu Chunhan said, "they are all very good people."

Perhaps because she was about to arrive home, she felt much more relaxed. She turned her head to look at the mermaid's beautiful face and said in a low voice, "I don't think I've ever told you about my family before."

Lan Yue tilted her head and asked curiously, "Does your Chu family have some secrets?"

"There are no secrets, but there are some stories that have been passed down."

What is it?

Chu Chunhan placed her hands on her lower abdomen and said softly, "Have you ever heard of the Zisang Kingdom?"

Lan Yueyao quickly shook her head. Chu Chunhan smiled and said, "It's normal that you don't know. After all, even among humans, there are many who don't know about this small border country."

"Our Chu family ancestor was once the general who protected the country of Zisang. Four hundred years ago, Zisang was destroyed. Our loyal ancestor followed the king and fled from the far west to the far east. The king was a cultivator, but he was also seriously injured and dying in the war. After arriving at the East Sea, she and our ancestor found a beautiful island and spent several years building an underground palace to bury themselves and their lover there."

"spouse?"

Chu Chunhan hummed in agreement: "It is said that the lover died long ago, but the king has kept her body and searched for all sorts of ways to revive her."

Blue Moon asked, "Did she succeed?"

"How could it possibly succeed? Where in this world is there a way to bring the dead back to life?"

"That makes sense." Lan Yueyao turned over, resting her head on her arm, and asked in a low voice, "And then?"

"Later, the ancestors stayed on the island and became the guardians of the tomb. For hundreds of years, generations of Chu family descendants were born and raised on this island, following the family precepts and guarding the tomb. Until one day, one of the Chu family descendants left the island to study under a master. Many years later, he returned home and founded the Penglai Sect on the island."

Lan Yueyao paused for a moment, then said, "Then Penglai Island, wouldn't that be…"

"Yes," Chu Chunhan said, "This island is named after the Penglai Sect." As she spoke, she turned to face Lan Yueyao, "However, most of our Penglai disciples are sent here by fishermen from the surrounding area to find a place for their children."

"No wonder your Penglai isn't very famous." Lan Yueyao smiled and added, "However, Father always says that you will become famous throughout the world in the future. Perhaps then, your Penglai will benefit from your fame and be known by more people."

"Does it really matter whether more people know about us?" Chu Chunhan said. "I think living a simple and ordinary life is also quite good."

"It's very good, but it's a pity," Lan Yueyao said, taking her hand and smiling. "You'll be with the Sea Emperor from now on, so you can't live a peaceful and ordinary life."

Chu Chunhan also raised the corners of her lips. The two looked at each other and laughed for a while, then hugged each other and, with the starry sky as their pillows, slowly drifted into sleep.

The next day, they arrived at Penglai Island.

At first, everything went smoothly, so smoothly that it seemed unbelievable to her. Penglai Island was beautiful, and the Chu family was warm and friendly. Even after revealing their identities, the kind-looking white-haired old man was all smiles, and even held their hands, asking them to take care of each other in the future.

Those few days seemed to be the happiest and most carefree days of her life, but on the seventh night, everything changed.

In her sleep, she was bound with a demon-binding rope and fastened with a soul-locking ring, then mercilessly dragged out of the room and slammed into the square courtyard. Looking around, under the cold moonlight, a dense circle of Chu family descendants stood around her, their faces, both strange and familiar, devoid of their usual smiles, pale and lifeless like doll masks, staring at her without blinking.

The cold blade swiftly sliced across her shoulder, and blood gushed out immediately. Lan Yueyao let out a muffled groan and looked up in astonishment. The person holding the knife was none other than Chu Chunhan's father, Chu Chen.

Chu Chen raised the sharp blade to his lips, greedily licked off the drops of blood, smacked his lips, and then let out a strange laugh: "As expected of mermaid blood."

"Father!"

A familiar voice suddenly rang out, and Chu Chunhan rushed over from the other side. Upon seeing Lan Yueyao, her face turned even paler: "What are you doing? What are you all doing?!"

Chu Chen narrowed his eyes and said coldly, "Don't come any closer!" He held the blade against the merman's neck and said, "If you dare to make a move, I'll kill her right now!"

Chu Chunhan froze on the spot, staring at Chu Chen in disbelief: "You sent me away tonight just… just to do this kind of thing? Are you crazy?!"

"You're the one who's crazy!" Chu Chen roared, "Knowing full well how precious mermaids are, and having gained her trust, you've been leaving them alone all this time, and only brought them back now…"

"What are you saying?" Chu Chunhan said sternly, "Have you forgotten? You survived because of the blood of merfolk, how could you treat her like this!"

“That’s why I’m doing this, precisely because I haven’t forgotten.” Chu Chen gritted his teeth and said, “At that time, I was terminally ill and didn’t have much time left. I had lost all hope, but you… you brought back half a bowl of mermaid blood, which allowed me to recover quickly and greatly increase my power. Do you know what that means?”

Chu Chunhan stared at him in a daze, her eyes already bloodshot. The old man shook his head and continued, “That means that with a mermaid, a mermaid who can continuously draw blood from us, we no longer need to cultivate diligently to gain profound power. Our Penglai can also rise to prominence and become famous throughout the world!”

“You did this for…”

“For this?” Chu Chen chuckled hoarsely. “Han’er, you have exceptional talent and are still young, so you don’t care about this. But what about me? A hundred years have passed, and I’m still only a Golden Core cultivator. To increase my cultivation and gain more lifespan, I’ve suffered too much and almost lost my life. Now that such a great opportunity is right in front of me, I have no choice but to seize it!”

“No…” Chu Chunhan clenched his fists and struggled, “Yue Yao, Yue Yao is the future Sea Queen. If anything happens to her, the merfolk won’t let this go…”

“Ha!” Chu Chen laughed so hard his shoulders shook, and he mocked, “Where do you think our little Penglai got its demon-binding rope and soul-locking ring?”

Chu Chunhan was stunned. At the same time, a path gradually parted in the crowd, and several tall figures filed in, eventually stopping in the courtyard.

Lan Yueyao knelt on the ground, cold sweat pouring down her forehead. Only when she saw a pair of boots appear before her did she frown and barely manage to raise her head.

Upon seeing the face of the person in front of her clearly, her long eyelashes trembled, and she exclaimed, “Lan Zhichuan?”

The young merman lowered his head, his face pale in the moonlight, his blue eyes devoid of any warmth: “Sister, it’s been months since I last saw you, and you’ve become so wretched.”

Lan Yueyao stared at him in astonishment, then looked back and recognized the silent, bowed merman: “Jian Qing?” She froze, staring at them for a long time before finally realizing something: “You’re in cahoots? You gave them the Demon-Binding Rope?!”

“Yes,” Lan Zhichuan said calmly, “I made a deal with Island Master Chu. I gave him weapons and tools to help me capture you, and then I will send you and some other merfolk to him.”

Lan Yueyao’s eyes widened: “Other merfolk?”

“Oh,” Lan Zhichuan narrowed his eyes and said, “those ungrateful merfolk who still wholeheartedly support you.”

“Bang!”

Lan Yueyao suddenly struggled, but the scalding ropes dug deeper into her flesh, leaving deep red marks: “Why did you do this! Lan Zhichuan, those are all your kin!”

“Why? Don’t you really know?” Lan Zhichuan clicked his tongue, then suddenly grabbed her collar and glared at her. “Why? I want to ask why too! Why am I no less capable than you in any way, and even smarter than you! But the throne, the love of my father and mother, the support of my clan, and even Chu Chunhan! They all choose you! Why am I always overshadowed by you?! I’ve had enough! Since they all refuse to choose me, I’ll take them all away with my own hands!”

“As for you, Lan Yueyao,” he chuckled breathlessly, his voice hoarse, “you will be trapped here forever, tormented by their blood-draining, with no escape!”

“Lan Zhi… Ugh!”

The Soul-Locking Ring around her neck suddenly tightened, and Lan Yueyao trembled as she bent over, her eyes gradually becoming bloodshot. Chu Chunhan instinctively stepped forward and said urgently, “Stop!”

Lan Zhichuan suddenly reached out and gripped her arm tightly: “Chu Chunhan.”

He turned his head, staring into the woman’s angry eyes, and said, word by word, “As for you, I’ll give you two choices. First, come back to Kunlun Sea with me, and from now on, obey me and stay by my side. That way, I might make things easier for Lan Yueyao. Second,

refuse to obey, but there are so many people here, and you can't fight them all. You will eventually be defeated. When that happens, I won't hesitate to kill you and then cut off Lan Yueyao's hands and feet, making her wish she were dead."

"Now, choose one."

"You should be able to guess what she chose."

Through the swirling snowflakes, Lan Yueyao gazed at Lan Wu's familiar face and whispered, "You should also know how you were born."

Lan Wu stared at her blankly, as if she had completely lost the strength to resist and the ability to refute.

"You shouldn't have been born. Your existence only highlights your father's sins." Lan Yueyao stared at her, a pale smile gradually appearing on her face: "In this world, besides Lan Zhichuan and Chu Chen, the person I hate the most is you. I finally managed to escape and rescue her, but because of you, I have lost everything."

"Tell me, why did you appear there?" She looked at Lan Wu, her voice still calm, but the hand gripping Lan Wu's clothes began to tremble. "You shouldn't have existed in this world. Why did she go to save you? Why are you still alive? You should have died long ago! You should… you should have died on the day I saved her!"

Lan Wu suddenly closed her eyes, her head throbbing as if pricked by needles. In her hazy state, she suddenly remembered the words the girl she traveled with on her boat to Penglai had been saying incessantly in her ear.

"…Before the incident, Penglai Island was far more famous than the three major immortal sects. Perhaps it was because of the abundant spiritual energy here that the disciples of Penglai Island were always a cut above their peers in terms of cultivation…"

"…What a pity, such a thriving immortal sect, its foundation was destroyed by demons overnight…"

…

"Penglai…" she murmured, "Did you destroy it?"

"Yes." Lan Yueyao sneered, gleefully saying, "This Penglai was built

upon my blood and flesh, so what's wrong with me destroying it with my own hands?!"

111. Lights out

In the dead of night, a series of loud knocks sounded outside the Dongchi Inn. The innkeeper, fastening his belt, slowly walked out, saying, "Who is it? In the middle of the night! Don't you understand… Oh, it's Master Si?"

Lin Wantang strode into the inn and asked, "Which room is the Second Prince of the Merfolk in?"

"She's a distinguished guest. What business does the Master have with her?"

"Urgent!" Yao Zhu, who followed closely behind, looked up at the towering building, her heart tightening. She simply raised her voice and shouted, "Lan Yuan, Lan Yuan!"

"Who is it?" A voice quickly answered from above. The girl leaned out from the railing, frowning, and said, "Who are you? How dare you be so rude as to address my prince by his name?"

"What are you putting on airs for now?" Yaozhu shouted. "If you don't come out now, your Third Prince will be dead!"

Before she could finish speaking, a figure suddenly appeared before her. The person took a few steps forward, grabbed her collar, and said coldly, "What did you say?"

Yao Zhu was taken aback, staring at the woman's face in front of her, and subconsciously said, "It really is the same…"

Lan Yuan glared at her: "You…"

"Blue Iris…"

Just then, a pair of blood-stained hands reached out from behind Yao Zhu and trembled as they gripped her wrists. Lan Yuan frowned, about to pull away in disgust, when she heard the person say, "I am Ji Lingyue…"

"And who is Ji Lingyue? I…" Lan Yuan stopped mid-sentence, staring intently at the blood-stained face, and slowly repeated, "Ji Lingyue?"

Ji Lingyue struggled to get off Yao Zhu's back, but her legs gave way

and she fell to her knees at Lan Yuan's feet. She groaned and clutched Lan Yuan's clothes tightly, choking out, "Quick…quickly save Lan Wu!"

"Then why did you capture Xuan Yu?" Lan Wu asked in a hoarse voice. "What does she have to do with all of this?"

Lan Yueyao was silent for a moment, but did not answer her. Instead, she lowered her head and murmured, "For decades, I was imprisoned in the underground palace of Penglai Island. Every day, my body would be cut open to draw blood. After it healed, it would be cut open again. There were other merfolk who were imprisoned with me, but gradually, they couldn't hold on and died one by one. Only I held on and held on until the very end…"

As she spoke, her body involuntarily stiffened, as if she were recalling those dark decades. After a moment, Lan Yueyao closed her eyes, exhaled deeply, and continued, "But one day, Chu Chen let slip that the woman in the underground palace was getting mad."

Lan Wu was taken aback and stared at her intently.

"But Chunhan told me that there are only the dead king and her lover in the underground palace, and there couldn't be any other living beings." Lan Yue asked, "So, either the king didn't die, or she successfully resurrected her lover."

"But at that time, I didn't care about this. I was only thinking about escaping. Fortunately, one day, Chu Chen got drunk and came down to get blood. He fell asleep next to me. I seized the opportunity, took the key from him, and escaped along the waterway. You know what happened after that."

"After Chunhan died, I was heartbroken and fled to the demon realm to eke out a living. I had only one thought in my mind: to cultivate hard and kill Lan Zhichuan and Chu Chen! But not long after, Chu Chen died mysteriously, and his son became the new island lord. Two hundred years have passed. I relied on fighting other demons and refining their demon cores to greatly increase my cultivation. I even became the new demon king. Everything was ready, and I could take revenge on Lan Zhichuan at any time. At this time, I heard someone talking about Penglai."

"Penglai, how magnificent Penglai is, the Penglai that everyone yearns for! They took so much mermaid blood, enough to ensure their safety for a hundred years, and even make them a revered immortal sect! But

my hatred will never cease. I will take revenge on the entire Penglai, and I will go see that underground palace, see that madwoman, and see who she really is!" Lan Yue laughed and her eyes crinkled: "Guess what? That night, I led my demons to attack Penglai. Instead of protecting their disciples, they were determined to prevent me from entering the underground palace. So I became even more interested and fought my way to the underground palace, where I saw that woman."

"A woman?" Lan Wu asked in surprise, "Isn't she a vine demon?"

"Of course not," Lan Yueyao shook her head. "When I saw her, she was perfectly normal human, even retaining some instincts, guarding the coffin and not allowing anyone to approach." The woman's eyes grew brighter and brighter, and she said in a trembling voice, "That king actually succeeded!"

Lan Wu subconsciously retorted, "No, even if the body is resurrected, Qingmiao has no consciousness..."

"That's because that king forgot to retrieve her soul from the very beginning!" Lan Yueyao suddenly interrupted her, excitedly saying, "And Chunhan, perhaps, is the only lucky one. She self-destructed her golden core, her soul scattered, and thus she couldn't be reincarnated, allowing me to find her from this world little by little..."

Lan Wu froze, her hair standing on end for a moment, her heart pounding so hard it made her feel dizzy: "You...you want to resurrect her?"

"In that underground palace, there was a Hall of Longevity. Inside the hall, a sculpture holds a stone tablet, and on the tablet is the technique of resurrection." Lan Yueyao said in a hoarse voice, "The soul of the dead, the blood of relatives, wild rice flowers, and a suitable body."

"Chunhan is a person of pure Yin constitution born in a Yin year, Yin month, Yin day, and Yin hour. Such a person is rare, and it has been many years since I last found such a person."

Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled, and she murmured, "Xuan Yu..."

"As for her soul, I have found two souls and six spirits, but I can't find one soul and one spirit anywhere. But that is enough." At this point, Lan Yueyao narrowed her eyes and said with a playful tone, "However, there is something you may be interested in knowing. More

than forty years ago, I discovered that a wisp of her soul was trapped in the abyss. When I went to search for it, your good father, the emperor, seized the opportunity and led his troops to kill me."

Lan Wu froze, then slowly opened her eyes wide.

"Yes, I killed him there. The ridiculous thing is that he came to Haiyuan from beginning to end for me, but he used the excuse of looking for you. He was the one who spread the news that you were in Haiyuan." Lan Yueyao laughed sarcastically and said, "You see, even in death, he wants to pin the blame on you."

Lan Wu bit her lip, her eyes gradually turning red. At this moment, Lan Yueyao suddenly slapped her chest.

"Hmm!"

Her face turned ashen in an instant. She lowered her head and watched as a few drops of blood welled up from her chest and condensed in Lan Yueyao's palm: "Now, I have the blood of my family, and all that's left is the Gu Ling flower."

Lan Wu gasped for breath, enduring the pain, and choked out, "You can't… you can't start a war just to resurrect one person. If the two races go to war, countless lives will die in this catastrophe…"

"This is exactly what I want." Lan Yueyao said coldly, "The wild rice flower grows in a chaotic world and needs to be nourished by the blood of millions of souls to grow. The ruler of Zisang Kingdom once launched a war for this, but it took fifty years for a mere small country to produce a single flower. I don't want to wait that long."

"So, you want to completely provoke a war between the two races…"

"Yes, after years of mutual slaughter, the demon race and the human race have long since reached the point of irreconcilable enmity. The major demon lords are also determined to expel the human race and occupy human land. We are just different paths leading to the same goal."

"No…" Lan Wu sobbed, struggling to raise her head, her eyes red, and said, "You can't do this. Didn't you also want to resolve the hatred and lead the merfolk back to the near sea? Didn't you also want to be a Sea Emperor who breaks precedents?"

"Yes…" Lan Yueyao smiled and sighed, "That's why I've ended up like

this."

Lan Wu trembled and stared blankly at her, but the woman in front of her suddenly let go of her hand, letting her kneel down in a sorry state and fall into the snow.

"Ji Xing," she said coldly, turning away and walking into the depths of the roof, "get rid of her."

She heard rustling footsteps beside her, but Lan Wu remained kneeling motionless, feeling the cold snowflakes quietly falling on her bare neck.

The vile voice said, "Lan Wu, why aren't you as smug as before?" She grabbed Lan Wu's chin, forcing her to raise her head, and mocked, "Look, no one in this world loves you. Whether it's your father or your own mother, they all wish you dead. Your life in this world only brings trouble to others."

Lan Wu clenched her fists, then suddenly shrugged her shoulders and chuckled.

Ji Xing paused, frowned, and asked, "What are you laughing at?"

"What do you want to achieve by saying all this?" Lan Wu looked up, her eyes red. "Do you want to see me heartbroken, to see me break down, or do you want to see me weak and begging for mercy?"

She said in a hoarse voice, "In this world… there are people who love me, my mother loves me, my sister, A-Yue, my master… and Shan Ye, they all love me…" Wet tears fell in a patter, and Lan Wu whispered, "Even if I die, I will not die in despair and sorrow as you expect. I will not let you have your way…"

Ji Xing stared at her intently, her expression gradually turning cold. After a moment, however, she suddenly remembered something and laughed again: "Really? You're not afraid of death?"

She pressed down on Lan Wu's shoulders, slowly bent down and whispered in her ear, "Do you know that Ji Lingyue has made a life-and-death pact with you?"

The body beneath his palm suddenly froze, and after a moment, a trembling voice rang out: "No…"

"Believe it or not," Ji Xing laughed, "It's a pity, I didn't originally

intend to kill her, but she fell deeply in love with you…"

Lan Wu blinked in bewilderment: "No," she suddenly raised her hand, gripping Ji Xing's wrist tightly, and for the first time uttered a desperate plea: "Please…"

In the silent depths of the sea, the merman draped in a black robe suddenly opened his eyes.

Fuyou blinked, and after a while, it slowly floated up and swam out of the priest's temple with some unease.

The young apprentice was setting up a formation with bone sticks on the sand when he saw her come out and asked in surprise, "Master, weren't you going to rest?"

"Yes, but… something seems off."

"What could be wrong, Master? This is Kunlun Sea."

Fuyou frowned and asked, "Did you see the Soul Lamp today?"

"No, what's wrong?"

Fuyou shook his head, turned around and swam away. His little apprentice was stunned and quickly followed. When she caught up, she saw Fuyou standing motionless under the Sea Spirit Tree, staring intently at a certain spot.

"master?"

"Third Prince…" Fuyou suddenly murmured, "The Third Prince's soul lamp has gone out."

112. Death

"Ji Lingyue, Ji Lingyue! Wake up!"

An urgent voice gradually reached her ears, making the woman dizzy. She struggled to open her eyes and let out a soft moan of discomfort: "Yaozhu…"

"You're finally awake," Yao Zhu breathed a sigh of relief. "You scared me to death! How did you suddenly faint?"

"Dizzy?" she murmured, rubbing her temples in a daze. Her eyes lowered, and she inadvertently caught sight of a silver needle lying on

the ground: “This is…”

“These are the sealing needles inside your body. Don’t you remember? You fainted right after Lan Yuan removed them.”

Ji Lingyue was startled, her heart pounding, and her voice suddenly became unusually dry: “Where is Lan Yuan?”

“When Lan Yuan saw that you were not awake, she took people to look for Lan Wu.”

As Yaozhu spoke, she tried to help the woman up, but the woman pushed her away, raised her blood-stained hands, and while a faint golden light condensed from them, she said in a trembling voice, “Majestic divine presence, solemn and pure voice…”

A voice filled with fear and unease echoed in the empty hall. A complex magic array appeared before Ji Lingyue’s eyes, but like a dying candle, it flickered a few times before silently disappearing.

She stared wide-eyed at the empty ground, frozen for a moment, then rotated her wrist to continue forming the hand seal, chanting again, “Majestic Divine Ritual…”

Blood dripped down, and Ji Lingyue suddenly trembled. She only had time to support herself with her hands before she opened her mouth and vomited a mouthful of blood.

“What’s wrong?” Yao Zhu quickly caught her, and asked helplessly, “Why…why did you suddenly vomit so much blood?!”

“Why……”

Yao Zhu paused, then subconsciously looked down: “What did you say?”

“Why,” Ji Lingyue groaned, clutching her chest, her voice hoarse, “Why…why can’t I summon them back…”

Hot tears suddenly welled up in her eyes. The woman choked back a sob, struggled to get up from Yaozhu’s embrace, and stumbled out. Snowflakes fluttered down on her face. She didn’t know when, but the snow had already reached her ankles. Ji Lingyue leaned against the cold wall, barely managing to lift her head and look at the towering palace in the distance.

“I’ll take you there,” came hurried footsteps from behind. Yao Zhu chased after her, her beautiful face gradually losing its color: “I’ll take you there.”

The road I walked not long ago now feels so short when I walk it again.

The group flew into the air, breaking through the wind and snow, and no Eagle Guards came to stop them. When they arrived at Wanxiang Gate, they could vaguely hear the sound of weapons clashing. Ji Lingyue lowered her head and saw a person kneeling alone in the middle of the demon group on the long steps. His silver hair was blown by the wind and was almost blended into the snow.

Ji Lingyue’s long eyelashes trembled, and as soon as they touched the ground, she staggered over: “Lan Wu…”

“Lan Wu…”

She placed her hand on the man’s shoulder and said in a trembling voice, “Lan Wu?”

The body beneath his palm twitched, finally turning its head slowly to reveal a pair of scarlet eyes: “Get lost!”

A sudden gust of wind swept in, knocking Ji Lingyue to the ground and lifting Lan Yuan’s long hair to reveal the person she was holding tightly in her arms. She stared intently at Ji Lingyue, tears falling but freezing into pearls in mid-air, silently disappearing into the deep snow.

After a long while, Lan Yuan closed her eyes, a few muffled sobs escaping her throat. Finally, she trembled and bent over, letting out a scream of extreme pain: “Ah!!!”

A powerful demonic aura, accompanied by a mournful cry, emanated from Lan Yuan, stirring up a vast expanse of snow mist. Ji Lingyue, oppressed by the demonic aura, suddenly coughed up blood, but still managed to support herself and struggled to crawl towards her.

“Lan Wu…”

She gasped for breath, raised her head, and finally saw the face of the merman lying in Lan Yuan’s arms. Lan Wu’s eyes were closed quietly, her face as pale as paper, only her lips were still bright red, stained with blood that had not yet dried.

She seemed to be asleep, but her chest no longer rose and fell with breath, and her body temperature had completely disappeared.

"No, no..." Ji Lingyue blinked frantically, reaching out to grab Lan Wu's clothes.

"Don't touch her!" Lan Yuan shouted sharply, "Stay away from her!"

Ji Lingyue shook her head, choking back tears, and said, "She's not dead!"

"Her mermaid pearl has been extracted!" Lan Yuan roared, her eyes almost bleeding with tears. "With the mermaid pearl gone, her soul is extinguished! Ji Lingyue, how on earth did you cause her to fall to this state?!"

"No, no...she's not dead...she couldn't be dead..."

Lan Yuan gritted her teeth, grabbed her shoulder, and almost crushed her bones. Ji Lingyue sobbed and raised her head, her voice hoarse as she said, "She's not dead! I made a life-and-death pact with her! But I'm still alive, so, so she's not dead!"

Lan Yuan blinked: "What did you say?"

"I said, I made a life-and-death pact with her," Ji Lingyue raised her head, looked at Lan Yuan with sorrow, and repeated in a sobbing voice, "So, she can't die."

Lan Yuan stared at her intently, her gaze a mixture of doubt and scrutiny. A glimmer of hope gradually appeared in her eyes, so similar to Lan Wu's: "...Really?"

Ji Lingyue nodded haphazardly.

"Okay, okay..." Lan Yuan murmured twice, her body swaying slightly as she slowly stood up, holding the person in her arms: "Feng Yi."

The young merman girl sheathed her sword and turned around, stumbling across the chaos to land in front of Lan Yuan: "Your Highness."

"Let's go."

"yes!"

With a whistle, more than ten merman guards swiftly emerged,

surrounding Lan Yuan and extending their weapons. Not far away, eagle guards clad in black armor also quickly formed a line, their faces equally serious, holding shields and longswords, vigilantly blocking Lan Yuan's path.

Lan Yuan coldly said, "Get out of the way!"

"You have broken into Wanxiang Gate at night, violating the ban of Yandu. Without the King's permission, we will not let you leave!"

"Is that so?" Lan Yuan scoffed. "Are you really going to block my way?"

"yes!"

Lan Yuan clenched her fists, subconsciously lowering her gaze to Lan Wu in her arms. The woman's brows were relaxed, and she leaned quietly against her shoulder, as if she could open her eyes and smile at her, calling her "sister" at any moment.

A few pearls fell silently. A moment later, she took a breath, carefully placed Lan Wu in Feng Yi's arms, turned around and conjured her long sword, looking solemnly at the group of eagle guards in front of her: "Since that's the case, I will take your lives."

——

Miscalculation, it seems A-Yue will go completely mad in the next chapter.

113. Kill

From Yandu to the exit of the Demon Realm, three hundred miles of endless yellow sand were covered by falling snow. The number of pursuers behind them was increasing. Lan Yuan wiped the blood off her sword, casually threw out a severed head, and turned to shout, "Keep going, don't stop!"

Feng Yi's eyes widened: "Your Highness, how can we let you be the rear guard?!"

"Do you think you can escape even if you cover the rear?" Lan Yuan grabbed her collar: "Keep your head down!"

After dodging the bluish blade, Lan Yuan shoved her towards the retreating group and raised her voice, "Protect Lan Wu, and that

human too. We must take her and Lan Wu with us!”

Feng Yi pursed her lips and nodded, saying, “Your Highness, please be careful. We’ll be waiting for you up ahead.”

Lan Yuan hummed in agreement, then turned and fiercely stabbed the black iron shield chasing behind her. With a clang, the sword pierced through and disappeared into flesh with a soft thud. The monster behind the shield didn’t even utter a sound before it was lifeless. Lan Yuan abruptly pulled out her sword, looked up at the eagle guards descending from the sky to surround her, bit her lip, and leaped into the air, stepping on the mist. By the time she reached high in the sky, the ethereal mist beneath her feet had condensed into a majestic dragon.

With her robes fluttering, the mermaid stood alone, blocking the growing number of dark figures. Silver scales were already faintly visible on her jade-like face: “None of you will get past me.”

The biting wind stung her face, and Ji Lingyue was practically dragged along as she ran across the sand. She was frozen stiff, and the wind and snow poured into her blood-stained clothes, making her numb to the pain in her wounds.

Suddenly, a voice called out, “We’ve arrived! We’re about to leave!”

The group of merfolk immediately rallied, quickened their pace, and dashed out of the barrier like arrows released from a bow. The moment they stepped out, the raging wind vanished instantly, and a bright moon hung high above the silent desert, serene and still. Beyond that lay a bottomless, pitch-black abyss.

The young merman at the front breathed a sigh of relief and turned around, saying, “Alright, we…”

“call out!”

A sharp whistling sound suddenly rang out, and the merman youth’s smile froze on his face. After a moment, he slowly lowered his head and looked at the sharp weapon emerging from his chest.

Feng Yi exclaimed in surprise, “Meng Qi!”

Under their astonished and terrified gazes, the man coughed up blood, his body swaying as he fell heavily to the ground, the fletching of the arrow still trembling slightly behind him. On the cliff on the other side

of the abyss, lights gradually began to appear, and Ji Lingyue looked up, recognizing many familiar faces in the dim light.

They stood silently together, their angry faces flickering in the firelight, weapons in hand, their bodies radiating murderous intent. The merfolk were startled, instinctively taking a step back, warily watching the group on the other side of the abyss. The boy holding the longbow raised his tearful eyes and snarled, “You monsters, give me back my brother’s life!”

Feng Yi retorted angrily, “What are you talking about? What business is it of yours with our brother!”

“You still won’t admit it! You killed my brother and sent his body, along with the others’ corpses, to the City of Demons!” the boy roared. “How dare you?!”

“Nonsense! We’ve never done anything like that!”

The boy chuckled, “You dare to do it but not admit it? My brother actually believes he can get along with you all…”

“Stop wasting time talking to them!” a voice rang out from the crowd. “Kill them to comfort the spirits of our fellow Daoists in heaven!”

“Kill them!”

Feng Yi gripped his sword tightly, glanced at the dozens of people opposite him, and lowered his voice to the guards behind him, saying, “Only these people must have secretly escaped from Wangliang City. Protect His Highness, and we can fight our way out.”

“yes.”

At a command, the merfolk leaped into the air, shielding Lan Wu and Ji Lingyue in the center, and flew swiftly eastward. The crowd on the cliff stirred for a moment, then gave chase, shouting, “Stop!”

The dead merman youth was carried on his companion’s back. As his body swayed, a long fish tail slid down. One of the pursuers widened his eyes and exclaimed in astonishment, “They are mermen!”

The words had barely left his lips when the crowd seemed to be suddenly injected with adrenaline, their excited voices spreading rapidly like ripples: “They’re merfolk! They’re merfolk!”

"Mermaids!"

"Catch them! They're merfolk!"

Almost instantly, swords rained down, all aimed at the fleeing merman. Feng Yi had no choice but to turn around to block them, but his sleeves were torn by the sword energy, and bright red blood seeped out.

She gritted her teeth, forcefully repelling a long sword thrust towards her, and shouted, "Protect His Highness!"

Suddenly, a glimmer of light appeared deep in the distant desert. A merman, amidst the fighting, spotted it and exclaimed, "Feng Yi! The watchtower of Wraith City has lit up!"

Feng Yi's heart skipped a beat, realizing that the commotion had been detected by the humans at the watchtower. He quickly said, "Don't linger! Let's go!"

"Where do you think you're going!" A burly man wielding two axes slammed them down at Feng Yi with a loud crash: "Wangliang City has discovered you. Today, you mermaids will all die here!"

Feng Yi hastily raised her sword to block the double axes, but was so shocked by the force that she let out a muffled groan, and her feet instantly sank into the yellow sand. She raised her eyes and said sharply, "We didn't kill any of your people!"

"What difference does it make whether you killed them or not? It was all done by you monsters anyway!" the man said, a maniacal laugh spreading across his face. "Besides, you're mermaids!"

"You…" Blood trickled from the corner of Feng Yi's lips as he said, word by word, "You…you wish!"

She roared, flung her double axes aside, and charged into the crowd with her longsword. Soon, another mermaid filled her spot, still firmly protecting Ji Lingyue and Lan Wu in the center.

The moonlight was cool and clear, but this world was gradually filled with blood. Screams and roars came from all directions. Ji Lingyue knelt on the soft sand, staring blankly at the person sleeping soundly in her arms. The sounds around her suddenly became blurred.

After a long while, she raised her hand, gently touched Lan Wu's

brow, and murmured, “Why?”

“Why is it that, in my life I have never done anything evil, yet all those I cherish have left me?” She closed her eyes, slowly burying her head in Lan Wu’s neck, and whispered gently, “I have vanquished demons and sought immortality, why have I ended up like this?”

“I listened to you and tried my best to do good, but what did I get in return?”

She repeated softly, “What did I get?”

Hot, pungent blood splattered onto her face, and Ji Lingyue’s long eyelashes trembled. In an instant, she heard a cacophony of sounds again.

“Stop them! We must not let them touch His Highness!”

“Feng Yi! Chang Geng and Duan Chao are both dead! We can’t hold them off!”

“…What are you merfolk hiding?!”

…

“So, there’s really no difference between humans and demons…”

She frowned, buried her head deeper, and whispered, “I don’t want to listen to you anymore.”

“boom!”

The violent clash between spiritual and demonic power sent up a cloud of sand. Feng Yi’s face was covered in blood, and all he could see was a red mist. He was also covered in wounds, but he still stubbornly stood with the five or six remaining merfolk to protect Lan Wu and block the sword beams that kept coming from in front of them.

Just then, a thorny vine silently wrapped around her ankle, suddenly throwing her to the ground. She groaned and was dragged several feet away before she painfully cut the vine. As soon as she gasped for breath and raised her head, a spear as thick as a forearm was already thrusting towards her with a gust of wind. Feng Yi’s pupils suddenly contracted, but her injured body could not dodge it nimbly, and it was about to be pierced through.

"clang!"

Suddenly, a long sword slid in diagonally past her nose, steadily blocking the spear tip. Feng Yi trembled all over, her eyes widening in panic, her body stiffening as if she couldn't move. After the long sword removed the spear tip, it flew away from her sight and returned to its owner's hand.

She scrambled to her feet, turning back in shock, only to see the weak human they had been dragging along unsteadily standing up. Ji Lingyue held a long sword, her thick, long hair disheveled and stuck to her blood-stained face, her tattered white clothes fluttering in the wind, her emaciated body looking as if she were about to collapse on the verge of death.

High in the sky, the dark aura that blotted out the sun gradually blocked the moonlight, and the surroundings suddenly fell into darkness. Feng Yi looked up in alarm and saw a storm like a giant snake swirling and rushing down from the sky, instantly surging into the woman's body.

The howling wind that swept through the crowd sounded like a mournful wail, sending chills down everyone's spines. Finally, someone realized what was happening and cried out, "A demon! It's a demon!"

Before he could finish speaking, he suddenly let out a scream. The person who had been standing quietly in the middle of the storm appeared in front of him in an instant and crushed his throat. Ji Lingyue raised her head, her scarlet eyes staring coldly at the man in front of her, but the corners of her lips curled up: "Die."

"Stop!" A painful roar came from behind: "Demon, I'll kill you!"

The woman didn't turn her head, but countless dark sword shadows suddenly emerged from the surging demonic energy around her, piercing through the man's body and turning him into a hedgehog.

Painful screams were close at hand. In the dim light, she seemed to hear someone crying. Ji Lingyue felt increasingly happy, and even laughed heartily. She let go of the body and let it fall to the ground with a thud. She turned around and looked at the faces that were either angry or terrified. She smiled and opened her arms wide: "Kill!"

——

Miscalculation. Looks like I'll have to update twice tomorrow (one of which will be a bonus chapter).

114. Demonic Arts

"cough……"

There seemed to be no other standing figure in the vast snowfield. The dark bloodstains that had just been spilled were gradually covered by the falling snow. Lan Yuan breathed a sigh of exhaustion, raised her hand to wipe the blood from her face, and turned to leave.

She had only taken two steps when she heard two whooshing sounds behind her. Lan Yuan tensed up abruptly and swung her hand back. With a clang, her silver sword deflected one arrow, while the other flew over her arm and headed straight for her heart.

Blue Kite's pupils contracted slightly, and she leaned back, barely avoiding a fatal blow, but she was also prepared to be shot in the shoulder. However, a long, black whip suddenly shot out from the swirling snowflakes, wrapped around the arrow fletching, and flung it aside.

Lan Yuan paused, frowned, and looked at the person who had appeared to help her. Her long eyelashes trembled: "Ji Xing?"

Ji Xing raised her lips: "Sister, are you alright?"

"You," Lan Yuan's eyes instantly reddened, "you actually dare to come!"

The woman leaped into the air, her sword flashing like a silver snake, charging towards Ji Xing with murderous intent. Ji Xing quickly retreated, twisting her wrist to whip Lan Yuan's longsword, intending to use the same trick to fling it aside. But Lan Yuan suddenly released her grip, and the silver sword transformed into invisible, colorless water, condensing back into Lan Yuan's palm.

At this point, the distance was extremely close. Lan Yuan quickly spun her longsword, the tip pointing upwards, and thrust it fiercely towards Ji Xing's neck.

Ji Xing seemed to be taken aback. She hurriedly raised her hand, her palm churning with demonic energy, which abruptly stopped Lan Yuan's movements.

Two powerful demonic energies collided, unleashing an extremely dazzling light. Long hair was also torn and flew behind her by the gale. Ji Xing pressed the tip of her sword against the blue kite that was so close to her, and suddenly realized that if the woman hadn't been fighting for so long and was so exhausted, this sword might have really pierced her throat.

The coldness emanating from the longsword stung her palm. Ji Xing blinked, then asked blankly, "You want to kill me?"

Ji Xing stared at her in disbelief, and said hatefully, "You killed my sister, shouldn't I kill you too!"

"Sister?" Ji Xing murmured, then after a long while, she suddenly laughed, her voice trembling, "Sister…"

The laughter grew louder, and the immense demonic power gathered in her palm shoved Lan Yuan away violently. Ji Xing lunged forward, but only managed to grab her collar tightly, saying sternly, "Do you even know that I'm your sister too!"

Lan Yuan, who was about to retaliate, suddenly froze: "What?"

Ji Xing gritted her teeth and slapped her away. Lan Yuan staggered back a distance, frowned and looked up, only to see Ji Xing looking at her indifferently, her face no longer showing the madness from before: "If Your Highness wants to leave, then leave quickly. Once the pursuers come, you won't be able to leave even if you want to."

Lan Yuan frowned: "What exactly do you mean?!"

"What do you mean? Are you referring to what you just said? That was just a joke," Ji Xing suddenly smiled and said, "What, Your Highness, do you really want to be my older sister?"

Lan Yuan stared at her coldly for a while, then said, "If you let me go now, one day I will come back to take your life."

"Then let's see what you can do, sister," Ji Xing raised an eyebrow and said wickedly, "But you merfolk, after killing so many eagle guards, will you still be able to live in the demon realm from now on?"

Lan Yuan instinctively gripped her longsword. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw a dense swarm of dark shadows approaching. She gave Ji Xing a deep look, then turned and left without a word.

The journey was smooth and unimpeded. Lan Yuan flew out of the barrier, and the wind and snow instantly dissipated. Gentle evening breezes caressed her, carrying away the chill. Lan Yuan exhaled, but noticed a small patch of blood on the ground. Her relaxed body tensed up again. She stepped forward, her figure transforming into a streak of light, and flew swiftly eastward. Soon, she saw an area shrouded in thick fog on the horizon.

Lan Wu frowned, puzzled. After a moment's hesitation, she plummeted from the air and plunged into the mist. She ran quickly through the fog, calling out, "Feng Yi! Chang Geng! Xiao Qi!"

From deep within the thick fog, a voice responded with delight: "Your Highness! We're here!"

Lan Yuan suddenly turned around, found the right direction, and ran towards it. The closer she got, the more pungent the stench became, and several corpses suddenly appeared at her feet. Strangely, these corpses all had grotesque faces, their skin exposed outside their clothes was as dry as tree bark, and their wide-open mouths were like shriveled black holes, as if they had seen some extremely horrific scene before they died.

Growing increasingly uneasy, she quickened her pace and finally saw the girl kneeling on the ground, holding Lan Wu, deep in the fog. The remaining merfolk stood beside her, swords in hand, their faces filled with fear and unease.

"Why are there only a few of you left? What happened?" She glanced around and realized someone was missing: "Where's Ji Lingyue?"

Feng Yi swallowed hard and cautiously pointed behind her: "There, over there…"

Lan Yuan turned around and saw only pitch-black darkness. She frowned, gripped her longsword tightly, and slowly walked in. After a while, she heard a strange sound.

It sounded like the hissing breaths of someone on their deathbed.

A chill ran down her spine, and with a snap, she stepped on a long spear on the ground.

"You've arrived."

A hoarse voice suddenly rang out from ahead. Lan Yuan stopped and

looked closely, only to find that there was actually a person standing in the fog, but she was shrouded in the fog and almost blended into the darkness.

The woman turned her head to the side, her red eyes standing out sharply: “Just… almost done.”

Lan Yuan was startled. Following the direction of her raised arms, she saw two cultivators suspended in the air, their necks being choked. They were trembling like leaves, their smooth, full faces visibly shrinking and drying up, and ominous black energy surging from their eyes, ears, and mouths.

Her eyes widened in horror. “What are you doing?” she exclaimed.

“Can’t you tell?” Ji Lingyue tilted her head and said innocently, “I’m killing them.”

“You are stealing their power!”

“They deserved it.” Ji Lingyue said, loosening her grip, and the two mangled corpses fell to the ground. She chuckled, turned around, and stared unblinkingly at Lan Yuan: “Now no one can stop us, isn’t that good?”

Lan Yuan stared at her blankly for a long time before finally realizing something: “This is demonic art. You have fallen into demonic possession.”

Vampire AU-4

“Damn vampire…”

“What did you say?”

Ji Lingyue immediately straightened up and said seriously, “I didn’t say anything.”

Lan Wu looked at her suspiciously, shook her parasol, and complained, “When are we going to rest? I’m so tired, my legs are killing me.”

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, glancing at the bulging backpack hanging on her chest, which was filled with pretty dresses that Lan Wu had rummaged through abandoned clothing stores along the way. They weren’t heavy, but Lan Wu was very delicate and refused to

carry them, so she, the “blood slave,” carried them all.

As for the backpack behind her, it contained supplies she had stolen from the group at the hospital, including food and weapons. It weighed heavily on her back, leaving deep red marks on her shoulders.

She pursed her lips, and while Lan Wu wasn’t looking, she muttered under her breath, “Damn Lan Wu…”

Lan Wu turned her head away abruptly.

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: ! !

Just when she thought Lan Wu had overheard her and was going to confront her, the girl grabbed her arms and practically dragged her behind a tree. A moment later, the roar of an engine grew louder and louder along the tree-lined path. Ji Lingyue held her breath and even snuggled closer to Lan Wu.

In this world, some humans are far more dangerous than the foolish vampire behind her.

The two of them huddled behind a tree like quails, waiting for the SUV to drive away before returning to the road. After walking for a while, Ji Lingyue suddenly realized something: “How did you know a car was coming?”

Lan Wu replied matter-of-factly, “I heard it.”

“Your hearing is that good?”

Lan Wu raised her head, her nose practically pointing to the sky with pride: “Of course!”

Ji Lingyue said angrily, “Then why do you ask me what I’m talking about when I’m cursing at you? Is it fun to tease me?”

“That’s because you can only concentrate on listening to one direction at a time… Wait,” Lan Wu realized, “Are you insulting me?”

Ji Lingyue: “…You misheard me.”

Lan Wu said firmly, “You insulted me.”

Ji Lingyue quickened her pace: “I didn’t!”

Lan Wu narrowed her eyes, suddenly grabbed her by the back of her collar, and pulled her back to her side: "Why are you being so rude to me?" She asked, somewhat confused, "Shouldn't you be afraid of me?"

Ji Lingyue raised her eyes, looked at her for a while, and asked in return, "Who would be afraid of a vampire who says he'll help kill bad guys but only dares to beat them up and steal their food? You talk a good game, but all you can do is scare me."

"I knew you were thinking about this," Lan Wu said, displeased. "But murder violates the Vampire Regulations."

"Where is the law now?" Ji Lingyue said fiercely, "If you don't dare, then you don't dare. What high-sounding reasons are you giving me?"

Lan Wu took a breath, raised her hand and pointed at her tremblingly for a long time, saying in a fierce but cowardly tone, "Do you believe I'll bite you?"

Ji Lingyue raised her chin, about to threaten to bite her, when she realized that she was really capable of doing it. She immediately held her breath, adjusted her backpack strap, turned around and walked forward in silence.

Lan Wu called out to her twice from behind, but when she ignored her completely, she angrily punched the air: "You, you're so fierce, no one must have liked you before!"

Ji Lingyue: "You're so likable, but you still need me to lead the way, right?"

Lan Wu remained silent for a long while, then pursed her lips and huffed and puffed as she followed behind her, expressing her dissatisfaction with heavy breathing.

The two walked in silence until dusk, when they finally emerged from the canyon and came to a dilapidated town. Lan Wu tilted her head and listened around for a while before taking the lead and walking towards a three-story building with its doors wide open. Ji Lingyue followed a step behind, looked up at the cobweb-covered sign high up, and softly read aloud: "Happiness Hotel."

Looking further ahead, the little vampire's figure had already disappeared into the depths of the hall.

Ji Lingyue hesitated for a moment, then turned to look at the desolate

and quiet street. Feeling a little scared, she quickened her pace and jogged to catch up.

“Lan Wu?”

She ran up to the second floor and was greeted by a long, dark corridor. The walls on both sides were covered in stains, and the chandelier hanging from the ceiling was broken. It looked like it had been like this since before the disaster.

A dripping sound came from somewhere. Ji Lingyue looked around, and just as she took a step forward, the floorboards creaked. She froze, and after her wildly beating heart calmed down, she reached for the dagger hanging at her waist: “Lan Wu?”

A cold hand suddenly landed on her shoulder: “Hmm?”

Ji Lingyue was startled and quickly drew her weapon, thrusting it behind her. With a soft “thud,” the person standing behind her blinked, stared at her for a moment, and then slowly looked down at the blade piercing her heart.

“…”

Ji Lingyue exclaimed in surprise and quickly stepped back: “I didn’t mean to, why did you suddenly speak up?”

Lan Wu pursed her lips, pulled out the knife herself, looked up at her, and said, word by word, “Ji Lingyue.”

Her sweet voice sounded eerie at this moment, and Ji Lingyue felt a sense of foreboding. She turned and ran, but the next second, a cold breath pressed against her back, and a pair of arms wrapped around her chest, trapping her tightly in their embrace.

Sharp canine teeth easily pierced her tender neck. Ji Lingyue whimpered and her body went limp, but she still struggled to protest: “You, you can’t… take revenge for personal reasons…”

Lan Wu ignored her, grabbed her and stumbled open a door, locked it, and then pressed her down onto the not-so-soft bed.

As Ji Lingyue gasped for breath, her consciousness fading, the person on top of her seemed to loosen their grip. Then, a soft, wet tongue cautiously approached and gently licked her bleeding wound.

The girl shuddered, opened her mouth, and let out a sweet, husky moan: "Mmm…"

"…"

"…"

Both of them were stunned. After a moment of silence, Ji Lingyue suddenly struggled in shame and indignation: "You, you get off me!"

Lan Wu blinked: "No."

"What did you say?"

I said no.

Lan Wu lowered her head, curiously approaching her, and said earnestly, "You called out very nicely, can you say it again?"

Vampire AU-5

"I suddenly realized…" Lan Wu pondered, "You feel strangely firm to the touch."

Ji Lingyue: ?

The person who spoke was lying on her back, holding her tightly in his arms. The little vampire looked slender, but when he pressed down on her, he was like an iron tower, and she couldn't budge him at all. Ji Lingyue struggled for a long time, but she exhausted all her strength. At this moment, she was like a fish on a chopping board, at the mercy of others.

Lan Wu pressed her cool paws against her belly, feeling the slender muscles rising and falling with her breath, and said appraisingly, "You must exercise often."

Ji Lingyue shivered from the coldness of her hands and started thrashing about again: "Let me go!"

Lan Wu remained unmoved, her palm slowly sliding up Ji Lingyue's stomach until it touched the edge of her bra. She then ran her hand along the lower edge for half a circle. Ji Lingyue's body stiffened, her teeth chattering: "What are you going to do?"

"Touch you."

As she spoke, Lan Wu's fingertips gradually sank into the delicate, jade-like flesh of Ji Lingyue's breasts. Before long, her close-fitting bra was stretched high, and Ji Lingyue gasped, feeling as if her chest had been encased in a handful of ice.

She blinked nervously and stammered weakly, "I…I was wrong, I shouldn't have yelled at you."

"uh-huh."

Ji Lingyue racked her brains: "I… I shouldn't have stabbed you either."

"Um."

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and cautiously turned back: "Are you still angry?"

Lan Wu raised an eyebrow: "I'm not angry anymore."

Ji Lingyue: "…Then, what are you doing?"

"You asked about this?" Lan Wu pinched her nipple, and after hearing the gasp she was looking forward to, she smiled and said, "I didn't do this because I was angry, I did it because I wanted to."

Ji Lingyue froze, staring at her for a moment before finally realizing what she meant: "You want to fuck me?"

Lan Wu readily agreed.

Ji Lingyue took a breath and struggled violently: "No!"

Unfortunately, her resistance seemed like that of a kitten to Lan Wu. Lan Wu picked her up, jumped off the bed, and went into the corner bathroom. It wasn't as dusty there, but the space was cramped, and it was a bit crowded with just two people standing there. She pinned Ji Lingyue's hands behind her back and pushed her to stand under the showerhead. As soon as she turned on the switch, cold water poured down, soaking Ji Lingyue from head to toe. She shuddered and quickly backed away, shivering.

"cold……"

Lan Wu grabbed Ji Lingyue's collar with one hand and easily tore it in two with a little force. She pushed Ji Lingyue's naked body onto the cold tiles, lowered her head and kissed her wet neck a few times.

Unable to resist the temptation of the sweet smell so close at hand, she took a bite.

“Mmm, mmm…” The girl frowned, her body sliding down uncontrollably. After being caught by Lan Wu, she let out a weak sob: “No, Lan Wu…”

Warm blood flowed down her throat, and Lan Wu groaned comfortably a few times. Instead, she pinched Ji Lingyue’s chin, making her obediently lean against her shoulder to receive blood. The back of her clothes gradually became wet and clung tightly to her body. Lan Wu frowned, slightly loosening her grip on Ji Lingyue, continuing to lick her neck while groping to untie the ties on her own skirt.

The girl in front of her shivered, drooped her head and curled up, trembling like a frightened sheep. Lan Wu was stunned and subconsciously reflected on her attitude. Just as she was about to say something to comfort her, her foot was stomped hard. Then, Ji Lingyue grabbed the shampoo bottle next to her and smashed it hard on her head.

“Thump!”

“Hmm!”

After the loud bang, Lan Wu clutched her head in pain and backed away, but stumbled and fell into the bathtub. She gasped for breath, and before she could recover from the sudden pain, the person who attacked her quickly ran out of the bathroom, slammed the door shut, and locked it.

She was stunned for a moment, and then, after realizing what had happened, her anger flared up.

“Ji Lingyue!”

The locked door was nothing more than a fragile toy to her. Lan Wu kicked it open and stormed out. The girl, who had just put on a clean shirt, glanced at her in horror and then stumbled and ran out.

Lan Wu instantly stood between her and the door, arms crossed, and asked coldly, “Where do you think you’re going?”

Ji Lingyue froze on the spot, staring at Lan Wu’s gloomy face, and inappropriately drifted off into thought for a few seconds. In the past,

she would never have imagined that this bright and cheerful face, always full of smiles, could show such a chilling expression.

Lan Wu stared at her, took a step forward, and Ji Lingyue immediately woke up and quickly backed away. Lan Wu gave her a deep look, turned her head, and reached into the backpack next to her.

Standing not far away, Ji Lingyue stared intently at her every move. When she saw what the girl took out of her backpack, she was utterly shocked: “You, you…this…”

That was actually a two-headed… thing!

Such a grotesque tool, when held in Lan Wu’s fair and beautiful fingers, creates an even stronger sense of impact.

The fear temporarily vanished, and Ji Lingyue exclaimed, “Where did you get that kind of thing?!”

Lan Wu: “I picked it up on the road.”

“You’re touching this?!” Ji Lingyue pointed a trembling finger at her: “You, you’re disgusting!”

Lan Wu said with dissatisfaction, “I just happened to see it.”

Ji Lingyue was lost in her own thoughts, and the more she thought about it, the more something seemed wrong. She was so angry that she almost fainted: “I actually carried this kind of thing for you the whole way?”

This attitude really annoyed Lan Wu. She gritted her teeth, then suddenly grinned, revealing a sinister smile: “Yes, you brought this stuff, so of course you have to experience it for yourself. Sigh, I didn’t want to use it, but seeing how it is now, I have no choice but to.”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: “What?”

“No!” After being stripped naked again and pinned to the bed, Ji Lingyue struggled violently, a bright red blush rising in her eyes: “You can’t…you can’t do this!”

“Why not?” Lan Wu sneered. “You lied to me before and fucked me, so why can’t I fuck you back?”

Ji Lingyue’s voice trembled: “Anyway, it just won’t work!”

Her resistance was so intense that Lan Wu stopped what she was doing and hesitated before asking, "Do you have someone you like?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback. After a long while, she turned her head and looked at her with her wet eyes: "Yes…"

Lan Wu pursed her lips, her face growing even colder: "You have someone you like, and you even lied to me about sleeping with me before?" She took a breath, growing angrier the more she thought about it, and slapped Ji Lingyue's buttocks hard: "You scumbag!"

A pink blush quickly rose on her snow-white buttocks. Ji Lingyue sobbed, a few tears falling from her eyes, which turned red, whether from grievance or sadness, it was hard to tell.

Lan Wu crawled closer on her knees, hesitated for a moment, then took the cleaned double-headed toy and held it between her legs, parted her wet and soft labia, and slowly inserted it.

"Hmm…"

It was only the second time, and there had been no foreplay. The tight passage took some effort to fully swallow the slightly thick columnar object. The girl frowned and let out a few soft moans. The sound seemed to be right next to her ear, so much so that even though Ji Lingyue was still heartbroken, her body trembled involuntarily, and her inner thighs became wet.

After a moment, Lan Wu let out a soft breath, then, gripping Ji Lingyue's waist with both hands, pulled her towards her. The cool rubber toy rested on her soft, white buttocks, and Ji Lingyue tensed, still struggling to crawl forward: "I…I don't want to…"

"Don't move." Lan Wu leaned down and pressed her down, her sharp teeth grinding against the back of her neck as if she were about to bite down: "Have you ever done it with someone you like?"

Ji Lingyue could only choke back tears: "No."

Unable to get an answer, Lan Wu sighed regretfully, her cold fingers probing the girl's genitals, peeling back the sensitive clitoris and rubbing it: "You did this to me before."

Ji Lingyue's long eyelashes trembled, and she curled up with a groan, shaking like a leaf. Soon, she was brought to a wetness by Lan Wu's clumsy hands. Lan Wu lowered her eyes, grabbed her neck like a wild

beast, and spread Ji Lingyue's buttocks apart with both hands, slowly inserting herself into the opening.

Tears streamed down her face as Ji Lingyue sobbed, burying her face in the pillow, her thin body trembling.

After inserting it all the way in, Lan Wu swayed her waist and rubbed against the toy inside her, letting out comfortable gasps. Ji Lingyue was pressed down by her, her body heaving from the intercourse. Her fair skin was rubbed red by the sheets, which stung a little, but the pleasure below was so real and intense that it flowed through her limbs and made her unconsciously go limp.

Thick strands of hair were stuck to her face with sweat. Ji Lingyue groaned and bit her lip, not wanting to make a sound. Lan Wu seemed to have discovered her intention and suddenly increased the amplitude of her hip movements, panting to herself while thrusting haphazardly.

"Um!"

Ji Lingyue suddenly gripped the bedsheet tightly, panting heavily as she was being fucked, and cried out in a tearful voice, "You, um, you… you bastard vampire!"

Lan Wu smiled, slowly pulling out the long pillar, paused, and then thrust it in again. She slapped Ji Lingyue's buttocks with a delighted slap, and the girl's rosy vulva immediately contracted, tightly gripping the foreign object inside. Ji Lingyue whimpered, biting her lip, her body trembling shamefully, and a gush of fluid spurted from her vagina.

Lan Wu was taken aback. She glanced down at Ji Lingyue's shoulder blades, which were heaving with her rapid breathing, and said with a hint of smugness, "Look, you're clearly not annoying, and…" She curled her lips, swayed her waist, and controlled the instrument to grind against the girl's flower core, which indeed produced more splashes of water: "You're clearly enjoying it so much."

"Ah…ah…no…" Ji Lingyue couldn't help but arch her back, her legs trembling, and her juices dripped down her face as if she had lost control of her bladder. Lan Wu smiled even more brightly, bending down to press her soft lips against Ji Lingyue's scarred nape. The icy breath she exhaled sent shivers down her spine, like a venomous snake slowly tightening its grip to strangle its prey, sending chills down her spine.

Ji Lingyue realized what she was about to do, and quickly shook her head, kneeling on the bed and trying to crawl forward, saying indistinctly, “No…no, I can’t take it anymore.”

As she moved, a long piece of the instrument was spat out, sticky, transparent vaginal fluid clinging to it, drawing out pink, alluring flesh. Lan Wu reached out and hugged her waist, suddenly pulling her back, causing the girl to sit back awkwardly, and the thick, long instrument sank deep inside her.

She screamed in surprise, her mind going blank with pleasure. Her whole body trembled as the cold mouth held her neck, and her lower body uncontrollably gushed out streams of lustful fluid. Lan Wu’s hand slid down her lower abdomen, her fingers sinking into her wet and hot nest, pinching her erect clitoris, and began to rub it without any restraint.

“Mmm, ah, ah…”

Like a fish thrown ashore, Ji Lingyue struggled and kicked on the bed. She opened her mouth but could not make a sound. When Lan Wu bit her neck, she finally cried out. The fluid of her orgasm was splashed on the bed by the constantly moving instruments. Lan Wu hugged her tightly, closed her eyes, and was intoxicated by the sweetness of her blood.

After a while, she licked away the drops of blood seeping from the girl’s wound and said with fascination, “You really are delicious.”

115. Mind my own business

The towering city walls stood silently and solemnly amidst the wind and sand, resembling a giant eternally guarding the place from afar. At this moment, the side gate in the southeast corner was slowly pushed open, and dozens of streams of light suddenly flew out. Cultivators with different expressions stepped on flying swords and filed out of the city gate.

The man in the lead looked to be in his early forties, with bright, piercing eyes. The lower half of his face was completely hidden by his thick beard. He flew extremely fast, so much so that the young man in white struggled to keep up and could barely keep up behind him.

“Father!” Qing Zibai shouted at the top of his lungs in the howling wind, “Jiang Xu and his gang are indeed gone. The commotion detected at the watchtower was probably caused by them!”

Qing Huai frowned, his deep voice coming from behind his beard: "Nonsense! I told you those few were acting rashly and impulsively, didn't I tell you to keep an eye on them?!"

Qing Zibai, feeling guilty, tried to explain, "I… I just wasn't paying attention, and they disappeared…" As he spoke, he looked at the other person and suddenly felt more confident: "By the way, I went to see the elders of the various sects with Yu Shanye at the time. She can testify for me!"

Yu Shanye glanced at him, pursed her lips and remained silent, but her fair face seemed to be covered by a shadow.

A few days ago, the corpses of the cultivators who were kidnapped during the Immortal Debate Conference suddenly appeared in front of the gates of the Demon City, but their contracted beasts were nowhere to be seen. Whether it was lucky or unlucky, Yu Shanye helped collect the corpses, but did not find Ji Lingyue's shadow among them.

Despite the inopportune moment, she breathed a sigh of relief, and her icy hands and feet gradually warmed up. But an ominous premonition still lingered in her heart, so much so that as soon as she heard the commotion coming from the depths of the desert, she followed immediately.

"Ah!" Keiko exclaimed, "Father, there he is!"

Sure enough, there were many dark figures lying haphazardly on the sand not far away. Qing Huai landed first, striding forward on the gravel, then suddenly stopped. Yu Shanye, who was following behind, almost bumped into his back. He glanced at his back with surprise and uncertainty before taking a few steps to the side and looking at the dark figures scattered on the ground.

In an instant, the woman felt a chill run down her spine and instinctively took a step back.

The dark figures lying on the ground were unrecognizable corpses, as if drained of their lifeblood and essence, leaving only twisted and shriveled skin. She had never seen such gruesome deaths before, and was utterly horrified, unable to utter a sound. But then she heard several dry heaves behind her, and someone asked in a trembling voice, "What… what happened?"

"It's a demon." Qing Huai frowned and said, "But I haven't seen a demon in a long time. They… should all be staying in the Flame

Realm in the south." As he spoke, he slowly walked into the ruins scattered everywhere, looking at each one with a grim face. Finally, he found a familiar jade pendant on one of the corpses.

"It's Jiang Xu." Qing Huai picked up the jade pendant, looked around, and sighed, "He's so ruthless, he didn't spare a single one."

Everyone felt a pang of sympathy, their faces betraying their lingering fear. Qing Zibai, unable to bear the sight of the carnage before him, turned away and said, "Dealing with the demon race alone is already enough to drive us crazy, and now there are demons causing trouble too?"

Qinghuai remained silent for a long time, then shook his head and said only, "Let's take their bodies back first."

At the command, even if the others were feeling unwell, they had no choice but to grit their teeth and collect the gruesome corpses. Yu Shanye took a few steps forward and was about to take out a rope when his wrist was scratched by the cold tip of a tail.

She was startled, quickly covering her sleeve and glancing discreetly at the people around her before asking in a low voice, "What's wrong?"

The girl's anxious voice came through the fabric: "I can smell Master's scent!"

Yu Shanye was taken aback: "Really? Where?"

Her wrist was slightly tugged. Yu Shanye carefully looked around and, seeing that no one was paying attention to her, quietly slipped away from the crowd. As soon as she got a little further away, she immediately stepped onto her flying sword and flew quickly in the direction that A Li was leading her.

Once she was alone, Yu Shanye rolled up his sleeves, looked at the white bracelet hanging on his wrist, and asked, "You didn't smell anything wrong, did you?"

Two tiny eyes, no bigger than mung beans, appeared on the bracelet and blinked: "That's right, not only does it have Master's, but also… and it has the smell of seawater."

"seawater?"

The clear moonlight illuminated the undulating sand dunes, and the black shadow of the sword flashed across the sand, quickly becoming a small black dot.

After an unknown amount of time, Ah Li exclaimed, “It’s right here!”

Yu Shanye hurriedly stopped her sword, made a sharp turn in the air, and landed lightly on the ground. She frowned and looked around, but no matter which direction she went, there was only a vast desert.

Is this really the place?

“real!”

The bracelet on her wrist transformed into a small dragon about the length of a chopstick, which flew out from her sleeve. Ah Li circled around, sniffing the surroundings, and then raised her head and said, “Never mind, I’ll go take a look over here, you go take a look over there.”

After saying that, she flew off in one direction on her own. Yu Shanye couldn’t stop her, so he had no choice but to obediently walk in the other direction.

After crossing the low hill ahead, several small black dots suddenly appeared in her vision. She paused for a moment, then walked closer and realized they were black butterflies. They fluttered lightly in the moonlight, like petals falling. Yu Shanye gradually stopped, subconsciously raising her hand and letting a butterfly land on her fingertip.

The butterfly fluttered its wings twice, then quieted down and obediently landed on her fingertip. Just as Yu Shanye relaxed her guard, it suddenly melted into a thick cloud of black mist and wrapped around her finger.

A burning pain shot through her in an instant. Yu Shanye cried out in surprise and abruptly shook off the black mist. Her entire finger was already red and swollen. She quickly pressed the acupoint, bit her lip, and looked up. She saw that the butterflies that had been as light as flower petals were now flying towards her in dense swarms.

“!”

Yu Shanye quickly formed a hand seal and shouted, “Li Huo!”

White flames suddenly burst forth from around her, and the butterflies rushed into the wall of fire one after another, burning to ashes but also quickly suppressing the flames.

Just then, a jet-black longsword suddenly emerged from the butterfly's wing, piercing the fire snake and heading straight for her throat. Yu Shanye reacted extremely quickly, leaping up and conjuring a longbow out of thin air. Arrows formed from condensed flames instantly appeared on the bowstring, aimed deep into the swarm of butterflies.

With a whoosh, a blinding red light rushed into the swarm of butterflies, and the raging flames that erupted illuminated the area as bright as day. The owner of the black sword was no longer able to conceal himself, and his pale face was coated with a layer of warm, fuzzy light, but his scarlet eyes remained devoid of any warmth.

Yu Shanye hovered in the air, slowly opening his eyes wide: "Ji Lingyue?"

Ji Lingyue looked up at her and said, "Stay away from us."

"What are you talking about?" Yu Shanye frowned in confusion, looking at her helplessly. "Where's Lan Wu? Weren't you all captured together? What happened? Are you injured?"

She had so many questions to ask, and her thoughts were so chaotic that in the end, she unconsciously clenched her fist and asked the unsettling question with trembling hands: "Why is there demonic energy on you?"

Ji Lingyue remained silent, but the shadow beneath her feet seemed to harbor a restless monster, writhing brazenly in the moonlight. Yu Shanye stared at her blankly, and after a long while, finally squeezed out a few words from his throat: "You killed those people."

Her body turned icy cold in an instant. She stared at Ji Lingyue without blinking, as if she suddenly didn't recognize her. They had only been apart for half a month. Before they parted, the woman had been full of energy. Yet, in the blink of an eye, her best friend of several years had moved to a place she could never reach again.

"Why?" Her thick eyelashes gradually became damp with moisture. Yu Shanye looked at her with red eyes and said in a hoarse voice, "You told me to protect myself, so why have you become like this?"

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and repeated, “Stay away from us.”

She seemed unwilling to continue the conversation and turned to leave. Yu Shanye instinctively chased after her, grabbing her sleeve: “Where are you going! Where’s Lan Wu? What if she finds out you’ve become like this…”

Suddenly, a tremendous force gripped her neck. Yu Shanye had not been on guard against Ji Lingyue and let out a painful groan as she met the sinister eyes so close to hers.

Ji Lingyue seemed to suddenly fly into a rage, and said sharply, “If she doesn’t want me to become like this, she’d better come out and take care of me right now!”

116. Cause and Effect

The fingers gripping her throat tightened, and Ji Lingyue glared at Yu Shanye, her chest heaving violently, but she still managed to shove her away and turn to leave.

Yu Shanye clutched his neck and hissed, “Ji Lingyue!”

“Don’t look for us anymore.” A cold voice was carried by the wind, and black mist spread from the woman’s feet, engulfing her thin figure: “From now on, let’s pretend that Ji Lingyue and Lan Wu no longer exist in this world.”

“What do you mean?” Yu Shanye scrambled to his feet, staggered towards her, and stretched out his hand: “Ji…”

Just as my fingertips were about to touch the scorching thick fog, the pitch-black shadow before me, as dark as an abyss, suddenly transformed into countless butterflies, fluttering their wings and disappearing into the moonlit water.

A gentle evening breeze swept across the sand dunes, caressing his cheeks and blowing his long hair behind him. Yu Shanye stared blankly at the empty night sky, alone and forlorn in the vast desert.

Under the same moonlight, the fluttering black butterflies lightly caught up with the merman who was rushing forward. The woman’s figure appeared, closely following Lan Yuan who was carrying Lan Wu on her back. Lan Yuan glanced at her with a complicated expression, and finally just sighed before looking back at the road ahead.

Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes, and after a long while, she reached out her pale hand and grasped the hem of Lan Wu's fluttering clothes.

They had traveled at a leisurely pace for half a month on their way there, but on their way back they had traveled at twice the speed, arriving at the shore of the South China Sea on the third day at noon. The group waded through the water, and after they were dozens of miles from the coast, Lan Yuan took out a small conch-shaped object, placed it to her lips, and blew a long and melodious tune.

Soon, a giant, ethereal call came from the deep sea. The black whale broke through the water, and water cascaded down its back like a waterfall, splashing out white waves.

Lan Yuan was the first to carry the person and sit down. Ji Lingyue was about to follow, but was pulled back by the girl behind her: "Wait."

Feng hesitated and asked, "Your Highness, she is human. Can we really bring her into the Kunlun Sea?"

Ji Lingyue paused, then looked up at Lan Yuan quietly. Lan Yuan met her gaze for a moment, then blinked: "Before we find out if the life-and-death contract is real or fake, we still need her." She hugged Lan Wu tightly and whispered, "But if you are lying to me, I will kill you with my own hands."

Ji Lingyue climbed onto the whale's back without a word and sat behind Lan Yuan. After they were all seated, the whale slowly sank, wagging its tail as it swam towards the bottomless seabed. The sunlight overhead gradually faded, plunging the whale into complete darkness.

Ji Lingyue cast a water-repelling spell, and all she could hear was the muffled sound of bubbles rising to the surface. She raised her hand, just about to light a little, when Lan Yuan's voice rang out from not far away: "Don't move."

She said coldly, "Although I can take you into the Kunlun Sea, it's best if you don't know the way there."

After a long silence, Ji Lingyue obediently lowered her hand and even closed her eyes.

The cold water washed over my face, and it felt like several hours had passed before my eyes, covered by my eyelids, suddenly perceived a

glimmer of light. Then, it felt as if a warm barrier passed through my body, and the surrounding seawater instantly warmed up.

“We’ve arrived.” Lan Yuan said, “Ji Lingyue, don’t speak or look around, just follow me quietly.”

Ji Lingyue opened her eyes and landed on the whale’s back. In her vision, there was a coral reef covering the seabed, radiating brilliant light. Several merfolk had transformed into fish tails and were swimming in the seawater, heading towards the building complex that was emitting a soft white light in the distance.

Ji Lingyue followed Lan Yuan into the city of the merfolk. Along the way, voices rose and fell, one after another: “Your Highness! You’re back!”

“Your Highness, what has happened?”

“Your Highness, where is Meng Qi?”

“Your Highness…”

…

Lan Yuan pursed her lips, watching the merfolk residents gradually emerge from their nests and approach her. She bit her lip and suddenly said, “Feng Yi.”

The girl responded: “Your Highness.”

“You…” Lan Yuan’s voice was hoarse as she whispered, “Go and inform His Majesty and Mother. I’ll wait for them at the Temple of the Priests.” With that, she ignored the calls from behind, turned around, and swam quickly toward the distant sea cliffs.

Unlike the merfolk’s dwelling, the priest’s temple was a completely dark building. Blue Kite swam into the empty hall in a panic and shouted, “Float!”

Soon, a voice responded, “Here.”

A floating creature carrying a lamp emerged from the depths of the palace. Upon seeing Lan Yuan, it was taken aback: “Your Highness?”

Lan Yuan’s eyes lit up, and she rushed forward: “Fu You, look quickly, look at Lan Wu!”

Fuyou subconsciously looked at the person in her arms, and after a long silence, a trace of sorrow gradually surfaced in her usually pure eyes: "Your Highness," she said in a hoarse voice, "the soul lamp has gone out."

Lan Yuan froze, then shook her head frantically: "I know, but look again. You're the High Priest, you can see everything. Please, what if… what if?"

"Your Highness," Fuyou shook his head and said, "On the night the Soul Lamp went out, I informed His Majesty. His Majesty and the Empress Dowager stayed up for several nights, trying every possible way to find the problem with the Soul Lamp, but… the Soul Lamp cannot malfunction. It is inextricably linked to the Mermaid Pearl. Its demise can only mean that the Third Prince…"

"She's not dead." Ji Lingyue, who had been silent all along, suddenly spoke up. Fu You was startled and only then noticed her: "Who are you?"

Ji Lingyue looked at her earnestly and said stubbornly, "She's not dead. I've made a life-and-death pact with her…"

"What kind of life-and-death contract?"

A voice came from outside the door. Lan Yuan turned around and subconsciously said, "Your Majesty."

A tall shadow slowly drifted into the room. The man had handsome features and a cold demeanor, but his complexion was not good at the moment, with dark circles under his eyes: "I heard you came back, and you brought Xiao Wu back with you."

Lan Yuan pursed her lips, and suddenly her nose stung with tears. Before she could speak, another anxious voice came from outside: "Yuan'er, Xiao Wu!"

A beautiful woman, her brocade robe disheveled, entered through the gate and her eyes immediately fell on Lan Wu. "What… what happened?" She stared at Lan Wu blankly for a long time before slowly approaching, reaching out to touch her, yet hesitant to do so. "Why are you sleeping so soundly after just one trip out?"

Jiang Xi pursed her lips, looked down at the quiet little mermaid, and her eyes gradually reddened: "Xiao Wu, don't sleep, wake up." She gently stroked Lan Wu's cold face and choked out, "Xiao Wu…"

"Mother," Lan Ji's voice was slightly hoarse, his chest heaving violently. Suddenly, his eyes widened, and he asked with grief and anger, "Who did this?!" He clenched his fists and said sadly, "What exactly happened? Didn't you go to the Demon Realm? How did you encounter Xiao Wu, and why did things turn out like this?!"

"It's a long story," Lan Yuan said hastily, "but Lan Wu… Lan Wu might not be dead…"

Lan Ji was taken aback: "What did you say?"

Lan Yuan's voice trembled, and she spoke somewhat incoherently: "Although I don't quite believe it either, Lan Wu and Ji Lingyue have entered into a life-and-death pact, and Ji Lingyue is still alive…"

Who is Ji Lingyue?

Lan Yuan stepped aside, revealing the person who had been standing silently behind her like a shadow: "It's her."

Lan Ji looked at her, frowning: "A life-and-death contract?"

He slowly approached Ji Lingyue. His merman face was cold and stern, and his tall figure pressed down like a wall, bringing an invisible intimidation. Ji Lingyue, however, did not move. She simply raised her head slightly and met his gaze with neither arrogance nor servility.

Lan Ji stared at her unusual pupils and narrowed his eyes: "You… seem to no longer be human, you are a demon."

Ji Lingyue said calmly, "Monsters, are you afraid of demons?"

The man's aura suddenly turned cold and sharp, and his pupils narrowed: "How were you able to form a life-and-death pact with Xiao Wu?"

"Does this kind of question even matter?" Ji Lingyue said in a hoarse voice, "Lan Wu is not dead, that's enough."

Lan Ji's gaze grew even colder, and just as he was about to speak again, Fu You suddenly exclaimed, "Ah…"

She rarely appeared so flustered, so Lan Yuan quickly asked, "What's wrong?"

The floating hand remained on Lan Wu's abdomen, its palm glowing

with a pure white light, as it murmured, "It seems there's still a trace… a trace…" within the Third Prince's body.

Lan Yuan's eyes widened, and she exclaimed with ecstatic joy, "Demon power?"

"No," Fuyou shook his head, looking somewhat bewildered: "Spiritual power."

After saying that, she frowned and searched Lan Wu's dantian more carefully. The others immediately fell silent, staring at her intently, not daring to breathe. After a while, Lan Yuan asked softly, "How is it?"

Fuyou slowly raised his head and hesitated, saying, "If I'm not mistaken, it seems that the Third Prince has… a spiritual pill that only human cultivators possess."

Lan Yuan was stunned.

Fuyou continued, "When the mermaid pearl leaves the body, the mermaid should be completely destroyed. But the Third Prince's soul was preserved by this elixir, so it seems that she is indeed still alive."

A sudden silence fell over the main hall. After a while, Lan Yuan looked at Lan Wu's quiet face in a daze and suddenly remembered the carefree girl's casual complaints to her when she found Lan Wu on Hao Chen Mountain many years ago.

"I am a demon, why would I need to form a core? But Ah Yue doesn't know that, and she always worries about it. In the past few years, she searched everywhere for medicine to cure my illness, which caused me to be forced to take medicine by the old medicine master every few days. I actually grew a flawed spiritual core."

"However, this elixir is only good for show; it's still too difficult to cultivate with it."

"Sigh, Yue keeps urging me to cultivate. If I slack off, she gets really fierce, even fiercer than Elder Qin."

"…Ah," Lan Yuan suddenly staggered back a step, covered her face with her hands, and cried and laughed at the same time.

"So that's how it is…"

The seeds sown decades ago have borne fruit today. Ji Lingyue, whom she despised, left behind an obsession many years ago, which has now saved Lan Wu's life.

Upon receiving the good news, the woman standing not far away blinked, a faint smile gradually appearing on her pale face, which was quickly wiped away by exhaustion. She sighed, her shoulders slumped, and as she closed her eyes, a few tears suddenly fell, merging into the colorless seawater.

"But," Fuyou said in a low voice, "this elixir isn't very powerful, it shouldn't be able to protect the soul so well, and…" She frowned and pondered, "If the soul hasn't left the body, why hasn't she woken up yet?"

117. Wait for me

After leaving the Sea King's Palace, Lan Yuan swam towards the direction of the Priest's Hall with a heavy heart. More than a month has passed, and Lan Wu still hasn't woken up. The discussion with the other sea creatures had just ended.

She took a breath and suddenly felt that the road ahead was uncertain. When she entered the priest's hall, the little mermaid named Qinghe was lying on the table by the door, holding a thick book and reading it.

Lan Yuan asked wearily, "Where is your master?"

Qinghe was startled and raised her head: "Your Highness? Ah, Master, Master is in the inner hall."

Lan Yuan hummed in agreement, then swam through the densely hung bone slips, bypassed the towering stone shelves, and passed through several barriers before finally seeing the hall in front of her, radiating a soft white light.

The woman still lay quietly in the lustrous seashell, while Fuyou stood beside her, talking to the woman who sat quietly by the seashell. Lan Yuan caught some words and suddenly spoke up: "What do you mean by possibly never waking up?"

Fuyou paused for a moment, then turned her head: "Your Highness?" After a pause, she frowned and said: "I mean, Lanwu's injuries are gradually healing, her vital signs have returned to normal, and even her soul has not left her body, but she still can't wake up. I… I can't

find the reason, so I can only let nature take its course and be prepared for her to never wake up."

Lan Yuan pursed her lips and subconsciously looked at Ji Lingyue. In the past month, the woman had never left this place, yet she remained silent and still, like a ghost from the past, simply guarding Lan Wu's side without moving.

At this moment, she gently placed Lan Wu's hand back and whispered, "I understand." After looking at Lan Wu for a long time, she slowly stood up and said to Lan Yuan, "Please send me out to sea."

Lan Yuan was somewhat surprised: "You're leaving?"

"Um."

"Where are you going?" She frowned, her tone suddenly turning cold. "Are you tired of life here? Don't forget, you and Lan Wu are bound by a life-and-death pact…"

"I know, that's why I'm leaving." Ji Lingyue raised her hand and stared at the black mist moving between her fingertips. "I've thought about this for a long time. Now, everything I've experienced points to one reason."

"I am too weak."

She sighed, "On Haochen Mountain, I could not disobey my master's orders and could only watch her suffer hardships she didn't have to endure. I thought that leaving would solve everything, but bad things always seemed to find their way to me. If I were stronger, if I had the ability to kill all my enemies, if I were truly a demon that would strike fear into the hearts of all, I wouldn't be in this situation today."

Lan Yuan was slightly taken aback and stared at her intently.

"Everyone says that the demons are cruel and defy the heavens, and that they do not enter the cycle of reincarnation after death. But after becoming a demon, it was the first time that I truly protected Lan Wu." Ji Lingyue said in a low voice, "However, I am still too weak. I used demonic arts to seize the power of others and grew rapidly, but I only managed to move from the Integration stage to the early stage of the Mahayana stage. But if I encounter someone stronger, I am still powerless."

Lan Yuan was silent for a moment, then asked, "So, where are you

going?"

"I've heard that countless demons live on another continent to the south. I'm going there; perhaps my power will grow even faster there."

"The Flame Realm," Lan Yuan frowned and said, "is far beyond the boundaries of the Xuanyuan Continent. Few people have ever been there. It is said that one must cross endless seas to reach that place."

Ji Lingyue: "I will find it."

Lan Yuan pursed her lips, and after a long while, sighed and compromised, saying, "Alright, I will send you out to sea."

Before leaving, Ji Lingyue glanced back at the sleeping woman. A black butterfly flew from her fingertip and landed on Lan Wu's chest, quietly folding its wings. Her gaze lingered on Lan Wu's face for a long time before she whispered, "Wait for me to come back."

On their journey from the deep sea to the surface aboard the black whale, the two remained silent until they could see some faint light overhead. Then, Lan Yuan suddenly said, "From now on, the sea creatures will hide even deeper."

Ji Lingyue looked up at her retreating figure, and heard her continue, "The sea race originally lived in the human realm and were neighbors with the human race. Over the years, even after joining the demon race, they have never been very familiar with each other because they are separated by two different places. Now, Lan Wu is in trouble in the demon realm. His Majesty has summoned the leaders of the other races and discussed the final outcome. There will inevitably be a war between the demon realm and the human realm, but we will no longer follow the demon king into battle, nor will we go ashore. In the future, who wins or loses, and what the casualties are, will be none of our concern."

"In the end, will you still choose to remain confined to a small corner of the world?"

"Then tell me, what should we do? After this ordeal, I'm afraid neither realm will tolerate us anymore." Lan Yuan clenched her fists and said in a low voice, "I do want to go to the demon realm and find the demon who hurt Lan Wu, but… I can't do it right now."

The sound of rushing water filled the air, and the warm sunlight

suddenly fell on her. Ji Lingyue subconsciously looked up, squinted, and looked at the clear blue sky, feeling as if she had been transported to another world.

“Ji Lingyue,” Lan Yuan called out, “You must live well. You still have a life-and-death contract on your body. If you die, Lan Wu will truly die.”

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement: “I understand.”

She prepared to leave the whale’s back, but Lan Yuan held her back and slid down herself, splashing into the water. She turned around, looked up at Ji Lingyue, and said earnestly, “I was wrong to treat you like that before, and I apologize to you.”

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, and before she could speak, Lan Yuan patted the whale fin and said, “Let it take you on your way.” She smiled, and in an instant, her face seemed to become as gentle and radiant as Lan Wu’s: “Then, I wish you a safe journey.”

Ji Lingyue’s long eyelashes trembled slightly, and a mist of tears welled up in her eyes. She blinked, and the tears quickly disappeared. “Okay.”

She said solemnly, “I will definitely not die.”

Before me was a vast expanse of white. I stretched out my hand, and there was no longer any blood or wounds on it; it was as smooth as ever.

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then turned around and looked around.

This world was vast and lifeless, as if she were the only living being. After a moment of stunned silence, she lifted her foot and ran in a random direction, but after running for a long time, the scenery around her remained unchanged.

Is this the underworld? If it is, why can’t we see the legendary Ox-Head and Horse-Face, or the endless Yellow Springs water?

As if hearing her thoughts, a cold voice suddenly rang out: “This is your sea of consciousness.”

Lan Wu was startled: “Who?”

“You don’t need to know who I am.”

"Why?" Lan Wu asked, puzzled. "If this is my sea of consciousness, why are you here? And aren't I dead?"

"You're not dead."

"You're not dead?" Lan Wu tilted her head. "Did you save me?"

"Not entirely," the man said. "The elixir within you locked your soul in time, buying me time so that I could protect it and save your life after I awoke."

"Then… I need to go back right away." Lan Wu gradually became anxious: "I have a lot to tell my sister, and, A Yue, A Yue is waiting for me to come back, she must be so worried."

"You can't go back," the woman said calmly. "I've trapped you here."

Lan Wu was stunned for a moment: "What?"

"I've trapped you here. The only way you can return to the human world is to break free of this confinement yourself."

"You…" Lan Wu asked in astonishment, "Why did you do this? Since you saved me, why are you trapping me here?"

"What's the point of you going out like this? Haven't you realized? You no longer have any mermaid pearls."

Lan Wu was stunned, stood frozen in place, and suddenly fell silent.

"You are neither human nor demon now, your cultivation is weak, and you are no different from a cripple. Even if you go out, what can you do?" the man said coldly. "It's safer to keep you trapped here."

Lan Wu pursed her lips, and after a long while, said in a hoarse voice, "No…"

"Um?"

"The people I love are all out there; I can't stay here forever."

"Then let's break through this constraint."

"Are you playing a trick on me?!" Lan Wu suddenly shouted, "You said I'm a cripple, so how can I break through the predicament you've created in this state?"

As soon as she finished speaking, a low table suddenly appeared before her, with a thick stack of bamboo slips on it. Lan Wu looked down, stared blankly for a moment, and said incredulously, “You want me to learn this?”

“yes.”

“The spiritual energy here is thin. Even if you wanted me to cultivate, I would never be able to develop profound skills!”

“I never expected you to develop profound skills, Lan Wu. Take a close look at those bamboo slips.” The man’s voice suddenly became serious: “There are many cultivation techniques in this world that do not require a great deal of spiritual power to learn. They do not require you to be very strong. As long as you are diligent and focused enough, you will definitely be able to master them completely.”

Suddenly, a bamboo slip flew up and unfolded before Lan Wu’s eyes, revealing characters with strong, elegant strokes that emitted a faint golden light.

Lan Wu stared intently at the beginning of the book: “Nine Palaces Formation…”

Formation.

An unbelievable thought gradually surfaced in her mind. Her eyes widened, and she raised her head in disbelief, her voice trembling as she said, “You are…”

The voice suddenly interrupted her: “I have set up eighty-one formations in your sea of consciousness. As long as there is one that you cannot solve, you will not be able to leave here.”

“Eighty-one…” Lan Wu murmured, “How long will it take me to learn before I can leave here?”

“Who knows,” the woman said softly. “Maybe ten years, maybe twenty years, maybe you’ll never be able to solve it, Lanwu. It depends on you.”

“Whether you like it or not, you’ve been spoiled all these years. You’ve never risked your life for anything, nor have you ever strongly desired anything. You’re right, the people you love are waiting for you outside. Now, it’s up to you to decide how long you’re prepared to make them wait.”

118. Mother

The sky was high and clear, and several white cranes flew through the clouds, creating white waves that seemed within reach. A woman with waist-length hair sat motionless at the highest point of Qianyun Peak, her eyes closed as if she were asleep.

Soon, a white sparrow flew down from the clouds and landed on her shoulder. Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled, and she slowly lifted them to look down through the misty clouds. Even though she was miles away, she could see everything clearly.

On the stone steps leading to Jianzhi Courtyard, two girls were walking. The taller one had a big smile on her face, holding a gyrfalcon in her arms, and was talking to the girl beside her who was carrying a long sword.

She stared intently at the composed girl in white, and before she knew it, a slight smile appeared on her lips.

The girl walked further and further away, her figure gradually disappearing into the clouds and mist.

Then, that familiar voice rang out: "Do you miss that time?"

Lan Wu blinked, raised her hand and waved it. The green hills and clear waters around her disappeared in an instant. In the vast, pure white sea of consciousness, she was alone sitting at a low table piled with bamboo slips.

She hesitated for a moment before answering, "It's funny to think about, but the five years I spent at Haochen Mountain were actually the happiest time of my life so far."

Although the person was unwilling to mention it, Lan Wu had already guessed her identity. In this place where the years had become blurred, she opened hundreds of bamboo slips and, in a casual manner, recounted the things she had experienced over the years.

Although most of the time, it sounded like she was talking to herself.

After a moment of silence, the voice spoke again: "You've been sitting here for quite some time now. When do you plan to break the final magic circle?"

Lan Wu closed a book lying flat on the table and said frankly, "I can't

solve the last one." She lowered her eyes and saw the words "Nine Palaces" neatly written on the cover of the book, which was the starting point for tracing the origin of all formations.

"You told me that all formations, whether they are based on the Five Elements or the Eight Trigrams, are branches that extend from the Nine Palaces of Kun, Qian, Kan, Gen, Zhen, Xun, Li, Kun, and Dui. They are all based on the same principle. Kun represents death and Gen represents life. As long as you find the core of the formation, you can break it. But," she paused and said in a low voice, "I can't find anything in the last formation."

So, are you giving up?

Lan Wu shook her head: "For so long, I have been unable to find the core of the array. I have searched through all the bamboo slips and found no similar array. In fact, the last one is not an array at all."

She said seriously, "There is no eighty-first formation here. This last one is actually an illusion, or even the simplest illusion. You have blinded my five senses, making me see false sights and hear false sounds, just like the mirage I just created. But in reality, I will be able to get out when I break the eightieth formation."

As soon as she finished speaking, she seemed to hear a very soft laugh, and the person asked, "When did you find out?"

"Not long," Lan Wu said, "all these years, the illusion techniques you occasionally taught me, weren't they all in preparation for this final 'array'?"

"I thought you'd never find out," the woman's voice softened considerably. "Looks like you're not so stupid after all."

Lan Wu pursed her lips, gazing at the unchanging, vast expanse of white before her. Finally, she mustered her courage, placed her fingertips on her brow, and cautiously asked, "Is it alright?"

The man nodded and said, "Of course."

A surge of blue spiritual energy flowed into his brow, and his eyes felt as if they had been coated with ice, but soon they became warm again.

In an instant, all sorts of sounds flooded my ears: the waves crashed in the distance, the salty sea breeze brushed my cheeks, and the clear

chirping of birds echoed from the lush forest.

Lan Wu closed her eyes, her heart suddenly pounding, and her body stiffened in place. After a while, she slowly opened her eyes and met another pair of clear black eyes.

A beautiful woman sat opposite her, smiling as she looked at her: "This is the true form of your sea of consciousness."

Lan Wu stared at her blankly for a while before asking in a hoarse voice, "Have you been looking at me like this all this time?"

"Yes," Chu Chunhan said with a smile, "It's quite interesting to watch you work so hard, forcing yourself to read all the bamboo slips, going back and forth, and failing again and again."

Lan Wu blinked, a slight smile appearing on her face, but her eyes gradually reddened. "I'm not some kind of genius." She wiped her eyes haphazardly with her sleeve and asked in a low voice, "Why are you here? Back then, weren't you…?"

She couldn't bring herself to say the words "self-destructing the golden core," but Chu Chunhan quickly understood what she meant and said easily, "Otherwise, how do you think you survived when you were so close back then?"

She recounted in detail: "I separated a wisp of my soul, which carried all my memories and a portion of my cultivation. Although it protected you, it also suffered severe damage and could only remain dormant in your sea of consciousness." After a pause, she said helplessly, "Who would have thought that you would fall into danger again? The mermaid pearl left your body, and your sea of consciousness collapsed like a mountain collapsing and a tsunami, which is how I was awakened."

Lan Wu felt even more guilty: "I'm sorry."

"Why apologize? It's not your fault." Chu Chunhan raised his hand, his cool fingertips caressing Lan Wu's face. "Now, you should leave."

Lan Wu was flattered and overwhelmed as the other woman cupped her cheeks, her breathing becoming soft. "And you?" she asked cautiously. "Will you still stay here?"

Chu Chunhan lowered her eyes and suddenly fell silent.

Lan Wu was taken aback, and suddenly felt uneasy: "You'll stay here, won't you?"

The woman sighed and looked at her gently: "The eighty arrays contain all my remaining cultivation. Every time you unravel an array, that cultivation will be integrated into your body."

Lan Wu was startled, then slowly opened her eyes wide and stared at her without blinking.

"Lan Wu," she whispered, "These powers are useless to me, but they may be of some use to you. I could have given them to you directly, but I would prefer that you learn how to use them. That way, after I'm gone, you will have a skill to protect yourself."

"No," Lan Wu woke up with a start, grabbing her hand tightly, "Don't go, you…you, that's right! Aunt, Aunt has always wanted to bring you back to life…"

Chu Chunhan hummed in agreement: "With those souls, she might actually succeed, but the one resurrected won't be the Chu Chunhan of the past."

Lan Wu stared at her blankly, and as her eyelashes fluttered, tears gradually fell from her eyes.

The hem of her dress gradually became transparent, silently turning into ashes. Chu Chunhan smiled and said gently, "Lan Wu, don't be sad. I am just a remnant soul from the past. The real me died long ago. Now, it's just that my past memories will also disappear completely along with this piece of my soul."

"No," Lan Wu choked out, desperately gripping her hand, "Please, don't go…don't leave me!"

"Lan Wu…"

"don't want!"

Chu Chunhan sighed and wiped away the tears on her face: "Over the years, you have grown up well, which makes my efforts to protect your life worthwhile."

Lan Wu gasped for breath, her eyes red as she looked at her: "If, if back then… if you hadn't sacrificed that much of your cultivation to save me, could you have killed him?"

Chu Chunhan remained silent. Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled, and she instantly understood everything. She pursed her lips, her shoulders shaking, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry…"

"Lan Wu," she sighed helplessly as she saw the woman sobbing uncontrollably, "Why haven't you addressed me once in all this time?"

"You don't like it," Lan Wu stammered, "If you don't like it, I won't call you that. I won't make you unhappy. Please, I'll listen to you. Don't… don't go…"

"I'm not unhappy." Chu Chunhan cupped her wet face and looked at her earnestly: "Lan Wu, you've never done anything wrong. Back then, I shouldn't have said those things."

She said, word by word, "I have never hated you."

Lan Wu trembled, looking at her through teary eyes. After a long while, she managed to squeeze out two words: "Mother?"

Chu Chunhan hummed in agreement and smiled gently, "Lan Wu, you're a good girl." She reached out her fading hands and pulled the trembling woman into her arms, coaxing her softly, "Don't be sad, don't be afraid. When you open your eyes again, everything will be alright."

She closed her eyes, gently pressed her cheek against Lan Wu's forehead, and whispered, "If you can, please help me stop Yue Yao."

"despair."

Her bare feet landed on the cold jade, and having not moved for a long time, she had to hold onto the wall to stagger out. After passing through a barrier, her body suddenly fell into the water, but she couldn't conjure a fish tail. She could only walk out of the empty hall step by step, squinting at the two figures floating not far away.

Seemingly hearing a noise, the silver-haired merman turned her head first. The next moment, her blue eyes widened in astonishment, and she exclaimed in disbelief, "Lan Wu?"

She opened her mouth, managing to squeeze out her voice: "Sister, sister…"

The bone skewer in her hand fell into the water. Lan Yuan's eyes reddened, and she rushed over almost like lightning, catching her in

her arms. Lan Wu staggered back a step from the impact, instinctively hugging her as well, and heard the woman's soft sobs.

"Why are you only waking up now?" Lan Yuan choked up. "It's been too long, Lan Wu. You've slept for too long. I thought you'd never wake up again..."

Lan Wu blinked, somewhat dazed: "I slept, for how long?"

Lan Yuan tightened her arms and said in a trembling voice, "Fifteen years."

119. Go early and come back early.

"Fifteen years," she repeated blankly, then suddenly remembered something: "Where's A-Yue? Where is A-Yue?"

Lan Yuan hesitated for a moment: "In the Flame Realm."

“The Fiery Realm? Why, why is she in the Fiery Realm?”

A sense of unease crept into Lan Wu’s heart. Just as she was about to ask for clarification, a black butterfly fluttered down and landed on her shoulder out of the corner of her eye. She paused, turned her head to look at it, and realized that it was not a real butterfly, but a physical entity formed from demonic energy. Yet, the aura emanating from it felt strangely familiar.

Lan Wu froze for a moment before saying in a hoarse voice, “She has fallen into demonic possession.”

“Ten years ago, she came back once. She said she had found another continent and the Flame Realm. After staying by your side for half a year, she left again and hasn’t returned since.”

Lan Yuan continued, “It was also ten years ago that the demon race broke out of the demon realm on a large scale. After the city of Wangliang held out for three years, the city lord Qing Huai sacrificed himself to the city, trapping and killing thousands of demons. Now, the remaining cultivators are gathered in Shiling City on the edge of the Western Desert. There are piles of white bones under Shiling City, and three hundred miles of yellow sand have been filled with vengeful spirits. If Shiling City falls, the demon race will enter the human world as if it were an empty land.”

Lan Wu frowned, unable to process so much information at once, and murmured, “So many things have happened…” She exhaled, grasped Lan Yuan’s wrist, and whispered, “I also have something to tell you.”

Lan Yuan asked instinctively, “What?”

“Lan Zhichuan, it’s Lan Zhichuan…” She bit her lip, her voice trembling. “Everything was caused by him. He is the source of all sins.”

Lan Yuan froze, staring at her incredulously: “What are you talking about?”

Lan Wu said urgently, “He framed my aunt, he killed my mother, he caused everyone to end up like this, my grandfather… he also killed my grandfather. He usurped the throne for his own selfish desires, and he even wanted to kill me!”

“What are you talking about?” Lan Yuan broke free from her grasp

and instinctively stepped back. “What aunt? What mother? Isn’t Mother still alive and well?”

Lan Wu was taken aback, tilted her head slightly to look at her, and suddenly a tear fell: “You know nothing…”

“What do I need to know?!” Lan Yuan’s chest heaved, her anger escalating. “Are you still half asleep?! Suddenly saying such absurd things. Father has always doted on you…”

“Spoiled?” Lan Wu chuckled, her eyes reddening. “He just wanted to raise me into a useless person! He’s done so many evil deeds, he deserves to be torn to pieces! Mother, you…you’ve never even met her…”

“Shut up!” Lan Yuan suddenly interrupted her, her voice trembling. “Are you crazy? How could you say such a thing?!”

Lan Wu trembled at her shout, clenching her fists: “You don’t believe me?”

She pursed her lips, looked at Lan Yuan with sorrow, and said in a hoarse voice, “Over the years, I have been shunned by my clansmen. When I was sent to guard the Sea Prison, they questioned me about why I killed my father and so many of my clansmen. I was tormented by guilt and remorse, and I could not find peace for a moment. But all of this, all the sins that were forced upon me, was his doing!”

She asked in a sorrowful voice, “Why can’t I say these words? I just feel he died too late! I only regret that I didn’t kill him with my own hands!”

“Smack!”

A red mark quickly appeared on her cheek. Lan Wu froze for a moment before slowly turning her face to look at Lan Yuan. The woman’s chest heaved violently, and her eyes had turned bloodshot at some point. Her raised hand was still suspended in mid-air.

Lan Wu stared at her intently, then suddenly closed her eyes, took a breath, and turned to leave.

“where did you go!”

“Flame Realm”.

Lan Yuan's eyes widened: "What?" She hurriedly chased after him, saying sternly, "You're not allowed to go anywhere in your current state! You can't protect yourself at all!"

Just as she was about to grab Lan Wu's sleeve, the woman seemed to sense her and suddenly raised her hand, flicking her sleeve at her. With a few swishes, six constantly rotating blue magic circles appeared around her, their cold light forming a solid cage that trapped her completely inside.

Lan Yuan's eyes widened in astonishment: "You…"

Lan Wu walked away without looking back, but then a woman in a white robe appeared in her sight. She paused for a moment before slowly approaching: "Mother."

Jiang Xi had been standing outside the door for an unknown amount of time, and now she just looked at her and sighed, "You know everything."

Lan Wu nodded, took a few steps forward, and hugged her tightly: "I'm sorry."

"Why are you apologizing to me?" Jiang Xi patted her head and said helplessly, "I thought that even if I didn't know, it would be good if you could live a smooth and carefree life. But who knew that in the end, all my blessings for you would be in vain."

Lan Wu pursed her lips and asked in a low voice, "Why did you want me to marry into the Shark Clan back then?"

Jiang Xi paused for a moment, then recalled: "Because… the Shark Clan is considered a powerful clan in the sea. If you marry into that clan, you will have a safe haven. Staying by your father's side all the time is not safe."

Lan Wu nuzzled against her shoulder and muttered, "But it was because I heard this that I ran away from home back then."

Jiang Xi patted her head: "Yeah, you've never been easy to deal with since you were little."

Lan Wu straightened up and looked at her. The woman's appearance was no different from before, but the lively and vivid Jiang Xi who could get angry and scold had gradually become more reserved over the years.

"Mother, I want to go to the Flame Realm. Will you stop me?"

Jiang Xi shook her head: "Go if you want to. Isn't the person you like there?"

She paused for a moment, then said gently, "But remember to come back soon. As for Yuan'er, I will explain to her. Don't blame your sister; what you said was too sudden for her."

"I know, I'm not angry with her." Lan Wu thought for a moment, then muttered, "Okay, I am a little angry."

Jiang Xi stroked her face, wiping away the red marks: "Alright, let's go. Let Fuyou take you out. Now that there's a new exit and barrier, you might not be able to get out without someone to guide you."

"good."

Lan Wu stepped back, glanced back at Lan Yuan who was temporarily trapped and had a furious expression, and then followed Fu You, swimming away into the distance. Along the way, they boarded a black whale, gliding through the waves to the surface. Lan Wu remained quiet for a while, then whispered, "Fu You."

"Um?"

"Your master's prophecy seems to have been wrong. Lan Zhichuan… did not die because of me."

Fuyou paused for a moment, glanced back at her, and then turned back to her: "Although I have always felt that Master is reckless and willful, she clearly told me that the priest's job is to peek into the secrets of heaven and not to look too deep, but she insisted on trying to find out, and in the end she was devoured by the heavenly way and died. But there is one thing I have never doubted, and that is that Master would never make a mistake."

She said earnestly, "Master would never make a mistake. Since she gave this prophecy, it will surely come true."

Lan Wu blinked, but seemed listless: "Really?"

Fuyou didn't answer again, but looked up at the faint light above and said softly, "We've arrived."

After surfacing, the woman looked at the southern horizon and asked,

"Can you find the way to the Flame Realm?"

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, then flicked her finger upwards, and a black butterfly leaped into the air and fluttered away: "It will lead me to A Yue."

"Then, go early and come back early."

Lan Wu nodded, waved goodbye to Fu You, and the giant sea beast carried her through the waves, gradually moving further and further away. In the vast ocean, she was gradually left alone. Lan Wu squinted and lay down, enjoying the gentle sea breeze. Just as she was about to fall asleep, a cry of an eagle suddenly came from the sky. Lan Wu subconsciously looked up and saw a snow-white shadow rushing towards her at high speed.

She was startled and was about to dodge when the white figure transformed into a petite girl in mid-air, bumping into her and exclaiming with delight, "Master!"

Lan Wu was stunned: "Who are you?"

The girl raised her head, her dark blue eyes bright and piercing. Although her face was still young, it already showed a heroic spirit: "I am Danqing!"

"Danqing?" Lan Wu recalled slowly, her eyes widening in shock: "You're Danqing! You can transform into a human?"

Danqing nodded happily, ran her fingers across her forehead, and a blue pattern slowly emerged.

Yes, the contract was always tied to the demon core. She lost the mermaid pearl, and the contract with A-Yue was automatically dissolved, but the contract with Danqing remained.

Lan Wu tentatively touched her face: "Have you been living alone all these years?"

Danqing shook his head: "Only in the last few years have I been out on my own. I can sense you here, but I can't reach the sea, so I can only wait outside. Before that, I stayed at Haochen Mountain, but later everyone left, and there were fewer and fewer people at Haochen Mountain. After Elder Ye became the new sect leader…"

"Master has become the new sect leader?" Lan Wu asked in surprise.

“What about Chi Jinghe?”

“Her? It’s said that she was seriously injured in the battle of Wangliang City and has not woken up since.”

Lan Wu frowned, and after a while, asked, “I’m going to find A-Yue. Do you want to come with me?”

Is it far?

“Maybe.”

“It’s okay, I’m a bird, I can fly there no matter how far.”

Lan Wu couldn’t help but chuckle and patted her head gently. “Good girl.” She said softly, “Then let’s go find A-Yue together.”

——

Once Little Fish runs away to the Demon Realm and retrieves Moon Treasure, this book will be in its final stages? (???)

Chi Jinghe was the former head of Haochen Mountain. (`Δ’) /

120. Reunion sëxiaòshu.c ò м

“Wow.”

Stepping onto the dark red earth, Danqing looked at the boundless wasteland and couldn’t help but exclaim, “It’s so hot here.”

Lan Wu wiped the sweat from her forehead in agreement, turned back and waved to the giant whale that had sunk into the sea, before continuing onward with the increasingly active black butterfly. The girl beside her transformed into a white bird, flapped her wings and flew, circling a few times in the sky before excitedly landing back on her shoulder: “There are mountains dozens of miles away, green ones!”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, fanning herself as she wondered, “How do you always have so much energy?” (This text was first published on: qцyцshцwц.XyZ. Subsequent chapters can be read on the original website.)

With Danqing by her side, she was no longer lonely on the journey, but the constant chattering and cheerful voice, except during rest periods, made Lanwu’s head buzz with pain.

What a lively little bird!

Lan Wu felt dizzy from the intense sunlight. She summoned her silver sword and flew weakly for a while. Dan Qing seemed to realize something and asked, “Master, are you afraid of the heat?”

She hummed in response. No matter how you looked at it, this body now seemed more like a human, yet it still retained the habits of a merman, being both afraid of heat and cold, and very picky about the temperature.

Danqing quieted down, thought for a moment, then spread her wings and flew to Lanwu’s head. Lanwu was taken aback, squinted at her, and couldn’t help but laugh: “You’re so small, you can’t block the sun.”

Danqing tilted its head in distress, and after a while, it suddenly realized something and exclaimed “Ah!” It flapped its wings, landed, and perched on Lanwu’s head, instantly covering her face in shadow.

The little bird said smugly, “That should block it now.”

Lan Wu paused for a moment, too embarrassed to admit that being covered by the warm, fluffy fabric was actually more stuffy, so she could only give a perfunctory reply: “Hmm, hmm… not bad.”

With a bird perched on her head, she had to speed up. After flying dozens of miles, she finally saw the green mountains and clear waters Danqing had described, and her spirits lifted. A clear river flowed gently in the distance, and a ferry crossing seemed to have been built on the riverbank. The butterfly fluttered down and landed on the boat. Lan Wu followed suit, landing on the ground. Looking at the two figures on the small boat, she approached and said, “Hello…”

The two turned around at the sound, and Lan Wu suddenly saw their faces clearly. She stopped in her tracks, and her smile froze on her face. The person on the left had a completely black face, seemingly without any features, while the person on the right did have features, but the lower half of his face had three mouths.

“Uh…” She stood there, hesitant, unsure whether to ask them about Ji Lingyue’s whereabouts. While she was struggling with this decision, the two men seemed to have seen something extraordinary and exclaimed, “A monster!”

“No, it’s not a monster, it’s a person.”

"You may not have eyes, but I do. With such a gaudy appearance, what else could it be but a monster?"

"Monsters smell much worse than humans; she doesn't smell like that."

"You talk as if you have a nose."

Seeing the two of them arguing, Lan Wu tried to interject: "That…"

"Who cares if she's a monster or not? Monsters can be eaten too. Once we eat her, we'll know if she's human or a monster!"

"I don't like eating monsters. Monster flesh is too tough, not as tender as human flesh."

"It's good enough to have something to eat!"

As he spoke, the man with three mouths picked up his long stick and stepped onto the shore.

Lan Wu's eyes widened in surprise, she took a step back, and said helplessly, "Ah, ah? Are you going to make a move already?"

The man grinned, revealing sharp, white teeth that resembled those of a wild beast. In an instant, his lower face was almost entirely covered by teeth: "Enough with the nonsense."

He walked forward, but suddenly his feet lost their footing, and his body instantly fell into the wind, plummeting from a great height. In his vision, all that remained was the black earth getting closer and closer.

"Ah!" A piercing scream escaped his throat. He struggled in the air in terror, trembling like a leaf, and shouted at the top of his lungs, "Help! Help me!"

Danqing tilted his head, glanced at the person rolling on the ground screaming in pain, and asked in confusion, "Master?"

Lan Wu shushed her and winked at her: "Illusion."

The man still on the boat turned his dark face frantically, stammering, "You, what did you do to my brother!"

Lan Wu said, "I didn't do anything."

“Nonsense!” he roared, seemingly wanting to jump off the boat, but the water beneath him suddenly began to ripple, and the sturdy little boat gradually turned to ash, then coalesced into colorful butterflies, which fluttered into the sky.

He plunged into the water with a splash, struggled to the surface, and flailed his limbs violently, shouting, “I…I can’t swim! Help!”

Danqing stared at the faceless monster lying in the small boat, weeping, and said thoughtfully, “Is this also an illusion?”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement and said to them, “If you answer my questions properly, I’ll save you. Deal?”

Half an hour later, Lan Wu, who had entered the river in a small boat, looked at the two brothers who were silent as cicadas in winter, crossed her arms, and asked, “Do you know them?”

The two demons, mostly three-mouthed monsters, stared at the portrait for a long time before shaking their heads and saying, “We don’t recognize them.”

“real?”

“Really! Although our ferry is the only way to the Flame Realm, there have been too many demons coming and going in the past ten years, and it’s impossible for us to remember all of them.”

“Alright.” Lan Wu retrieved the portrait. “How far is this place from the Flame Realm?”

“Once we reach the shore, we can see the endless Flame Gorge if we keep heading west. The Flame Realm is located in the middle of the Flame Gorge, where powerful demons gather.”

Lan Wu nodded: “Thank you for helping me cross the river.”

“You’re too kind.”

Seeing the two of them huddled together like quails, Lan Wu sighed helplessly and closed her eyes to rest.

The towering cliffs on both sides squeezed the sky into a thin line. The small boat cut through the waves and slowly passed through them. After an unknown amount of time, the view suddenly opened up, and a river surface bathed in the afterglow of the setting sun appeared in

the field of vision. The red sunset painted the sky, and birds occasionally skimmed across the water, chirping.

Danqing had already flown away from her shoulder, happily chasing after the birds. Lanwu let her frolic around, and only after they reached the shore did she turn back and ask, “By the way, I have one last question.”

The two brothers, gripping the oars, were eager to leave and said in a humble voice, “Please speak.”

Lan Wu considered for a moment: “I apologize for any offense, but are all demons as ugly as you?”

“…”

After saying goodbye to the two brothers, who were full of resentment, Danqing suddenly asked on the way, “What if Ayue also grew three mouths?”

Lan Wu imagined it for a moment, then said hesitantly, “Ah Yue… Ah Yue’s three mouths are beautiful too.”

“Really?” Danqing imagined it for a moment, then couldn’t help but shake her wings and exclaimed, “If she has three mouths, I won’t let her hug me anymore.”

“You talk too much,” Lan Wu pinched Danqing’s sharp beak to prevent her from saying anything surprising again: “You’re such a chatterbox bird.”

A continuous canyon gradually came into view, its color crimson, like a blazing fire. This must be the Flame Canyon the two brothers had mentioned. Lan Wu quickened her pace, but stopped at the entrance of the canyon, muttering to herself, “This appearance seems too conspicuous.”

She raised her hand and wiped her face, her silver hair turning black, and her face gradually distorted, becoming exactly like the faceless monster: “How is it?”

Danqing jumped on her shoulder twice in disgust: “How disgusting.”

“…” Lan Wu flicked her head helplessly, stepped into the canyon, and after crossing a long suspension bridge, a bustling settlement suddenly appeared before her. The bare stone walls were carved with a dense

array of caves of varying sizes, connected by suspension bridges. People came and went in great numbers, making it exceptionally lively. On the flat ground at the bottom of the valley stood two rows of stone houses of different heights, with various goods displayed in front of them. The vendors, with their peculiar appearances, called out and sold their goods, looking no different from ordinary people.

Lan Wu walked into the crowd, looked around, and soon spotted a row of jars containing organs.

The owner was still enthusiastically promoting: “Human heart, just bought from the east at a high price, very fresh, ten magic coins a jar, don’t miss out!”

Lan Wu frowned, suppressing her nausea, and looked to the other side. Finally, she found a demon she found pleasing to the eye and quickly went over: “This lady…”

The white-haired old woman looked up and saw her, startled, and turned her face away, unable to bear looking directly at her: “What’s wrong?”

Lan Wu was startled, touched her face, and after a while exclaimed in realization.

So even demons can be disgusted by their companions’ appearance!

She immediately felt embarrassed and asked hesitantly, “Excuse me, is this the Flame Realm?”

“The Flame Realm? No, the Flame Realm goes further in. Are you going there?” The old lady kindly said, “I advise you not to go. The Flame Realm is very dangerous. It is full of powerful demons with profound cultivation. They fight to the death over the Demon Heart in the Void of No Return. They even devour each other. It is not a place for lesser demons.”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement and took out the portrait: “Have you seen this person before?”

The old lady glanced at it and exclaimed, “Isn’t this the Moon Lord?”

“Moon Lord?”

“Yes, among the great demons of the Flame Realm, she has the best temperament. Other great demons occasionally come here, and it’s a

chaotic mess, with everything being taken away. But when the Moon Lord comes, she always obediently pays to buy things." The old lady laughed. "However, she doesn't seem to like associating with other demons; I've never seen her have any friends."

Lan Wu pursed her lips and asked, "Why do you call her the Moon Lord?"

"The great demons of the Flame Realm are basically divided into two factions: one is those who have fallen from human to demon, and the other is those who are born demons. The faction that has fallen from human to demon seems to be divided into levels according to cultivation level. The highest level is the three great demon lords. Her name contains the character for moon, so she is naturally the Moon Lord."

"Really?" Lan Wu murmured, somewhat lost in thought, "Has she become so powerful?"

The old woman looked her over for a few moments, then hesitated before asking, "Young lady, do you know her?"

"Yes, that's why I'm here to see her."

"What a coincidence! I heard that those big devils are going to hold a banquet in Changlebin tonight. If you go there now, they probably won't have left yet."

Lan Wu was startled: "Changlebin? Where is that?"

The old woman raised her hand and pointed to a point of light on the distant cliff top: "Look, above the waterfall, is Chang Le Bin."

The moon in the Demon Realm seems much bigger than the one back home.

As Lan Wu flew towards the cliff top against the evening breeze, she spread her five fingers towards the full moon, as if she could grasp it in one grasp.

Danqing sighed in her ear, "Finally, we'll know whether Ayue has three mouths or not."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then couldn't help but say, "Why don't you go somewhere else to play for a while?"

Danqing thought about it carefully for a while and agreed: “Then… remember to call me back, don’t leave me behind again.”

Upon hearing this, Lan Wu felt guilty and was about to say that it was alright when the snow-white gyrfalcon flapped its wings and flew happily towards the bluebird chirping in the distance.

Lan Wu watched her retreating figure for a while before closing her mouth and looking back at the approaching Chang Le Bin.

Landing on flat ground, the buildings built against the mountainside before her looked remarkably similar to the restaurants and taverns of the human world. Looking up, the brightly lit rooftop seemed to be dozens of feet high. Lan Wu’s heart pounded faster and faster. Clenching her fists, she was about to step through the gate when she was stopped by a servant at the entrance: “Token.”

“What token?” Lan Wu asked, confused. “I’m looking for someone.”

“Humans? There are no humans here, only demons.”

Lan Wu could only say, “I’m looking for the Moon Lord.”

“You can’t enter without a token,” the attendant, who had regular features and was probably a human turned demon, looked at Lan Wu with disdain and said, “Besides, do you think you can just see the Moon Lord whenever you want?”

Lan Wu scoffed, about to roll up her sleeves and argue with him, when a black butterfly flew off her and fluttered toward the brightly lit hall.

The demon’s expression changed instantly, and when he looked at Lan Wu again, he had a fawning smile on his face: “Oh, you should have said you were the Moon Lord’s person earlier.”

Lan Wu: “I told you I was looking for her.”

“It’s my fault, it’s my fault.” He respectfully welcomed Lan Wu inside: “The Moon Lord is on the top floor. You’ll see her when you go up.”

Lan Wu entered the room in a daze, frowned at him, shook her head, and followed Hei Die up the steps to the most lively place. When she stepped onto the last step, she saw a dazzling display of flowers and young men and women dressed in light red gauze twirling on a magnificent stage, their bare feet adorned with bells that jingled

incessantly.

Amidst the bustling noise and clinking of glasses, Lan Wu stood still, her gaze following the black butterfly as it passed through the petals and the crowd, finally settling on a pale fingertip.

She raised her head, following the black collar of the man's clothes upwards, her gaze sweeping inch by inch over his slender neck and rosy lips, until finally she saw that familiar face. Ji Lingyue, her long, silky hair flowing freely, stared blankly at the butterfly on her fingertip. After a long while, she seemed to wake up and raised her eyes, her red eyes staring straight at her.

A swarm of butterflies emerged from her body, flew through the crowd to Lan Wu's front, and transformed into a tall woman. Ji Lingyue, trailing a loose robe, walked quickly closer, then suddenly stopped.

She frowned, staring intently at Lan Wu, and tilted her head as if somewhat confused.

Lan Wu called softly, "A-Yue…"

She reached out, wanting to take Ji Lingyue's hand, but the woman suddenly took a step back and clenched her fist in resistance.

Lan Wu paused for a moment: "A-Yue?"

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and looked at her, remaining silent for a long time before finally asking in a hoarse voice, "Are you… really?"

121. Cunning

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then said gently, "Of course I'm telling the truth."

She walked towards Ji Lingyue, and this time the woman didn't dodge. When Ji Lingyue hugged her, her body stiffened drastically: "Would you lie to me?"

Why would I lie to you?

"The last time you spoke to me, you were lying to me," Ji Lingyue said in a low voice. "You said you would be alright, but you almost died."

Lan Wu was stunned for a moment, then couldn't help but hug her

tighter, and said in a hoarse voice, “I’m sorry.”

Ji Lingyue’s throat bobbed, her expression bewildered. She felt as if she were trapped in some kind of illusory dream, and even her voice seemed to echo from afar, becoming muffled: “You really came to find me?”

“Yes,” Lan Wu sighed, “you’ve gone too far, it’s been so hard for me to find you.”

She pursed her lips, her eyes gradually welling up with tears: “I went back, but you…you still haven’t woken up…”

“I know.”

She blinked, raised her hand as if to touch Lan Wu’s face, but curled her fingertips nervously just before touching her, as if afraid that it was just a mirage that would shatter at the slightest touch.

Lan Wu noticed her shrinking back and obediently pressed her cheek against her palm: “I’m here.”

“Ugh…” The woman’s long eyelashes trembled, and tears finally rolled down her cheeks as she choked out, “You, your face, is so ugly…”

Lan Wu chuckled and touched Ji Lingyue’s forehead. Ji Lingyue was stunned for a moment, then looked up at her blankly, as if she were dumbfounded.

“What’s wrong?” Lan Wu became nervous under her gaze. “Are you still ugly…?”

Soft lips suddenly collided with hers, almost touching her teeth. Lan Wu groaned and subconsciously held her waist. She glanced to the side and met countless shocked eyes.

The singing and dancing stopped, and almost all the demons stared in disbelief, unaware that the overflowing wine had spilled from their glasses.

Ji Lingyue cupped her face in displeasure: “Don’t get distracted.”

On a high seat not far away, a demon hissed and lowered his head to drink to calm his nerves: “The Moon Lord’s taste is truly extraordinary.”

The voice reached her ears, and Lan Wu closed her eyes, embarrassed, and said, “A-Yue.”

The woman paused for a moment, seemingly finally realizing what was happening. She abruptly turned her head and glared coldly at the demons behind her. After a moment of silence, the music resumed, and the demons cheerfully toasted each other again, laughing and joking as if the women didn’t exist.

She then turned her head and looked at Lan Wu expectantly, her gaze focused and enthusiastic, like a little animal begging for praise.

Lan Wu exclaimed in admiration, “You’re really amazing!”

Ji Lingyue smiled, waved her long sleeves, wrapped her in her robe, and left the hustle and bustle behind. Like the wind, she flew from the terrace to the sky and disappeared into a cave in the steep rock wall.

The cave looked simple from the outside, but it was fully equipped inside. Lan Wu fell onto the soft bed in a daze. Just as she was about to sit up, Ji Lingyue pressed down on her, his cool fingertips slipping into her robes and groping her up and down.

She whispered, “You’ve lost so much weight.”

“After all, I’ve been lying here for fifteen years… sigh…” She grasped Ji Lingyue’s hand, somewhat bewildered: “Where are you touching?”

The woman squinted, not answering, but instead snuggling closer and softly saying, “I missed you so much.”

Lan Wu blinked: “I want to too… uh, wait…”

She propped herself up on her elbows, her breathing slightly rapid, and stared intently into Ji Lingyue’s eyes, asking in a hoarse voice, “What do you want to do?”

Ji Lingyue’s hands had already parted her undergarments and were pressed against her sensitive waist. Even when questioned, she remained innocent, her eyes, hidden beneath her thick, long eyelashes, even becoming misty, looking very aggrieved: “Will you still leave?”

“I won’t.” As soon as Lan Wu finished speaking, she noticed that Ji Lingyue snuggled into her arms again. But whenever Lan Wu frowned, the woman would look at her with pitiful eyes, as if she had done

something heinous.

Lan Wu stared at her for a moment, then sighed helplessly and took the initiative to hook her arm around her neck and kiss her: “You really have become quite cunning.”

Ji Lingyue’s eyes curved into a smile as her tongue probed into Lan Wu’s soft, moist mouth. Her fingers cupped Lan Wu’s head, untying the knot in her hair and gently kneading her long, flowing silver hair in her palm. The temperature rose rapidly, and Lan Wu, breathless from the kiss, tried to pull away, but the little devil in front of her clung tightly, his teeth pressed against her lips, seemingly wanting to bite down hard. Trembling for a long time, he only restrained himself and gently held her lips.

She mumbled indistinctly, “Lan Wu…”

“Uh-huh?”

Ji Lingyue fell silent again, impatiently tearing open her clothes. Lan Wu immediately felt a chill on her shoulder, glancing down to see a large expanse of skin exposed. She involuntarily curled up, about to raise her hand to cover herself, but the woman grabbed her wrist and pressed her onto the bed. Her gaze lingered on the bare skin for a moment before she leaned down and buried her face in Lan Wu’s shoulder, leaving several wet kisses.

“Hmm…” Lan Wu frowned, feeling itchy from Ji Lingyue’s fluffy head. She couldn’t help but try to dodge to the side, but was quickly pulled back by Ji Lingyue’s head: “Don’t go.”

Ji Lingyue looked up and kissed her chin, asking with a wronged expression, “Don’t you like it? Do you want to leave me again?”

Lan Wu paused for a moment, feeling that she was very domineering now, but upon closer inspection, she always looked pitiful, and she couldn’t find any evidence of her domineering nature, which was strange.

While she was agonizing over this, the woman had silently stripped off her clothes, her cool fingertips sliding down her hip bone and touching her soft thigh. Lan Wu was startled, but before she could utter a sound, Ji Lingyue sealed her lips with hers again, her fingertips rubbing against her not-yet-fully-erect clitoris before slipping into her tight passage, following the warm, moist sensation.

Lan Wu let out a muffled groan, instinctively hugging her tighter. Intermittent splashing sounds came from beneath her. She closed her eyes in embarrassment, a faint blush rising to her skin, her earlobes turning bright red. After a while, Ji Lingyue finally ended their kiss, panting, and Lan Wu's rapid breathing reached her ears: "You, you can't… ah, slower…"

Ji Lingyue whispered, "I miss you so much."

Lan Wu blinked her moist eyes: "I miss you too, but…" Before she could finish speaking, she felt her most sensitive area being ruthlessly rubbed. She immediately curled up her legs, whimpering as she wrapped them around Ji Lingyue's waist: "Wait… um, slowly, slowly…"

Her silver hair was damp with sweat and clung to Lan Wu's beautiful cheeks. Ji Lingyue gently brushed the stray hairs aside, gazed into Lan Wu's wet blue eyes, and whispered, "Lan Wu."

Lan Wu frowned, managing to spare a little attention from the continuous pleasure in her eyes: "Wh-what's wrong…"

"Do you like how I look now?" Ji Lingyue asked cautiously. "Do you think I look ugly?"

Lan Wu blinked and looked at her intently for a while: "Isn't it the same as before? Except… it's turned into a red-eyed rabbit…"

Isn't it scary?

"What's so scary?" Lan Wu chuckled, her voice still trembling but unable to hide her gentleness: "I have blue eyes, do you find that scary?"

Seeing that Ji Lingyue still had her brows slightly furrowed, she sighed, cupped her face, and kissed her: "I like red."

Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes, gazing at the beautiful face so close to hers. The woman's eyes were closed, her thick, long eyelashes trembling slightly, as if bathed in a gentle silver glow from the moonlight.

She paused for a moment, then closed her eyes and deepened the kiss.

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Yuebao’s public statement: (「▼皿▾)

Yuebao’s response to internal comments: (≧U≦)

122. Seize the day.

“Lan Wu, Lan Wu…”

She called softly as she climbed up from below, smearing the sticky liquid from her hands onto Lan Wu’s face in an ambiguous manner. Then she lowered her head and kissed Lan Wu’s lips with her own, which were covered in the same liquid, swallowing the woman’s still rapid breathing.

Lan Wu squinted, obediently taking the tip of her tongue into her mouth. As her head spun, she felt that cool hand sliding downwards. She let out a muffled groan, finally catching the restless hand, and tilted her head back, her voice trembling, “Enough, enough…”

Ji Lingyue blinked: “I…”

“I know you miss me.” Lan Wu couldn’t take it anymore, reached out and pinched her cheek, pulling out a small piece of flesh: “Don’t pretend to be pitiful again.”

Ji Lingyue awkwardly shut her mouth and stared at her expectantly.

Lan Wu gradually calmed her breathing. When she met her gaze, she couldn’t help but soften her heart again. But when she recalled how she had been tossed and turned over just now, she immediately hardened her stance: “Looking at me like that won’t help.”

Ji Lingyue’s face was being pinched, and she mumbled indistinctly, “But, I want…”

“Didn’t you have enough just now?”

She shook her head, grabbed Lan Wu’s other hand, and pressed it to her chest: “I want you.”

Something small, like a pebble, seemed to be pressing against her palm. Lan Wu slightly closed her fingers, and a soft, seductive moan came from the other side, whose narrow eyes squinted with satisfaction.

She pursed her lips, finally letting go of Ji Lingyue’s cheek, pinching her waist and turning her around, pressing her down on the bed. She

chuckled, hooking her arms around Lan Wu's neck and pulling her down. After her lips were sealed, she quickly went limp.

When kissing, women often make soft, whimpering sounds, like a spoiled little animal. Lan Wu gently bit the tip of her tongue and noticed a lingering aroma of alcohol on her lips and teeth. She couldn't help but ask, "When did you learn to drink?"

"All these years you've been asleep," she murmured, chasing after Lan Wu and kissing her twice more. "At first, I would get drunk after just a little bit… but when I was drunk, I could see you. Every time, I thought you were real, but as soon as I got close, you would disappear…"

Ji Lingyue took a breath and continued, "Later, I drank more and more, and I don't know when, I suddenly couldn't get drunk anymore."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, her fingertips brushing against the corner of her reddened eyes, and whispered, "You always know how to make my heart ache."

Ji Lingyue smiled and asked, "If you feel sorry for me, will you fuck me well?"

Lan Wu was startled, her face quickly flushing red: "What have you been learning here? Don't you know any shame?"

Ji Lingyue laughed even harder: "I did learn one thing here," she hugged Lan Wu, pressed her head against her chest, and said in a hoarse voice: "That is, to enjoy life while you can."

As night deepened, the surrounding temperature dropped without them noticing. The lights in Chang Le Bin gradually went out. The demons, having eaten and drunk their fill, came out of the pavilion and discussed staying there for the night before returning to Yan Jing the next morning.

One of the demons asked, "In that case, will Lord Moon return with us tomorrow?"

The woman in yellow standing in the middle paused for a moment: "Why do you say that? Why doesn't she come back with us?"

Qingzhu nudged her from the side: "Have you forgotten? She just ran away with Little Love Demon in front of everyone, and she's probably

having a good time in the lap of luxury right now."

The demons fell silent for a moment, then a voice said, "Could it be that the Moon Lord fell in love at first sight? But that demon has no face at all, how did the Moon Lord find a place to bite?"

This strange question stumped all the demons present. After a moment of silence, the woman in yellow coughed and said, "That's the Moon Lord's private matter. If you keep gossiping like this behind her back, she might chop off your heads if she hears you. Go and rest now. We'll return to the Flame Realm first thing tomorrow morning and enter the Ruins of No Return once more."

"The Moon Lord..."

"No need to call her."

At her command, the demons transformed into invisible black mist and flew towards the caves in all directions. The woman subconsciously raised her eyes, glanced at the top of the cliff, turned around, and left, completely puzzled.

Soon, a hand with distinct knuckles suddenly appeared on a stone window carved out at the top of the cliff. The hand gripped the window frame tightly, as if exerting great force, and even the light blue veins were visible.

"Um......"

Her kneeling legs trembled violently, while her right hand, buried between them, continued to move up and down, with fluid constantly seeping from between her fingers and splashing onto the stone wall in front of her. Ji Lingyue's shoulders shrugged slightly, and before she knew it, her body was completely pressed against the window. The cold wind cooled her flushed face slightly, but her breath was still hot, and unrestrained moans occasionally escaped her lips.

Lan Wu pressed herself tightly against her from behind, her free hand pinching her chin and gently kissing her lips.

Before her was a full moon that seemed almost within reach, but a casual glance downwards revealed a pitch-black abyss where the cold wind howled. Lan Wu paused for a moment, suddenly realizing that making love here was not much different from doing it in the open.

Such a large window was opened next to the bed, but there was no

window panel that could be closed. If someone flew up, they could see what they were doing at a glance.

She lowered her head and kissed Ji Lingyue's neck, saying indistinctly, "Aren't you afraid of being seen?"

Ji Lingyue groaned and said haltingly, "This peak is mine, um… no one, no one dares to come…"

"Really?" Lan Wu smiled and praised her, "You're really amazing."

After saying that, she withdrew her hand from the tight acupoint, turned Ji Lingyue over, and carried her to sit on the windowsill.

Her bare back was suddenly exposed, with a bottomless cliff behind her. Ji Lingyue couldn't help but tremble. Her buttocks could only sit on a narrow window sill. Even though she wasn't afraid of falling, she couldn't help but feel nervous: "Lan Wu—"

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, parted her legs, and looked down at the little hole that had been fucked until it was bright red. The swollen clitoris had already emerged, red and glistening, and the two soft, wet labia were not yet closed, with the opening in the middle opening opening and closing, shyly and timidly releasing a stream of lustful fluid under her gaze.

Lan Wu raised her lips and looked up at her with a sweet smile: "Although no one dares to come, if you fall down naked, you'll definitely be seen, right?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback and stared at her blankly.

"So sit tight," she said gently, "so you don't fall off."

As soon as she finished speaking, the silver head slowly moved towards her crotch. In an instant, Ji Lingyue suddenly tensed up, her supple tongue licking the sticky flesh. As she couldn't help but whimper, it sucked on the swollen clitoris.

"Ah! Ah, Lan Wu!"

Ji Lingyue groaned loudly, trembling with pleasure. Wet and sticky fluid gushed from her vagina, flowing down her thighs and wetting her buttocks and the stone platform beneath her. She could not help but slip when she moved slightly, and could only clench Lan Wu's head tightly in fear.

“Lan, Lanwu,” she murmured, feeling both flustered and comfortable. The person buried between her legs had a firm grip on her, and whenever she tried to struggle, their lips and tongue, which were wrapped around her clitoris, would suck hard, turning her protests into soft moans that were broken apart by the evening breeze.

She clung tightly to the window frame, her body swaying precariously, her thick, long eyelashes fogged with moisture, and she sobbed as star-like tears fell.

Lan Wu continued to tease her sensitive and delicate clitoris, one hand lazily kneading her buttocks, while the other hand slowly moved down, rubbing against the wet juices, and squeezed into the entrance, slowly inserting it to the deepest part and stirring it.

As her fingers moved in and out, they stirred up more and more water, which flowed down the stone wall, glistening in the moonlight. Ji Lingyue’s cheeks were flushed, and with the wanton sounds of water beneath her, she soon began to pant and tremble, “Gently… mmm, so full…”

Lan Wu released her ravaged clitoris, leaned forward, kissed her violently heaving lower abdomen, and then slowly straightened up to take her erect nipple into her mouth.

Ji Lingyue instinctively wrapped her arms around Lan Wu’s waist, but her back still felt empty and unsupported, as if she were about to fall. She choked back a sob, thrusting her chest towards Lan Wu’s mouth while whimpering pitifully, “Mmm… hug me, hug me…”

Lan Wu helplessly bit her breast, then wrapped one arm around her waist to protect her firmly: “You’re just good at being coquettish.”

Ji Lingyue smiled triumphantly and hugged Lan Wu even tighter, as if she wanted to embed her into her arms: “If we fall, you’ll fall with me. Don’t even think about… Ah!”

She suddenly shuddered, her eyes widening in surprise as she stared blankly at Lan Wu. Lan Wu chuckled and raised an eyebrow, flicking her hot clitoris with her fingertip: “Go on.”

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, pursed her lips, and her red eyes quickly welled up with tears as she looked at her.

“Don’t try that on me,” Lan Wu said with a smile. “I’ve noticed that you’ve really become quite cunning. Where did you learn to play

dumb to outsmart others?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Ji Lingyue stammered, avoiding her gaze, and snuggled into her arms, whimpering, "It hurts…"

"Does it hurt?" Lan Wu gently rubbed the clitoris with her fingertips, and after hearing the increasingly erratic breathing in her arms, she suddenly pinched it hard: "I can tell you really like it."

Ji Lingyue groaned, the pain followed by intense pleasure. She couldn't help but curl her toes and spit out a stream of fluid.

Lan Wu chuckled and said, "What did I tell you?"

Her nimble fingertips continued to knead her sensitive clitoris. Ji Lingyue, who was in the throes of orgasm, couldn't bear it. She sobbed and hugged Lan Wu's neck tightly. Her two white legs kicked wildly in the air. Then she excitedly arched her back and twisted her buttocks to rub against Lan Wu's hand, spilling all her slippery lustful fluid into her palm.

"Mmm, hum…" She gasped for breath with her mouth open, her rosy lips covered with saliva she hadn't had time to swallow, her misty eyes slightly unfocused, but her arms were still tightly wrapped around Lan Wu.

When Lan Wu lifted her down from the windowsill and placed her on the bed, she was still in a daze. But when she lowered her head to kiss her, she would obediently open her mouth. Lan Wu was amused by her reaction. She kissed her tongue for a while, then spread her thighs and entered her wet and soft passage again.

The woman became proactive and passionate, clinging tightly to Lan Wu during their lovemaking, her cries accompanied by drawn-out moans, making her appear incredibly pitiful.

"Don't go," she clung to Lan Wu's shoulders and climbed up, pressing her waist forward. Even though she had just reached her peak and her legs were still twitching, she still swallowed the withdrawing fingers again, wrapping her legs around Lan Wu's waist: "More…"

Lan Wu tucked the stray silver strands behind her ears, lowered her eyes to look at the scenery below, and gently rubbed and twisted her fingers into the wet and tight nest. Ji Lingyue's breathing became unsteady, and a few soft moans escaped from her red lips. Her

phoenix eyes were filled with tears, and she frowned as if in pain and pleasure.

She leaned down and gently kissed Ji Lingyue's lips, saying in a hoarse voice, "Okay."

123. Good Girl

Ripples gradually spread across the warm water, and the woman who had been sitting by the pool slid down limply, groaning softly as she hunched her shoulders and began to breathe rapidly.

A silver siren emerged from the water, squinted, and approached, feeding her the taste of her tongue. Ji Lingyue's breath hitched, and she obediently licked Ji Lingyue's lips before hooking her arms around Ji Lingyue's neck and whispering, "Can't you transform into a mermaid anymore?"

Lan Wu hooked her shapely legs around her waist, seemingly surprised by the question. After a moment of silence, she shook her head and said, "No, I can't."

Seeing Ji Lingyue frown, seemingly a little sad, she smiled and reached out to rub the corner of her lips: "What's wrong? You used to dislike me because I was a monster, but now that I really don't look like a monster anymore, are you going to be sad again?"

"I stopped hating you for being a monster a long time ago," Ji Lingyue whispered. "You were very beautiful when you transformed into a mermaid."

Lan Wu was taken aback, blinked, and said casually, "Does not being able to transform into a mermaid mean I'm not pretty?"

"No," Ji Lingyue hugged her tightly, "You're beautiful no matter what, and besides, you didn't look down on me for being a demon, nor are you angry with me…"

"Wait," Lan Wu suddenly interrupted her, "Who said I wasn't angry?"

Ji Lingyue froze, and after a long while, she cautiously asked, "Are you angry?"

"You're calm now." Lan Wu stroked her bare back and whispered, "I was quite angry on the way to find you. You promised you wouldn't fall into demonic ways, but you still did, and you even came all this

way… But then I thought, you're not a three-year-old. Since you did these things, you must have your reasons. On the contrary, I've been sleeping and haven't woken up. I have no idea what you've been through all these years. If I were to lecture you with a straight face, it would seem ridiculous."

Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes and relaxed, nestling softly in her arms. Lan Wu patted her bottom and turned her around, pressing her against the pool wall: "Lie down properly."

Ji Lingyue protested, "I want to hold you."

"There will be plenty of time to hug her later." Lan Wu lowered her head and kissed the back of her neck, her fingers sliding down her buttocks to the bottom, rubbing the soft opening, and then separating her labia and inserting them.

The sound of water pattering filled the air. Gradually, a figure emerged from the warm pool, leaving a trail of wet footprints behind.

Ji Lingyue clung to Lan Wu like a koala, panting and groaning as she walked. When they reached the door of one of the rooms, she suddenly let out a soft moan, her alluring red vulva tightly wrapped around the vines that stretched her opening wide, and she squirted out a stream of water.

Hot liquid splashed all over Lan Wu's waist, dripping down. Lan Wu stopped and chuckled, "Didn't you say you could hold out until bedtime?"

Ji Lingyue was still panting, her eyes glazed: "It was you, you moved around…"

Lan Wu affectionately pinched the back of her neck, while the rattan inserted into her vagina continued to slowly move in and out. Amid the woman's increasingly rapid and disordered breathing, she turned her head to look at the dark room beside her and asked curiously, "What is this room for?"

"It's nothing…" She curled her legs up around Lan Wu's waist, her cheeks burning and her knees trembling. "It's just… um… putting… putting some things in…"

Lan Wu said "Oh," and turned her toes and went inside: "Let me take a look."

Upon entering, the bronze lamps hanging on the four stone walls shone with a pale white light, illuminating the small, quiet room. Before them stood a long table and a wooden chair, while against the wall was a row of bookshelves piled high with long, black boxes.

Lan Wu glanced around and, finding the place unremarkable, placed Ji Lingyue on the table. She leaned down and kissed her, and Ji Lingyue flinched, hooking her legs around Lan Wu's waist, trying to snuggle back into her arms, whining sweetly, "Cold…"

"It won't be cold in a little while."

She pecked Ji Lingyue's lips again, kissing downwards while raising her knee and occasionally bumping it against Ji Lingyue's tender inner thigh, rubbing against the protruding clitoris. Ji Lingyue gasped and lifted her waist to meet her movements, riding on her legs and twisting. The sticky honey water quickly wet the table under her buttocks, leaving a small puddle.

Without her noticing, her pale hands reached up to her chest, kneading and squeezing it haphazardly. This only made her feel more uncomfortable. She couldn't help but choke out a sob, her face flushed as she cupped her breasts and tremblingly brought them to Lan Wu's lips, gazing at her expectantly.

Lan Wu raised her eyes: "What do you want me to do?"

She lowered her head shyly and whispered, "Just a little bit."

After saying this, her thick, long eyelashes lowered, concealing her tearful red eyes. Lan Wu chuckled, kissed the corner of her eye, and obediently lowered her head to suckle her nipple. With one hand, she grabbed Ji Lingyue's hand, rubbed her palm open, and smeared the liquid on her fingers between her fingers.

Ji Lingyue couldn't help but straighten her chest and rub her neglected breast, completely unaware that Lan Wu was quietly reaching down with her hand until it disappeared into the dense thicket wet with her juices. Only when her fingertips were enveloped by the opening of her vagina did she suddenly wake up with a start.

"Lan Wu!"

Lan Wu hummed in agreement and easily guided her hand inside. Her two soft flesh clung to her sides, sweetly sucking on the foreign object that had entered her body. Ji Lingyue, however, froze on the spot, not

daring to move, as if even her breath had stopped.

After a while, Lan Wu slowly inserted the needle a few times, and the woman began to whimper and tremble. A blush spread from her face to her ears. Just as she was about to struggle, she heard a gentle voice close to her ear: “I’ll get angry if you pull it out.”

She immediately stopped what she was doing, but just kept it inside, as if she had used up all her sense of shame. Before long, tears welled up in her eyes, filled with grievance.

Lan Wu let out a soft “Hey,” and carefully wiped away the wet corners of her eyes: “You were just yelling for me to fuck you, how come you’re so shy about touching yourself?”

Ji Lingyue choked up and said, “This is different.”

“I don’t see any difference,” she said. Seeing Ji Lingyue’s eyes widen as she was about to retort, she suddenly raised her knee again and bumped Ji Lingyue’s hand, which was buried between her legs.

“Hmm!”

She groaned softly, her legs involuntarily curling up, as if stimulated by the previous thrust. Lan Wu captured her lips and continued to thrust rhythmically against the back of her hand. Soon, a faint gurgling sound could be heard.

“Ah, um…no…”

Ji Lingyue’s face flushed red. Although she was enjoying being fucked, she still tried to stop Lan Wu: “I don’t want to… I don’t want to…”

Lan Wu coaxed, “What do you mean, ‘myself’? I’m fucking you.” As she spoke, she leaned close to Ji Lingyue’s ear, nibbled on her earlobe, and mumbled, “Just enjoy it. You didn’t move, I’m the one moving.”

Ji Lingyue exhaled a breath of hot air, vaguely sensing that something was wrong. Lan Wu then took her nipple into her mouth again, and her free hand went down to rub her clitoris between her wet legs.

Her moans suddenly rose in intensity as her chest was enveloped by a warm, wet mouth, while fingers inserted into her vagina caused a squelching sensation as fluid dripped down the edge of the table. In a daze, Ji Lingyue arched her back, actively responding to the thrusting between her legs, frantically and chaotically swallowing the foreign

object inside her vagina, and soon cried out as she reached orgasm.

The saliva that she couldn't swallow flowed down her lips. Lan Wu blocked her open red lips, passionately enticing her pink tongue, swallowing all her hoarse breaths.

"Good girl," she said with a slight smile, her breathing quickening slightly. "Well done."

Ji Lingyue looked at her blankly, her eyes not yet focused, when in the next moment, Lan Wu had already carried her back to the bed outside. Her wet buttocks left dark marks on the sheets, and her legs were spread apart by the knees of the person behind her, wide open facing the bright moon outside the window. Ji Lingyue lay limply in Lan Wu's arms, her eyes slightly closed, her body still burning hot.

Lan Wu turned her head and kissed her ear, coaxing, "Be good, open your eyes and look."

A moment later, the person who had been seduced slowly lifted her long eyelashes, her misty eyes looking at the bright moon outside the window. But what she saw was not the moon, but instead, a beautiful face lost in lust.

She stared blankly at that face, and it took her slow brain a long time to process what was happening.

That was her face.

It was a mirror.

124. Do it yourself

Thin vines crawled up from behind her waist, then around her ribs, breasts, and neck, before winding down her legs and wrapping around her swollen clitoris.

She trembled suddenly, her legs swayed weakly, and she tried to bring them together, but Lan Wu pushed them even further apart.

"Um……"

Her fingers were covered in sticky juice, and she slowly inserted and withdrew them into her hole. Every time she tried to struggle, the other hand wrapped around her hand would tighten, guiding her to continue. The only way she could resist was to close her eyes tightly

and refuse to look at the water mirror in front of her.

However, this weak resistance seems to be crumbling under the influence of her cunning lover.

The woman hugged her from behind, kissed her neck, and said gently, “Sweetie, open your eyes.”

Her long eyelashes trembled, and Ji Lingyue opened her mouth, squeezing out a trembling sob from her throat: “No.”

Lan Wu sighed regretfully, looked at her flushed face in the mirror, and continued to ask, “Don’t you want to look at me?”

She gradually frowned, her lips pursed, as if caught in a dilemma. After a long while, she stammered, “Later…there will be plenty of time later…to see…”

Lan Wu was taken aback, remembering that these were the words she had used to brush off Ji Lingyue earlier, and chuckled, “You learn pretty quickly.”

She kissed Ji Lingyue’s nape again, and guided her fingers to thrust faster. Soon, a crisp sound of water came from below. Ji Lingyue involuntarily hunched her shoulders, but the rough vine passed through her armpits and wrapped around her rosy nipples.

The breathing around her suddenly became rapid. Lan Wu reached down with her other hand and grabbed the sensitive and delicate clitoris, kneading it. Ji Lingyue’s moans gradually became louder. As her fingers went in and out, the juices that were drawn out became more abundant. Due to the violent movements, they were frothed and smeared on the smooth clam meat.

Lan Wu glanced at the scenery reflected in her glasses, then leaned close to Ji Lingyue’s ear and whispered, “Even without opening your eyes, you can still feel it, can’t you?”

Ji Lingyue froze for a moment, then her eyelashes began to tremble again.

“It’s hot, and it’s biting really hard,” she said, her eyes crinkling with amusement. “And the sound it makes is like rain.”

“No, don’t say anymore…”

"Why?" Lan Wu laughed. "Can't you feel it? After I said that, you gripped even tighter down there. Doesn't that mean you like it?"

Ji Lingyue said shamefully, "I didn't!"

"Really?" Lan Wu held her hand and continued to thrust in and out of her hole, making gurgling sounds. "You're more sensitive than usual. You've only been fucked twice and you're already so wet. Does it feel good to do it yourself?"

She shook her head awkwardly: "No…"

Lan Wu smiled helplessly, pinched her chin and turned her face to kiss her slightly swollen lips: "Everyone says that demons are unrestrained, indulge in sensual pleasures and are dissolute, but you've only learned half of it."

Ji Lingyue snorted, biting her lip and asking indistinctly, "What… um, what do you mean?"

"You're bold when I tell you not to be, and shy when you should be." Lan Wu gently rubbed her nipple, playing with it in her hand: "Since you're so disobedient, I'm not going to bother with you anymore."

Ji Lingyue was stunned for a moment. Before she could speak, she felt one of the fingers inserted into her acupoints withdraw, leaving only her own fingertip inside. She felt embarrassed and hurriedly tried to pull it out, but Lan Wu said, "No."

She shuddered, and in her daze, she felt that Lan Wu's voice was colder and more stern than ever before, as if she were just a little pet trying to please its master, while Lan Wu was a powerful figure judging her from above.

The rattan wrapped around her neck seemed to transform into a collar for a servant in that instant, tightening slightly and leaving faint red marks on her fair neck.

Lan Wu said calmly, "I suddenly remembered, wasn't there something you were hiding from me before?"

Ji Lingyue asked tremblingly, "What?"

Lan Wu blinked, her fingertips brushing against her rosy nipples again. As expected, the person in her arms instinctively arched her chest, as if wanting her to touch them again.

She's so clingy.

She tilted her head and said, "A contract of life and death."

As soon as she finished speaking, the surroundings suddenly fell silent. Ji Lingyue's body stiffened, and the blush on her face seemed to turn pale. Lan Wu's fingers twitched slightly, and the vine that was wrapped around the woman's clitoris suddenly tightened, with the tip of the vine pressing against it and scratching.

"Hmm, hmm…"

She instinctively twisted her waist, as if trying to escape, but was instead entangled even more tightly, her clitoris becoming engorged and red from the tightness.

Lan Wu asked leisurely, "When was the contract established?"

Ji Lingyue sobbed, "It was… ah, it was formed together with the beast contract…"

"You are incredibly audacious."

Lan Wu lowered her eyes, recalling how she felt when Ji Xing told her about it, and she could still feel the despair and sorrow she felt at that time.

She was fully prepared to face death calmly, but then she suddenly learned that her lover had made a life-and-death pact with her, intending to go to the underworld with her. How cruel!

She went to so much trouble to protect Ji Lingyue, yet this person silently formed a life-and-death pact and even kept it a secret for so long. Thinking about it this way, it really makes one inexplicably angry.

Seemingly sensing the different atmosphere than usual, Ji Lingyue choked up and turned her head, snuggling up to her and pecking at her chin like a small animal.

Lan Wu lowered her eyes, looked at her wet eyes, and snorted, "Now you're willing to open your eyes?"

Ji Lingyue murmured, "Don't be angry."

"You even told me not to be angry," Lan Wu frowned, "You never listen to me."

"I will listen," Ji Lingyue quickly shook her head: "I will listen to you… I, I did not disobey."

"You were disobedient just now."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback. After a while, she pursed her lips in grievance, slowly turned her head, and stared at herself in the mirror.

The other person was completely naked, with narrow phoenix eyes slightly upturned, and the corners of their originally cold eyes were now tinged with red. Their fair face was covered with an undisguised spring-like desire, and their smooth black hair was stuck to their neck and bare shoulders with sweat, hanging down in abundance.

She blinked, rolled her eyes, and looked at Lan Wu behind her through the mirror.

Lan Wu met her submissive gaze and raised an eyebrow: "Is that enough?" She rested her chin on Ji Lingyue's shoulder and said gently: "Try it yourself, just like I did for you."

Ji Lingyue froze, looking at Lan Wu with a pitiful expression. Seeing that Lan Wu remained unmoved and smiled at her, she lowered her thick eyelashes pitifully and slowly moved the finger inserted into the acupoint.

"Look in the mirror."

Ji Lingyue let out a shameful whimper: "Lan Wu…"

Lan Wu repeated, "Look in the mirror."

She bit her lip and couldn't help but sob. It took her a long time to open her eyes and look at herself in the mirror with tears in her eyes.

"Good girl," the woman's voice chuckled, and she kissed her shoulder as a reward. "If you bring yourself to orgasm, I won't be angry anymore."

Ji Lingyue's eyes flickered, and she was about to call out to her again: "Lan…"

"Listen to me," Lan Wu interrupted her, "Don't close your eyes."

Seemingly realizing that Lan Wu wouldn't change her mind, she sniffed and finally started working while looking in the mirror.

The slender fingers, usually used for wielding a sword, plunged into the soft, moist opening. The white and red hues were exceptionally alluring. Ji Lingyue now resented her usually excellent eyesight, which allowed her to see the scenery beneath her even at this distance. A green vine clung to the sensitive clitoris, and the two smooth labia were turned outwards. The flesh, reddened from being penetrated, tightly gripped her knuckles, constantly releasing sticky, hot fluid while writhing unsatisfiedly.

She pursed her lips and thrust stiffly for a while before the woman behind her suddenly clicked her tongue and said, “If it’s too slow, I won’t calm down.”

Ji Lingyue was stunned for a moment, and before she could react, Lan Wu straightened up, seemingly about to get up and leave. She panicked and quickly grabbed her with her other hand: “I’ll be quick… I’ll be quick, don’t be angry.”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement and leaned down to kiss her on the corner of her lips: “Then prove it to me.”

Ji Lingyue closed her eyes briefly, wanting to lean in for another kiss, but was stopped by her fingertips pressing against her lips: “Be good, finish what you need to do first.”

She nodded obediently, leaned against Lan Wu’s chest, spread her legs wide, and panted as she inserted her fingers into her vagina in front of the mirror.

“Mmm, mmm…uh…”

This time, she was focused on reaching climax quickly to please Lan Wu, so she forced herself to temporarily abandon her shame, or rather, to fantasize that it was Lan Wu who was having sex with her…

This trick seemed to work; after a while, her breathing became rapid, and she cried out softly, “Ah, Lan, Lan Wu, um…”

Lan Wu blinked, feeling her ears burning from the way she was called, and wondered if she was doing it on purpose.

“Lan Wu…” she drawled, her fingers burying deeper and deeper into the hole. The soft flesh clung to her knuckles as she went in and out, squeezing out a squelching sound. The glistening juices flowed down her snow-white buttocks, soaking the sheet beneath her.

"Mmm, no…no…" She thrust harder and harder, twisting her waist, trying to swallow her own fingertips, but she could never reach that point. Ji Lingyue looked at Lan Wu in the mirror through teary eyes and whimpered, "Help me…mmm, Lan Wu, help, ah, help me…"

Lan Wu said gently, "Didn't you promise to do it yourself?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head, sobbing, and turned to kiss her cheek: "Help me… mmm…"

Lan Wu closed her eyes, letting the girl rub against her a few times, and sighed helplessly, "All you do is act cute and shameless."

She finally slid her hand down and began to rub the wet clitoris. Ji Lingyue let out a soft moan, arched her back and arched into her palm, her fingers thrusting hard into her vagina a dozen times. Then, she whimpered and opened her legs, trembling as she ejaculated a stream of hot, moist liquid.

"Ha, ah…"

She was panting heavily, her calves draped over Lan Wu's knees, her insteps stretched straight out of nowhere. The woman in the mirror opposite her had a flushed face, glazed eyes, and fluid was still leaking from between her legs, as if she had been thoroughly violated.

125. Good boy

As dawn broke, Lan Wu opened her eyes and saw a bare back and a fluffy black head. She yawned sleepily and whispered, "A-Yue."

Ji Lingyue let out a muffled hum, and after a while, slowly turned over. Lan Wu yawned again and was about to speak when she suddenly saw three gaping mouths staring at her, and her hair stood on end.

"ah!"

She suddenly opened her eyes, breathing heavily, her heart pounding as if it would jump out of her throat. Just then, a hand reached out from beside her and mumbled, "Having a nightmare?"

Lan Wu froze abruptly, and after a long while, she slowly turned her eyes to look at the person beside her.

Thankfully, it only has one mouth…

The moonlight outside the window was as clear as water. Lan Wu's heartbeat gradually calmed down, and she breathed a sigh of relief. She turned to the side and hugged Ji Lingyue, who was so sleepy that she could barely keep her eyes open, gently patting her back: "It's okay, go back to sleep."

"Hmm…" she responded softly, obediently closed her eyes, and quickly fell asleep. Lan Wu, who was holding her, couldn't fall asleep again. Recalling what had just happened, she found it even more amusing.

Not only did I dream that Ah Yue had three mouths, but I was also startled awake. It seems Danqing has been rambling on and on…

Wait, she suddenly paused, frowning. Danqing?

After a moment of stunned silence, Lan Wu finally reacted. With great difficulty, she pulled her hand out from under Ji Lingyue's head, then hurriedly jumped off the bed, wrapped herself in her outer robe, and ran barefoot to the other end of the cave.

A faint blue light flashed, and a small white bird suddenly appeared before her. Upon seeing Lan Wu, it cried out and rushed forward in a fit of rage, flapping its wings and swatting at her head: "You forgot about me again! I knew it!"

Lan Wu: "Shh!"

"Shh?" Danqing was furious. "You actually shushed me!"

"No, well, anyway…" Lan Wu lowered her voice, "Shh…"

"You!" She was even angrier. She transformed into human form with a bang, stood in front of Lan Wu, clenched her fists, stood on tiptoe, and loudly accused, "You always forget about me and don't care about me. You are the worst master in the whole world!"

As soon as she finished speaking, a black aura suddenly wrapped around her body and swept her away. Lan Wu subconsciously turned around and saw Ji Lingyue holding her clothes, which were about to slip down, to her chest with one hand, while the other hand was gripping the little girl's throat, staring intently at her: "Who are you?"

Lan Wu hurriedly said, "She is…"

Ji Lingyue glanced at her sideways: "Let her say it herself."

After many years, Lan Wu was taken aback when she received Ji Lingyue's glare again. After a while, she looked at the little bird who was almost frozen with fear and hesitated, "She can't say anything like this."

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then loosened her grip slightly: "Speak."

Danqing trembled for a moment as she was stared at by her cold red eyes, and then said in a trembling voice, "I, I…" She had lost her previous imposing manner, sniffed, and said in a tearful voice, "I am, I am Danqing."

"Danqing," Ji Lingyue read it aloud, then slowly frowned. "Danqing?"

After a moment of silence, she suddenly released her grip and exclaimed in surprise, "Danqing!"

The girl let out a soft moan, then instantly transformed back into a gyrfalcon, diving headfirst into Lan Wu's arms, trembling. Lan Wu helplessly smoothed her feathers and looked at the still bewildered Ji Lingyue: "Still fierce?"

Ji Lingyue clutched her clothes awkwardly, saying, "Who told you to get up suddenly in the middle of the night and run out to meet another girl in secret…"

Lan Wu couldn't help but smile, and said gently, "Did I wake you up?"

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement: "I can't sleep if you don't hold me." As she spoke, she slowly walked closer to Lan Wu, hesitated, and then placed her hand on Dan Qing: "I'm sorry."

After a while, Danqing slowly poked her head out from Lanwu's arms and looked at her cautiously. Lanwu suddenly realized something and was about to pinch her little mouth when she heard her say crisply, "You really don't have three mouths."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: "Three mouths?"

"She's just joking." Lan Wu thought to herself that the little bird's emotions were really unpredictable. She was scared just a moment ago, but she forgot about it as soon as she was coaxed. "Alright, you can rest here. If you don't want to rest, you can go out and play again. Just remember that I'm here."

Danqing snorted: “I’m not as forgetful as you.”

Lan Wu flicked her head: “You talk too much.”

Danqing shook its wings, flew around the room a few times, and landed on the bed in another stone chamber: “This is nice.”

Ji Lingyue said subconsciously, “Wait, that’s…”

She paused inexplicably, glanced at Lan Wu, coughed lightly, and said casually, “That’s a guest room, please make yourself at home.”

Lan Wu looked at her, puzzled: “Is there something wrong with this room?”

Ji Lingyue quickly shook her head, hugged Lan Wu’s neck, snuggled into her arms, and whispered, “Let’s continue sleeping.”

Just then, a clear voice rang out from inside the room: “Oh dear!”

Lan Wu turned her head: “What’s wrong?”

Danqing said, “There’s a white hair on the bed!”

Lan Wu frowned, looking down at the woman who had buried her head on her shoulder at some point, and pondered, “I didn’t go into that room just now, did I?”

Ji Lingyue gripped the hem of her clothes tightly, her heart pounding with nervousness, and her jade-white toes on the ground curled up involuntarily: “…No.”

Lan Wu gave an “oh” and looked at her with a half-smile: “You’ve hosted guests here before?”

If it were just receiving guests, she wouldn’t think anything of it, but given Shang Ji Lingyue’s unusual reaction just now, she realized something was wrong: “Was it just one guest?”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, not expecting her to be so perceptive. She could only lower her head and shrink into her arms, trying to get away with it: “Let’s go to sleep.”

The more she acted this way, the more suspicious Lan Wu became. But the person standing in front of her only had a piece of clothing covering her chest, leaving large areas of skin exposed and shivering in the cold of the night.

However, powerful demons shouldn't be afraid of the cold. Lan Wu guessed that she was just pretending to be pitiful, but she couldn't bring herself to do it. After hesitating for a moment, she finally gave in.

"Then let's go to sleep first."

She grabbed Ji Lingyue's waist and pulled her up slightly, and the woman jumped up. She carried her back and fell onto the soft bed. Ji Lingyue's legs were still curled up at her waist. She looked up and planted a kiss on her neck.

Lan Wu felt hot from her kisses, and her fingertips explored her soft inner thigh, unsurprisingly finding it slightly damp: "Weren't you going to sleep?"

"Do it again," she said, trembling as she was touched, her eyes narrowed. "I want it…"

Lan Wu lowered her head, cupped Ji Lingyue's face and kissed her gently. She rubbed against the entrance and then slipped two fingers inside.

"Um……"

Ji Lingyue frowned, half-closed her eyes, and urged Lan Wu to hurry up. Lan Wu obediently began to thrust, her hands gradually dripping with fluid, and she heard rapid breathing in her ear. Ji Lingyue climbed onto her shoulders, her damp eyelashes trembling, and turned her head to kiss her neck.

Lan Wu couldn't help but let out a soft moan, her fingers still stirring inside the woman's vagina, while her other hand grasped her snow-white breasts and kneaded them forcefully.

"Ah… Ah ha… Ugh…" Ji Lingyue cried out in a muffled voice, when she suddenly heard Lan Wu whisper a reminder from the side: "Shh, Danqing is right next to us."

She was suddenly startled, pursed her lips, and stared unblinkingly at the woman on top of her with her wet eyes.

Lan Wu smoothed her loose silver hair, gave her a sweet smile, and lowered her head to kiss her: "That's a good girl."

126. Jade Beauty 53°Ce.°Co□

“Clang!”

“Smack!”

The continuous noise reached her ears, and Lan Wu buried her head, her brows furrowed. She wanted to crawl into the comfortable blankets, but her movements woke up the person next to her.

Ji Lingyue turned to her side, revealing her shoulder exposed to the warm sunlight. She lazily embraced the person who had snuggled into her arms, gently rubbing her soft, silvery hair. She closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep again.

“Bang!”

After the loud noise, the person in my arms also shuddered. Finally, unable to bear it any longer, I pulled out the messy head of the sleeping child, glared at the beautiful eyes, and said angrily, “Danqing!”

Ji Lingyue remained lying lazily on the ground, tilting her head and her narrowed red eyes filled with a gentle smile: “Never mind, it’s already this late, time to get up.”

“We should get up at this time on weekdays,” Lan Wu turned her head and pinched her nose, “but have you forgotten what time we went to sleep yesterday?”

Ji Lingyue tilted her head innocently and said, “As a cultivator, it’s not necessary to sleep.” (This story was first published on: yzz.tw.com. Please read subsequent chapters on the original site.)

Lan Wu snorted: “You’re really protecting her.”

Before she could say anything more, she heard a clattering sound, and then a small white bird flew over, carrying a long painting in its beak.

Ji Lingyue glanced over casually, then suddenly froze, sitting up to grab the painting, but Lan Wu caught it first: “What is this?”

“wait……”

Before she could finish speaking, Lan Wu had already fully unfolded her skills.

The long canvas is filled with clear moonlight. A silver-haired siren sits on a reef, her eyes smiling, her lips red and teeth white. Her chest

and waist are covered with wave-like scales, and her thin, gauze-like tail fin floats on the sea with the waves. She is so lifelike that it seems as if the water droplets hanging on her bare skin could drip off with a gust of wind.

Lan Wu stared at it for a while, then commented, "The painting is quite good."

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and slowly closed her eyes, her face flushed red all the way to her ears.

"What's wrong?" Lan Wu said with amusement, "It's not like it's the first time I've seen this, why are you shy?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, her eyelashes carefully parting slightly: "Isn't this the first time?"

"I saw it on the airship back then." She put down the painting, thought for a moment, and added, "But in the last painting, I was still wearing clothes."

"…" Ji Lingyue closed her eyes again.

As luck would have it, Danqing added fuel to the fire from the side: "Those boxes are full of this kind of thing. I've found them all, about a hundred of them."

Ji Lingyue bit her lip, a restless black mist spreading from her body, and her red eyes looked over sinisterly: "Danqing."

"Don't get angry at her yet," Lan Wu said, her eyes crinkling into a smile. "Tell me first, why have you been keeping the life-and-death pact from me all this time?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback. The black mist that had just emerged retreated like a small flame that had been extinguished in an instant: "About this matter, last night…didn't you already…not be angry anymore?"

"I'm not angry," Lan Wu said with a smile. "I was just asking why."

Ji Lingyue clenched her hands, her eyes darting away, and after a long while she said, "Because… I'm afraid you'll be angry."

Lan Wu said "Oh": "You were afraid I would be angry, so you kept it from me. But keeping it from me only made me angrier. Isn't that

right?"

Ji Lingyue reluctantly replied, "Yes."

"Then why are you still keeping it from me?" Lan Wu leaned closer to her and said gently, "Didn't we say before that we should say what we like and dislike directly, and not hide anything from each other? It's clearly a matter between the two of us, but you're keeping it to yourself. Isn't that just adding to your troubles? If you say it out loud, maybe the result won't be so bad."

Ji Lingyue said, "But…but when I first formed the life-and-death pact, it wasn't for your own good."

"Um?"

"When we formed the contract, I was still full of resentment towards you. I formed the beast contract to bind you, and the life-and-death contract because I was afraid you would betray me, afraid your family would take you away. I wanted to keep you as a backup plan, even if it meant mutual destruction, so that you wouldn't dare to leave me." Ji Lingyue's voice grew softer and softer as she spoke, and her eyes reddened. "I was not good to you back then, and I blamed everything on you. Actually, it was me. I was too selfish."

Lan Wu was silent for a while, then asked, "When you formed the contract, did you ever think that if I died, you would die too?"

She hummed in agreement: "But compared to you leaving again, dying with you doesn't seem so scary."

"You," Lan Wu pursed her lips and couldn't help but sigh, "You… don't take me so seriously, at least not more seriously than yourself."

She shook her head and whispered, "I met you when I was fourteen, and fell in love with you when I was fifteen. You appeared in front of me too early, and I had no interest in paying attention to anyone else."

Lan Wu chuckled and said, "So, in the end, it turns out to be my fault?"

Ji Lingyue pouted and snorted, "It's all your fault."

She coughed lightly and poked Ji Lingyue's chest: "Don't change the subject. Just tell me, can you guarantee now that you won't lie to me

or hide things from me in the future, and that we can discuss things together?"

The woman nodded quickly: "I promise."

"real?"

"real."

"Okay," Lan Wu nodded, then suddenly asked, "Then tell me, whose white hair is it on the bed in Danqing's room?"

"..."

So that's where she was waiting.

Ji Lingyue was speechless for a moment: "That, that is..."

Who is it?

"It belongs to a guest."

"Who is this guest?"

Even if I told you, you wouldn't recognize me.

How am I supposed to recognize you if you don't tell me?

Ji Lingyue blinked and stammered, "Anyway... he was just a guest."

Lan Wu clicked her tongue and crossed her arms: "What did you promise me just now? Is the Moon Lord going to go back on her word?"

Called "Lord Moon" by her, Ji Lingyue felt even more embarrassed and flustered. After hesitating for a long time, she stammered, "Yes, she is a demon. She is not very old and is now a famous doctor in the Demon Realm. She has treated my injuries many times."

Lan Wu frowned: "So what's so taboo about this? Or did she see you naked while you were healing...?"

"No!"

Ji Lingyue's eyes widened, and she said angrily, "I always apply the medicine myself!"

Lan Wu was startled: "Why are you so nervous?"

Seeing Lan Wu's suspicious look, Ji Lingyue bit her lip, struggled for a long time, and finally said in a desperate manner, "Ten years ago, when I left your side and came to Yan Realm again, I dug up a piece of white jade in the Ruins of No Return."

Lan Wu raised an eyebrow: "And then?"

"Then… I used that jade to carve you, wanting to talk to me, no, not just talk to me, just listen to me." At this point, Ji Lingyue's lips twitched into a barely perceptible smile: "But while my painting skills have improved, I'm truly not good at carving. The jade figure I sculpted only resembled you by about three-tenths. Even so, I still carefully kept it here, to keep me company while I ate, practiced, and healed when I emerged from the Void of No Return. But one day, when I returned here, I discovered… discovered it had become a person."

Lan Wu was taken aback, staring at her in astonishment, while Ji Lingyue clenched her fists, almost unable to speak: "She called me… Mother."

Lan Wu stared blankly, mouth agape: "Mother…"

Ji Lingyue quickly interrupted her: "It was only the first time she called me that. After that, she only called me 'sister.' I searched among many older demons and found out that the jade was an extremely rare embryonic jade, formed over a hundred years. It was born with a spirit. After I dug it out, it absorbed the rich demonic energy outside, which made it transform into a human faster. At first, she only had the mind of a ten-year-old child. After a month, she became much smarter. I named her. When her mind was basically mature, I sent her to a friend's place to learn medicine. But she really treated me like family. She would come back to live with me from time to time. When I was injured, she was the one who treated me."

Lan Wu sat motionless, unable to come to her senses for a long time: "So, she's calling you now?"

Ji Lingyue took a breath and said, embarrassed and annoyed, "Sister!"

"Why."

She didn't react for a moment, and when she realized that Lan Wu was teasing her again, her face turned red: "Are you even listening to

me?!"

Lan Wu nodded: "I understand. Isn't this just like the stories in human folk tales, where a spirit sprang from a stone?"

"Aren't you angry?" Ji Lingyue asked anxiously, "I carved her in your likeness, and in the end, she even grew into a human."

"Didn't you say she only looked 30% like her?" Lan Wu pulled her onto her lap. "I'd like to know, what name did you give her?"

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, and after a long while, she whispered, "Ji Yun."

"Ji Yun?" Lan Wu asked gently, "The 'Yun' in 'cloud'?"

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, but for some reason, her throat suddenly became dry: "It is… my younger sister's name."

127. The Ruins of No Return

"Really?" Lan Wu gently brushed her brow with her fingertip and smiled, "Since she's my sister, I must meet her."

Ji Lingyue gradually relaxed and smiled: "It's not difficult. She should be back in about half a month."

"More than half a month…" Lan Wu pursed her lips and hesitated, "A Yue, I can't stay here for too long."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback and subconsciously tightened her grip on her hand: "Where are you going again?"

"It's not me, it's us." Lan Wu said patiently, "I came to find you to take you back, Yue. Don't forget, things at home aren't over yet."

"Go back?" Ji Lingyue's long eyelashes trembled. "Go back?"

Lan Wu frowned: "You don't want to go back?"

She didn't answer, but said helplessly, "You finally woke up. Here, everyone is afraid of me and respects me. If you stay with me, no one will dare to hurt you. You can do whatever you want, and no one else can bother us…" Her voice grew softer and softer. Ji Lingyue avoided Lan Wu's gaze, clenched her fists, and finally managed to say the last sentence: "As long as we let go of those things, we can live happily ever after…"

Lan Wu said, "But I can't bear to part with it."

Ji Lingyue froze for a moment, pursed her lips, and a blush gradually rose to the corners of her slightly upturned eyes.

Seeing her like this, Lan Wu sighed and asked in a soft voice, "Why don't you want to go back? Are you afraid? Afraid of those people, those demons, or those things?"

"I'm afraid you'll die." Ji Lingyue interrupted her, "I'm afraid you'll turn back into that state, and I'm afraid I'll be powerless to protect you."

"But you're already so amazing."

Even so, I'm not sure it's foolproof.

"Nothing in this world is foolproof. Besides, my teachers, friends, relatives, enemies, and benefactors are all still there. How can I abandon them?"

"But if it were you…"

"If something happens to me again, the worst consequence would be losing my life." Lan Wu rubbed her cheek and laughed, "You just said it wasn't scary to die with me, are you scared now?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head: "No!"

"Since I'm not afraid, what is there to hesitate about? Yue, I'm determined to go back, no matter what the outcome." She paused and whispered, "After all, I've already promised my mother."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, and asked blankly, "Mother?"

"Yes, my real mother." Lan Wu's nose tingled, but she still managed a smile. "On the night we parted ways in the demon realm, I learned many things…"

She hesitated for a moment, then, facing Ji Lingyue's focused gaze, she finally recounted how she had broken into the Demon King's palace, met Xuan Yu, and everything that followed. Although her story was somewhat incoherent and rambling, Ji Lingyue still understood. Her beautiful face changed several times, and she gripped Lan Wu's hand tighter and tighter.

"After my mother disappeared, I woke up and only then did I realize

that fifteen years had passed…" She suddenly swayed, looked at the person who had suddenly hugged her, and subconsciously asked, "What's wrong?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head and said softly, "Thank you for your hard work."

Lan Wu was startled, blinked hastily, and a tear fell down her cheek. She quickly wiped it away, pretending to be relaxed, and said, "When I told my sister about this, she didn't believe me. She thought I was still half asleep…"

"I believe you," Ji Lingyue tightened her arms and said in a muffled voice, "She doesn't believe me, but I do. I believe whatever you say."

Lan Wu chuckled: "You're just trying to flatter me."

"If I don't comfort you, who else can I comfort?" She raised her head, carefully touched the woman's wet eyes, and said earnestly, "Lan Wu, if you feel sad, it's okay not to smile. You don't always have to worry about my feelings. I can take care of you too."

Lan Wu fell silent, but her icy tears dripped onto Ji Lingyue's hand. She lowered her head, looking at the wet marks left by the tears, and said in a hoarse voice, "Look, I can't even cry out pearls anymore."

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and looked at her quietly.

"My aunt wanted Ji Xing to kill me. Strangely, at the time I even understood her feelings, but even if I understood, I didn't want to die because… it hurt too much." She took a breath and said in a trembling voice, "When Ji Xing seriously injured me, when she took my blood, when she dug out my pearl… it all hurt too much."

"My aunt killed me, and my mother perished to save me. Even if those remaining fragmented souls were to be resurrected, they would never be the Chu Chunhan of the past," Lan Wu said hoarsely. "But she didn't even know that she had destroyed the most important wisp of her soul with her own hands."

Do you hate her?

Lan Wu shook her head: "I pity her."

Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes: "I hate her. If I encounter her when I get back, I will not show any mercy."

Lan Wu chuckled, her eyes still glistening with tears: “Weren’t you unwilling to go back just now?”

“Since you insist on going back, I will go back with you. You are right. I have fought here for years, shed too much blood, and suffered too much. If I were to settle down here now, wouldn’t all my efforts be wasted? Do what you want to do, and I will always stay by your side to protect you.” She paused, her voice growing colder: “Besides, I also have a score to settle with Ji Xing.”

“Okay,” Lan Wu nodded, reaching out to rub her stern face: “Although my spiritual power is low, I’m not that weak. As long as I don’t have to rely on brute force, it’s not certain who will protect whom.”

“Then you protect me.” Ji Lingyue relaxed, bent down and snuggled into her arms, tilting her head up and saying, “First of all, you have to stay by my side every step of the way.”

Lan Wu laughed and was about to lean down and kiss her on the cheek when a fluffy little head squeezed between her palm and the sheet, lifting her hand up: “As long as you don’t always forget me, I will protect you too.”

Lan Wu paused for a moment, looked down at Danqing’s bright eyes, and couldn’t help but ruffle her downy feathers: “Thank you.”

Danqing happily shook its wings, puffed out its fluffy chest, and said crisply, “You’re welcome.”

“You,” Lan Wu chuckled, giving her another playful pat, “you and Ali will definitely get along well.”

After laughing and joking around until the afternoon, Ji Lingyue finally jumped out of bed, packed her luggage, and prepared to leave with Lan Wu the next day.

But after looking around, she found the stone chamber empty. Apart from the paintings that Danqing had unearthed, there was nothing else to organize. The only thing she couldn’t put down was the jade figure. So she sat down at the table, ground ink, and began to write, preparing to leave a letter for Ji Yun.

With nothing else to do, Lan Wu swung her legs and sat on the narrow windowsill, gazing at the scenery of the Demon Realm.

She looked south and saw a fiery red expanse at the horizon, an eerie

red that seemed to burn from the horizon all the way to the sky. Black smoke occasionally emanated from it, filling the air with an ominous aura. When asked, Ji Lingyue answered distractedly, “That is the Flame Realm. The Flame Realm is perpetually ablaze with an inextinguishable Netherfire. The ground is always scorching hot. If you accidentally break through the protective layer on top and fall into the Flame Cave, you will be instantly burned to ashes. As for the center of the Flame Realm, it is a completely dark abyss known as the Ruins of No Return.”

“The Ruins of No Return, what an unlucky name.”

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement: “We still don’t know how deep the Void of No Return is, but inside, there exists a crystal containing rich magical power, which we call the Demon Heart.”

“It contains magical power, so isn’t it similar to a spirit stone?”

“They are similar, but the demonic power contained in the Demon Heart is far stronger. Countless demons have entered the Ruins of No Return for those Demon Hearts. A Demon Heart the size of a brick can help a demon’s power advance by one level. You can imagine how bloody and cruel the struggle for it would be.”

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then turned her head and said, “I haven’t asked you yet what level of skill you’ve reached this time?”

Ji Lingyue turned her head and said, “If we compare it according to the cultivation realm, it should be… the mid-stage of Nirvana.”

Lan Wu’s eyes widened in astonishment: “In just over ten years, you’ve already climbed a major step?”

“This is the demonic art,” Ji Lingyue said calmly. “It devours other demons, absorbs their power, kills all those who stand in its way, and abandons all kindness. But the most crucial element is still the demonic heart I swallowed three years ago.”

Lan Wu stared at her blankly.

“I almost died because of that demonic heart, but when I thought of the life-and-death pact, I forced myself not to fall asleep completely, and forced myself to crawl out of the Void of No Return.” Ji Lingyue gave a pale smile and said in a low voice, “At that time, my mind was in chaos. On the way out, I left behind countless corpses, and many more were swallowed up by my demonic mist, leaving not even

corpses. Now that I think about it, if I die in the future, I will definitely go to the eighteenth level of hell."

Lan Wu quickly spat twice: "What nonsense are you talking about? What do you mean by death? Take it back right now!"

Ji Lingyue smiled and said, "You asked me before if I was afraid of dying with you."

"Take them all back." Lan Wu jumped out of the window, walked to her, and knelt down on one knee: "I won't say anything anymore, and neither will you. Let's both live well."

Ji Lingyue hummed in response, but the next moment, she seemed to hear something and frowned, looking towards the door. Soon, a gust of black wind flew in swiftly and landed on the ground with a thud: "Lord Yue!"

Ji Lingyue put down her pen and said coldly, "Who gave you permission to trespass?"

The man cried out in alarm, "I know I was wrong! But… but… the other two lords sent me to ask for help, but they are trapped in the Ruins of No Return!"

——

I'll ask Yuebao to help me out while we wait for Ji Yun to come back, then the four of us can go home together. ξ(? > ??)

128. Good Fortune

"I'll be right back."

After saying this, Ji Lingyue transformed into a black butterfly and flew out of the cave, disappearing into the distance in an instant.

Lan Wu exclaimed and was about to chase after it when she felt a tightness around her waist. She looked down in confusion and found a black, tentacle-like object wrapped around her waist, holding her firmly in place.

"Ah Yue?" She frowned and tentatively stepped back. Sure enough, the thing obediently loosened its grip on her waist and hung limply down, as ethereal as a wisp of smoke that could be blown away by the wind at any moment.

"…"

Lan Wu understood its meaning, covered her mouth with her fist, coughed lightly, and walked into the house as if it were natural. But halfway there, she suddenly turned around and ran towards the door. Unexpectedly, the thing was very clever. Seeing that she was about to go out, it quickly climbed onto her ankle and tried to pull her back. Lan Wu was startled and quickly grabbed the door frame, angrily saying, "Ji Lingyue!"

The black mist trembled at the roar, but showed no intention of letting go. Noticing that Lan Wu was sneaking out, it ignored her resistance and pulled her forcefully back into the house.

Lan Wu wasn't as strong as it, and was quickly pulled up into the air. She hurriedly cried out, "Danqing!"

"Hey!" Danqing responded from afar, flying out from one of the rooms inside. Upon seeing the scene, he couldn't help but widen his eyes: "Oh dear, what is that?"

"Never mind that," Lan Wu reluctantly stretched out a hand and pointed in the direction of Yan Jing: "Go, follow A Yue…"

"Alright." Danqing emerged from the cave and flew away in no time.

Lan Wu was taken aback, turned her head to look at the motionless black mist, and said angrily, "Why aren't you doing anything about her?!"

The black mist remained unmoved. After dragging her back to the middle of the room, it curled up into a ball and rubbed against her face in a coaxing manner, looking soft and harmless.

"Don't touch me," Lan Wu slapped it away, couldn't help but glare at it, and got up to walk towards the bedroom: "Fine, I won't go then. Wait until you come back, and see how I deal with you!"

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the thing sneaking behind her. It was clearly an invisible and shapeless black mist, yet it had a somewhat ghostly feel to it. Lan Wu walked to the bedside, sat down cross-legged, and looked at it with annoyance: "Don't come any closer, just looking at you annoys me."

The black mist paused, then slumped and spread out on the ground. After a while, it slowly stood up again, deformed several times, and

cautiously approached.

Lan Wu crossed her arms and glanced at it sideways: “What?”

It moved closer, shaking the fluffy tuft on top. Lan Wu frowned, then turned to examine it closely. After a while, she hesitated and said, “This isn’t a flower, is it?”

It shook excitedly.

Lan Wu was amused by it: “Where can you find such an ugly flower?”

As soon as she finished speaking, the black mist in front of her quickly shrank into a ball, like a wilted eggplant. Lan Wu sighed and said speechlessly, “Why are you sad? I’m sad because you won’t let me out.”

After saying that, she placed her hands neatly on her lower abdomen and slowly lay down: “Alright, I’ll continue to rest. You go and keep watch outside.”

The black mist hesitated and floated up, circling around her bedside without leaving. Lan Wu glanced at it and asked in surprise, “What, are you afraid I’ll jump out the window and run away?”

It straightened its body and swayed up and down as if nodding.

Lan Wu: …

She turned to look at the spacious window beside her, remained silent for a long while, and then said, “You’re really annoying.”

With a deep sigh, Lan Wu got out of bed again, wandering aimlessly through the rooms while muttering, “Getting more and more domineering. He says one thing and does another. In the morning he wanted me to stay by his side every step of the way, but now he runs away faster than a rabbit…”

Seeing it shamelessly following behind her, Lan Wu suddenly turned around, her face stern, and said fiercely, “I’m talking to you, don’t pretend you didn’t hear me!”

The black mist contracted, and after a while, it continued to follow behind her as if nothing had happened. Lan Wu was speechless, feeling as if she had punched a cotton ball. All her efforts had done was to vent her anger, and nothing else had changed.

As night fell, the stars could be faintly seen twinkling outside the window. After pacing around the stone chamber several times, Lan Wu finally grew tired and resignedly extended her hand: “Come on…”

Before she could finish speaking, the black mist darted into her palm and rubbed against her pitifully.

Lan Wu poked it helplessly: “I won’t hold it against you this time. After all, you were thinking about my safety.”

It swayed and visibly became more active, turning into a ball and rolling around in Lan Wu’s hands. Lan Wu chuckled, gently cupped it in both hands, and whispered, “Then, I hope you won’t hold it against me.”

As soon as she finished speaking, a ghostly blue light suddenly burst forth from her palm. A wall of light with runes flowing on all four sides appeared around the black mist, tightly fitting together to form a square cage. Lan Wu threw it away and turned to run away, but the black mist suddenly swelled up. After a sharp buzzing sound, the rune array on all four sides was shattered by it, breaking into firefly-like specks of light.

However, she hadn’t intended to trap it with this. After a brief delay, Lan Wu leaped out of the cave, turned around to look at the surging mist rushing towards her like a flood, put two fingers to her lips, and revealed a bright smile.

“out.”

A dense array of blue magic circles instantly appeared in the air, covering the entire stone chamber. The black mist rushed to the doorway, only to be slammed back. It looked impatiently at Lan Wu, who had stepped onto the flying sword, and slammed it a few more times. Seeing that it couldn’t get out, it flew off to find another exit.

Lan Wu laughed and said, “Don’t bother looking. I went around in circles and sealed off all the exits. If I couldn’t trap the main body, surely I can trap you?”

Seeing it persistently banging against other windows, Lan Wu shook her head and waved her hand, saying, “I’m leaving. You stay inside quietly.”

Freed from the lingering demonic mist, she felt much lighter and flew towards the Flame Realm, where the night sky was still ablaze with

crimson clouds. Halfway there, she noticed a small white dot approaching her. After a moment's thought, she formed a hand seal and chanted a summoning incantation.

A flash of blue light, and Danqing appeared before her with a thud. Upon seeing who it was, he stopped flapping his wings and fell straight down. Lan Wu quickly caught him and asked in surprise, "What's wrong with you?"

The little bird lay limply in her palm, saying weakly, "It's too hot, I can't stand it."

"Why not use your spiritual energy to avoid the heat?"

"That's heat that can't be avoided by using your spirit." She tilted her head, pressed her palm against Lan Wu's cool palm, and comfortably spread her wings: "There are many caves in there, some of which breathe fire. However, I saw which cave A Yue went into."

"Okay." Lan Wu exhaled a layer of moisture that clung to her wings. "Are you feeling better now?"

Danqing hummed in agreement, slowly turned over, and lay on her hand: "Let's go, I'll lead the way for you."

"Since you're leading the way, why aren't you moving?"

Danqing grumbled, "I can lead the way with my mouth."

Helpless, Lan Wu had no choice but to carry her towards the place where the firelight reached the sky. When they entered a rugged canyon, she suddenly heard a buzzing sound in her ears, and then a gust of wind carrying scorching heat rushed onto her face.

Sweating instantly broke out on her body. Lan Wu steadied herself in the wind. The ground beneath her feet was no longer flat, but rather pitted and uneven, as if it had been pierced into a sieve, covered with countless holes. As Dan Qing had said, some of them were spewing crimson flames, reaching dozens of feet in height.

Lan Wu dodged the scorching pillars of fire and flew forward following Dan Qing's directions. The little bird's downy feathers were ruffled by the wind, and it buried its head under its wings, saying in a muffled voice, "If you go any further, there's a mountain that looks like a camel's hump. The taller one has a huge cave at its bottom, and it looks really scary…"

"She went to that place?"

"No, she's still quite far in."

"…"

Lan Wu, unable to bear it any longer, pushed her away: "It's so hot and you're still saying so many irrelevant things. Don't blame me, just fly away yourself."

"No," Danqing shifted her position in her hand, "I'm too tired to fly."

Lan Wu took a breath, closed her eyes, and sneered, feeling like she was about to faint from anger at the two of them: "Having the two of you is truly my blessing."

129. Terrifying

When Lan Wu finally found the cave entrance where Ji Lingyue had gone down, she was already covered in sweat. Dan Qing was right; this place was not like normal heat. Even though she circulated her spiritual energy to form a barrier around herself to escape the heat, the scorching heat still seeped in from all directions, making her face turn red. It was no different from being in a steamer.

But as she descended into the dark cave, the temperature gradually decreased. Lan Wu lit a firefly and discovered that the cave walls were smooth and felt like jade. The further down she went, the more spacious the space became, but a faint smell of blood lingered in her nostrils, appearing and disappearing intermittently, making her feel uneasy.

Lan Wu, holding Danqing, had just turned a corner when she suddenly came into contact with a dark face. She shuddered and barely managed to refrain from screaming.

Danqing screamed: "Ah!"

"Ah!" The demon jumped back in fright, clutching his chest and looking her up and down: "You, you, who are you?!"

Lan Wu: "I, uh, I am…"

"I don't care who you are!" He shoved Lan Wu aside with his shoulder and scrambled upwards in a panic. "If you want to live, run! Damn it, I don't know which bastard said that God of Death wasn't here…"

The sound faded into the distance, and the demon disappeared into the end of the cave, still muttering. Lan Wu shut her mouth, hesitated for a moment, and continued walking down. Dan Qing, however, curled up in her arms, wriggling around, and soon crawled into her clothes, saying matter-of-factly, “I’m going to close my eyes and not come out.”

Lan Wu looked at the bulging mass inside her clothes and said, “If you’re scared, go back first. I’ll go down by myself.”

Danqing shook his head: “No.”

Lan Wu was at a loss with her. She walked down for a while longer and finally heard a faint sound. A faint red light appeared in the distance. She quickly quickened her pace. When she reached the end, her pupils suddenly contracted and she stopped abruptly, her heart pounding.

Unbeknownst to her, she had already stepped halfway off the cliff. Pebbles tumbled down, and before her lay a vast abyss, pitch black and bottomless below, with no light visible above.

Lan Wu braced herself against the wall, wondering what that red light was, when she heard a whooshing sound and a streak of fire flew swiftly from the side, bringing with it a scorching heat. She quickly retreated and glanced over, only to discover that it wasn’t a ball of fire, but a black demon engulfed in flames.

The Black Demon, his face flushed red, crashed into the stone wall with a thunderous roar. A shadow, too fast to see clearly, followed closely behind, piercing through his body and pinning him firmly to the wall.

The longsword hummed, spreading out an invisible black mist that devoured the flames and slowly enveloped his exposed skin.

“Crunch…crunch…”

A hoarse sound came from the Black Demon’s throat, and one scarlet eye was wide open. As soon as he opened his mouth, demonic mist poured in, silencing all sound. Lan Wu stood motionless, watching his body rapidly shrink, becoming withered and twisted in a flash, and then being swallowed up little by little by the writhing black mist. She felt an indescribable horror and subconsciously held her breath.

After the Black Demon completely disappeared, the lone longsword

nailed to the wall swayed, then flew out again with a whoosh, silently hovering in mid-air.

Lan Wu was startled and stared up at it, feeling that something terrible was about to happen.

Sure enough, after a moment of silence, it hummed again, the sword body trembled, and gradually split into a second, a third, a fourth… The clanging of the swords sounded like a death warrant. When the sound stopped, there were nearly a hundred long swords hanging in the air, their bluish-black light flashing, and their sharp blades flowing with dense demonic energy. They slowly turned their direction and aimed at the stone walls in all directions.

Lan Wu: …

As hundreds of sword shadows fell like stars, dozens of black wisps suddenly flew out of the previously deathly silent Stone Abyss, scattering in all directions like startled birds or headless flies.

Lan Wu was taken aback. Looking at the swarm of demons flying around overhead, she couldn't help but wonder if she was too slow to notice. There were so many demons hiding around, and she hadn't even noticed a single one of them.

While she was still in a daze, screams rose and fell around her, and a familiar figure appeared out of nowhere. Ji Lingyue hung high above, her body completely blending into the darkness, with only her red eyes shining with a bloodthirsty light.

A chilling, eerie demonic mist emanated from her body, blocking all paths. She casually tossed aside the corpse in her hand, raised the corner of her mouth, and with a backhand flick, a sword shadow flew out, piercing through the head of another creature attempting to escape.

Amidst the piercing screams, Lan Wu couldn't help but gasp and take a step back. The gravel beneath her feet crunched underfoot. Almost simultaneously, the sword shadows that had been slashing and slaughtering through the air suddenly changed direction and flew towards her with murderous intent.

She instinctively opened her eyes wide: "Ah Yue!"

The sword tip suddenly stopped in front of her. The figure standing in the air trembled, turned his head as if awakened, and stared straight

at her with striking red eyes. His cheerful smile froze on his face.

The few surviving black demons found an opportunity and quickly rushed upwards, but Ji Lingyue stood there blankly, making no attempt to stop them.

Lan Wu breathed a sigh of relief: “Aren’t you going to put the sword away?”

She paused, her long eyelashes fluttering, and finally reacted. She withdrew all the sword shadows and carefully flew to Lan Wu’s side: “You, how did you get here?”

Lan Wu said, “I’m not that easy to trap.”

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, her eyes flickering, and after a while, she asked softly, “You saw everything?”

“Um.”

Ji Lingyue’s heart tightened. She glanced at her uneasily, then quickly looked away, weakly defending herself, “I didn’t want you to see it. I… I’m not always this scary…”

Lan Wu said in a low voice, “It is indeed quite terrifying.”

She suddenly froze, listlessly floating in front of Lan Wu, her drooping eyelashes blinking a few times, quickly becoming moist.

“What’s wrong?” Lan Wu asked helplessly, cupping her face in her hands. “I didn’t say I disliked you. You were so imposing just now.”

Ji Lingyue sniffed and said aggrievedly, “I know you actually… prefer me the way I used to be.”

“Who said that?” Lan Wu laughed. “I’ve always only liked you. You used to want to be the most powerful swordsman in the world, and I liked you as a swordsman. Now that you want to be the most terrifying demon in the world, I like you as a demon.”

130. Robbery Háitángwô.côm

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, tears welling up but not quite falling, when Lan Wu hastily wiped them away with her sleeve: “Seriously, your eyes are like two little lanterns, they shine even brighter when you cry.”

"…"

The emotion she felt vanished instantly. Ji Lingyue regained her composure, and apart from the lingering tear stains at the corners of her eyes, her face had returned to calm, showing no signs of anything amiss.

She said with a stern face, "I'll take you up first."

"Send me up?" Lan Wu asked curiously, "Aren't you going up?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head: "My friends are still trapped down there. You should have heard that there is another group of demons here who have always disliked us."

"What about those who ran away just now…"

"Just some small fry on the other side." (Read more at: ЯоГ shГ Д Г ❷.Ж ô ⓜ)

"Really?" Lan Wu pondered, "Since those were just small fry, does the leader have any powerful magical artifacts, like a talisman or something?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: "Maybe there is. Do you want something like that?"

Lan Wu nodded: "My spiritual power is currently weak. Although I can form an array to protect myself, I cannot take the initiative to attack. If I had a suitable magic weapon, I might be able to unleash greater power."

Ji Lingyue nodded thoughtfully: "I can go and take a look."

Lan Wu said, "I'll go with you…"

"Go up there." Ji Lingyue said without room for argument. After thinking for a moment, she sent two more wisps of black mist flying from her palm and wrapping them around Lan Wu's waist. Lan Wu's expression changed, and she argued, "If I go up there, how will you know which weapon I need?"

"I have my own way."

Lan Wu still tried to struggle: "You, what can you do? Are you afraid of scaring me? I've already told you, I'm not scared…"

"I'm scared."

Suddenly a voice came from her chest, and Danqing poked out her furry head and said crisply, "We're so weak, we'd better not go down and cause trouble."

Lan Wu: "…Weren't you not going to come out?"

Before Danqing could respond, Ji Lingyue frowned: "What are you doing here?"

Without any hesitation, she pulled Danqing out of Lanwu's arms, wrapped her with demonic energy, and tied her to Lanwu's waist: "You two go up together."

Lan Wu was startled and accused, "How can you be like this? You don't listen to me, yet you're so domineering. Let me tell you, if you keep acting like this, I'll get angry, really angry!"

Ji Lingyue looked at her vivid expression of raised eyebrows and couldn't help but chuckle.

Lan Wu was taken aback, staring at her with her beautiful eyes: "What are you laughing at?"

Ji Lingyue didn't answer, but cupped her face and gently pecked her lips: "Good girl."

Lan Wu: …

She suddenly took a step back, blinked a few times in a panic, and stammered, "I, I'm not a child, you can't just coax me and make me feel better. I have a big temper."

"Really?" Ji Lingyue responded, tilting her head. "Then I'll apologize when I get back."

Lan Wu: "What…"

Before she could finish speaking, she was dragged up by demonic energy. Her trembling voice still lingered on Ji Lingyue's lips as Lan Wu angrily bared her teeth and claws in the air, shouting, "You, you just wait!"

Ji Lingyue watched her fly away with a smile. Only when she could no longer see her figure did she lower her head, look at the endless abyss below, and fall down without hesitation.

Meanwhile, Lan Wu, who had been dragged to the ground, was soon covered in sweat again. She coughed a few times with a flushed face. Just as she freed Danqing from the bundle wrapped around her like a dumpling, her ankle was suddenly pulled, and she fell headfirst.

Lan Wu: !

She reached down and, before even touching the ground, was enveloped in a cool but soft magical mist, as if wrapped in cotton. Immediately afterward, another cloud of magical mist flew up to her head, spread out, and shielded her from all the sunlight.

Forced to lie down, Lan Wu remained silent for a moment, then said sarcastically, “You’re quite considerate, aren’t you?”

“Yes.” Danqing replied without any hesitation, spreading her wings and rolling around in the soft, cool magic mist, darting in and out: “It’s like a cloud, Ayue is so nice.”

Lan Wu closed her eyes, sighed, and turned her back to her: “We just can’t see eye to eye.”

Danqing snorted and wobbled as she climbed onto her shoulder: “Danbai loves listening to me talk, she even praised me.”

“Danbai?” Lan Wu was slightly taken aback, then remembered that Danqing had said she had stayed alone on Haochen Mountain for many years, and said knowingly, “Oh, what did she praise you for?”

She complimented me on my good spirits.

“You seem to be in good spirits?” Lan Wu frowned. “Anything else?”

“And, um…and…” Danqing pondered for a long time, then her eyes suddenly lit up: “Ah, that’s right! She also praised me for being lively, and said my voice was as beautiful as a cicada’s chirp!”

Lan Wu was silent for a moment, then slowly turned her body over: “Is this a compliment?”

Danqing tilted his head, puzzled, and said, “Isn’t that right?”

Do you like the sound of cicadas?

Danqing subconsciously said, “I don’t like them. They’re all so noisy. In the summer, they often make me…” She suddenly stopped talking, her dark eyes widened, and gradually, a layer of mist appeared on

them.

Lan Wu was startled and hurriedly picked her up, saying, “Oh dear, maybe that’s not what she meant.”

Danqing sobbed, “I didn’t say anything, how do you know what I was thinking? You must know that’s what she meant.”

“You’re quick-witted now,” Lan Wu muttered, seeing her bury her head in her wings in despair, and helplessly lifted her up to her face: “So what if that’s what she meant? Anyway, what she said doesn’t matter…”

“It’s important.” Danqing curled up in her hand and said in a muffled voice, “I like her so much, I even catch little fish for her to eat, how could she say that about me?”

Lan Wu couldn’t stand these words: “You catch small fish for her, but has she ever caught any for you?”

Danqing thought about it and became even more heartbroken: “She’s never caught any small fish for me! Waaah—”

Unexpectedly, a single sentence led to this. Lan Wu hurriedly stroked her feathers and coaxed, “Oh dear, don’t cry. When we get back, I’ll teach her a lesson for you, okay?”

Danqing shook his head: “Your cultivation level might not even be enough to defeat her, wow—”

Those words were truly hurtful. Lan Wu poked her coldly, “Am I so weak that I can’t even beat a bird?”

“After she transformed into human form, Qin Yu took her as his disciple,” Danqing sniffled, her voice choked with emotion. “She had already absorbed the spiritual energy of heaven and earth on Haochen Mountain for many years, and after transforming into human form, she was already on the verge of reaching the Nascent Soul stage…”

She’s really quite similar to her.

Lan Wu was speechless and choked with emotion, her face clouded with sorrow, and she suddenly fell into a state of melancholy.

After a while, she rubbed Danqing’s head and sighed, “It’s okay, it’s just starting over. I’ll work hard to cultivate, and one day I’ll be able

to teach her a lesson for you."

Danqing rubbed her head against her palm, wiped away her tears, and then looked up with a whimper: "But, a little lesson is enough. Danbai is only a hundred years old. You can't bully the younger one."

Lan Wu said helplessly, "You like her that much?"

Danqing whispered, “She’s the most beautiful bird I’ve ever seen.”

“Who said that?” Lan Wu put on a serious expression, picked her up and shook her: “You are the most beautiful bird I have ever seen.”

Danqing laughed sheepishly, flapped her wings and flew into Lanwu’s arms. Just as Lanwu hugged her, a loud bang was heard, and the ground trembled violently. More than a dozen layers of armor cracked in the tremor, bursting out scorching pillars of fire.

Despite it being night, the sky was ablaze with crimson clouds, and the firelight bathed everything in a scorching color. Lan Wu hugged Dan Qing tightly, and in the next moment, the demonic mist beneath her lifted her into the air, hovering high above, overlooking the dense lava caves below.

Danqing’s attention was quickly drawn: “What happened?”

Lan Wu shook her head, worriedly saying, “Perhaps it was A Yue and the others causing trouble down there.”

As soon as he finished speaking, countless black wisps emerged from the various cave entrances and fled in all directions without looking back. At the same time, several sword lights shot out and pinned the slower black demons to the lava-covered ground.

Ji Lingyue stepped onto the black lotus, walking step by step into the air. With a flick of her long sleeves, the sword shadows merged and obediently flew back into her palm. The woman’s black hair was scattered, and the crimson flames in her eyes had not yet faded. Behind the fluttering clothes, several other wounded figures gradually appeared.

One of them wiped the blood from his cheek and laughed, “Even if you hadn’t come, I could have fought my way out.”

The other person scoffed, “Come on, you were already thinking of your last words down there.”

“They set a trap and ganged up on us! I’m not afraid of them if we come out on the law.”

Ji Lingyue didn’t speak, blinked, and waited until the light in her eyes dimmed before looking up to search for Lan Wu’s shadow.

When Lan Wu saw her come up, she was about to reach out to take her hand, but then remembered that she was still angry, so she awkwardly swayed in the air and landed on Danqing's head: "You're back?"

Danqing held her hand and tilted her head in confusion.

Ji Lingyue nodded obediently. Seeing that Lan Wu was keeping a straight face and not looking at her directly, she took the initiative to walk around to Lan Wu's front: "I brought the weapon back."

Lan Wu snorted, shifted her position, and turned to the other side: "You don't even know what I really want."

Ji Lingyue then turned around and said, "Yes, that's why I brought them all."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then finally looked at her intently: "What do you mean by 'bring everything'?"

Ji Lingyue smiled and opened her arms to Lan Wu. Suddenly, a dark shadow fell down and was caught by the demonic mist: "Here, take whichever one you like."

Lan Wu looked down, dumbfounded, at the densely packed weapons, including swords, talismans, and all sorts of other items, so chaotic that it rivaled even a street stall selling general merchandise.

Looking up again, Ji Lingyue was staring at her intently. Although she tried to keep her cool face calm, the slight upturn of her lips could not hide her pride, as if she was just waiting for her praise.

After a long silence, Lan Wu finally reached out and touched the gleaming weapon in front of her, asking cautiously, "You… went to rob someone?"

131. Good-looking

After searching for a long time, Lan Wu finally found a bluish-black talisman plate. The plate had a simple appearance but a delicate texture. She initially thought it was made of copper or iron, but after holding it in her hand and weighing it, it felt more like jade.

Lan Wu flipped it over and found that its structure was more intricate than she had imagined. The talisman plate had three layers, stacked on top of each other. The top layer was no bigger than the mouth of a

cup and was decorated with the yin and yang. The middle layer was imprinted with the five elements of metal, wood, water, fire, and earth. The bottom layer was the largest and was divided into nine pieces, like blooming petals, each engraved with the name of one of the nine palaces. When it was rotated, it made a crisp clicking sound.

This talisman plate was surprisingly suitable, but it had been soaked in demonic energy for many years, and residual demonic power occasionally seeped out from it, making it a bit prickly.

Lan Wu pursed her lips and glanced discreetly at the person standing obediently to the side. Ji Lingyue, however, instantly caught her gaze, stepped forward on her own, and pinched the sides of the talisman plate. Soon, the magic power split into two strands and flowed into her palm.

When you let go again, the talisman plate has become crystal clear, clean and flawless, and the thin layer of green jade is almost translucent.

Ji Lingyue handed it to Lan Wu, still looking at her expectantly, but the smugness on her face had subsided considerably.

Lan Wu said calmly, "Thank you."

Ji Lingyue blinked, seemingly finally realizing the seriousness of the problem, and awkwardly withdrew her hand: "Is this all you want?"

Lan Wu hummed in agreement: "This is fine."

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw a dark figure flying up from below. Lan Wu slowly wiped her face, and her features suddenly disappeared, replaced by a flat face.

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then carefully tugged at Lan Wu's sleeve and said softly, "Lan Wu, I can't see your face anymore."

Lan Wu sneered: "Aren't you supposed to be powerful? Can't you see through my illusion?"

"I…" Ji Lingyue frowned, thinking about how to reply, when she was patted on the shoulder: "Are you so reluctant to part with your little love devil that you even brought her here?"

She was startled, instinctively straightened her back, and pushed the woman's hand away: "It's none of your business."

…and they even started putting on airs.

Lan Wu secretly raised an eyebrow and looked at the blue-clad woman next to Ji Lingyue. She realized that it was the same woman who had sat with her on the high place last night, probably one of the other two Demon Lords.

The other person looked her up and down, and after a while, frowned and said, “Young lady, you are quite unique in appearance.” Then, he looked down at the gyrfalcon curled up in her arms and said, “This bird looks like a mythical beast. Are you carrying it to eat it?”

Danqing: !

The little bird couldn’t stand such words. Its eyes widened, and it was about to retort when Lan Wu pinched its pointed little beak: “No, it’s not that. I raised it to keep it company.”

The other party laughed heartily: “Young lady, you are quite interesting. My name is Yuan Qing. May I ask your name?”

“Lan Wu”.

Yuan Qing leaned closer and said mysteriously, “I’m really curious, could you please tell me, Miss Lan, how did you and the Moon Lord meet?”

Lan Wu hesitated and said, “I…”

“Alright.” Ji Lingyue suddenly pushed her away and said, “I came here to rescue you. If you act so recklessly again, I won’t be able to help you anymore.”

Yuan Qing was taken aback: “What do you mean?”

“I’m leaving,” Ji Lingyue said calmly. “I don’t know when I’ll be back, or maybe I’ll never come back. I’m leaving tomorrow.”

“So urgent?” Yuan Qing exclaimed in surprise, “Where are you going?”

“go back.”

“Go back?” Yuan Qing frowned, and after a long while, said, “You’ve thought it through. You’re a demon. I don’t need to tell you what you’ll experience if you go back.”

"I understand." Ji Lingyue tentatively took Lan Wu's hand and turned her head to say, "But I have a reason to go back. Thank you for taking care of me all these years."

"Not at all," Yuan Qing sighed, "I only took you in at the very beginning. The fact that you have become the person you are today and possess such great power is mostly due to your own efforts." After a pause, she smiled and said, "However, you can't just leave without saying goodbye. Stay one more day, and we'll all get together again tomorrow as a farewell."

Ji Lingyue subconsciously looked at Lan Wu: "This…"

Lan Wu glanced at her, puzzled: "Why are you looking at me? It's all Miss Yuan's good intention, so it won't make a difference if we do it one more day."

"Okay," Ji Lingyue nodded, "Then let's stay one more day."

Yuan Qing's expression changed slightly. He glanced at the two of them and asked in surprise, "So… it's Miss Lan who's in charge?"

Lan Wu shook her head: "What do you mean by 'making decisions'? We don't distinguish between those. We've always supported each other and discussed things together." Then, she sighed softly and said with distress, "However, someone has indeed become increasingly domineering lately, leaving me no choice but to listen…"

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, a blush rising on her face, whether from embarrassment or shame, she turned around and stuffed the remaining weapons into Yuan Qing's arms, saying urgently, "You, you should distribute these to them, consider it a gift from me to them."

After saying that, she put her arm around Lan Wu's waist and left. Yuan Qing was stunned. Watching her disappearing figure, he called out after a beat, "Then it's a date. See you at the usual place tomorrow night!"

Lan Wu flew for quite a while to get there, but on the way back it was as if she had stepped on the wind. The scenery on both sides was blurred into a blur, and soon the familiar solitary peak came into view.

Ji Lingyue stopped her at the doorway, somewhat surprised, and glanced at the demonic mist still struggling inside. After a while, she looked at Lan Wu cautiously: "Did you trap it yourself?"

Lan Wu snorted at this, her tone sarcastic: "It's not me who's sleepy, it's the ghost who's sleepy."

She pushed away Ji Lingyue's hand and lightly jumped to the door. Ji Lingyue hurriedly followed, saying in a panic, "That's not what I meant."

"What do you mean?" Lan Wu didn't turn her head, casually placed the painting on the window, and walked towards the stone chamber where Ji Lingyue had previously stored the portrait: "I'm going to study this talisman plate. You can do whatever you need to do."

Ji Lingyue was startled. Her figure transformed into an invisible black mist, passed by Lan Wu, and then condensed into a human form in front of her: "Don't be angry."

"I'm not angry." Lan Wu curved her eyelashes, her lips red and teeth white, her smile bright: "I just went to see the wonders of this magical artifact, why are you panicking?"

Ji Lingyue blinked, looking helpless, and said, "But it's so late, aren't you going to rest?"

"Those who cultivate the Tao do not need to rest."

Lan Wu leaned forward and gave her a light kiss on the cheek, saying gently, "If you're tired, go to sleep first."

After saying that, she affectionately pinched Ji Lingyue's earlobe, then passed by her and entered the stone chamber. The woman stood there blankly for a while before covering her ears and looking back, pursing her lips in confusion.

Is Lan Wu angry or not?

She stared at the entrance to the stone chamber, her brows furrowed in deep thought.

The moonlight was serene, and before we knew it, the rustling sounds outside had gradually faded away, plunging us into a silent stillness.

Click.

Lan Wu rotated the bottom nine-square grid and noticed a stream of light flash across the engraved characters. She tentatively infused it with spiritual energy, but there was no reaction. After pondering for a

moment, she pricked her fingertip and dripped a drop of blood into the center of the grid. The blood quickly merged into the patterns carved on the jade surface, and the magical artifact gradually emitted a soft beam of light, which fell into Lan Wu's eyes, reflecting starlight.

She smiled and was about to infuse her spiritual power again when she heard very faint footsteps behind her, stopping and starting like a cautious kitten.

Lan Wu paused, smoothed out her lip liner, and turned to look.

A slender figure stood barefoot not far behind her. Ji Lingyue seemed to have just bathed, her body exuding the fragrance of soap, steam rising from her, even her fair, jade-like cheeks were flushed pink by the scent. She wore a light outer robe, the neckline wide open, and undried water dripped down her thick, long hair, wetting the fabric, which clung tightly to her body, revealing glimpses of her fair skin.

Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled slightly as she realized she wasn't wearing anything underneath, and she unconsciously clenched the talisman plate in her hand.

"…"

Ji Lingyue took a breath, her face flushed from the intense gaze, but she still mustered up her courage and walked over, carefully sitting down at the table in front of her.

Lan Wu remained silent, tilting her head to look at her.

Her bare toes curled involuntarily. Ji Lingyue's mouth was dry, and her eyes gradually flushed with a delicate blush. After a while, she sat up straight, shyly yet boldly lifting her robe and looking at her with moist eyes: "Does it look good?"

132. Fascinated ρò18vs.čòм

Lan Wu was silent for a while, then looked up into her eyes, and slowly looked down, her gaze sweeping over her full chest and landing on her lower abdomen that rose and fell with her breath.

When the cold fingertips touched her, Ji Lingyue couldn't help but shiver, her body tensed, and the thin lines of her muscles became visible.

It looks frail, but it is actually very sturdy and contains extremely

powerful strength.

Lan Wuxin felt that she might never reach that level in her lifetime, and pressed it with some envy. Ji Lingyue felt ticklish from the poke and subconsciously dodged back, chuckling softly.

The romantic atmosphere vanished instantly. After laughing, she realized something was wrong. She opened her eyes wide and looked at Lan Wu, only to find that Lan Wu's expression was calm. She hadn't softened her attitude as she had imagined, nor had she pounced on her like a wolf in sheep's clothing. She couldn't help but clutch her clothes and stare at her blankly.

Lan Wu then slowly answered her question: "It's quite pretty."

She pinched the sides of the outer robe and closed it up for Ji Lingyue again, wrapping her up tightly: "It's so chilly at night. I know you're healthy and not as prone to catching a cold as I am, but it's still better to wear warm clothes."

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, staring intently at her, her face turning from red to white, then back to red, her breathing becoming increasingly rapid. (Read more at [website name]: xilōng89.(c)ōm)

Lan Wu looked up: "Hmm?"

Her long eyelashes trembled slightly, and a surge of shame and indignation welled up in her heart. While staring straight at Lan Wu, she grabbed the hem of her robe and gave it a hard shake, tearing the entire outer robe into pieces.

Lan Wu was startled, staring at the pale body in front of her for a while before looking up at her again.

Ji Lingyue's face was flushed. She sat naked on the table and raised her voice, "I won't wear anything!"

Lan Wu suppressed a laugh: "You like being naked?"

"Me!" Ji Lingyue stammered, then blushed and became embarrassed when she saw Lan Wu's smiling eyes: "You, you're just teasing me…"

She stumbled forward and fell into Lan Wu's arms, sitting naked on her lap and pushing the talisman plate aside: "Let's not play with it anymore, let's go back to bed and sleep."

"What do you mean 'play'? I'm studying it, since I'll need it for protection in the future."

Ji Lingyue hummed, "I can protect you."

Lan Wu's smile faded: "Is it the kind of protection you showed me today, where you wouldn't let me do anything?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, noticing the change in her tone, she lowered her head and buried it in the crook of her neck, saying weakly, "I was wrong."

Where did you go wrong?

She pursed her lips and said reluctantly, "I shouldn't have disobeyed you."

Lan Wu's eyebrows furrowed into a small mound: "That's not it at all. If you say that, you'll do it again next time."

Ji Lingyue also felt wronged: "I don't understand why you're unhappy. You wanted weapons, so I found all the weapons for you. I usually listen to what you say, but sometimes I just don't want you to get hurt and want to protect you. Why are you angry?"

"You really don't know?" Lan Wu became serious and cupped her face. The woman was reluctant, her eyelashes drooping. Although she was still obediently being cupped, her lips drooped and a hint of resentment appeared between her brows.

Lan Wu sighed and said in a low voice, "I am not porcelain."

Ji Lingyue's long eyelashes trembled: "Indeed." She slowly lifted her wet eyes and said, word by word, "You are a piece of porcelain that was broken once and then glued back together."

Lan Wu was taken aback and stared intently into her eyes. Ji Lingyue, unusually, did not soften or compromise. Instead, she stubbornly pursed her lips and confronted her silently.

After a long pause, she said in a hoarse voice, "I'm not that fragile."

"You do," Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes, listing them off as if they were her own treasures: "You clearly possess spiritual power, yet you are prone to illness like a mortal. You don't have a mermaid pearl, but your body temperature is still very low. I held you all night, but you

still didn't get warm. Also, you get tired and sweaty and have an irregular heartbeat as soon as you use your spiritual power. I can feel it when I touch your pulse. And you still say you're not fragile?"

Lan Wu replied hesitantly, "When have I ever been as prone to illness as an ordinary person?"

"You said that yourself when you were telling me to get dressed."

Lan Wu was silent for a while, then said, "But I want to stand with you through thick and thin, not just be left behind by you."

Ji Lingyue said, "I don't want to experience the demon realm again."

Seeing her so firm, Lan Wu pursed her lips and said gently, "Since I can't convince you and you can't convince me, why don't we each take a step back? In the future, if we encounter danger, I will take the initiative to avoid it and hide behind you. But if I can handle it, take me with me. Maybe I can even help you."

Ji Lingyue frowned: "But, your cultivation level…"

"You doubt my abilities?" Lan Wu chuckled and pinched her cheek. "Don't look down on me like that. Weren't you surprised that I trapped your demonic mist today?"

Ji Lingyue blinked, and after a long while, she finally nodded in compromise: "Alright, let's each take a step back."

She let go of her burdens and relaxed, unable to resist swinging her legs and pressing herself against Lan Wu. Lan Wu let out a soft "Ouch," pressing her fingertips against her shoulder to keep her away, and deliberately tilted her head to ask, "But what were you planning to do coming over like this in the first place?"

Ji Lingyue was stunned for a moment, her eyes blank for a second. After realizing that she had been sitting naked on Lan Wu's lap and talking for a while, the temperature on her face immediately rose rapidly.

"I…" She opened her mouth, subconsciously grabbing the fabric of Lan Wu's skirt, looking around for something to cover her body, but the clothes had already been torn to shreds by herself.

Lan Wu chuckled: "Now you're shy? Didn't you just say you wouldn't wear it?"

"You still dare to criticize me," Ji Lingyue said defiantly, "I'm like this and you don't react at all. Your heart is as hard as stone!"

Lan Wu looked at her amusedly: "According to you, how should I react?"

Ji Lingyue paused, glanced at her from head to toe, and suddenly pounced on her, hooking her arms around her neck and kissing her. Lan Wu was almost knocked over by her, instinctively grabbing her waist, and when she felt the wet, soft tongue probing towards her, she obediently released her lips and teeth, letting her do as she pleased.

While kissing her, Ji Lingyue panted as she tried to tear off her clothes. When she got caught in the complicated knots, she angrily shattered them with a single blow, and the thin pieces of clothing fell to the ground.

Lan Wu glanced at him in surprise, and was about to speak when Ji Lingyue bit her lip hard and mumbled, "You should… um, you should do this."

"…"

After a moment of silence, Lan Wu chuckled, turned her over, and laid her face down on the table in front of her. Ji Lingyue shivered from the cold, involuntarily shrinking her shoulders and whispering, "Lan Wu…"

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, dragged the chair forward, lowered her head and sniffed at her waist, her breath brushing against her sensitive skin, sending shivers down her spine.

"Why does it smell so good?"

She answered honestly, "I also put rose petals in my bath."

Lan Wu smiled and gave her a reward kiss on her buttocks: "Good girl."

She held the woman's hips, kissed her inner thighs, and then slowly kissed her inner thighs. Perhaps because the stone chamber was quiet, the sound of her licking was particularly clear. Ji Lingyue trembled and tried to curl up her legs, but her buttocks were pinched and spread even wider. The fluid flowed down her inner thighs, glistening.

"Mmm… Lan, Lan Wu…"

Cool hands were placed on her waist, gently caressing it. Her other hand rubbed her wet crotch before parting her labia and inserting it.

“ah!”

His soft, moist tongue swept across her inner thigh, nibbling at the soft flesh between his teeth, trembling as if he wanted to bite down, but he restrained himself and only left a tender kiss.

Lan Wu took the erect clitoris into her mouth again, using both her hands and mouth to thrust into the vagina, causing it to spray water everywhere, eliciting high-pitched screams and moans. Soon, she withdrew her hand, which was covered in nectar, and pulled the woman back into her arms amidst her sobs. As she lowered her head to kiss her wet lips, her fingertips once again slipped inside the opening of the vagina: “You don’t know…”

She took a breath, bit Ji Lingyue’s lips passionately, stroked her delicate neck with her left hand, and murmured, “Just how infatuated am I with you?”

133. Praise

As she was carried towards the dormitory, Ji Lingyue felt warm all over. Lan Wu supported her as she sat on her arm, her legs dangling at the woman’s waist, and she leaned softly against her shoulder.

Someone asked softly, “Are you sleepy?”

Ji Lingyue didn’t answer, but rubbed against Lan Wu’s shoulder. Her long, damp hair curled up slightly, piling up on her head. Her eyes were lowered, and her long eyelashes cast a shadow on her pink cheeks. She was drowsy.

Lan Wu chuckled softly, turned the corner, and saw Danqing lying on the bed in human form, fast asleep. She used her spiritual power to pull over a blanket and carefully covered Danqing’s exposed belly.

She heard soft murmurs in her ear, turned her head, and used one hand to stroke the back of the neck of the person in her arms before continuing to walk towards the other end of the bed.

The moon was bright and the stars were few. Lan Wu closed the window and had just crawled into the soft quilt when she was entangled by a warm person. Lan Wu felt like she was about to be pushed off, and patted her bottom with amusement: “Sweetie, lie

down a bit more."

Ji Lingyue rolled over in a daze and moved to the other side, but her hand pulled Lan Wu's arm and put it on her waist. Her clingy appearance, which she couldn't leave her alone, left Lan Wu with no choice but to move closer and hug her from behind.

"She's clearly become a demon," she muttered, "yet her sleep schedule is still quite regular." After saying that, she yawned, slowly closed her eyes, and whispered, "Goodnight, Yue."

When people are well-fed and clothed, they think of lustful desires.

Ji Lingyue thought that this statement was indeed true. The two of them had made a mess of things before going to bed last night, and as soon as she woke up this morning, that desire came back.

Anyway, Lan Wu will go along with her.

Ji Lingyue pushed the window open a crack and glanced at the faint light of dawn. At this time, most of the demons were still asleep, and even the birds had not yet woken up. She then turned to look at Lan Wu and found the woman curled up in bed, with only half of her silver head showing. She quietly slipped over and kissed her chin a few times.

"Hmm…"

Lan Wu woke up groggily and subconsciously pushed Ji Lingyue, but her fingertips sank into soft flesh. Just then, something furry brushed against her chest, making her feel itchy. Then, her sensitive nipple was taken into her mouth. Lan Wu hissed and looked down, only to see a bulging ball of blankets.

The wet kisses continued to move downwards, and soon she let out a soft moan, her waist tensed, her head tilted back, and one hand reached into the blanket and stuffed into Ji Lingyue's soft, long hair, impatiently clamping her head between them.

His tongue scraped across the crevice of her flesh, searching for sweet juices. Ji Lingyue served her diligently, sucking on the swollen clitoris. After the opening of her vagina opened and released a surge of aroused fluid, he took a sip and climbed on top of her triumphantly.

As Ji Lingyue crawled out of the dark bed, her smile froze on her face. The person she had been so attentively serving had closed his eyes,

breathing evenly, and had actually fallen asleep again.

Ji Lingyue frowned, thought for a while, and then crawled over to feed her the food in her mouth.

Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled slightly as she was woken up again and showered with sticky kisses. She yawned lazily and mumbled, "You're so energetic."

Ji Lingyue licked her lips and smiled, "There are even better ones."

She spread Lan Wu's thighs apart and squeezed in herself, her four legs tangled together haphazardly in the blankets, their wet crotches pressed tightly together.

"You…" Lan Wu murmured, bending her legs to cooperate, being pushed against the bed and moved around, her voice trembling: "You just… um, torment me…"

"Are you uncomfortable?" Ji Lingyue panted as she leaned down, pressing even closer to him. Her wet, hard clitoris rubbed against the same spot, sending shivers of pleasure through her. The overflowing fluids mingled together, making a squelching sound.

She lowered her head to kiss Lan Wu's reddened eyes. Lan Wu instinctively closed her eyes, put her arm around her shoulder, and mumbled, "It's alright…"

"Is it alright?" Lan Wu didn't praise her, so she hummed and whimpered and bent down to mess with her body, biting her neck and sucking on her soft breasts. Her supple waist, full of strength, rose and fell continuously, grinding against her harder and harder, determined to hear Lan Wu's hoarse moans.

Lan Wu blinked, feeling her inner thighs were wet, and her buttocks and the sheets beneath her were soaked. But she didn't think she was that sensitive. Even if she felt weak all over from pleasure, she wouldn't be so aroused. On the other hand, the person who kept rubbing against her was breathing rapidly, and was constantly spraying water everywhere. He looked extremely excited.

She couldn't help but smile, cupped Ji Lingyue's head, pulled her up, and kissed her: "You're amazing."

Ji Lingyue's breath hitched, her face flushed, a mixture of shyness and pride. Just as she was about to press Lan Wu to continue, she heard a

voice calling from the cave entrance: “Sister, I’m back.”

Lan Wu was stunned and hadn’t reacted yet when the person on top of her trembled in fright, and a large amount of slippery juice gushed out from the wet flower core that was pressed against her private parts.

“Hmm…”

As footsteps approached, Lan Wu instinctively pulled the blanket that had fallen to her waist up. Looking in the direction of the sound, she quickly saw a tall, slender figure appear around the corner. He was dressed in white, had white hair, and skin as smooth as jade. Even his eyes were white.

She looked up and met Lan Wu’s wide, beautiful eyes. She froze on the spot, and after a long while, she hesitated before asking, “Who are you?”

Lan Wu pursed her lips and looked her up and down, realizing that this was the beautiful Ji Yun that Ji Lingyue had mentioned. She was not being modest; if she said they were three parts alike, then they were three parts alike. Apart from the resemblance in their eyebrows and eyes, the beautiful Ji Yun had no other similarities with her.

In this situation, Ji Lingyue remained motionless in her arms, showing no intention of introducing herself. Lan Wu couldn’t help but smile awkwardly, racking her brains to say, “I am… um, I am your sister’s…”

Ji Yun stepped back and waved his hand, saying, “It might not be convenient right now. I’ll wait outside. You and my sister can tell me after you get up.”

After saying that, she turned around hastily and left as fast as she could.

Lan Wu finally breathed a sigh of relief, slowly propped herself up, and dug out the person who was pretending to be dead under the covers: “What are you doing?”

Ji Lingyue kept her eyes tightly closed, her face flushed, even her ears were tinged with pink, she looked so shy she was about to burst into flames.

Lan Wu chuckled and said, “Why are you shy? I’m not shy at all! Weren’t you so impressive just now?”

Ji Lingyue's eyelashes trembled, and she squeezed out a few words: "I have always been composed and self-controlled…"

"Aren't you ashamed to say that?" Lan Wu interrupted her without any politeness, pinching her nose: "You're so lewd in broad daylight, not sleeping in the morning, just thinking of bothering me."

Ji Lingyue opened her eyes with a wronged expression and said in a muffled voice, "I have always been composed and self-controlled in front of Ji Yun… I am considered a good older sister."

Lan Wu was amused by her: "Now you not only know how to put on airs, but you also know how to act like a mature older sister?"

"I'm not pretending," she said, though her voice lacked conviction. "I've always been like this when you're not around." She paused, then emphasized, "I'm over seventy years old. In the real world, I would have been a grandmother long ago."

"It's a pity that here, a hundred years old is still considered young."

Lan Wu smiled and stroked her face, sighing softly, "I almost forgot that you are so amazing, yet you are not even a hundred years old yet."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback and looked up at her.

Lan Wu leaned over and kissed her on the lips, saying softly, "Alright, get up now, your little sister is waiting for you."

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement and crawled out with a soft rustling sound. Her two long legs swayed in front of Lan Wu's eyes, still dripping with undried fluid.

At this moment, Ji Lingyue seemed to have thought of something as well, and turned to look at Lan Wu, asking expectantly, "Then, then just now…"

She hesitated, unwilling to ask directly, but Lan Wu understood what she meant. She smiled and praised her in a cooperative manner, "It's amazing, I like it very much."

Ji Lingyue smiled and got out of bed, completely satisfied.

134. Forgot po18au.com

When Lan Wu walked out dressed neatly, the two seemed to have

finished their conversation. Ji Yun glanced at her, turned around, and gave a slight bow: “I have long admired your name. I am Ji Yun.”

Lan Wu paused, hesitating whether to return the greeting, when Ji Lingyue said, “No need to be so polite, we’re all family.”

As she spoke, her eyes brightened slightly, revealing a rare hint of excitement. Ji Yun couldn’t help but glance at her, pursed her lips, and added, “You can also call me A-Yun.”

Lan Wu obediently replied, “Sister A-Yun.”

Ji Lingyue glanced at them from side to side and said, “Why are you being so formal? Just call me Yun’er like I do.”

Lan Wu smiled helplessly, wondering if Ji Lingyue was too happy to notice Ji Yunwei’s change in expression.

She didn’t seem to want Lan Wu to call her Yun’er.

Lan Wu said proactively, “A-Yun is fine. It’s just a name, it doesn’t matter what you call me.”

Ji Yunwei let out a barely perceptible breath and said, “I heard from my sister that you are going back together. In that case, I will go with you.”

Lan Wu was taken aback: “Together? But you’re a demon, and the place we’re going to isn’t very friendly to demons.”

“Not very friendly. Isn’t your sister going with you too?” Ji Yun said, “If I go with my sister, I can keep her company. I won’t let her be bullied alone.”

Lan Wu felt increasingly uneasy as she listened. She frowned and stared at Ji Yun, who met her gaze calmly and composedly, showing no sign of anything amiss.

“What bullying?” Ji Lingyue broke the momentary silence and said calmly, “Who can bully me? I went back because I have things I have to do. You are different from me. You can stay here.”

Ji Yun was stunned for a moment, then turned her head, her voice suddenly dropping: “Doesn’t my sister want me anymore?”

Ji Lingyue shook her head: “You have long been an independent being, not some object belonging to me, so what’s the point of talking

about whether I want you or not?"

Ji Yun stubbornly replied, "Since I became conscious, my sister has been by my side. For the past ten years, we have relied on each other for survival. Now that my sister has suddenly abandoned me, doesn't that mean she doesn't want me anymore? Anyway, wherever you go, I will go. I can't possibly stay alone."

"You…" Ji Lingyue was somewhat helpless and subconsciously looked at Lan Wu. Lan Wu stood to the side with her arms crossed. Upon receiving her gaze, she replied, "Then let's go together. I heard that Sister Yun's medical skills are superb. Going back with Sister Yue will certainly provide some support."

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, hesitated for a moment, and said, "Okay, I agree to let you come back with me, but you must listen to me after we get back."

Ji Yun nodded: "Of course, I always listen to you."

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then gave her a disgruntled look.

After making her decision, Ji Yun prepared to pack her luggage. As she hurried towards her room, Lan Wu suddenly remembered something and subconsciously said, "Hey, wait a minute…"

Before she could finish speaking, a scream came from inside the house. A snow-white gyrfalcon flapped its wings and flew out, crashing into Lan Wu in a panic. Lan Wu quickly caught her and smoothed her ruffled feathers when she heard Dan Qing exclaim in terror, "There's a ghost!"

Ji Lingyue frowned: "It's not a ghost, it's my sister."

Ji Yun poked his head out of the house at the opportune moment. He had white hair, white skin, and white eyes, and said quietly, "My name is Ji Yun."

Danqing shuddered in fright and snuggled into Lanwu's arms again. Lanwu chuckled and said, "With your courage, you weren't even afraid of those strange demons before, so why are you afraid of Sister Yun?"

Danqing said, "She doesn't have any human presence at all!"

"You don't have any either," Ji Yun retorted from afar.

Danqing was silent for a while, then slowly crawled out of Lanwu's arms and said thoughtfully, "That's true."

Lan Wu rubbed her head, placed her on the windowsill, and turned to Ji Lingyue, saying, "I won't be going to the farewell banquet tonight. You can get together with them and say goodbye properly."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: "Why aren't you going?"

Lan Wu patiently explained, "I don't know them well. They must feel a bit awkward having an outsider suddenly added to the banquet."

"They don't care about that," Ji Lingyue said, taking her hand and thinking for a moment. "If you don't come with me, I'll drink a lot of alcohol and get so drunk that I can't come back. Then you'll have to come pick me up."

Lan Wu couldn't help but smile: "But you just told me not long ago that you have an unusually high alcohol tolerance now, and you can drink a thousand cups without getting drunk. Why should I pick you up?"

Ji Lingyue was silent for a moment, then said in annoyance, "Can't you just go along with me?"

"Haven't I gone along with you enough?" Lan Wu leaned closer and smoothed the little bump between her eyebrows. "Anyway, it's not far. You can come back anytime. This is your farewell banquet. They definitely want to spend more time with you. I can't keep you all to myself."

Ji Lingyue muttered softly, "I do."

Lan Wu didn't hear clearly and gave a puzzled "hmm". She reluctantly raised her head and compromised, "Okay, then I… I'll come back soon."

Lan Wu nodded and smiled, "Okay."

As dusk approached, Ji Lingyue left a few words of advice and went to the banquet alone. Lan Wu, holding Danqing, sat on the terrace, gazing at the red sunset. Hearing footsteps behind her, she asked without turning her head, "Aren't you going with A-Yue?"

"I am a jade woman, I do not eat grains, and I cannot attend this kind of banquet."

As Ji Yun spoke, he sat down cross-legged not far from Lan Wu.

Lan Wu glanced at her with some surprise, her hands pausing. The drowsy Danqing rolled over and rubbed against Lan Wu's palm. Lan Wu could only continue grooming her downy feathers, her eyes lowered, even the evening breeze seemed much gentler.

Ji Yun looked at her for a while, then suddenly said, "Sister is amazing."

Lan Wu was startled and looked at her blankly.

"She was young, but because she was too ferocious and cruel in battle, she was feared by the other demons. Especially three years ago, in order to seize that demon heart, she devoured nearly a hundred demons. When she crawled out, there was almost no good flesh on her body, and it seemed that she had even stopped breathing. I thought… she was going to die," Ji Yun pursed her lips and continued, "but she still survived. No matter how badly she was injured, she would wake up, as if she would never die."

Lan Wu stared at her intently, still without saying a word.

"She endured unimaginable pain as the rotten flesh was removed and new flesh grew, as she absorbed the demon's heart and strengthened her bones and marrow. She didn't even shed a tear. But when I first gained consciousness and couldn't yet transform into a human, she would talk to me, and she was always crying."

Ji Yun looked at Lan Wu: "Later, I gradually realized that she was so heartbroken because of you."

Lan Wu lowered her head and said knowingly, "That's why you don't like me."

Ji Yun was slightly taken aback: "How did you know?"

"I'm not stupid, I can see it."

"I really don't like you," Ji Yun said. "You and my sister rarely see each other. If you really think about it, you've spent less time together than my sister and I have. You only had a few years of love, but it brought her decades of pain. I really don't understand why she is still so attached to you."

"So what?" Lan Wu asked calmly, "Are you telling me all this because

you want me to leave her?"

"No," Ji Yun shook her head. "Over the years, my sister and I have depended on each other. I am her closest person, and she treats me like her own sister. I love this kind of life and even hope that it can continue forever, and that you will never wake up. But when I saw my sister today, I felt that she was very different from usual. I don't know what that feeling is, but she is genuinely happy that you are here. So, after thinking it over, I changed my mind."

She paused, then said seriously, "I won't ask you to leave her, but I want you to stay with her all the time, never leaving her side, and ideally, to keep her happy forever."

Lan Wu: "Of course I will…"

"Then why didn't you go with her?"

Lan Wu was taken aback and stammered, "This is her farewell banquet."

"But your sister wants you to go." Ji Yun frowned. "I've heard people say that if you fall in love with someone, you will have desires. I can see your sister's desires for you, but I can't see yours."

These words were like a thunderclap. Lan Wu was stunned and stared blankly at her. Ji Yun continued, "Perhaps you do love your sister very much, and you are used to being self-disciplined, polite, tolerant, and generous. But… if you can't feel intense love and can't see any possessiveness, isn't it normal for your sister to feel insecure?"

"What are you looking at?"

Yuan Qing walked to the fence, raised her wine glass and touched the lonely person standing there. Ji Lingyue came back to her senses, reluctantly turned her gaze away from the distance, and shook her head, saying, "It's nothing."

"I know you well enough," Yuan Qing teased, "Since you can't live without me, why didn't you bring me along?"

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and said in a low voice, "She doesn't want to."

Yuan Qing chuckled: "But this is your farewell banquet, it's not appropriate for you, the host, to stand outside the whole time."

Ji Lingyue smiled apologetically: "I'll go back now."

After saying that, she turned and walked back, but Yuan Qing leaned against the railing, swirled his wine glass, and suddenly asked, "Have you thought it through? Do you really want to go back?"

Ji Lingyue stopped in her tracks: "Mm."

Her smile was faint: "It's good that you can go back."

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then turned to look at her. Yuan Qing pursed her lips and took out a smooth, round jade from her bosom: "Since you're going back, do me a favor and return this… to Master Lin Zui on Qingyuan Mountain in Jinzhou."

Ji Lingyue frowned, and after a while, she reached out and took it: "Why have you never mentioned that you also came from the Xuanyuan Continent?"

"What's there to say?" Yuan Qing sighed. "My sect is just a small, independent sect. There are only six people in total, including the sect leader and master. What's the point of talking about it?"

"That Lin Zui Xian Shi…"

"It was my master. I was an orphan and started begging on the streets when I was four or five years old. My master took me in and raised me. She was like a teacher and a mother to me, and we had a deep bond. But even so, after I fell into demonic possession, she immediately severed all ties with me and said she never wanted to see me again." Yuan Qing smiled and said, "I left in a hurry at the time and forgot to return this jade pendant to her."

Ji Lingyue remained silent for a while before saying, "I will help."

Yuan Qing smiled and said, "Thank you. I don't know what you're going to do when you get back, but I still wish you all your dreams come true."

Ji Lingyue smiled and shook her head: "Right now, I only have one wish."

"What?"

"Can get drunk."

Yuan Qing was taken aback and gave a puzzled "hmm," but Ji Lingyue

didn't answer her. She put away the jade pendant and turned to walk towards the bustling hall.

The moonlight was serene, and the cold wind was bleak. Gradually, the last demon succumbed to the effects of the alcohol and collapsed onto the table. Ji Lingyue sat upright among them, looked around, sighed silently, raised her hand to close the doors and windows for the demons, then gracefully got up, picked up a pot of wine, and went downstairs.

As she handed the wine to the guard at the gate, she glanced up and saw a slender figure sitting on a stone bench not far away. Ji Lingyue was startled and subconsciously walked over. When she got closer, she could even see the moonlight flowing through the silver strands of hair, as ethereal as a dream.

She stood still for a while before softly calling out, "Lan Wu."

The woman stirred and turned to look at her: "Is it over?"

She stretched, stood up, and walked over naturally, taking Ji Lingyue's hand: "Now that it's over, let's go back together."

Ji Lingyue blinked, still not quite understanding: "You, when did you get here? How long have you been here? Weren't you not coming?"

Lan Wu chuckled: "If I don't come, I'm afraid you'll get drunk and won't be able to find your way home."

"But didn't you say…" she paused, then muttered, "I can drink a thousand cups without getting drunk."

"Really?" Lan Wu squeezed her hand and shook it cheerfully. "What should I do? I think I forgot."

135. Error

As she stepped onto the familiar land of Nanzhou, withered yellow leaves were falling gently. Lan Wu caught one, crushed it into tiny fragments with a light touch, and let the gentle breeze carry it away through her fingers.

When I left, it was still the height of summer, but now it's late autumn. Fortunately, the passersby still look normal, and the neighbors chat about everyday matters, worrying about trivial things. It seems that the demon race has not yet broken through the major

barrier of Stone Ridge City.

Lan Wu felt a little relieved and led the two behind her toward the nearby town, explaining, “I sent a message to the sea to let them know I’m safe. If there’s anything important, they’ll send someone to meet me at the restaurant.”

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, adjusted her bamboo hat, and followed closely behind. Upon reaching the only restaurant in town, Lan Wu went up to the second floor and looked up to see a woman in blue sitting alone by the window.

Lan Yuan, now with black hair and black eyes, rested her chin on her hand and looked out the window with a faint expression. In the few months since we last met, she seemed to have lost a lot of weight, and her once proud eyes had lost their sharpness, making her look much more tired.

Lan Wu paused slightly, then cautiously approached: “Sister?”

Lan Yuan turned her head and glanced at her, saying, “You’re back.” She then gave a slight smile, glanced at the two figures behind her, and casually looked away, asking as if it were commonplace, “Where are you going this time?”

Lan Wu said, “Stone Ridge City.”

“Are you absolutely determined to get involved in this?”

Lan Wu nodded, then hesitated for a moment before asking, “You know everything?”

“Know what?” Lan Yuan smiled bitterly: “Know that the father you have always admired is the biggest villain, or know that you and I are not the Empress Dowager’s biological children, and even that our biological mother was forced to her death by the father?”

Lan Wu was silent for a moment, then said, “I left in a hurry back then and didn’t explain things to you clearly. Now I want to tell you everything. Are you willing to listen?”

Lan Yuan raised an eyebrow, then after a moment, looked at the person behind her and raised her chin: “She knows everything?”

Lan Wu was taken aback. Before she could reply, Lan Yuan sneered and crossed her arms: “I understand. I was the last to know again. Lan

Wu, Lan Wu, if it weren't for this face, who would know that you and I are blood-is-closer sisters?"

Hearing that familiar sarcastic tone, Lan Wu relaxed and pulled Ji Lingyue to sit down, saying affectionately, "We're all family, why are you arguing with A-Yue? It's been so long, don't you have anything to say to each other?"

Ji Lingyue: "No."

Lan Yuan snorted, "What's there for me to talk about with her?"

Lan Wu sighed helplessly, reached out and touched the teacup on the table. It was icy cold to the touch. She didn't know how long she had been waiting there. She pushed the teacup away and turned to say, "Shopkeeper, bring four more bowls of hot tea."

"Okay!"

The waiter quickly brought the tea and placed it on the table. Steam rose from the teapot. Ji Lingyue took off her straw hat, held the tea in her hands, and took a sip. Lan Wu's gentle voice rang in her ears.

"A-Yue and I were caught up in the Hundred Demon Scroll during the Immortal Debate Conference, and were taken all the way to the Demon Realm…"

"Master, what are you looking at?"

Fuyou snapped out of his daze, looked at his little apprentice Qinghe, and said, "I'm looking at the Soul Lamp."

"Soul Lamp?" Qinghe slowly swam up and looked up with her. The lush, dark blue branches grew vigorously in the seawater, extending to a great extent. Large and small lanterns hung on the branches. The extinguished lanterns had sunk to the bottom, and the top two layers were still fully lit. Only one lantern was dim and out of place. It was Lanwu's Soul Lamp.

"Are you looking at the Third Prince's soul lamp again?" Qinghe tilted his head in confusion. "But the soul lamp is connected to the mermaid pearl. Without the mermaid pearl, the Third Prince's lamp will naturally stop shining."

"I know," Fuyou said in a low voice. "I am not looking at the Third Prince's soul lamp, I am looking at the late Emperor's soul lamp."

"Why are you looking at that? It's been extinct for over fifty years."

"Yes, it has been more than fifty years." Fuyou frowned and murmured, "The late emperor was not like Lan Wu. He was a pure merman and could not produce elixirs. When the soul lamp went out, he was truly dead."

Qinghe was even more puzzled: "The late emperor has indeed passed away."

"But it shouldn't be like this." Fuyou sighed, "If what the Third Prince said is true, and the prophecy has not yet come true, and the late emperor did not die because of her, then he should not have died."

"Perhaps the prophecy was wrong…"

"Impossible, Master never makes mistakes."

Qinghe was taken aback. Looking at Fuyou, who rarely showed such emotion, she whispered, "I thought you hated Grandmaster, Master."

Fuyou pursed his lips and let out a sigh of relief: "Forget it, I don't want to think about these things anymore. Have you done your homework for today?"

Qinghe grunted and swam a distance with her. Looking back at the lush trees and the scattered soul lamps, she suddenly asked, "Master, these lamps all look exactly the same. Won't you get them mixed up when you look at them?"

Fuyou shook his head: "No, the Soul Lamp was not hung up by us. It grew out of this tree when each merman was born. Only the High Priest who inherited the Priest's Scepter and was recognized by the Sea King Tree can move it at will."

"move?"

Fuyou hummed in agreement, recalling the past and couldn't help but chuckle: "However, apart from my ignorance back then, when I had just inherited the position of priest and immediately took the soul lamp and ran out to sea to find the Second Prince, no former high priest would really move it at will."

At this point, she looked down at Qing and his fluffy little head: "Are you asking this because you haven't memorized the locations of all the soul lamps and the merfolk they correspond to?"

Qinghe blinked, feeling guilty, and said, “Just counting the ones that are lit up, there are hundreds of them. It’s hard to remember them all.”

“It’s all because you’re lazy and don’t work hard.”

As Fuyou finished speaking casually, something suddenly flashed through his mind, causing him to stiffen and slowly turn around to look.

She suddenly thought of a possibility.

If the prophecy is correct, and the late emperor is destined to die because of Lan Wu, then Lan Zhichuan should be alive until the prophecy comes true.

But the soul lamp went out.

What if the Soul Lamp has been replaced? What if the real Soul Lamp has already been taken away? After all, an extinguished Soul Lamp is just like an ordinary lantern, and it’s impossible to tell the real one from the fake.

But who could do such a thing? During that period, the only one who could touch the Soul Lamp was the former High Priest, her master.

What reason would the master have to do this?

Fuyou’s face gradually turned pale as she stared unblinkingly at the soul lamp representing Lan Zhichuan. The withered coral branch supported the dim lampshade, which was pitch black inside, like a huge vortex sweeping towards her.

Qinghe tugged nervously at her sleeve and whispered, “Master?”

“Master…” Her long eyelashes trembled, and she murmured in a daze, “I actually… hope that your prophecy is wrong.”

As the autumn wind rises, it swirls up fallen leaves from the street and brushes against the faces of passersby.

Lan Yuan stepped out of the restaurant, looked up at the cloudless sky, and said in a hoarse voice, “I’ll go with you.”

Lan Wu stopped and turned to look at her: “But my brother has already ordered all sea creatures to stay away from the world.”

"Have you forgotten that you are also a member of the sea tribe?" Lan Yuan took a few steps closer and said, "I am your sister, and I am also… her daughter. I will not let you go alone to stop Lan Yueyao."

"It's too early to talk about stopping her or not." Lan Wu smiled bitterly. "I don't even know how to see her, and even if I do see her, how can I persuade her to change her mind?"

Ji Lingyue interrupted expressionlessly: "Just kill him."

Lan Wu was speechless and said helplessly, "Even if you were to fight her, you would at most be evenly matched, or perhaps even slightly inferior."

"That's why I must go, Lan Wu. The sea tribe can't help you now, and the demon tribe can't help you either. You can try to seek help from the human tribe, but with your demon skin and the two demons behind you, they will be deterred."

"I know."

"Then you should know even more that you lack helpers, and many helpers. It's not something that a demon in the Nirvana stage can do to help you settle everything."

Ji Lingyue frowned, about to retort with dissatisfaction, but was stopped by Lan Wu: "I'm just afraid you'll be in danger."

"But you are already in danger," Lan Yuan sighed softly. "Lan Wu, actually, I've always envied you since I was little."

Lan Wu was taken aback and stared at her intently. Lan Yuan stood in the chilly autumn wind, her long hair fluttering, and said with a wistful expression, "I envy you for being excessively pampered by your father and mother, I envy you for not being able to study if you don't want to, I envy you for being able to slack off whenever you want, and for having your unreasonable requests fulfilled. Even now, I envy that you once spoke to her."

She lowered her eyes, her smile faint, and sighed, "But I… have never even met her once."

"elder sister……"

"Everything I do seems to be a step too late. Being a step too late has made me fooled by lies and deceived by my family. This time, I will

not passively accept it again." Lan Yuan pursed her lips and said seriously, "If this is her last wish, I will work with you to fulfill it."

136. Impulsiveness

Shiling City was originally just an inconspicuous little town on the edge of the desert. Compared to the magnificent and imposing City of Demons, it was really too inconspicuous. Fifteen years ago, who could have imagined that it would expand to its current size? Just by riding a camel and looking at it from afar, you can see the black shadow lying in the yellow sand, like a giant snake lying on the land.

Lan Yuan said, "After the city's protective formation was broken, the demon race launched an attack at night. The cultivators tried their best to escort the mortals out of the city, suffering heavy losses. Just when they were about to be completely defeated, the city lord named Qing Huai sacrificed himself to the city and activated the Heaven-Burning Formation. The raging flames burned for three months. The cultivators and mortals who did not have time to escape, as well as the demons who rushed to the front, were trapped in the city and burned to death."

Lan Wu glanced at her: "You're in the sea, yet you know everything perfectly well."

Lan Yuan snorted: "Even if you live in seclusion, you still need to keep track of what's going on. What if you're attacked at your doorstep one day and you don't even know it? Wouldn't that be even worse?"

Danqing interjected: "Later I learned that after the fall of Wangliang City, the mountains became increasingly deserted. I asked a junior disciple who had left, and she said that she was going to go to Ximo Shiling City with her senior brothers and sisters."

Lan Yuan nodded and sighed, "Qing Huai lost his life, but he bought time for the other cultivators. In just one month, they combined the strength of ten thousand people to set up an extremely long and wide barrier outside Shiling City. Thousands of cultivators patrolled day and night. It is said that not even a fly could get in."

"Wouldn't the western part of the barrier be completely occupied by the demon race?"

"It's just a desert. For cultivators, keeping the demon race there is better than letting them invade Zhongzhou."

Unbeknownst to them, the group gradually merged into the flow of people. Amidst the noise, Lan Wu raised her head and squinted at the towering stone wall that was getting closer and closer.

Lan Yuan pulled the camel closer to her: "What do you plan to do? They are much more vigilant now. Even if you enter the city from here, you need to pass through many barriers and have your spiritual power verified. Demons, monsters, and even mortals other than cultivators cannot get in."

Lan Wu glanced at Ji Lingyue and Ji Yun, who were half a step behind, and said, "Danqing and I can go in. I'm going to find Master."

"Elder Ye?" Ji Lingyue frowned. "If you go to see her, aren't you just walking into a den of cultivators?"

"Yes, but I have no demonic power left, only a genuine spiritual pill. No one would doubt that." She paused, then continued, "Besides, Danqing told me that the current sect leader is my master. If it is my master, he might help me if he knows our purpose."

"Perhaps?"

"This is the safest approach."

"No," Ji Lingyue refused, "If anything goes wrong, I can't protect you from this far away. I'll go in with you."

"How are you going to get in? By forcing your way in?" Lan Wu said helplessly, "Have you forgotten what we talked about before?"

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then said, "You said that if you encounter danger, you will take the initiative to avoid it and hide behind me."

Lan Wu raised an eyebrow: "And the next line?"

She blinked, pursed her lips, and her pretty face tensed. After a while, under Lan Wu's focused gaze, she reluctantly spoke: "What you can handle, you can do yourself."

"This is all I can handle," Lan Wu said. "I can protect myself, don't worry."

"And me too," Danqing flew onto Lanwu's shoulder and said earnestly, "It's just going in to see Elder Ye, right? Elder Ye is so kind, there

won't be any problems."

Ji Lingyue frowned: "But…"

Lan Wu quickly interrupted her: "I can change my appearance. If I haven't come out in an hour, you can force your way in."

Ji Lingyue stared at her intently for a long while before saying, "Half an hour."

Lan Wu was taken aback: "Half an hour?"

She grew anxious, moved closer to the woman, and said softly, "Half an hour won't do. It might take me half an hour to find someone. Ah Yue, please be kind and make an exception for me. Give me an hour. An hour is only half an hour more than half an hour, don't you think?"

Ji Lingyue looked down at her and suddenly said, "The last time you spoke to me like this was when we were at Haochen Mountain."

Lan Wu smiled, her eyelashes curving: "If you like, give me an hour, and I'll talk to you like this every day from now on."

Ji Lingyue: …

A moment later, she helplessly pushed away Lan Wu's head that was nuzzling against her, muttering, "If only the contract were still in place."

"I'll listen to you even when you're not around," Lan Wu said sweetly, seizing the opportunity. "Master."

"…"

Lan Yuan had already managed to completely ignore them, but she still felt a chill. She grimaced and moved around a bit before patting her face and looking at the line of people waiting to have their spirits examined. After watching for a while, she noticed something subtle.

Among the crowds, there were some cultivators in a hurry who could freely enter and exit through a side door simply by showing the token on their waist at the entrance.

She frowned, looked around for a moment, and then struck up a conversation with a passerby: "Young lady, why don't those people have to queue?"

"Those things," the man glanced in the direction she pointed and said knowingly, "Don't you know? The elders of the three major immortal sects and Penglai Island, as well as a few trusted disciples, all have specially made tokens. When entering and leaving the city, they don't have to go through the cumbersome barrier to verify their spiritual power, saving a lot of time."

Lan Yuan frowned: "Does no one object to this special treatment?"

"Why should we object? After all, the three great immortal sects have been the main force in fighting against the demon race in recent years, so it is only right that they receive some preferential treatment. As for us, we are only thinking about our safety, so let's just accept the inconvenience."

Lan Yuan understood, thanked her, and went back to tell Lan Wu and the others about it. She added, "If your master is unwilling to help you, giving him a few of those tokens wouldn't be a bad idea."

"You think it's so easy," Lan Wu said. "I'll go in in a bit, you all wait outside. Be careful, I'll be back in an hour."

Lan Yuan nodded: "Of course."

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, jumped off the camel, and as she passed by Lan Yuan, she leaned down and whispered in her ear, "Keep an eye on A Yue for me, and make sure she doesn't act impulsively."

Lan Yuan glanced at the figure wearing a bamboo hat without showing any emotion and replied softly, "She doesn't seem like an impulsive person either."

Lan Wu shook her head, saying meaningfully, "You don't understand, just keep an eye on things for me."

After saying that, she squeezed Lan Yuan's hand and led Dan Qing towards the long line for spirit testing. The line moved extremely slowly, but as she expected, she was now no different from a cultivator and passed through several layers of barriers without any hindrance, finally reaching the spirit testing stone.

The white jade was crystal clear, towering and broad, exuding a slight chill. When Lan Wu looked up at it, she was momentarily dazed.

This scene is so similar to the one she witnessed years ago when she reached out to verify the spirit outside the gates of Beizhou. At that

time, she was filled with trepidation, fearing that her identity would be exposed. Now, however, she can calmly place her hand on it, having already made up her mind.

Sure enough, a blue wave spread out from under her palm, transforming into two swimming fish that swam and played around the pale green sprout that had grown in the center.

Water and wood spiritual roots.

"Pass."

Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled. She came back to her senses and was about to leave when she was stopped: "Wait."

She was startled, and turned around nervously to look at the frowning steward: "What's wrong?"

"What do you mean, 'what's wrong'? There's one last item."

The steward approached her and placed the round black bead in his hand about a fist's distance from her lower abdomen. In a short while, the bead emitted a golden light, illuminating Lan Wu's bewildered face.

"Your loyalty is complete; you are indeed a cultivator." The steward nodded and said, "You may enter now."

A loyal heart, a heart that is fulfilled.

Lan Wu silently recited these words, then suddenly chuckled, shook her head, and turned to walk into the city.

Meanwhile, Lan Yuan watched Lan Wu's figure disappear. Before she could turn her gaze away, she heard the sound of camel bells around her. Ji Lingyue was actually leading the camel backward.

Startled, she quickly followed, asking, "Where are you going?"

Ji Lingyue: "Arrest them."

"Who to arrest?"

"The person who came out with the sign just now."

Lan Yuan's expression changed slightly, and she stepped in front of her: "Didn't we agree to wait for Lan Wu for an hour?"

Ji Lingyue calmly replied, "I'm just waiting behind her, that's what waiting is all about."

"No." Lan Yuan frowned. "I know you're worried about Lan Wu, but she's already gone in safely. If her actions outside are exposed and she can't see Ye Qingjun, wouldn't that be a loss?"

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, seemingly wavering.

Seeing this, Lan Yuan quickly winked at Ji Yun: "What do you think, Miss Ji Yun?"

Ji Yun hesitated and looked at Ji Lingyue, but was given a cold glance by her. She hurriedly looked away and said, "I have a headache. I don't know what you're talking about."

Lan Yuan was speechless and rolled her eyes at her without any politeness, but Ji Lingyue said, "You're right. Besides, I already promised Lan Wu."

Lan Yuan was slightly surprised. Just as she was about to relax, she heard her continue, "But if she hasn't come out after an hour, I will have to find the fastest way in. Forcing my way in is much slower than going in directly, so I should prepare now and get the token first."

Lan Yuan was silent for a while, then helplessly crossed her arms: "Lan Wu is right, you really are impulsive."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: "She, she said that about me?"

Lan Yuan hummed in agreement, then raised an eyebrow and said, "So, are you really going to do something impulsive that would cause her worry?"

"…"

Ji Lingyue fell silent. After a long while, she reached out her hand, and an inconspicuous black butterfly flew out and disappeared into the crowd in the distance.

Lan Yuan hesitated and asked, "What is this?"

"I'm just tracking her; I won't take action now." Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes and said calmly, "If she doesn't come out in an hour, then I'll try to snatch that person's token. Is that alright?"

"Although I don't think we can just snatch it and get in, but…" she hissed and nodded, "Okay, if she doesn't come out in an hour, whether we snatch the token or force our way in, I'll go with you."

137. Appearance

Unlike other towns, Shiling City is not lined with bustling shops and restaurants on both sides of the main street. Instead, there is the clanging sound of weapons being forged. The patterns on the stone slabs have long been worn away, and the pedestrians on the street have serious expressions and walk in a hurry.

Lan Wu looked around for a while, hesitating whether to randomly ask someone about Ye Qingjun's whereabouts, when Danqing in her arms exclaimed with delight and flew away.

Lan Wu quickly followed, and after crossing a street, she saw Danqing land on someone's shoulder: "Danbai!"

She was startled and subconsciously stopped in her tracks. The slender young woman standing outside the pharmacy turned her head, a hint of surprise appearing on her frosty face as she stared intently at the gyrfalcon on her shoulder.

Danbo was indeed beautiful, dressed in white as snow, with golden irises and a natural red tinge at the corners of her eyes. Paired with feather earrings, she appeared even more ethereal.

"Danqing?" Her voice was clear and crisp as she asked in surprise, "Where did you go?"

"I'm going to find…" She suddenly stopped speaking, subconsciously looking at Lan Wu, unsure whether to tell the truth: "Uh… I went out to play, and met a few people, and became good friends with them."

"You've been far too reckless." Danbo's voice quickly turned serious as he said, "You know your own limitations. In this chaotic situation, how could you run off on your own? Do you know how worried the sect leader is?"

Danqing huddled up in a ball after being scolded, stammering for a while, when a cold hand suddenly covered her back: "It's not her fault."

Lan Wu hugged Danqing back into her arms and said gently, "It's been a long time, Danbai."

Danbo was taken aback, staring intently at the unfamiliar face. After a long while, he hesitated before asking, "Who are you?"

"Lan Wu".

She blinked in surprise, instinctively glancing behind her. Seeing no one else, she pursed her lips in disappointment, her tone stiff: "What are you doing here? You're a monster, how did you get in?"

"Oh?" Lan Wu smiled and said, "Then can you sense a trace of demonic energy from me?"

Danbo frowned, stared at her for a long time, and said, "I don't know what you are now, but you shouldn't be here. I heard that the sea people have not joined the demon race. If the people here find you, they may not kill you, but they will inevitably hurt you."

Looking at her tense little face, Lan Wu felt a stronger sense of déjà vu and couldn't help but reach out and ruffle her hair: "You should be about the same age as Danqing, how come you look so mature?"

Danbo froze, quickly taking a step back, and said angrily, "Don't touch me!"

Lan Wu blinked and obediently withdrew her hand.

Has she been having a run of bad luck lately? Why does everyone seem to dislike her?

She coughed lightly and said, "Let's get down to business. Do you know where my master is? I have something to tell her."

Danbo snorted coldly: "The sect leader is very busy and has no time to see irrelevant people."

"How could you say that?" Danqing couldn't help but squeeze out of her embrace, her eyes wide, and said urgently, "Master has something very important to say, she is not just some nobody!"

"You!" Danbo's expression froze, and he stretched out his hand: "Come back!"

Danqing shrank back again: "No!"

"Alright, I really do have something very important to say, it's about the Demon King."

Danbo paused for a moment, then hesitated before asking, "Really?"

"Of course it's true. Look, my cultivation level is probably even lower than yours now. How could I possibly cause any trouble?"

"That's not necessarily true..." Danbo muttered, then looked her up and down before finally saying, "Alright, I can take you to see the sect leader."

"Please hurry," Lan Wu said with a smile. "A Yue is still waiting outside. If I don't go out soon, she might really cause some trouble."

"Lord...she's here too?" Denber's eyes widened suddenly in surprise. "Is she outside?"

Lan Wu raised an eyebrow: "You really do care about her."

"Of course," Danqing squeezed out again, shaking her wings, "She was heartbroken for a year when A-Yue didn't want her anymore."

"Nonsense!" Danbo raised his eyebrows, wishing he could seal her mouth shut: "Being bound by someone is a shameful thing. Only... only an idiot like you would like being bound by someone!"

Lan Wu gave an "oh" and looked at the girl's blushing face, saying gently, "Danqing has a sincere heart, she's not stupid."

Danqing was taken aback, looked up at her for a while, and was deeply moved: "You are so kind, you are the best host in the world!"

Lan Wu patted her head: "I like you too."

Danbo pursed his lips, his expression shifting several times before turning cold again: "Are you still going to see the sect leader?"

"Of course I'll see you."

With a flick of her sleeve, she turned and walked in a certain direction, her steps slightly heavy, looking quite angry. Lan Wu followed silently, pushing Danqing out: "Go and coax her."

Danqing whimpered and tried to crawl back inside: "No way."

Unable to resist, Lan Wu threw her onto Dan Bai. Dan Bai clenched her fists and reached out to push her away. Dan Qing was unyielding and tried to land on her again from a different spot. After a moment, the girl seemed to give in, snorted coldly, and let her stand on her

shoulder.

After walking along the street for a long time, turning corners, Lan Wu entered an extremely narrow alley. Tall buildings stood on both sides, their dark shadows looming down like mountains, making her feel uneasy. After passing through the alley, the view suddenly opened up. An inconspicuous three-story building was hidden behind a lush bamboo grove. The courtyard was fragrant and filled with flowers and plants.

In this city, there is such a tranquil place.

Danbo walked in front, pushed open the low door, and greeted someone to the side: "Master Yao."

Lan Wu subconsciously looked over and met a familiar face. Yao Lao still had a calm and composed expression. He nodded to them and continued to work in the flower field.

Lan Wu pursed her lips, somewhat dazed, as she passed through the small courtyard and entered the hall on the first floor of the small building. There were many disciples coming and going here, and Lan Wu even recognized a few of them. Dan Bai walked among them, politely nodding to those he knew, and continued walking upstairs.

Upon reaching the second floor, Danbo suddenly stopped and respectfully said, "Master."

Lan Wu froze, her body tensing involuntarily, and she couldn't help but soften her breathing. After all, the shadow cast by Qin Yu on her mind was simply too great.

Qin Yu remained unchanged from years ago. His cold and stern gaze lingered on Lan Wu for a moment before casually shifting away: "Going to see the sect leader?"

Danbo: "Yes."

He hummed in agreement, but his attention was drawn to Danqing: "When did she get back?"

"just."

Danqing shrank back under his gaze and snuggled into Danbai's arms.

"Is the contract still valid?"

"It's still there."

Qin Yu nodded and continued downstairs.

Once he was out of sight, Lan Wu finally breathed a sigh of relief and asked with a hint of surprise, "Why did he ask that?"

Danber calmly said, "I've confirmed you're still alive."

Lan Wu hissed and shrank her shoulders, muttering, "How scary."

Danbo couldn't help but glance at her: "What are you afraid of? He just wants to confirm that the main character… Ji Lingyue is still alive."

Lan Wu was taken aback: "How do you confirm?"

"You and Ji Lingyue have formed a life-and-death pact," Danbo said expressionlessly. "Everyone knows that."

Lan Wu: "…When did you find out? You weren't the only one who found out last, were you?!"

A smile finally appeared on Danbo's face. He hummed softly and continued walking upstairs.

Reaching the deepest room on the third floor, Danbo finally stopped and knocked on the door: "Sect Leader, someone wants to see you."

A weary reply came from inside: "Who is it?"

Danbo frowned, glanced hesitantly at Lan Wu, and Lan Wu came to her senses, pursed her lips, and stepped forward, saying, "It's me."

She repeated, "Master, it's me."

After a moment of silence, the two doors suddenly creaked open. Lan Wu's heart pounded. She took a breath and stepped inside.

A low table stood by the window not far away, and the woman sitting behind it had thin shoulders. She turned to look at her, and Lan Wu met her eyes and brows bathed in the warm sunlight. She was speechless for a moment, frozen in place, not knowing what to say. Ye Qingjun, on the other hand, looked at her carefully, and after a while, finally sighed helplessly, "Disciple, how did you become like this?"

Lan Wu was taken aback, and quickly removed the disguise from her

face, saying in a hoarse voice, “This is an illusion I used…”

“I know,” Ye Qingjun interrupted her, her tone still gentle. “I’m asking, how… how did you become like this?”

——

Ye Qingjun: How did a lively fish become a disabled fish?

Mid-Autumn Festival Extra Chapter - Sword Practice Diary

Sunny on Sunday, mood: as usual

He practiced swordsmanship at dawn, chopping pine and cypress trees eight hundred times. After bathing and changing clothes, he headed from Jinling Peak to the main peak. When he passed the fork in the road at Qianyun Peak, he happened to run into Lan Wu and Yu Shanye.

Lan Wu’s posture was awful; she had to lean on Yu Shanye when she walked, which was quite unbecoming. Her master said that in dealing with people, one should stand like a pine tree and sit like a bell, always keeping one’s breath in mind. Even in daily life, one should drive the body to circulate spiritual energy and expand the spiritual meridians. Only in this way can one achieve twice the result with half the effort in cultivation.

I told Lan Wu this trick, but Lan Wu told me that what men say is all bullshit and she doesn’t like to listen to it.

Hmm… Luckily I’m a girl.

Huoyao Sunny Mood: As usual

Lan Wu was punished again by copying the “Qingxin Jue” five hundred times, all because she dozed off in Elder Bai Wang’s class. Yu Shanye was indeed a bad friend; not only did he not wake her up, but he also put a book in front of her head.

She was sleeping with half her face flushed and her bangs sticking up. She humbly begged me for help, but Elder Bai Wang caught her in the act. Elder Bai Wang was very angry and said that my handwriting was even uglier than Lan Wu’s. He had been holding back for a long time, and if I continued to aid and abet evil and he found out that I had submitted two different handwriting styles, he would report me to our master.

Lan Wu was very frustrated, but after a while, she cheered up and said that she could write her handwriting ugly, and that would be the same.

How could I not have thought of that? Lan Wu is indeed very clever.

Wednesday, cloudy. Mood: Pleasant.

When I woke up this morning, the wind chimes outside kept ringing. I pushed the door open and found that the sky was overcast and gloomy, and snowflakes mixed with ice pellets were hitting my face.

I've reached the late Foundation Establishment stage and can easily control spirits to avoid the wind, but doing so is too tiring, so I gave up and continued chopping pine and cypress trees eight hundred times. After finishing my sword practice, I bathed and changed clothes, then headed towards Qianyun Peak. Today I had Elder Ye's spiritual plant class. It's said that this class is usually taught by Yao Lao, but she has a strange temperament. She gets nervous when there are many people, and she'll throw various spiritual plants to her disciples and then disappear until a disciple accidentally touches a poisonous herb and faints, at which point she'll hurriedly reappear.

Over time, the disciples became increasingly dissatisfied, so Elder Ye took over the course.

I finished reading the entire guide to spiritual plants early in the morning, and I was confident that this course would not be difficult for me. On my way to the back mountain of Qianyun Peak, I happened to pass by Lan Wu's Picking Branches Courtyard. She was sitting in the courtyard, holding a bowl bigger than her face and drinking porridge.

When she saw me, she started to smile, beckoned me inside, and asked if I wanted to try some, saying that the porridge made by Yushan Ye was very sweet.

How delicious could it be? Hmph, I think the rice and porridge served to high-ranking officials and nobles in the Central Plains restaurants can't compare to a steaming bowl of meat soup for us mountain hunters. It's just a pity Lan Wu doesn't like meat, otherwise, I would have made it for her… um…

So sweet.

Lan Wu, holding a spoon, looked at me with a smile and said, "Why

are you making such a sour face? Your lips are pouting so much you could hang an oil bottle on them."

Nonsense, I would never make such a childish expression.

But the porridge was indeed very sweet. I licked my lips, and Lan Wu scooped up another spoonful and fed it to me.

She said she had already cooled it down and it wasn't hot at all.

It wasn't hot at all, and it tasted strangely sweet.

Just as I was about to take my third sip, Yu Shanye came out of the kitchen, shouting and yelling, saying that I was too old to be fed by others, and then snatched the bowl and spoon from Lan Wu's hand, saying that if I called her "sister," she could feed me too.

Annoying, Yu Shanye is so annoying, how can there be such an annoying person?

However, not long after, she accidentally ate a poisonous plant in class, and her lips swelled up as if she had been stung by a bee.

Hmph, I wasn't gloating; Lan Wu laughed first.

Today is a wonderful day.

Sunny Thursday, mood: as usual

The master was very strict when Lan Wu was practicing swordsmanship at the main peak. When he discovered that Lan Wu was skipping class, he notified Elder Ye.

In the afternoon, Elder Ye brought Lan Wu back, both of them smiling broadly, seemingly very happy.

However, less than half an incense stick later, Lan Wu was punished by her master to copy "Asking the Sword" a hundred times. She walked to my side dejectedly, and just when I thought she was going to ask me for help again, she pulled out a bag of milk cakes from behind her back and quickly stuffed a piece into my mouth.

When her master looked over, she immediately straightened her head, raised her chest, brandished her sword a few times, and gave a few serious shouts. When her master's gaze shifted away, she tilted her head and winked at me triumphantly.

I couldn't help but laugh. After I ate the milk cake, she told me that Elder Ye had promised to bring her back to class, but after he caught her, he took her down the mountain to Jixuedu and bought a lot of snacks.

Lan Wu said that the monsters raised in the back mountain all like sweets.

Of course, I read in the book that most monsters have a sweet tooth, but the degree of their fondness varies.

After saying that, Lan Wu tasted a piece herself, her eyes crinkling with satisfaction. Before long, she had secretly finished the whole bag.

It seems that Lan Wu, as a human, also quite likes sweets.

Next time I go down the mountain, I can buy her some other sweets to try.

Feelings on Friday, heavy snow: Sad

At the main peak, while studying talisman techniques, perhaps due to the dim light, the howling snow outside, and Elder Lin's soft voice, half of the disciples fell asleep before the course was even halfway through.

Lan Wu didn't sleep. She hid behind the upright book and wrote furiously, copying the "Qingxin Jue" with messy handwriting.

I asked her why she was in such a hurry, since the deadline was two days later. She told me that there were no two days left, as she was going to Jixuedu the day after tomorrow and would definitely not stay on the mountain to continue copying the book, so she only had one day left.

I asked her who she was going with, and she replied matter-of-factly: "It's Yushan Ye."

After a while, she glanced at me again and said, "You have to practice your sword, so I can't get you to go."

So you're just going to stop calling it that?

Even though I really can't go, I'll still feel sad if Lan Wu doesn't ask me a single question.

I'm not going to pay any attention to her anymore.

Feelings about heavy snow on Tuesday:

An ordinary day, nothing much to write about.

Sunny mood on Sunday:

Annoying weather! It snowed heavily the other day, but today it's sunny.

Lan Wu took Yu Shanye down the mountain early this morning. I ignored her yesterday, and she didn't even realize I was angry.

The more I thought about it, the angrier I became, so I stabbed the pine and cypress trees a thousand times.

My senior sister was standing behind me watching me at some point. She seemed very happy and said, "Yes, that's the kind of spirit you need when practicing swordsmanship."

Although she herself is a swordsman.

After finishing my sword practice, my senior sister and I went to see our master. According to her, this was the special time for personal disciples to receive extra instruction.

Having been at Haochen Mountain for so long, I have never met the legendary senior brother. My senior sister said not to worry about him, and even if he comes out of seclusion, I might not be able to meet him, because he doesn't like to go out.

It seems that the eldest brother is an introverted person.

If Lan Wu didn't like going out, that would be great. If she was bored, I could practice my swordplay in front of her. My senior sister said I look very good when I wield a sword.

Why am I thinking about Lan Wu again? Oh no, I'm getting even angrier.

After listening to my master's lecture, I returned to my residence and stabbed the pine and cypress trees a thousand times.

As darkness fell and snow began to fall, I realized I had far exceeded my training goals and was covered in sweat. I then prepared to take a shower and go to bed early.

I closed the door, pulled the covers over myself, and lay in the

darkness, forcing myself to fall asleep early.

Before I knew it, the wind chimes started ringing again.

Maybe it was the wind.

Snap…

I was startled by the faint footsteps at the door. I sat up abruptly, grabbed my sword, jumped out of bed, and flung open the door.

ah!

The person outside the door was startled and clenched their fist, taking a step back.

Lan Wu stared at me nervously with her round, black eyes.

I was also taken aback, but I quickly recovered. Because I was still angry, I didn't intend to speak first, and just stared at her. Lan Wu and I looked at each other for a while, and then she asked me softly why I was sleeping so early today?

I told her I was tired from practicing swordsmanship and wanted to go to bed early.

She gave an "oh," swayed her body from side to side, bit her lip somewhat awkwardly, and slowly brought out a plate of white, gooey stuff from behind her.

"What is this?" I asked.

She seemed very nervous, and her speech was halting as she said that these were pastries she made to celebrate my birthday.

I was stunned.

birthday?

Ah, today is my birthday.

I completely forgot about it.

Ji Lingyue stared at the strangely shaped pastries for a while before raising her head and asking in a low voice, "So, you actually went to Jixue Capital today to do this?"

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, then said apologetically, “I heard from Shan Ye that in some places in the human world, people eat this kind of thing on their birthdays. But I’ve been making it all day and haven’t managed to make a pretty one. This is already the most complete one… If you don’t mind…”

“I don’t mind.” After saying that, Ji Lingyue pinched her wrist, gently pulled her into the warm room.

Lan Wu blinked, and the snowflakes on her eyebrows gradually melted, turning into damp moisture that clung to her long eyelashes. Her dark, bright eyes resembled those of a docile deer.

She laughed again and offered, “If you can’t finish it, I can help you eat it.”

The room was dimly lit, warm and cozy. Ji Lingyue sat down at the table with her and said matter-of-factly, “I was going to have you eat with me anyway.”

Are you still angry?

She paused, then looked at Lan Wu: “What, what are you angry about?”

“You were clearly angry all day yesterday.”

Lan Wu curled her lips, somewhat proudly: “I’m not stupid. I can tell whether you’re angry or not at a glance.”

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and chuckled helplessly, “Yeah, I’m the idiot.”

“Who says that about themselves?” Lan Wu carefully placed the pastries down and said, “But it’s really cold outside.”

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement.

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then hinted, “It’s so cold, you’ll definitely freeze to death if you walk back.”

“…” Ji Lingyue looked at her, and after a moment, she finally realized something and quickly said, “Of course, it’s already so late, it’s cold outside, and the way back is far away, so why don’t you stay here with me?”

“Since you put it that way, I will respectfully comply.”

Lan Wu coughed lightly, her gentle eyes fixed on her: “Then, happy sixteenth birthday.”

138. Old Friends

“Time is up.”

“Really?” Lan Yuan snapped out of her daze, then said a beat late, “I feel like there’s more to it than that…”

Before she could finish speaking, the person in front of her transformed into a gust of black wind and vanished into the distance. Lan Yuan jumped up immediately and chased after him in a fit of rage: “Waiting any longer will cost you your life!”

She chased after him for more than ten miles until she reached a deserted place, where she saw Ji Lingyue enveloping the person in a cloud of black mist. She quickly cried out, “Don’t kill him!”

Ji Lingyue responded from afar, “I know what I’m doing!”

Lan Yuan complained in a low voice, “You still have some sense of propriety. How strange, why should a demon like me have to worry about human lives…”

Before he could finish speaking, a furious shout suddenly came from above: “What are you doing?”

Oops!

Lan Yuan looked up, and when she saw the person’s face clearly, she exclaimed that she was doomed.

Isn’t this… isn’t that so-and-so?

The female cultivator who stabbed her back then was Ji Lingyue’s senior sister, named Meng… Meng something?

Unable to think of anything, Lan Yuan sighed with a headache, “You’re such a nuisance, you’re everywhere!”

As she spoke, Meng Changge plummeted from the sky like the wind, her two red blades slashing fiercely at the drifting black mist. Ji Lingyue frowned, and without hesitation, she deflected the blades. Just as she was about to strike Meng Changge’s chest with a palm, she saw her face clearly and loosened her grip. Even so, Meng Changge was still violently thrown back, staggered to a stop, and coughed up a

mouthful of blood.

After breaking through to the Nascent Soul stage, even a small realm apart feels like an insurmountable chasm, let alone a difference of an entire major realm in strength.

Lan Yuan stopped and said gloatingly, “Why did you provoke her?”

Meng Changge wiped the blood from her lips and looked at Ji Lingyue with surprise and doubt: “When did such a master as you appear in this world?”

Ji Lingyue didn’t answer, threw the unconscious disciple down, and said to Lan Yuan, “There’s only one piece.”

“Then let’s grab another one.”

Meng Changge was taken aback, then suddenly glared at her. With a flick of her long sleeve, a sharp blade of energy flew out, but Lan Yuan easily blocked it: “What do you mean? Do you think I’m an easy target?”

With her sharp eyes, she noticed the token dangling from the woman’s waist and raised her voice, “Hey, you there, she has one of those tokens too!” After saying that, she twirled her sword and smiled with narrowed eyes, “Senior Sister Meng, you’re unlucky to have run into us today.”

Meng Changge asked in surprise, “You recognize me?”

Lan Yuan sneered: “It’s your honor that I recognize you.”

Ji Lingyue remained silent, but her figure pressed down on Meng Changge. Her bamboo hat and thin veil fluttered in the wind, revealing only half of her pale chin. Meng Changge dared not confront her directly, and instead flew towards Lan Yuan, seemingly wanting to capture her to restrain Ji Lingyue.

Lan Yuan saw through her intention, her eyebrows furrowed, and she said angrily, “You really have no sense of propriety!”

She twirled the silver sword in her hand, unleashing a wave of eerie blue energy as she thrust it towards Meng Changge. Meng Changge dodged it, then swung her knife horizontally toward her neck with her left hand. However, the blade was suddenly entangled by a wisp of black energy and flung away forcefully.

She was startled by the speed of the person behind her. Lan Yuan had already reached for the token at her waist when a figure flew over from a distance, shouting, "Stop! Stop fighting!"

The group looked up at the same time and saw the girl in white standing on the sword. They said anxiously, "She's alright, she's looking for you."

Ji Lingyue paused, quickly gathering her black energy, and tilted her head to examine her. Meng Changge, however, did not relax her grip, tightly holding onto Lan Yuan's outstretched wrist, and asked, "Danbai, what do you mean?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: "Danbai?"

Danbo stared at her intently, his lips twitching slightly, and said, "The sect leader has also arrived."

As soon as she finished speaking, several sword shadows flew through the air. Leading them was Ye Qingjun. Lan Wu anxiously peeked out from behind her. After seeing them, she finally breathed a sigh of relief and complained, "You were only half an incense stick late. Couldn't you have waited a little longer?"

After saying that, she caught sight of her disciple lying unconscious on the ground and was shocked: "What happened? He can't, he can't..."

"Don't worry, he's not dead." Lan Yuan sheathed her sword and glared at Meng Changge: "Aren't you going to let go?"

Meng Changge refused to let go, and shouted, "Sect Leader, those two are highly skilled and have malicious intentions. We must not let our guard down!"

Ye Qingjun hummed in agreement and slowly lowered her head. "I know," she said, then looked at Ji Lingyue and said gently, "You've become quite formidable."

Several unfamiliar figures landed on the ground one after another, walked out from behind her, glanced at the situation in front of them with surprise and uncertainty, and then looked at Ye Qingjun: "Is this what you called a controllable, powerful ally?"

Lan Wu quickly explained, "It's a misunderstanding, it's all a misunderstanding. She was worried that something might happen to me, so she acted rashly. I will teach her a lesson."

After saying that, she coughed lightly and gave Ji Lingyue a glare that wasn't too strong: "Aren't you coming over?"

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then obediently walked to her side.

"But she is a demon!"

"She was once a disciple of Haochen Mountain, and I know her character."

A female Taoist priest said with a stern face, "Our Taoist path has always taken subduing demons and eliminating evil as its foundation. How can we cooperate with demons now?"

"But the demons are far away, and she's all alone here. Why are you so worried? Besides, isn't the most important thing right now the demons outside Stone Ridge City? We've lost too much in these ten years. If there's even a glimmer of hope to stop this disaster, shouldn't we hold on tight?"

"Who knows if what you're saying is true or false? If that demon king really has some connection with your disciple, and she's half-human and half-demon, how can we easily believe her words?"

The others nodded in agreement: "Yes, right now everything is just her empty talk. What if she is a spy sent by the Demon King?"

Ye Qingjun was silent for a moment, then said, "I vouch for her with my life."

Upon hearing this, everyone's expression changed drastically, and Lan Wu was especially shocked: "Master?"

A moment later, a cold, deep voice said, "Even your life is not worth the lives of the people after the lies are exposed."

Lan Wu suddenly glared at him, recognizing him as Qi Yun, the leader of the Golden Hall: "You, you all…"

Her chest heaved, and her eyes gradually reddened, but in the end she simply clenched her fists and said, word by word, "I can take the Truth Gu."

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then grasped her wrist. Lan Wu glanced at her and continued, "After taking the Truth Gu, if I lie, I will be devoured by the elixir and die. My purpose and my true feelings

can be stated again in front of you."

Qi Jun stared at her thoughtfully for a while, seemingly about to nod in agreement, when a voice said, "Wait."

Ji Lingyue still held Lan Wu's wrist tightly and said coldly, "She can take the Truth Gu, but if it is proven that what she said is true and that she has no ulterior motives, you will have to vouch for her with your life in front of everyone in Shiling City."

Qi Jun sneered: "Why should I do that?"

"On what grounds?" Ji Lingyue sneered, "You keep talking about the people of the world, yet you repeatedly obstruct others from helping you because of your prejudices. If it is later proven that Lan Wu was not lying and that there was indeed a sliver of a chance to stop the Demon King, then what you did today will truly be a disservice to the people of the world!"

She looked around, staring at the faces with different expressions, and continued, "Lan Wu is good-natured and willing to endure, but I am not. I have plenty of ways to take Lan Wu away from here and never come back. When the demon race breaks through Shiling City and invades Zhongzhou, killing people, you will understand that tens of thousands of innocent lives were lost because of you. It was you who caused all of this."

"Shut up! You wretched creature, stop spouting such nonsense! Whether she can stop the Demon King is still unknown!"

"Yes," Ji Lingyue laughed, "You don't know if she can actually do it, but do you have any other options?"

As soon as he finished speaking, a deathly silence fell over the surroundings, so quiet that even breathing was barely audible. In this extremely heavy atmosphere, Meng Changge unconsciously released Lan Yuan's wrist, stared intently at the woman's back, and tentatively called out, "Junior Sister?"

Ji Lingyue blinked, and after a moment, she took off her bamboo hat and looked at her calmly: "Long time no see, Immortal Master Meng."

Meng Changge was taken aback, pursed her lips, and stood there somewhat dejectedly. Lan Yuan glanced at her, snorted softly, and swaggered back to Lan Wu's side while rubbing her wrist.

"In that case, please consider it," Ye Qingjun finally spoke again, speaking gently. "However, don't take too long to consider it. Give me a final answer in three days."

"Ye Qingjun! What, what do you mean by this? What about the guarantee…"

She chuckled softly and said helplessly, "Since this is Ji Lingyue's request, there's nothing I can do. She's stubborn, and I can't persuade her. Elder Qi, please think it over carefully."

Qi Jun's face was ashen, his fists clenched tightly. He snorted coldly and turned away. After they had almost all left, Lan Wu slowly exhaled and carefully tugged at Ji Lingyue's sleeve: "A Yue."

Ji Lingyue turned her head: "Hmm?"

Perhaps still reeling from what had just happened, she maintained a stern expression, her red eyes cold and her lips tightly pressed together, which looked quite intimidating at first glance.

Lan Wu smiled and cupped her face in her hands, rubbing it roughly: "How are you so amazing? Your little mouth is so talkative, it's going to make that old Taoist priest faint!"

Ji Lingyue's long eyelashes trembled, and she mumbled incoherently as her words were rubbed: "Ugh…"

"What?"

Ji Lingyue grabbed her wrist to make her let go, coughed lightly, and said seriously, "He made you unhappy, and I will definitely make him pay. However, you should discuss the matter of the Truth Gu with me."

Lan Wu stared at her with her beautiful big eyes for a long time before sighing, "I don't know why, but from the moment I started looking at you, your image in my eyes has suddenly become much more impressive."

Ji Lingyue frowned: "What do you mean? Have I been unreliable in the past?"

"How could that be?" Lan Wu quickly tried to cover it up: "He's just unusually tall today. Besides, you just knocked out a cultivator, and look, he's still lying there…"

As she spoke, she pointed to the unfortunate cultivator who had fainted, only to see Ye Qingjun walk to the man's side, frowning and bending over to look at him.

She was stunned for a moment, then quickly went over: "Master, is he seriously injured?"

Behind her came Ji Lingyue's dissatisfied mutter: "I didn't even use any force."

"It's not serious, but," Ye Qingjun paused and pondered, "the badge on his waist seems to belong to a disciple of Haochen Mountain, but I have no recollection of his face."

"Let me take a look." Lan Wu stepped forward, squatted down and observed for a while, then said, "It seems to be an illusion. I'll break it."

A shimmering fluorescent light emanated from her fingertips. Lan Wu touched his forehead, spread her five fingers, and slid them down his face, as if wiping away a layer of skin, thus removing his disguise.

"This person's illusion magic isn't very sophisticated," Lan Wu said, glancing at his gradually emerging true face. "It seems his cultivation level isn't high either. So how come he has… Ouch!"

She suddenly stopped, stared at the person for a long time, and after confirming it, jumped up in disgust: "Isn't this Qing Zibai?"

——

Just in case, I'll go back during the National Day holiday after posting this chapter.

139. Nausea

On the way back, Ye Qingjun said calmly, "After the battle of Wangliang City, City Lord Qing died, and one-tenth of the Qing family members survived, including Qing Zibai. However… he changed his personality after that."

"What do you mean he's changed his personality? I think he's scared out of his wits." Meng Changge snorted coldly and glanced at the unconscious person floating in the sky: "As the former sect leader's personal disciple and the senior brother of many disciples, he has never dared to fight. Now he has even changed his appearance and

sneaked away. If we hadn't bumped into him by chance, I'm afraid he would have really run away."

"Since he really doesn't want to stay, why take him back?" Lan Wu said disdainfully, "Why not just let him go?"

Ye Qingjun sighed and shook her head, saying, "It's not our idea to stop him from leaving; it's the Qing family's idea. He is the current head of the Qing family. Apart from him, the rest of the Qing family members are all focused on revenge and hope to one day return to Wangliang City and rebuild it. The elders of the Qing family even asked me to take good care of him. Now that we've seen him, how can we not take him back?"

Lan Wu nodded and, seeing the city gate getting closer, said, "Then we'll wait outside for the next few days. We'll go in after they make their decision in three days."

"There's no need for that."

Ye Qingjun glanced back at them, and four plaques appeared in her palm: "One for each of you, take them."

Meng Changge paused, then hesitated, "Sect Leader…"

"Um?"

"It's fine if you give it to Junior Sister and Lan Wu, but we don't know anything about the other two…"

"Who are you talking about!" Lan Yuan glared at her irritably. "I'm Lan Wu's older sister, and besides, I'm from the sea tribe. Aren't I more reliable than your demon-possessed junior sister?"

Ye Qingjun pondered for a moment and said, "That makes sense."

She beckoned Ji Lingyue over, squeezed her wrist, leaving a blue mark. It seemed to be a forbidden spell to suppress power.

Lan Wu was taken aback: "Master!"

"What's the rush?" Ye Qingjun said calmly, "With her current cultivation level, this thing is of no use to her at all; it's just for show."

"Oh, I see," she blinked, glanced at her sister, and whispered, "Why don't we get one for her too? She has a bad temper, what if she gets into an argument with someone…"

"Lan Wu, you're asking for it!"

Ye Qingjun smiled and said, "No need, but who is this?"

She looked at Ji Yun, who had been silently following beside her, and said in surprise, "I can't sense any blood flow in her. In this world, only inanimate objects can gain a spirit and cause this to happen."

"That's right," Ji Lingyue answered for her. "Yun'er is a person made of jade. Don't worry, she is a healer and only uses her cultivation for self-defense. She will not harm others."

"Really? Then she'll definitely get along well with Elder Yao."

As they spoke, the group entered the city gate smoothly. Lan Wu looked around, then suddenly remembered something and turned to ask, "By the way, we've been here for so long, but we haven't asked Master where Shan Ye is yet."

Ye Qingjun was taken aback and suddenly fell silent. Meng Changge also pursed her lips and lowered her head uncomfortably.

Lan Wu's gaze swept over them, the joy on her face gradually fading: "What's wrong? She… did something happen to her?"

Ji Lingyue frowned and looked over uneasily.

"Disciple," Ye Qingjun said in a low voice, "the last time someone saw Shan Ye was in Wangliang City. At that time, she was running to save a mother and daughter."

Lan Wu was stunned, and her face suddenly turned deathly pale.

"After that… no one ever saw her again."

"What do you mean?" Lan Wu asked in a trembling voice, "You mean, she… she's also trapped in the City of Demons?"

"Lan Wu," Meng Changge said in a hoarse voice, "those trapped in Wangliang City could not possibly still be alive."

The autumn wind swept by silently, and in the deathly stillness, Lan Wu suddenly staggered back a step, clutching her head and groaning in pain, "Ugh…"

Ji Lingyue was startled and quickly supported her: "Lan Wu?"

"I…" she gasped for breath, closed her eyes, her head throbbing with pain, and almost all her weight was on Ji Lingyue. Just then, a steady voice came through the long street and called out loudly, "Sect Leader Ye."

Ye Qingjun turned around and looked at the young man walking towards her: "Young Island Master."

Young Island Master?

Lan Wu shook her buzzing head and looked at the person in a daze.

Chu Ji smiled politely and said, "I just arrived and heard that Sect Leader Ye had invited many seniors to go out together. My father asked me to come and see what happened. If there is anything Penglai Island can do to help, please feel free to ask Elder Ye. We will go through fire and water without hesitation."

"Penglai Island?"

Lan Yuan murmured, turned around, and stared at him intently: "Are you a member of the Chu family?"

Chu Ji was taken aback and looked at Lan Yuan: "And who is this fellow Daoist?"

"Fellow Daoist?" Lan Yuan scoffed, staring coldly at him: "Who is your fellow Daoist? Disgusting."

Chu Ji's expression changed slightly: "I have never met you before, why speak so harshly to me?"

"Of course we are complete strangers," Lan Yuan said with disgust. "It's just that the whole of Penglai is stinking. Just getting close to you makes me feel nauseous."

"You!" Chu Ji's eyes widened, then he looked at Ye Qingjun: "Sect Leader Ye, she is… she…"

Ye Qingjun frowned and looked at Lan Yuan suspiciously, but said reassuringly, "Young Master Chu, please don't be angry. This girl is unruly and arrogant. I hope you won't hold it against her."

"Of course I won't bother with a mere woman, but she insulted my sect for no reason! Are we just going to let this go like this?"

"A mere woman?" Lan Yuan sneered, "If you're not satisfied, then

fight me. I'm afraid you'll have to call me 'Grandma.' Let me tell you, your Penglai are nothing but a herd of beasts… Ugh!"

Meng Changge covered her mouth tightly and smiled apologetically at Chu Ji: "Fellow Daoist, please don't be angry. This person is a friend I invited. He's not a bad person by nature, just a bit foul-mouthed and he can't seem to change it. Fellow Daoist is the young master of Penglai, you wouldn't be taking a nobody seriously, would you?"

She was already tall, and after years of diligent cultivation, tempering her bones and marrow, her body became even more slender. At this moment, she grabbed Lan Yuan like an eagle snatching a chick and pulled her behind her, but Lan Wu was exposed.

Lan Wu's face was pale, and she did not use illusion magic to change her appearance again. When their eyes met, Chu Ji was suddenly stunned and stared at her.

"Fellow Daoist…" he frowned and hesitated before saying, "It's been a long time."

Lan Wu opened her eyes and said wearily, "Long time no see."

Chu Ji shifted his gaze, then glanced at Ji Lingyue beside her, and couldn't help but reveal what he thought was a friendly smile: "So many years have passed, and the two of you still have such a good relationship. I remember back then, when the three of you from Haochen Mountain went to Penglai together, I was the one who hosted you. Speaking of which, where is that fellow Daoist?"

The surroundings suddenly fell silent again. Ji Lingyue turned her head, glared at him fiercely, and said, "Get out!"

——

Okay, let me tell you where Xiao Yu is. See you after National Day this time!

140. Help

A light rain suddenly began to fall in the night, and a chill seeped into the room through the window. Lan Wu woke up from her dream, sat up groggily, and stared blankly for a while before realizing that the bedding next to her was empty.

She threw back the covers, stepped barefoot onto the cold floor, and

slowly walked outside.

A gaunt figure lay alone in a rocking chair under the eaves. Hearing the noise, the figure turned to look at her. Under the moonlight, Ji Lingyue's eyes were dark, her long eyelashes were distinct, her face was pale, but there was a touch of vibrant color at the corner of her eyes.

Seeing Lan Wu walk over, she consciously gave up her seat. After Lan Wu lay down, she crawled over and silently lay on her chest.

"Why aren't you asleep?" Lan Wu stroked her back and said gently, "Are you just crying here by yourself?"

Ji Lingyue nestled silently in her arms for a while before saying, "The last time I saw her, I hit her."

Lan Wu didn't say anything, but put her hand on her waist.

"I also said some bad things to her." She clenched her fists and said in a hoarse voice, "I shouldn't have said those things to her."

"It's not your fault." Lan Wu sighed softly, tilting her head and resting her chin on her forehead. "I took A Li out to sea, but I never looked after her again. She disappeared with Shan Ye. I'm the most irresponsible one. I was clearly… her master."

Ji Lingyue closed her eyes, and after a long while, she suddenly said, "I don't believe she's dead."

Lan Wu hummed in agreement: "I don't believe it either."

"Lan Wu".

"Um?"

"I want to go to the City of Demons."

"good."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, and looked up at her: "Aren't you going to stop me?"

"Why should I stop you?" Lan Wu asked. "I'm going too."

Ji Lingyue instinctively refused: "No."

Lan Wu raised an eyebrow helplessly: “Why not?”

“Wraith City is on the other side, and that area has become demon territory; it’s extremely dangerous,” Ji Lingyue emphasized. “You can’t go there.”

Lan Wu pinched her nose: “You really won’t let me go?”

Ji Lingyue blinked and said in a muffled voice, “No!”

Lan Wu chuckled: “Think it over carefully, who has it harder to get over there now.”

She said slowly and deliberately, “This barrier is guarded by thousands of cultivators day and night. The only entrance and exit is outside the west gate of Shiling City. Only those who have the joint permission of the three major immortal sect leaders can pass through the barrier to get over there. Tell me, how do you plan to get over there?”

Ji Lingyue frowned, looking suspicious, and asked, “Who told you this?”

Lan Wu snorted: “Of course it’s Master. Do you think I didn’t ask Master anything when I saw him today?”

As she spoke, she poked Ji Lingyue’s forehead again: “Now, neither of us is reliable in the eyes of outsiders, but compared to each other, my cultivation is weak and I have a spiritual pill, while you are a great demon who can seize people’s power, which is very scary. Tell me, who is more likely to get through this?”

Ji Lingyue was silent for a while, then sighed, “Annoying cultivators.”

Lan Wu chuckled, then sighed, instinctively hugging her tighter, and murmured, “When I came here, I never imagined I’d run into people from Penglai.”

Ji Lingyue blinked and asked, “Are you thinking about how to deal with them?”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement: “Those things happened three hundred years ago. Perhaps the current disciples, the current members of the Chu family, don’t know what their ancestors did, but can they be considered innocent? Shan Ye once said that Penglai disciples always cultivate much faster than their peers. They may indeed know

nothing, but they have certainly benefited without realizing it." She closed her eyes and murmured to herself, "In that case, are they guilty?"

Ji Lingyue was silent for a while, then said in a low voice, "You always seem to think the best of people." She hesitated for a moment, then continued, "If it were me, I wouldn't care whether they were innocent or not. Since they profited from it, regardless of whether they knew about it or not, they should take responsibility."

Lan Wu stared at her blankly for a while: "If only I were as insightful as you, but unfortunately, I seem to be a strange monster who is indecisive."

Ji Lingyue smiled and said, "But it's precisely because you're such a demon that you couldn't bear to abandon me back then, and even went with me to seek a master to learn skills." She said earnestly, "No one can be perfect, and neither can demons. Lan Wu, we have so many flaws, yet we've still made it this far. Why are you so demanding of yourself?"

Lan Wu blinked and couldn't help but reach out and pinch her cheek: "Sometimes you can be surprisingly reliable."

Ji Lingyue retorted, "You're saying that again. I'm reliable to begin with."

"Indeed, I was too naive." Lan Wu propped herself up and looked her down. "You're right, I should have followed my heart. However, we're all on the same side now, so it's not the time to settle scores with them."

As she spoke, she lowered her head and kissed Ji Lingyue's forehead: "Alright, go back and rest, it's so late."

She was the first to get up. Seeing that Ji Lingyue was lying still, she reached out and pulled her up. The woman snuggled into her arms and said softly, "My legs hurt."

Lan Wu lowered her eyes, hooked her legs and picked her up, teasingly saying with a smile, “You really like to act cute.”

Just as dawn broke, there was a loud knocking on the door.

The visitor was very polite, knocking twice and waiting a while. When there was no response, he knocked twice more. When Ji Lingyue opened the door, Danbai’s hand was still in mid-air.

She paused for a moment, then asked, “Is something the matter?”

Danbo lowered his eyes uncomfortably and said dryly, “The sect leader requests your presence.”

“good.”

Ji Lingyue turned her head and called into the house, “Lan Wu, Elder Ye wants us to come over.”

Danbo couldn’t help but steal a glance at her, but as soon as she turned her face back, he immediately lowered his eyes, as if he wanted to stare a hole through the ground.

Ji Lingyue looked at her suspiciously: “Are you afraid of me?”

“I’m not afraid.”

“Then why don’t you look at me?”

Danbo paused, his eyelashes fluttering a few times, and carefully raised his head: “I… I just… it’s just been a long time…”

Before she could finish speaking, footsteps sounded behind her. Danqing jumped onto her back with a “heave-ho!” and asked happily, “What are you two talking about?”

Danbo staggered, managing to hold the door open in time to avoid falling onto Ji Lingyue. He gritted his teeth and said, “Get down!”

“Go down, go down, why are you being so fierce?”

Danqing slid down, muttering to herself, and ran into the house to pull Lan Wu, who was yawning, out. She then grabbed Ji Lingyue and excitedly walked out: “Let’s go! We’re going to Ping’an Street now, just as the steamed buns are coming out of the steamer.”

"Why buy steamed buns?" Danbo said angrily, "The sect leader wants to see them!"

After calling Lan Yuan and Ji Yun, they went out together. On the way, Lan Wu caught sight of three or four people from Penglai. Compared to Chu Ji, these people were relatively unfamiliar. The young woman walking in front had a solemn expression and soon disappeared around the corner at the end of the street.

Seeing her staring, Danbo said, "That's Qing Zibai's wife, Chu Jiao, from a collateral branch of the Chu family."

Lan Wu was stunned: "What, wife?!"

"Yes, we got married five years ago."

Lan Wu was greatly shocked: "He's married into the Chu family? Wait, if he already has a wife, why did he sneak away yesterday?"

"That's why he's a coward," Denber said with disgust.

Lan Wu wholeheartedly agreed: "I've always thought he was annoying, and it seems there's a reason for it."

Upon hearing this, the people around her glanced at her silently, while Ji Lingyue smiled and subtly curled the corners of her lips.

Not many people come to the courtyard at this time, but in order not to attract too much attention, she changed her eye color, put up her long hair, and put in a jade hairpin. At first glance, she was no different from the cultivators who came and went.

Lan Wu couldn't help but glance at her several times. Ji Lingyue raised an eyebrow and looked at her with a smile, waiting for her to praise her. But she heard her mutter, "After looking at your little red lantern for so long, it feels a little strange to suddenly turn back."

Ji Lingyue: …

She glared at Lan Wu, annoyed: "You're fickle!"

"Where is it?" Lan Wu smiled and took her hand. After going upstairs and entering Ye Qingjun's room, she smelled a fragrance. She looked closely and found that there were several bowls of porridge and dishes on the table. Meng Changge was already sitting at the table and looked at them with Ye Qingjun: "You're here."

After everyone sat down, the table was immediately crowded. Ye Qingjun said, “Now that everyone is here, let’s start eating. This place has the best porridge and dishes in Shiling City.”

Lan Wu asked in confusion, “Did Master call us over just to have a meal together?”

“Of course not,” Ye Qingjun said, “I called you here because I have something important to discuss.”

What is it?

Ye Qingjun turned to look at Lan Yuan and said bluntly, “I would like to ask Miss Lan Yuan for a favor.”

Lan Wu was taken aback and subconsciously looked at her sister, who was holding a bowl of porridge but hadn’t yet put it in her mouth: “Me? Help?”

Ye Qingjun nodded and said gently, “The news from the Nightmare Forest indicates that there have been unusual movements coming from inside these past few days. It seems that something is trying to break through the barrier and get out.”

“You’ve sealed off the Nightmare Forest too?”

“Yes, just in case,” Ye Qingjun said. “The Nightmare Forest is on the edge of the desert and was not sealed on the other side of Stone Ridge City. Its barrier was set up separately.”

Lan Yuan frowned: “But what does this have to do with me?”

Ye Qingjun explained, “The Nightmare Beast and the Sea Clan are considered two anomalies among the demon race. Although they are demons, their entire tribe has always lived in the human realm and has lived peacefully together for many years. The Nightmare Beast has been quiet for the past few years since it was sealed, but it has become restless these past few days. Something must have happened. Miss Lan Yuan is a member of the Sea Clan, and a noble princess of the Sea Clan. Her words should carry more weight among the Nightmare Beast, who is also a member of the demon race.”

“Peaceful coexistence?” Lan Yuan put down her porridge bowl and scoffed, “What peaceful coexistence? All these years, haven’t we been hiding and living in seclusion to avoid being attacked and killed by you?”

Lan Wu coughed lightly: "Sister."

Lan Yuan paused for a moment, then said dryly, "I understand. You want me to act as a mediator and persuade them to behave, is that right?"

"yes."

Lan Yuan frowned: "Don't you think this is going too far? You sealed them off, and now you're telling them to behave? Don't you humans have a saying… 'Even a rabbit will bite when cornered'?"

Ye Qingjun nodded: "To be honest, I also think it's inappropriate. In fact, at the beginning, the Nightmare Forest didn't make any moves. We just sent people to keep an eye on it. We didn't seal it. But after the fall of the Wraith City, they suddenly made some unusual moves, and that's when the Penglai elders who were present at the time sealed it."

"Penglai," Lan Yuan sneered, "it's Penglai again."

Ye Qingjun raised her eyes and hesitated before saying, "I noticed yesterday that Miss Lan Yuan seems to dislike Penglai."

Lan Yuan chuckled and tilted her head, saying, "It seems Lan Wu didn't tell you everything either."

As soon as she finished speaking, several pairs of eyes turned to Lan Wu. Lan Wu blinked and stammered, "Well… that's because I was in a hurry to go out and find A Yue yesterday and didn't have time to say it."

"Never mind," Ye Qingjun sighed, "If there are things that are very important to you and cannot be easily said, then I don't necessarily need to know them."

Lan Yuan raised an eyebrow, glanced at her, then at Lan Wu who was keeping her eyes down and silent, and finally said, "Alright, I can help with this, but whether it will work out, I don't know."

"Thank you." Ye Qingjun turned her head and said, "There are many checkpoints along the way. In order to avoid any mistakes, Changge will go with you."

"Cough! Cough cough…" Meng Changge choked, and after finally catching her breath, she exclaimed in surprise, "Me?!"

"Yes, you will come along and escort Miss Lan Yuan."

"I don't need an escort," Lan Yuan refused. "Her cultivation level isn't even as high as mine."

Meng Changge suddenly sat up straight and said angrily, "Who knows who has a higher cultivation level? Besides, do you think I want to escort you? With such a bad temper, being with you is just asking for trouble!"

"Stop arguing. No matter what, Changge is well-known and highly respected. People won't question her when they see her. With her by your side, the journey will be much smoother." After a pause, she added, "They're urging you to leave as soon as possible, so it's better if you set off as soon as possible."

Lan Yuan clicked her tongue and lazily crossed her arms: "We just arrived and there's already work to do. We haven't even had a chance to sit down yet. Sect Leader Ye really knows how to order people around."

Ye Qingjun smiled and said, "It's better to arrive at the right time than to arrive early, isn't it?"

"Alright," Lan Yuan patted her clothes and looked at Lan Wu beside her, "Then during my stay, I hope Sect Leader Ye will take good care of my sister and make sure she doesn't suffer any grievances."

"nature."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then turned to look at her.

Lan Yuan chuckled and pinched her earlobe, saying casually, "Now you know how important it is to bring me along, right?"

141. Needle eye

When Lan Yuan and the other person left, it was not yet noon, but the streets were already bustling with people.

Ji Lingyue looked at the shops along the street, her gaze sweeping over the swords and knives hanging at the entrances, and couldn't help but raise an eyebrow: "These are actually all high-grade spiritual weapons."

"After all, it's a time like this." With that, Lan Wu picked up a silver

longsword and weighed it in her hand. “Do you want it?”

Ji Lingyue shook her head, and Lan Wu said “Oh” thoughtfully, “That’s right, you can already turn demonic energy into swords.”

She put down her sword and continued strolling along the long street with Ji Lingyue, stopping and talking intimately, as if they were just a couple of lovers taking a leisurely stroll. However, Ji Lingyue glanced back as she brushed her stray hairs aside, gave a low hum, and said dismissively, “Someone is following us.”

Lan Wu picked up a pomegranate red bracelet and held it up on her wrist: “Just follow along. After all, given our status, it’s understandable that those seniors are worried.”

The cool jade touched her warm wrist, and Ji Lingyue curled her fingertips slightly. Looking down at Lan Wu’s focused gaze, she couldn’t help but curl the corners of her lips: “Are you going to buy this for me?”

“If you like.”

Ji Lingyue tilted her head in a good mood, and when Lan Wu raised her head, she leaned over and kissed her on the lips.

Lan Wu was taken aback, and subconsciously glanced at the pedestrians around her: “You…”

Before she could finish speaking, Ji Lingyue turned her head and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek.

She blinked and helplessly put her arm around the woman’s waist: “In broad daylight, you really have the nerve to do this.”

“I did it on purpose.” Ji Lingyue lazily narrowed her eyes and reached out to tap her throat: “Since they like to spy on us, let them have a good look.”

“What are you looking at?” Lan Wu grabbed her cheek without any politeness: “Are you looking at how I can just roll and knead you like a puppet, even though you’re a great demon?”

Ji Lingyue muttered, “Can’t you give me some face?”

Lan Wu smiled and pulled her along as they continued walking. She brought up another matter: “Master probably won’t agree to us going

to Wangliang City to look for clues about Shan Ye, so we'd better go secretly."

"But didn't you say that we need the permission of the three sect leaders to go to the other side of the barrier?"

"Yes, but they don't know we're going to the City of Demons."

Finally reaching the city wall at the end of the long street, Lan Wu found the stone steps to the top of the tower and walked up with Ji Lingyue, stopping at the top of the tower.

"Look."

Ji Lingyue looked out in the direction she pointed. Several miles away, there was a light-colored barrier. The barrier was not obvious and almost blended into the colorless air. Only when it rippled like water did it reveal some clues.

Beneath the barrier stood a stone tower, seemingly guarded by someone, while on the other side of the barrier stretched a row of low-lying tiled houses, with people coming and going in and out of sight.

Ji Lingyue was startled: "Are there other people living on the other side?"

"No, they are also cultivators from this side, specifically sent out to spy on the situation and keep track of the demon race's movements. They serve as a defensive line outside the barrier," Lan Wu said. "If we want to see the Demon King in the future, we may need their help."

"So, we went over there…"

"Of course, I want to find a way to see the Demon King," Lan Wu winked at her, "and while I'm at it, I'll also sneak off to the City of Demons."

Ji Lingyue suddenly realized and was about to nod when she suddenly heard a noise. She frowned and flicked her sleeve to release a wisp of demonic energy. With a whoosh, the demonic energy transformed into a long thorn that was deeply embedded in the black stone of the city wall. Just a hair's breadth away was a pale face.

Lan Wu turned to look at the person, and was stunned for a moment: "Qing Zibai?"

The man had half his body hidden behind the wall, his still effeminate face seemingly devoid of color, his empty eyes staring at them silently.

Lan Wu frowned: "What are you doing here?"

"You're going to Wraith City." A hoarse voice rang out, and Qing Zibai said slowly, "It's too dangerous. No, you can't go."

Lan Wu was surprised that he had overheard their conversation, and raised an eyebrow in displeasure: "What do you mean? Are you going to tell on us?"

Qing Zibai acted as if he hadn't heard, took a step forward, and stared straight at Ji Lingyue: "Did you knock me out and bring me back?"

Ji Lingyue stood still: "It's true that I knocked you out, but I wasn't the one who brought you back."

"What difference does it make? If it weren't for you, if it weren't for you…" His eyes reddened, and he staggered forward, grinning, his expression a mixture of crying and laughing: "I would have left this godforsaken place long ago. Why, why did you have to appear at a time like this?!"

Seeing his erratic behavior, Lan Wu's face turned cold. She conjured her longsword in the back of her hand, twisted her wrist, and placed the hilt against his shoulder: "Stay away from us."

Qing Zibai turned to look at her, hissing, "You have no idea, no, you all know nothing, I…"

"Qinglang!"

Suddenly, a figure emerged from the stone steps, climbed the city tower, looked around, and her gaze fell on this side. Lan Wu and the person exchanged a glance and quickly recognized her as the Chu family member she had seen that morning, who was Chu Jiao who was betrothed to Qing Zibai.

Upon seeing them, Chu Jiao seemed surprised and ran over quickly: "Qinglang, what are you doing here?"

After helping Qing Zibai up, she looked at Lan Wu and the other two with an apologetic expression: "My husband was frightened yesterday and is somewhat unsettled. He disappeared again early this morning. His family has been searching for him anxiously for a long time. If he

has done anything rude, I hope you two fellow Daoists will not take it to heart."

Lan Wu hesitated for a moment, then shook her head and said, "It's nothing, he didn't do anything."

"That's good." Chu Jiao felt relieved, politely said goodbye to them, and gently stroked Qing Zibai's face. The man seemed to suddenly become docile, closed his eyes, and obediently followed her away.

After they had gone some distance, Lan Wu hissed, "Why is that person so strange?"

Ji Lingyue withdrew her gaze and said, "Qing Zibai seems to be very afraid of her."

"Um?"

"When Chu Jiao appeared just now, Qing Zibai trembled."

Lan Wu turned her head, her beautiful eyes fixed on her. Ji Lingyue was startled and touched her face in confusion: "What's wrong?"

Lan Wu suddenly said, "You pay a lot of attention to him."

Ji Lingyue didn't react for a moment: "Huh?"

"You even noticed he was trembling," Lan Wu muttered. "You're very observant."

After saying that, she turned and walked towards the stone steps leading downstairs. Ji Lingyue blinked and quickly followed, but the smile on her face slowly widened: "So many years have passed, he has a wife now, why do you still care so much?"

"Who said I care?" Lan Wu denied. "I was praising you. You have sharp eyes and can see things clearly. You're so amazing."

Ji Lingyue said "Oh," and then asked, "Shall I go and observe further?"

Lan Wu suddenly stopped and glanced at her sideways: "The Chu family does have a lot of problems, but we have no evidence. We don't know what their situation is. The young couple went home together. If you follow them and observe, you might get a sty if you see something bad."

Ji Lingyue was amused by her, and with her hands behind her back, she said slowly, "You should say that to the people who are monitoring us."

Lan Wu turned her head in confusion: "Hmm?"

The woman suddenly stepped forward, put her arm around her waist and pinned her against the wall, smiling as she said, "It seems someone else is the one who will get a sty."

142. Home

On the bustling streets, murmurs of discussion could be heard from time to time about what had happened on the city tower not long ago.

"This is outrageous! Sect Leader Qi actually risked his life to vouch for Lan Wu, making us all believe her!"

"What's the big deal?"

"You don't even know this? Back then, there was a mess at Haochen Mountain. It's said that a monster infiltrated the mountain gate, became a disciple of Haochen Mountain for five years, caused a great disturbance, and then disappeared. It's said that Lan Wu was that monster. And now, Headmaster Qi is actually asking us to believe a monster!"

"But just now I saw that she was full of spiritual energy, with black eyes and black hair, she didn't look like a monster."

"Who knows what kind of sorcery she used? I thought Sect Leader Qi was upright and honest, but I never expected that he would also be bewitched by a demon…"

"Shut up!" A female voice suddenly interrupted them. The woman stood in front of several Golden Hall disciples, her cold, star-like eyes glaring at them: "How dare you speak ill of my father?"

"We can't make irresponsible remarks? Hmph, then Miss Qi, what are your thoughts on what your father just did?"

Qi Yueyao clenched her fists and said firmly, "Father has his reasons for doing this."

"Oh? So you're willing to believe that inhuman, demon-like Lan Wu?"

Qi Yueyao said, "I believe in my father."

As she was speaking, she suddenly noticed something, frowned, and quickened her pace to catch up.

“Hey, you!”

The man was standing in front of the Baibaoge shop when she grabbed his shoulder and pulled him over. A look of surprise appeared on her pretty face: “Who are you?”

Qi Yueyao was furious and gritted her teeth, whispering, “What kind of sorcery did you use to make my father make such an absurd decision?”

Lan Wu blinked and looked her up and down: “Are you Sect Leader Qi’s daughter?”

“yes!”

Lan Wu relaxed, slapped her hand away, and straightened her disheveled clothes: “I’m so weak, what kind of sorcery could I possibly use? It was your father’s choice.”

“Nonsense!” Qi Yueyao took a breath and sneered, “You don’t want to talk about it, huh? Fine, then I’ll investigate myself. As long as you’re here, no matter where you go or what you do, I’ll be watching you.”

Lan Wu chuckled: “Still staring at me?”

Qi Yueyao was taken aback: “What do you mean?”

“Weren’t the people watching me the other day yours too?” Lan Wu curled her lips and looked at her lazily: “Miss Qi should ask them first what they found out after watching me for a few days.”

After saying that, she glanced at the person coming out of the house, picked up a piece of fragrant stone from the shop and tossed it to her: “This is for you. It will calm your mind and spirit, and help you avoid arrogance and impetuosity.”

Qi Yueyao instinctively took the bait, then looked up and saw another person standing next to Lan Wu, their slightly upturned, narrow eyes glancing over as they said indifferently, “Did she come to cause you trouble?”

Lan Wu shook her head and asked only, “Did you buy anything?”

Ji Lingyue hesitated for a moment, then said frankly, “I don’t have

enough spirit stones to buy a flying boat. I can only buy a house that I can carry with me."

Lan Wu said helplessly, "Why didn't you tell me you were short of money?"

Ji Lingyue muttered, "I didn't expect things here to be so expensive."

"After so many years, the price is bound to go up."

Seeing them talking as if no one else was around, Qi Yueyao's expression grew even more unpleasant. She tossed the orchid-scented stone back into Lan Wu's arms, saying, "Keep this for yourself." She emphasized each word clearly, "I don't need it!"

After she stormed off, Lan Wu sighed, "If only my sister were here."

Ji Lingyue turned her head nonchalantly: "However, since we bought this courtyard, we don't need to stay at the accommodation they provide tonight."

Lan Wu nodded: "I'll go see Master in a bit. If all goes well, I might get permission to go there soon."

Ji Lingyue was about to suggest going with her, but then she remembered the matter of arranging the courtyard, so she said, "Then I'll find a place to settle down first. After you've seen Elder Ye, just come back and find me."

Where can I find you?

Ji Lingyue raised an eyebrow: "We'll find out when the time comes."

Lan Wu chuckled and reached out to pinch her cheek: "What, is there another surprise?"

"yes."

Lan Wu was now curious. On her way to see Ye Qingjun, she was still wondering what surprise she would receive. But as soon as she stepped into the main hall of the mansion, she saw the three sect leaders sitting inside.

Lan Wu glanced around and politely bowed, saying, "I didn't know the two sect leaders were here too. I apologize for the intrusion."

Ye Qingjun shook her head: "It's not an intrusion. We were just

discussing whether or not to let you pass, so this is a perfect opportunity.”

Lan Wu raised her eyes, stood with her hands behind her back in the doorway, and asked calmly, “Then… what was the result?”

Qi Jun snorted: “I can let you pass, but I have one condition.”

“Sect Leader Qi, you supported me in front of everyone this morning, you wouldn’t go back on your word, would you?”

“It is precisely because my reputation is now tied to yours that I am making this condition. Otherwise, if you do something bad, wouldn’t it implicate me?”

Lan Wu said helplessly, “I clearly tested it with the Truth Gu yesterday, doesn’t Sect Leader Qi believe me?”

Qi Jun glanced at Ye Qingjun and sneered, “Thanks to your master, we could only ask three questions yesterday. Apart from confirming that you really have no bad intentions, we still know nothing else. If you want to go over, you can, but I want to send my daughter with you. Do you agree?”

Lan Wu was taken aback. She glanced at Ye Qingjun, who calmly nodded to her. Lan Wu then said, “Alright, if Sect Leader Qi is worried, he can send his daughter to watch over us. However, the other side is fraught with danger. If she encounters any danger, we may not be able to protect her.”

“She doesn’t need your protection,” Qi Yun said coldly. “If she really loses her life because of this, it’s because she’s incompetent.”

Lan Wu glanced at him in surprise, then looked at Xuan Rulin, who was sitting quietly to the side.

This man, Xuan Yu has been kidnapped by a demon for so many years without any news, and he seems to have never thought of looking for her. He has long focused all his energy on his remaining two sons. Even when Lan Wu told him a few days ago that Xuan Yu might still be alive and in the hands of the demon king, he didn’t react at all.

These two fathers were both incredibly ruthless.

After the agreement was reached, Lan Wu turned and left. The air outside was filled with the fragrance of flowers. In addition to the

spiritual herbs planted by the old herb master, there were also vibrant white daisies dotting the green grass. Lan Wu stopped, looked down for a while, and couldn't help but bend down and pick a handful, gently holding them in her palm.

As she carefully held the bouquet of flowers, a black butterfly slowly landed on her shoulder, then spread its wings and floated away.

Lan Wu followed behind it, walking along the long street, strolling through quiet alleys, and gradually arriving at the dense shady trees on the outskirts of the city. There stood an inconspicuous courtyard, but the view was blocked by a wooden fence.

A black butterfly flew into the courtyard, and Lan Wu followed behind. Pushing open the door, she found herself on a winding pebble path. The path was filled with crystal-clear pond water on both sides, and at the edge of the pond, at the foot of the fence, were planted brilliant flowers as beautiful as brocade.

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then looked up. The small houses connected by the wooden boardwalk were scattered on the water. Someone was sitting on the extended terrace, her simple white dress warmed by the golden sunlight. She lowered her head and dipped her bare legs into the water, gently swaying them.

Hearing the noise, Ji Lingyue looked up and gently asked Lan Wu, "You're back?"

Lan Wu hummed in agreement and slowly walked to her side.

Ji Lingyue looked up at her and said softly, "Do you like our new home?"

Home?

Lan Wu blinked, then looked up and carefully examined the surroundings before saying, "I like it."

Looking at the garden full of fragrance, she suddenly felt embarrassed and didn't want to take out the flowers in her hand anymore, so she hid them away. Ji Lingyue didn't notice her shifty eyes, smiled and stood up, pulling her into the house: "I also cooked a meal. Haven't you tasted my cooking in a long time? Come on in."

After entering the main room, Lan Wu was made to sit down. Ji Lingyue seemed to be in a very good mood today, and walked briskly

towards another room: “I’ll go get the dishes, wait for me for a while.”

Lan Wu opened her mouth, but seeing that she had disappeared in a flash, she swallowed the words she wanted to say to help. With no one around, she curiously opened her eyes wide and carefully examined the furnishings in the room, finally fixing her gaze on the porcelain bowl on the table.

It smells so good…

The aroma was so tempting that Lan Wu picked it up, sniffed it, stared at it for a while, and then tentatively took a bite.

Ah, so sweet!

She couldn’t resist taking another bite, smacked her lips, and looked delighted.

Ah Yue is so kind; she even prepared delicious sweet water for her.

“Thump.”

A sound of splashing water came from somewhere. Ji Lingyue’s ears twitched, and she picked up the sweet soup and ran back into the house: “Lan Wu?”

The room was empty. She paused for a moment, then her expression changed when she saw the empty bowl on the table.

“Lan Wu?”

She put down the bowl, followed the sound, and went outside. Her gaze swept across the water outside the house, and she quickly noticed something amiss.

A dark figure was curled up underwater, only strands of long silver hair floating to the surface like seaweed. Ji Lingyue breathed a sigh of relief, jumped into the water, and carefully swam to her side: “Lan Wu?”

She cupped Lan Wu’s face in her hands. The woman’s eyes were slightly red, and her moist blue eyes looked at her innocently: “A-Yue…”

She hummed in agreement: “Did you drink that bowl of medicinal wine?”

Lan Wu asked blankly, “Medicated wine?”

“Yes, Yun’er brought it back.”

She blinked and muttered, “Delicious.”

Ji Lingyue chuckled: “So you just drank it all in one go?”

Lan Wu looked at her, puzzled. After a long while, she slowly said, “I am, I am a fish…”

Ji Lingyue tilted her head: “Hmm?”

Lan Wu pouted, her eyelashes trembled, and pearly tears suddenly fell: “But, my tail is gone. Hmm, my tail was so beautiful, how could it be gone?”

Ji Lingyue was stunned, staring at her intently. Lan Wu hugged her legs sadly, looking utterly heartbroken: “I don’t have a tail anymore, I can’t swim fast anymore, boohoo… I’ve become a… a useless fish…”

“How could that be?” Ji Lingyue quickly coaxed, “I’ll take you swimming, that way you’ll still be the fastest fish in the sea.”

Lan Wu looked at her, sobbing, her nose red from crying: “Really?”

“real.”

She smiled through her tears, her blue eyes sparkling with tiny lights: “You’re so kind, I like you the most.”

Ji Lingyue couldn’t help but smile, “I like you the most too.”

Lan Wu chuckled foolishly for a while, blinked, and then vaguely remembered something: “I have a gift for you,” she hummed, racking her brains to recall, “When I came back, I saw it and thought it was very pretty, so, so I wanted to give it to you…”

Ji Lingyue became interested: “What is it?”

“flower.”

“flower?”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, then slowly stretched out her hand. A handful of pure white daisies appeared in her palm, but they drifted away with the ripples and floated on the sun-drenched water.

Lan Wu was startled. She looked up at the flowers scattering above her head and said blankly, “Ah, they got away…”

143. Excessive

“Ah,” Ji Lingyue exclaimed softly, as the overflowing demonic energy stretched out like tiny tentacles, wrapping around the tender green stems and gathering them in her palm.

She looked up and scanned the room again, and only after making sure she hadn’t missed any did she breathe a sigh of relief, carefully cradling the delicate daisies.

Lan Wu looked at her: “Do you like it?”

Ji Lingyue nodded: “This is the first time you’ve given me flowers.”

Lan Wu was taken aback, lowered her eyelashes, and stared blankly at the sand beneath her feet: “I’m sorry, you’ve suffered because of me.”

Ji Lingyue chuckled: “Why are you suddenly saying that?”

Lan Wu blinked, tilted her head on her knees, and slowly began to draw on the ground with her fingers: “You followed me around, and for my sake, you became what you are now, but I can’t be like you…”

Ji Lingyue nodded in confusion: “What do you mean, like me?”

Lan Wu lowered her eyes and whispered, “Like you, love me with all your heart.”

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then knelt down opposite her without moving.

Lan Wu continued, “You love me so much, you lost everything for me, but I… I can’t abandon what’s happening here. I can’t stay in Yan Jing with you, I can’t have only you in my heart. I’m always thinking about other things…”

“So that’s what it is,” Ji Lingyue sighed. “Didn’t we talk about this a long time ago? Back then, it was you who persuaded me to do it.”

Lan Wu said sadly, “I’m the best at sweet talk.”

Ji Lingyue smiled, carefully put the flowers away, and took her hand: “Actually, maybe this is the normal way for you.”

Seeing Lan Wu raise her head, she said seriously, "I have family, friends, and things I want to do. On the contrary, I'm the one who's only focused on you. Maybe others will even think I'm scary."

Lan Wu's eyes widened: "You're not scary."

"Lan Wu, I think of you with all my heart because you are the most important person to me. That's why I was willing to risk everything to form a bond with you back then, because if I couldn't hold onto you, you would run away." Ji Lingyue thought for a moment and said, "Now that I think about it, forming a bond might have been a bit extreme, but if I had to do it again, I would still do it. Whether you like it or not, I would keep you by my side, because I'm a selfish person. Since you have received all my love, you should also receive the other side of this love."

She cupped Lan Wu's face in her hands and looked into her clear eyes: "Besides, I don't only have you now. I have Yun'er, I want to find Shan Ye, and I want to avenge my clan. It just so happens that you also have to do these things, so I'll go with you. It's not just for you that I'm doing these things."

Lan Wu sniffed: "Really?"

She hummed in agreement, then said helplessly, "What kind of monster are you, preventing others from being devoted to you wholeheartedly?"

Lan Wu grinned and reached out to hug her, but Ji Lingyue caught her. She glanced down at the lines Lan Wu had drawn in the sand and casually asked, "Is this the moon?"

Lan Wu snuggled closer to her and buried her face in her shoulder, murmuring, "And…fish."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, stared at it for a while, and asked in confusion, "How come I can't see it?"

"Um?"

Lan Wu propped her head up, perhaps because she was drunk, her voice was soft and sticky. She still leaned against Ji Lingyue's chest, lazily raised her hand and pointed, "That's a fish," then pointed to the other side, "That's the moon…" She paused, then slowly said, "The fish will swim up to the sky, swim to the moon's side, and stay with her forever."

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, and after a long while, said in a hoarse voice, “Lan Wu.”

“Um.”

She sighed, hugged the woman tightly, and closed her eyes: “It’s too much for you to not want me to love you with all my heart in this state.”

On a quiet afternoon, a splash suddenly came from the mirror-like surface of the water.

Lan Wu gazed at the woman before her with bright, misty eyes. The familiar, aloof face was very close, and a faint red light emanated from the depths of her eyes, as if flames were burning fiercely within them.

She felt no resistance whatsoever, and trustingly hugged Ji Lingyue’s neck, leaning in to kiss the corner of her lips.

“Ah Yue…”

Ji Lingyue wrapped her arms around her slender waist and subconsciously replied, “You said I was clingy, but you’re just as clingy.” As she said this, she couldn’t help but curl up her lips, push her against the edge of the terrace, and kiss Lan Wu’s rosy lips: “I wish you could always be like this.”

A soft, low breath escaped her lips and teeth. Lan Wu narrowed her eyes and slid down limply, only to have her legs lifted and wrapped around the other person’s waist.

Ji Lingyue lifted her up with a strong push, and Lan Wu lay back on the rough terrace, her wet silver hair flowing down her back, and glistening water droplets still clinging to her fair body. She couldn’t help but turn her head and put her hand over her eyes to block out the dazzling sunlight.

Soon, a shadow fell over her. Lan Wu barely lifted her long eyelashes and looked at her blankly. The woman leaned on her, and when her hot kiss landed on her neck, her fingertips slid down and peeled away the sensitive clitoris.

“Um……”

Lan Wu took a breath, put her arms around her shoulders, and

grabbed her a few times with varying degrees of pressure as she rubbed her skin, leaving several red finger marks on her smooth skin.

Ji Lingyue smiled and pecked her lips: “Luckily, I have thick skin.”

Lan Wu closed her eyes, trembling, her throat bobbing a few times, and suddenly blurted out, “I want… my seashell…”

“What seashell?”

“It’s… um, um… from the sea, a seashell I’ve slept in since I was little…” Lan Wu’s eyelashes trembled as she whispered, “It’s so beautiful.”

Ji Lingyue asked, “What do you need that for?”

“I want…” she gasped, muttering, “I want to lie down with you, and then, inside…”

Her voice grew softer and softer, and Ji Lingyue leaned closer out of curiosity, hearing her soft whisper: “Fuck you.”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, then chuckled and kissed her lips with delight, saying sweetly, “I like it when you talk like that.”

She bit Lan Wu’s tongue, her fingers, coated in honey-like fluid, slowly probing into the acupoint, thrusting in and out while coaxing, “Can you say a few more words?”

“Um,” Lan Wu frowned, her body jolted up and down by her thrusts, and mumbled indistinctly, “What, what…”

“It’s those things from just now,” Ji Lingyue hummed, kissing her softly, “You have to fuck me inside the seashell…”

“Ah…” Lan Wu blinked a beat late, looking blank, and said, “I don’t remember.”

“How could I not remember?” Ji Lingyue was a little anxious, and her hand moved a little harder, rubbing hard against the swollen clitoris. Lan Wu curled up and trembled, squeezing her waist tightly, and shivering as she released a thin stream of fluid.

She was breathing heavily, and before she could catch her breath, Ji Lingyue flipped her over again, her fair knees hitting the wooden board, and she fell face down.

The woman's hot body pressed down on him from behind, he spread her buttocks apart, rubbed the entrance of her vagina, and then inserted himself again.

"Um!"

"Lan Wu," Ji Lingyue's voice was pitiful as she rested her chin on Lan Wu's shoulder and asked in a hoarse voice, "You really don't remember?"

Lan Wu was soaking wet. She lay dazed on the wooden board, a hand climbing up to her chest and teasingly pinching her bright red nipples.

"Lan Wu, Lan Wu…"

Ji Lingyue called her name softly, one call after another, which, along with the sound of water beneath her, turned her already fuzzy mind into a complete mess.

"Lan Wu, do you like it?"

Lan Wu trembled and gave a soft "hmm," which didn't seem to be a satisfactory response from Ji Lingyue. She was then threatened by having her clitoris pinched: "Tell me."

She sobbed, "I…I like it…"

Ji Lingyue smiled, lowered her head to kiss her bare nape, pulled her into her arms and fucked her until she was wet, then turned her over.

Lan Wu lay limply on the ground, her chest heaving violently, just like a fish on a chopping board, being tossed and turned by her.

She swallowed hard, her breath coming in short gasps. Through her blurry vision, she saw the woman crawling forward on her knees, her long black hair cascading down her back like ink splashes, swaying gently with her movements.

She had a well-proportioned figure, with slender muscles that were faintly visible, and between her parted thighs, her pink vulva was dripping with moisture.

Lan Wu subconsciously looked in that direction, her eyes unblinking. Ji Lingyue slowly lowered her waist and brought her lips to Lan Wu's rosy lips.

"Lan Wu".

She affectionately ruffled Lan Wu's damp silver hair and gently rubbed her face against it: "Lick me."

The autumn breeze rustled through the yellowing leaves, which drifted lightly onto the still water. Soon, however, a sweet moan broke the silence, and just as it was about to escape the fence, it was blocked by the array surrounding the mansion.

"Um—"

After a long sigh, Lan Wu turned her face away and coughed as if she was choking. Her eyes were already red. Ji Lingyue knelt on her chest, panting. Her buttocks were wet. Seeing that Lan Wu was coughing so badly, she couldn't help but feel a little guilty. She leaned over and carefully licked away the slippery liquid on Lan Wu's face.

Lan Wu closed her eyes, and after catching her breath, she grabbed Ji Lingyue's shoulders and swayed as she pressed her down beneath her.

Ji Lingyue looked at her obediently, seeing her brows furrowed and her words slurred, "You, you're so mean…" As she spoke, she swayed, seemingly about to fall, "You're just bullying me, I'm going to… I'm going to get angry…"

Ji Lingyue helped her up, blinked, and said, "I'm sorry." Then she quickly added, "I can let you fuck me back."

Lan Wu: "Okay."

She fell down and landed in Ji Lingyue's arms, then simply took the erect nipple in her mouth and reached down with both hands.

"Hmm…you…" Ji Lingyue blinked, and before she could react, someone shoved a finger into her mouth, causing her to let out a soft moan.

Fortunately, Lan Wu wasn't so drunk that she forgot what to do. After inserting it, she started thrusting haphazardly inside Ji Lingyue's hole. Ji Lingyue's body was sensitive, especially when facing her. Even if the other party poked and prodded here and there without any pattern, her body could still give a passionate response.

Gradually, she relaxed and let out a comfortable moan.

"Mmm, Lanwu, Lanwu…" She narrowed her eyes impatiently, hugged the head in her arms, and murmured, "Quickly, I want it…"

Just as she was about to reach the peak, the person in her arms suddenly went still. Ji Lingyue was stuck halfway down, panting as she looked down, only to find Lan Wu lying on her chest, eyes closed, her long, curled eyelashes casting a tranquil shadow, she had actually fallen asleep.

She froze, staring at Lan Wu's sleeping face for a long time before complaining with a wry smile, "You…you're the one who's really going too far."

144. Trust

"Do we really have to bring her along?" Ji Lingyue frowned and glanced at Qi Yueyao, who was following behind her, somewhat displeased. "If we're not allowed to bring Yun'er, why do we have to bring her along?"

"After all, Sect Leader Qi is worried." Lan Wu looked at Qi Yueyao and gave her a friendly smile. Qi Yueyao glanced at her coldly, turned her head, and walked with her junior sister.

Her junior sister was also a rising star in the cultivation world, proficient in talisman techniques, and always had a smiling face. At this moment, she was patting Qi Yueyao's shoulder, saying something to her.

Upon hearing that Lan Wu was going to the other side of the barrier, Dan Qing insisted on going with her, begging Lan Wu to take her along. As they reached the heavily guarded exit, a cold, hard male voice came from behind them: "Ji Lingyue."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, turned around, and saw Qin Yu standing not far away: "Take her with you."

The girl in white silently stepped forward and stood awkwardly beside Qin Yu.

Ji Lingyue frowned: "We're not going out for a spring outing."

Danbo's eyelashes trembled, and she subconsciously pursed her lips, lowering her head even further.

Qin Yu coldly said, "You even brought that useless bird Lan Wu along. Dan Bai is my personal disciple. He has been there many times and is familiar with the terrain. He also has the sect leader's permission. Is he inferior to her?"

Upon hearing this, Danqing's eyes widened, and he tilted his fluffy head: "Is he talking about me?"

Lan Wu quickly patted her little head: "He wasn't talking about you, he was talking about useless birds. You're not a useless bird, you're obviously so capable, aren't you?"

"yes."

Lan Wu smiled and said, "So, just take it as him talking about himself…"

Qin Yu frowned, his gaze pressing down on her with a heavy intensity: "You…"

"Please watch your tone," Ji Lingyue interrupted him politely, but her voice was cold. "Otherwise, I might not be so polite to you."

"Respect?" Qin Yu raised his eyes: "Do you even know what respect is? You've completely forgotten how to respect your teachers."

"Why should I remember?" Ji Lingyue said calmly, "I have neither teachers nor cultivators, so why should I respect any teacher or uphold any path?"

The atmosphere immediately became tense upon hearing this. Lan Wu silently shut her mouth, but couldn't help but curl up her lips. She peeked out from behind Ji Lingyue with a gleeful grin and boldly winked at Qin Yu.

Qin Yu: …

Danbo glanced at the two locked in a stalemate, finally made up his mind, and whispered, "Never mind, I won't…"

Before she could finish speaking, a wisp of black energy suddenly enveloped her waist and dragged her away. Ji Lingyue pressed down on her shoulder and said indifferently, "As for Danbai, you can take him with you."

Qin Yu glanced at her, said nothing more, and left with a cold expression.

Once his figure disappeared from sight, Lan Wu muttered, "He's gone already?"

Ji Lingyue turned to look at her: "You still want him to stay here?"

Lan Wu smiled and said, “Of course I don’t want to, but seeing you talk to him like that, I suddenly don’t feel so afraid of him anymore.”

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement: “You don’t need to be afraid of him, I’m here.”

Lan Wu was taken aback. She looked down at the clear eyes so close to hers and suddenly felt a desire to kiss her.

“Will this ever end?”

Seeing that they were dawdling and not coming over, Qi Yueyao couldn’t hold back any longer and said impatiently, “Are you coming or not?”

The woman beside her chuckled helplessly, then lazily tilted her head and leaned against her like a boneless tree: “Senior sister, what’s the rush? We don’t have any missions this time. Let them do whatever they want. We just need to follow along.”

Qi Yueyao frowned and glanced at her with annoyance: “I didn’t ask you to come along. I clearly wanted Qin’er, so why did it come to you?”

Wen Shiyu pouted innocently: “She’s sick.”

Qi Yueyao didn’t believe it and looked away. Just as she was about to urge them again, Lan Wu and the other three had already passed the check and were about to step halfway across the barrier.

The exit was narrow, allowing only one person to pass at a time. Lan Wu walked through the barrier and took a dozen steps forward. Her boots sank into the soft sand. She looked up and saw the faint morning light from the horizon and the low stone houses stretching for miles. The blurry figures swayed slightly in the wind and sand. At first glance, it looked like an ordinary and quiet town.

But once they entered the streets and alleys, they found that this place was completely different from the Stone Ridge City behind them. There were no protective magic arrays set up everywhere, nor were there any shops for daily life. There were not many pedestrians, but everyone walked steadily and had sharp eyes. As soon as Lan Wu and her companions passed through, scrutinizing gazes followed them from the side.

Ji Lingyue glanced around and whispered, “Most of the people here

are at least at the Integration Stage."

Danbo glanced at her and explained in a low voice, "This is the most dangerous place. Anyone who can get here must have the ability to protect themselves."

No sooner had the words left his mouth than a figure strode over from a short distance away: "You've arrived."

Lan Wu stopped and looked at the unfamiliar man in front of her with a puzzled expression. Danbo then introduced him: "He is the person in charge here, his name is Shi Lei."

Shi Lei bowed politely and said, "I have already received a message from Sect Leader Ye. I will arrange your accommodation and travel. The demon tamer in charge of intelligence gathering will return in two days. Perhaps he will have the information you want."

"Back?" Lan Wu asked, puzzled. "Aren't they in this city?"

Shi Lei shook his head: "They are all scattered outside, and they come back once a month."

Lan Wu responded with an "oh," and followed him to his residence, asking, "I noticed that there are neither barriers nor protective formations set up here. Won't the demon race attack?"

"Why not?" Shi Lei said, "Back when Shiling City first set up the barrier, the demon race took advantage of the victory and fought us for several months. In the past few years, they have launched several attacks, but each time they have suffered heavy losses. Many of us have died, and they have also lost a lot. Just like the ground beneath our feet, there are countless corpses buried."

Lan Wu paused for a moment: "So, is there a ceasefire now?"

"No," Shi Lei sighed, "it's just a short rest before the next attack."

He gave a wry smile and continued, "Mortals may cultivate for several years but not make much progress in their cultivation. Raising a generation of cultivators above the Nascent Soul stage requires a long period of time, and if they die, they can't be replaced in a short time. But demons, I don't know if it's because they're too prolific, but so many have died in the past ten years, yet they still keep coming in waves. If this continues, one day…"

At this point, he suddenly pursed his lips, shook his head, and said, “Forget it, let’s not talk about unlucky things. Look, that courtyard is where the young ladies live. If you need anything else, just tell me. You can also move around freely in the city, but remember, never, ever go into the desert without permission.”

Lan Wu and Ji Lingyue exchanged a glance and nodded repeatedly: “Of course, we definitely won’t go into the desert.” She smiled and said, “Don’t worry, we are the most trustworthy people.”

145. Tracking 𝓷ıнō𝓷𝓰𝓰℮.čōm

In the dead of night, a figure jumped off the wall and silently crept out of the alley.

As night fell, the town became even quieter. Occasionally, footsteps would be heard, but they would quickly disappear. Lan Wu carefully avoided the lights of the watchtower. At this moment, dozens of black butterflies flew past her as if she were alone. After flying to the end of the alley, they transformed into human shapes in the darkness and looked at her from afar.

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then muttered, “Becoming a demon is something else.”

Suddenly, a weight settled on her shoulder. Before Lan Wu could react, a familiar voice rang in her ear: “What are you doing?”

Lan Wu was terrified and quickly grabbed the gyrfalcon on her shoulder, pinching its pointed little mouth: “Shh—”

Footsteps sounded again, quickly approaching her. Lan Wu hurriedly slipped into another alley, and only cautiously peeked out again after the patrolling cultivators had left.

At the end of the alley, Ji Lingyue was still standing in the same spot, even crossing her arms and tilting her head at her.

Lan Wu pursed her lips, and after a long while, she finally gave in and reluctantly waved to her.

Ji Lingyue smiled, then transformed into a black butterfly in the blink of an eye. A few steps away from her, she took two long legs and gracefully stopped.

She whispered, “I should have told you earlier that I would have taken

you out."

Lan Wu hummed twice and opened her arms: "Come on."

Ji Lingyue stepped forward, picked her up in her arms, and glanced at Danqing crouching in her arms: "Are you taking her with you?"

"What else can we do?" Lan Wu poked the bewildered gyrfalcon helplessly. "In the middle of the night, instead of sleeping, all you do is run around aimlessly."

Danqing opened her eyes wide and said aggrievedly, "But… I don't like sleeping at night."

"Do you even believe what you're saying?" Lan Wu poked her head again. "Alright, I'm taking you with me. Don't wander off when we go out."

Danqing: "Go out? But didn't that person say this morning that we can't go out without permission?"

"If he doesn't know, then it's not unauthorized. If you don't tell and I don't tell, we'll be back before dawn."

Danqing was taken aback, then asked with great interest, "Are you going to do something bad?"

"Don't talk nonsense." Lan Wu pinched her mouth again, and put her other hand around Ji Lingyue's neck: "Let's go."

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, and an invisible black mist spread out, enveloping them as they flew across the ground. In the blink of an eye, they flew out of the alley and landed on the sand a hundred meters away.

She lowered her head and looked at Lan Wu with delight, her red eyes sparkling.

Lan Wu sighed, raised her head, and kissed her on the cheek: "That's great."

Ji Lingyue curled her lips into a smile: "I can continue to carry you."

Lan Wu was startled and quickly struggled to jump off her arms: "No, no, it's not necessary. I'm not a child anymore."

After patting the slightly wrinkled hem of her dress, she looked at Ji

Lingyue with a puzzled expression, noticing her smiling eyes and wondering what she was happy about.

Why have you been so excited these past few days?

Did she say something terrible after accidentally ingesting the medicinal wine that day?

Lan Wu was completely baffled, so she simply shook her head and stopped thinking about it, turning instead to look at the starry sky above.

Uh… which way, which way is west?

She spun around in a daze, her brows furrowed, muttering to herself. Ji Lingyue watched her for a while, then said helplessly, “You can’t tell which way is which again?”

Lan Wu blushed and muttered, “You know me perfectly well…”

Ji Lingyue pointed and said, “That’s the Big Dipper, so that’s west. But we don’t know the exact direction. Can we really reach the City of Demons by heading west?”

“Wraith City?” Another voice came from behind: “You’re going to Wraith City?”

Danqing was taken aback, then turned around in surprise: “Danbai? You’re here too!”

The girl in white slowly emerged from the darkness, glanced at Danqing, and continued, “I know where the City of Demons is; I can take you there.”

Ji Lingyue frowned: “Why did you come along too?”

Danbo raised his hand, and a faint, invisible thread extended from the narrow gold ring on his wrist, leading all the way to Danqing’s claws.

Danqing subconsciously raised its paw, and sure enough, there was a small gold ring on it.

She was startled: “You used this to follow me?”

“What kind of tracking?” Danbo denied it: “I’m afraid you’ll run around like last time. With this, if you die out there, I can still collect your body.”

Danqing exclaimed, “But you said this was a gift for me!”

“Yes, a gift to keep you safe.”

Danqing opened her mouth, unable to think of a rebuttal for a moment. She frantically flapped her wings, snuggled into Lanwu’s arms, and whimpered, “She, she lied to me…”

Lan Wu glanced at Dan Bai hesitantly, then smoothed Dan Qing’s back feathers: “Wait until tomorrow. I’ll teach her a lesson for you tomorrow. Dan Bai is here to help us now, so don’t be angry.”

Ji Lingyue looked around and said unhurriedly, “Danbai didn’t do anything wrong. She did it because she was worried about Danqing.” Then, she turned her head and asked, “This thing is interesting. Do you have any more?”

Danbo relaxed: “No, but if you need it, I can make you another one when we get back to Stone Ridge City.”

Lan Wu was startled and said urgently, “I’m telling you, don’t even think about it!”

Ji Lingyue blinked and said obediently, “Okay, I don’t want it anymore.” She rubbed Danbo’s head, and after Lan Wu looked away, she lowered her head and whispered, “Well done.”

Danbo was taken aback, but when he met her smiling eyes, he couldn’t help but smile back.

After they reached an agreement, Danbai transformed into a white crane, and Lanwu carefully climbed onto her back, a little embarrassed: “Thank you so much…”

“No trouble at all,” Denber said. “I’ve carried you on my back many times before, I’m used to it.”

Lan Wu pursed her lips and looked at Ji Lingyue: “Aren’t you coming up?”

Ji Lingyue shook her head: “I’ll just follow along.”

Lan Wu said “Oh,” and then looked at Danqing, who was perched on her shoulder: “Aren’t you coming over?”

Danqing gave a firm “Mmm”: “I don’t want to be with her!”

Danbo said indifferently, “Whatever.”

After saying this, she flapped her wings and steadily flew into the sky.

“You!” Danqing was so angry at her attitude that she jumped up and down, the golden ring on her paw swinging back and forth: “Bad bird, bad bird!”

The crane, which had been flying away, gradually became a small black dot. A gust of wind blew by, and two more figures emerged from the alley.

Qi Yueyao looked up at the night sky and pondered, “They sneak out in the middle of the night instead of sleeping; they must have some unspeakable secret.”

Wen Shiyu chuckled lightly: “Shouldn’t you thank me properly this time, Senior Sister? If it weren’t for me, you’d still be fast asleep in bed right now.”

Qi Yueyao paused for a moment, then said irritably, “It’s not too late to thank you after we’ve caught them.”

“We definitely can’t catch them,” Wen Shiyu shook his head and said, “We’re no match for that Miss Ji. We might as well secretly follow them and see what they’re up to.”

“How can I follow them? They’ve all gone far away. I tried to get closer to listen, but you wouldn’t let me.”

“Getting too close will be noticed by Miss Ji,” Wen Shiyu said, her eyes crinkling as she pulled out a talisman from thin air. “Fortunately, I was prepared.”

Qi Yueyao was stunned: “This is…”

“Mother and child symbols”.

She lit the talisman in her hand, and after it burned out, the ashes scattered on the sand suddenly spun and flew up, as if attracted by something, and shot straight out.

The two quickly followed, and Qi Yueyao couldn’t help but ask, “Who did you stick the talisman on?”

Wen Shiyu replied, “Of course it’s that little bird named Danqing. She’s the weakest one there. She can’t even detect a talisman the size

of a fingernail."

146. Angry

Under the cool moonlight, Lan Wu glanced down at the desert below, her thick eyelashes casting hazy shadows.

She asked in a low voice, "Won't we be discovered by the demons if we go like this?"

"If we're unlucky, we might," Danbo said. "But the desert is huge, and the demons have their own encampments. They don't wander around aimlessly. So, as long as we avoid them and don't make too much noise, we shouldn't be discovered."

Ji Lingyue glanced at her from the side: "You know this place very well?"

Danbo hummed in agreement: "I used to come here often to help search for missing cultivators, but most of the time I only found their bodies."

Lan Wu was silent for a moment, then asked in a low voice, "Have you ever seen the Demon King?"

Danbo shook his head: "It's strange, but during the attacks, I only saw a few demon lords. Logically speaking, if we want to break through the barrier guarded by so many cultivators, the demon king should take action personally. But she has been nowhere to be seen, letting her subordinates suffer losses in battle after battle. She doesn't seem to be in a hurry to invade Zhongzhou."

Lan Wu sighed softly: "Her goal was not to invade Zhongzhou."

When they last met, Lan Yueyao had already collected all the remaining souls, prepared a suitable body, and taken her mermaid pearl and heart's blood. Over the years, all she wanted was the final key to unlocking the resurrection secret technique: the wild rice flower.

Legend has it that the wild rice flower, which grants immortality when eaten, requires the nourishment of countless souls and blood to grow in a chaotic world. In this light, the fact that countless demons died in vain here is exactly what she intended.

But then she thought, if she attacked Zhongzhou, the unarmed mortals

would be displaced and the land would be littered with corpses in the blink of an eye. Wouldn't that be more in line with her purpose?

Lan Wu frowned, rubbing her temples in pain. Ji Lingyue noticed her movement and asked with concern, "What's wrong?"

"I'm thinking…" Lan Wu hesitated for a moment, then whispered, "Could she also be hesitant? After all, once the barrier is broken, there's really no going back…"

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment: "Do you think she's reluctant to do it?"

Lan Wu remained silent, but Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, a hint of malice flashing in her eyes: "Lan Wu, she didn't show the slightest reluctance when she killed you back then."

"My situation is rather complicated…"

"What's so complicated? You're her own niece, yet she showed no mercy to you."

"Ah Yue," Lan Wu interrupted her, saying wearily, "She hates me precisely because I am her niece. If one day I die saving someone you despise, will you hate that person?"

Ji Lingyue remained silent for a moment, then turned to look ahead and said coldly, "You won't die. Even if you do, I will die with you."

Lan Wu said, "I know, we have a life-and-death pact…"

Before she could finish speaking, Ji Lingyue suddenly turned around, glared at her with red eyes, and flew dozens of meters to the side.

Lan Wu was taken aback: "A-Yue?"

Dozens of meters away, Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, turned her head to the other side, and looked like she refused to communicate.

Danbo beneath him let out a mature sigh: "Alright, you've made her angry."

Lan Wu was dumbfounded: "Huh?"

She looked around and whispered instructions: "Fly over there a bit."

Danbo said, "It's no use."

How will you know it won't work if you don't try?

Danbo glanced at her helplessly, flapped his wings and flew towards Ji Lingyue, but the woman seemed to have eyes in the back of her head and suddenly moved a little further away.

Danbo blinked: "See? I told you it was useless."

Lan Wu was silent for a moment: "Fine, once we get to Wangliang City, she won't be able to shake me off, will she?"

As it turns out, she really could.

Lan Wu carefully stepped over the ruins, lifting her skirt. She looked up and saw Ji Lingyue not far ahead. She quickened her pace, and just as she was about to get closer, the woman suddenly transformed into a swarm of black butterflies and flew away with a whoosh.

Lan Wu was speechless and choked with emotion, then let out a long sigh.

Danqing flew back onto her shoulder, surprised, "Is A-Yue angry?"

"You just noticed?" She looked up at the figure standing on the high eaves. Ji Lingyue crossed her arms, tall and elegant, with her black hair hanging down to her waist. Her dark red eyes indifferently scanned the ruins at her feet.

This was the first time Lan Wu had encountered her throwing a tantrum like this, and she was at a loss for what to do. She temporarily put aside the idea of coaxing her and began to look around at the quiet city.

Surprisingly, the city of demons was clean.

Before coming here, Lan Wu thought she would see skeletons that had been dead for many years, or traces of blood, but there were only collapsed stone walls and houses burned down to their skeletons in this city. The streets were covered with a thin layer of yellow sand, which remained clean and new after being wiped away.

Danbo followed beside her and whispered, "The fire of the Burning Heaven Array burned for three months. The people and demons who remained here have basically all been reduced to ashes. These houses that can still be discerned in shape were preserved because they have protective arrays."

Lan Wu muttered to herself, “So the demon race isn’t stationed here?”

Danber nodded: “They probably think it’s bad luck too.”

Lan Wu sighed, “If nothing is left behind, then it will be really difficult to handle.”

No sooner had the words left his mouth than a cold voice came from above: “Someone’s here.”

Lan Wu was stunned. Before she could react, Ji Lingyue flew silently towards the dark desert like a cloud. Soon after, the sounds of fighting rang out.

Lan Wu quickly chased after them on her sword. In the distance, she heard someone shout, “Miss Ji, it’s us!”

Ji Lingyue said, “That’s exactly what we’re going to do.”

Lan Wu recognized the voice, her eyes widened, and she hurriedly said, “A-Yue, stop, stop!”

Several long thorns flying through the air tore several more holes in the two people’s clothes before reluctantly turning into demonic energy and returning to their master’s palm.

Ji Lingyue clenched her fist, glared at Lan Wu, and walked to the other side.

Lan Wu: …Why do you seem even angrier?

She glanced cautiously at Ji Lingyue’s back a few times before landing on the ground, making a gesture to help Qi Yueyao up: “Oh dear, Miss Qi, what are you doing here?”

“Don’t touch me!” Qi Yueyao gritted her teeth and said, “Of course I came with you.”

“Oh?” Lan Wu withdrew her hand and looked at Wen Shiyu, who was tidying up his disheveled clothes. “How did you get here?”

Wen Shiyu chuckled twice: “This is a unique technique… I’m afraid it’s inconvenient to disclose.”

“You still have the nerve to ask us?” Qi Yueyao interrupted their conversation impatiently, and retorted, “What ulterior motive do you have for sneaking out in the middle of the night against the ban and

running to this City of Demons?!"

Lan Wu laughed and said, "If we really had ulterior motives, wouldn't you be afraid we'd kill us to silence us if you asked us so directly, Miss Qi?"

Qi Yueyao was taken aback, then frowned and looked at her warily.

Lan Wu had gentle features and a friendly smile, but in Qi Yueyao's eyes, her otherwise pleasing and bright face appeared even more sinister under the pale moonlight.

Lan Wu put her hands behind her back, bent down and looked at them mischievously: "Do you two think you can escape from A-Yue's grasp?"

Qi Yueyao trembled and subconsciously took a step back: "You…"

Just then, a soft voice came from the side: "Don't try to scare them with me, I'm not helping you."

Lan Wu's smile froze. She turned around and called out softly, "A-Yue —"

Ji Lingyue snorted and stood still. Lan Wu tossed the painting she was wearing into Dan Bai's arms, leaving behind the words, "You explain to them," before running over: "A-Yue!"

Danbo instinctively caught the little bird, exchanged a glance with her, and then pulled her into his arms: "We came to this City of Demons for no particular purpose, we just…" She blinked and said calmly, "…just to take a walk."

Qi Yueyao: ……

Wen Shiyu: …

Danqing was taken aback and momentarily forgot to struggle: "A walk?"

Danbo couldn't hold back any longer and pinched Danqing's pointed little mouth: "It's just a walk."

"Ah Yue, Ah Yue." Lan Wu ran to Ji Lingyue's side and grabbed her sleeve. Fortunately, this time she didn't turn into a black butterfly to break free. Instead, she awkwardly turned her back to her.

Lan Wu breathed a sigh of relief, walked around to her front, and seeing that she was about to turn around again, she put her arm around her waist and pulled her forward, suddenly getting very close.

Ji Lingyue's long eyelashes trembled, and her gaze unconsciously fell on Lan Wu's rosy lips before quickly looking away. She crossed her arms to prevent Lan Wu from getting closer. Lan Wu glanced at her little action and said with amusement, "If you really don't want to talk to me, why don't you fly away?"

Ji Lingyue was startled, looked up at her in surprise, and was about to pry her hands off to break free when Lan Wu hugged her tightly: "Okay, okay, I misspoke, I'm sorry, don't be angry!"

Ji Lingyue struggled a couple of times, but felt Lan Wu hug her tighter and tighter. She couldn't help but say angrily, "You always expect me to listen to you and go along with you, but you never listen to me!"

"If you're saying something like 'let me go,' then I definitely won't listen," Lan Wu said seriously. "I won't let you go."

"That's not it!"

Lan Wu pursed her lips and said softly, "I know, it's because of what I said on the way, right? You don't like me speaking up for my aunt, so I won't speak up for her anymore."

Ji Lingyue angrily said, "You're not allowed to call her aunt!"

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then coughed and said, "Fine, fine, I won't speak up for Lan Yue anymore."

Ji Lingyue relaxed slightly and accused, "You even used the words 'I'll die' to speak up for her, and you even mentioned a life-and-death pact."

Lan Wu looked somewhat bewildered: "But we do have a life-and-death pact…"

Ji Lingyue took a breath and struggled again: "Let me go!"

Lan Wu opened her eyes wide in panic, completely bewildered as to what she had done to offend her. Seeing that she was struggling more and more fiercely and could barely hold on with both hands, she steeled herself and suddenly leaned over to kiss her panting lips.

Ji Lingyue opened her mouth and bit her tongue with a loud thud.

"!"

Tears welled up in Lan Wu's beautiful eyes instantly. Her bright blue eyes were like two pure and flawless gems. Ji Lingyue froze when she was looked at like that, and didn't move for a moment. Lan Wu hugged her tightly.

The sweet blood mixed into her moist mouth and stained her soft tongue. Ji Lingyue's throat rose and fell. Finally, she narrowed her eyes and carefully took Lan Wu's lips into her mouth, hooking her arms around Lan Wu's neck.

"Um……"

She licked away the blood from Lan Wu's wound, her brows furrowing slightly. Noticing that Lan Wu wanted to lift her head, she tucked her silver hair into the back of her head and pressed her down firmly. Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled, and she obediently closed her eyes. Her right hand, which was supporting her back, slid up, kissing her while gently kneading the back of her neck.

Ji Lingyue was just like a little animal; after being rubbed a few times, she let out a comfortable groan. When it was over, her face was flushed and her eyelashes were wet.

Lan Wu patted her back and coaxed, "Don't be angry, don't be angry."

Ji Lingyue's breathing slowed down, and she buried her face in her shoulder, muttering, "You have no idea why I'm angry."

Lan Wu hummed in agreement: "I'm not that smart, so please tell me why."

The person in her arms was silent for a moment, then said awkwardly, "I'm not telling you now, you figure it out yourself." After saying that, she raised her head again and pinched Lan Wu's chin: "Open your mouth."

Lan Wu blinked and obediently opened her mouth.

"Tongue, come out."

Lan Wu was startled, then closed her eyes in embarrassment. Her pink tongue slowly emerged, its bright red wound still oozing blood.

Ji Lingyue reached out and tapped the wound twice, and it healed quickly: "If you kiss me again when I'm angry, I'll bite you again."

Lan Wu teased, "Take more bites; mermaid blood is good for your health."

Ji Lingyue rolled her eyes at her and pulled her back, saying, "Let's go see how they are."

Lan Wu watched her retreating figure and subconsciously asked, "Are you calm now?"

"half."

She laughed again: "You've got quite a temper."

Ji Lingyue turned to look at her with displeasure: "You don't like it?"

"How could that be?" Lan Wu shook their clasped hands and said cheerfully, "Having a temper is a good thing. If you always obeyed me and never got angry with me when you were unhappy, that would be bad."

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, turned her head again, and a smile quietly appeared on her face.

The two people and two birds seemed to have been waiting for a long time. Seeing them return, Danbai breathed a sigh of relief and pushed Danqing back into Lanwu's arms: "I have already explained to them."

Lan Wu nodded and looked at Qi Yueyao: "Now Miss Qi understands, right? We have no bad intentions."

Qi Yueyao chuckled: "Yeah, coming to Wangliang City for a stroll in the middle of the night, your heart might not be bad, but your brain is probably broken."

Lan Wu: "…"

She slowly looked at Danbo: "Taking a walk?"

Danbo blushed and said shyly, "You…you still haven't told me why I came to the City of Demons."

Lan Wu slapped her forehead: "Okay, it was my oversight."

She sighed and explained, "To be honest, we didn't come here for any

particular purpose. We just wanted to find clues about an old friend."

"An old friend? Yu Shanye?"

Lan Wu was taken aback and looked at Wen Shiyu with surprise: "Miss Wen seems to know a lot about this."

Wen Shiyu said politely, "Since I'm coming out with you, I definitely need to study the people around you carefully."

Qi Yueyao glanced at her in surprise, then turned to Lan Wu and said, "You came here looking for clues about her, could it be… that she was also one of those who died in the City of Demons back then?"

Ji Lingyue coldly replied, "No one can say she's dead until we see the body."

"But those who were trapped and died here back then, their remains have all been lost…"

Wen Shiyu interrupted her: "Senior sister, stop talking."

Qi Yueyao blinked, realizing something, and suddenly felt a deep respect for them: "You are indeed loyal and righteous."

Lan Wu shook her head: "It's a pity… there really weren't any traces left here."

Wen Shiyu hesitated for a moment, then asked, "Have you been to the forbidden area?"

Lan Wu was taken aback: "What forbidden area?"

"The area beneath the City Lord's Mansion of Wangliang City is the forbidden area of the Qing family. It is said that it is also the core of the city's protective array."

"A city-protecting formation?"

Wen Shiyu nodded: "Wangliang City originally had a strong defensive formation. It was because the defensive formation was broken that the demon race was able to invade the city back then."

Ji Lingyue frowned: "Then how did you know about the forbidden area? And how did you know that the array's core was located within the forbidden area?"

Wen Shiyu smiled awkwardly: “To be honest, Young Master Qing once pursued me.”

The group exchanged bewildered glances, and after a long pause, hesitantly asked, “So?”

“He once boasted to me about the forbidden area,” Wen Shiyu said. “However, I haven’t verified it, so I don’t know if what he said is true.”

Vampire AU-6

In the dead of night, Lan Wu suddenly woke up, tilted her head and listened carefully to something. After a moment, she nimbly climbed to the window, peeking out with only one eye.

A blurry black shadow was slowly walking from the other end of the street. The thing was on all fours, moving unsteadily, looking around. When it turned its head, Lan Wu realized that it was a huge brown bear. However, half of the bear’s face was rotten to the point of exposing the white bone, and its almond-sized pupils were filled with terrifying blood vessels.

She immediately felt her hair stand on end and shrank back in fear.

She had no heartbeat, nor any human scent. Even a corpse bear infected with the virus probably wouldn’t notice her, but Ji Lingyue was different.

She turned to look at the person on the bed. The girl had her eyes closed, her thick eyelashes casting a fan-shaped shadow. After what had happened a few hours ago, she was breathing heavily and was fast asleep.

After hesitating for a long time, she quietly climbed back into bed, shook Ji Lingyue’s shoulder to wake her up. Ji Lingyue was still sleepy and could barely open her eyes. As soon as she opened her mouth, Lan Wu covered it with one hand and shushed her very softly.

Ji Lingyue’s long eyelashes fluttered as she gradually came to her senses. After Lan Wu let go, she stood up and mouthed, “What’s wrong?”

Lan Wu shook her head, reached for clothes and helped her put them on. Ji Lingyue blinked, then obediently stretched out her arms and legs. After being helped into her clothes, she lowered her voice and

asked, “What’s wrong?”

Lan Wu was about to answer in a low voice when she suddenly heard a very faint clicking sound from downstairs. She was startled and quickly looked out the window, only to find that the corpse bear that had been wandering the street just moments before was gone.

Thump—

Something heavy stepped up the stairs.

Thump—thump—

The faint panting seemed to carry a foul stench, and the girl beside her felt her heartbeat quicken instantly, almost overlapping with the approaching footsteps. Lan Wu subconsciously looked at Ji Lingyue and found her staring at the closed door with a pale face, her body tense up without her noticing.

This girl has an unusual sensitivity to impending crises.

Lan Wu hadn’t expected the corpse bear’s sense of smell to be even more acute than when it was alive, so she immediately abandoned her illusions and pulled Ji Lingyue to her side.

Ji Lingyue trembled, looking at her in alarm, and reached for the dagger by the bedside with one hand.

“Come up.”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: “What?”

Lan Wu bent down with her back to her and said, “Come on up!”

The footsteps suddenly quickened, heading straight for their room. Ji Lingyue didn’t have time to think, grabbed her dagger and pounced on Lan Wu’s back. Almost at the same time, a deep roar rang out, the door was smashed open, and a huge black shadow stomped on the floor, making it creak. The entire hotel seemed to tremble.

Amidst the noise, Lan Wu shouted “Hold on tight!” and jumped out of the window in a few steps. She grabbed the drainpipe next to her and nimbly climbed up.

After the loud crash, the glass shattered and crashed onto the street outside. Sharp claws reached out from the window and tried to grab upwards, but they only barely grazed the hem of Lan Wu’s skirt before

embedding themselves in the outer wall, leaving a deep claw mark.

The little vampire clung to the outer wall like a nimble spider. Once she felt a little safe, she glanced down and gasped in fear, "So fierce."

No sooner had she finished speaking than a gunshot rang out from somewhere, whistling as it struck the corpse bear in the eye socket. The second bullet, however, changed its trajectory and flew toward the two people crouching on the roof. Lan Wu was startled and instinctively turned around to shield Ji Lingyue behind her.

With a soft thud, the bullet pierced her chest. Lan Wu cried out in pain and collapsed heavily to the ground.

An unexpected burning sensation began to spread from the wound. She opened her eyes wide in alarm, gasping for breath as she struggled to look down at her wound.

Instead of healing as quickly as before, thick blood seeped out, spreading like a black flower on the white fabric.

"Lan Wu..."

A hoarse voice came from the side. Ji Lingyue shook her dizzy head, staggered to her side, and carried her to a safe place.

Lan Wu was dragged over weakly. She lowered her head and coughed up dark red blood. She was panting and frowning. Her beautiful face was as pale as paper, and her pretty eyes, which were shimmering with water, gradually became unfocused.

Unlike human blood, which was cold and icy, it touched Ji Lingyue's fingertips. She froze, and after a long while, she slowly looked at the person in her arms: "Lan Wu?"

Lan Wu drooped her head, her lowered eyelashes casting a serene shadow on her face.

Ji Lingyue's eyes widened, and she instinctively pulled her into her arms, her voice trembling as she said, "What's wrong? Lan Wu, you're a vampire, you'll be alright..."

As she spoke, she struggled to lift the unconscious girl, trying to help her stand up on her own. But Lan Wu slumped down, causing the small girl to fall back to the ground with her.

"Lan Wu…"

Ji Lingyue whimpered, ignoring her aching knees, and still desperately tried to lift Lan Wu. Perhaps her pitiful cries had some effect, for Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled, and her heavy eyelids barely opened a crack: "Yin…"

"Silver, silver?" Ji Lingyue finally realized what was happening and asked in astonishment, "Is it a silver bullet?"

She hurriedly tried to undress Lan Wu, but her hands trembled violently. It took her several attempts to finally unbutton the clothes. When she touched the vampire's cold blood, the girl sniffed and couldn't help but let out a sob.

"Hmm…"

She frantically wiped away the tears from the corners of her eyes with her sleeve, staring at the gruesome bloody hole, utterly helpless: "What…what should I do? Lan Wu, Lan Wu, what should I do?"

But no one could answer her anymore. Ji Lingyue looked up in a panic and saw only Lan Wu's tightly closed eyes.

The girl wasn't breathing, and lying there silently, Ji Lingyue truly didn't know whether she had fainted or was actually dead.

The bright moon hung high, and the long night had not yet come to an end. Ji Lingyue carried the person on her back and carefully walked forward along the alley while gripping a sharp dagger and warily observing everything around her.

Carrying someone downstairs had taken a lot of her energy, but luckily, she escaped the building before the person who injured Lan Wu arrived.

Ji Lingyue tried her best to keep her steps as light as possible. After turning the corner, she found herself on another long street.

This dilapidated town probably didn't have many residents even before the disaster. Tonight, she hasn't encountered a single zombie, which is a good thing. Otherwise, she doesn't know if she could protect Lan Wu and herself before Lan Wu wakes up.

Now, she needs to find another place to hide.

Ji Lingyue looked around for a while, her gaze sweeping over a coffin shop called "Yongshou House" on the side, and she couldn't help but stop.

Um……

Hidden here, those hiding in the shadows probably never would have guessed.

Having made up her mind, Ji Lingyue quickly went over and crawled under the roller shutter door that was not fully closed.

After carefully closing the door, she turned around and saw several square shadows quietly arranged behind her. Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, walked to the innermost coffin, carried Lan Wu inside, and then gently closed the lid.

The surroundings were suddenly plunged into pitch black, but she was not afraid of the darkness. Because the narrow space was so close to Lan Wu, she hugged her even tighter and buried her head in Lan Wu's chest.

She had already dug out the bullets, but in reality, she didn't know if she had saved Lan Wu.

Ji Lingyue closed her eyes, and after a long while, in the silent darkness, a soft sigh escaped her lips: "If only you had a heartbeat."

——

If the next chapter is tomorrow, it will probably be about Xiao Lan waking up seriously injured, delirious, and irritable, then stir-frying Xiao Yue in her coffin. If not, the main storyline will continue.

Vampire AU-7

In the darkness, two small red light bulbs suddenly lit up.

Lan Wu moved slightly, and a burning pain shot through her chest, as if she were being scorched by the sun. She licked her lips; her throat was dry, and she felt dizzy. She desperately needed something to drink to quench her thirst.

She felt a steady breathing coming from her arms. Lan Wu sniffed blankly, catching a hint of sweetness in the woody fragrance. She lowered her head and followed the scent, her cool canine teeth

pressing against her delicate neck, feeling the blood flowing beneath the thin layer of skin.

“Um……”

The person in her arms let out a soft moan, a hand draped over her shoulder, and murmured, “Lan Wu?” Ji Lingyue drowsily opened her eyes, met the red eyes so close to hers, and asked after a beat, “You’re awake?”

Unaware of the joy hidden in her voice, she subconsciously reached out to touch Lan Wu’s face, but Lan Wu glanced at her hand warily, turned her head away, and took a bite.

“ah!”

Ji Lingyue let out a short scream, fully waking up. She heard gurgling swallowing sounds, and the canine teeth embedded in her neck seemed to radiate a chilling coldness, spreading like venomous snakes throughout her body. She couldn’t help but shiver, her body gradually going limp. Only one hand remained, clinging weakly to Lan Wu’s shoulder, as she weakly pushed her away: “No…”

She whimpered, squinting her wet eyes, and groaned pitifully, “Lan Wu, if you keep sucking, I’m going to…die…”

“Lan Wu…”

A tearful voice reached her ears. Lan Wu blinked, finally releasing her mouth and looking down at her. Thanks to her vampire night vision, she could still see Ji Lingyue clearly in the darkness.

The girl was pale, covered in cold sweat, and her eyes were filled with tears, as if she was about to cry.

It seems she doesn’t have the strength to escape.

Lan Wu felt relieved and slowly lay down, burying her head in Ji Lingyue’s chest.

Ji Lingyue was breathing rapidly, staring blankly at the darkness above her head. After a while, she raised her hand and tried to touch the wound on her neck.

Unexpectedly, her action triggered something like a mechanism. The little vampire, who had finally calmed down, suddenly raised his

head, bared his teeth in a threatening manner, pressed her arm down to the bottom of the coffin, and made a fierce growl in his throat.

Ji Lingyue was startled and looked at her in alarm: “Lan Wu?”

Lan Wu stared at her, her eyes bloodshot, completely devoid of their usual clear and gentle gaze.

Ji Lingyue froze instantly. Although she didn’t know Lan Wu’s condition, she knew it was definitely very bad for her.

Sure enough, Lan Wu opened her mouth and was about to bite down again.

Ji Lingyue was startled and quickly covered her mouth. Lan Wu made a gurgling sound in her throat and simply bit the edge of her palm.

“Hmm…”

Ji Lingyue frowned, disregarding the cramped space, and struggled to entangle with her. With a few thuds, her arms and knees hit the hard walls. Ji Lingyue, panting, pressed Lan Wu down. The little vampire was probably still recovering from serious injuries, and her strength was much weaker than usual. She couldn’t break free for a moment.

A hand gripped her chin: “Let go!”

Lan Wu was like an untamed wild beast. Half of her face was pressed against the bottom of the coffin, but she still glared at her through her messy hair, her teeth digging deep into the edge of her palm, clenching even tighter.

“You…” Ji Lingyue was about to cry: “You bastard!”

Having exhausted all options with Lan Wu, she retorted in a fit of desperation, “Go ahead and bite me to death!”

Just as they were locked in a stalemate, faint footsteps suddenly came from outside. Ji Lingyue froze and subconsciously turned her head to listen. In that brief moment of relaxation, Lan Wu suddenly tackled her and slammed her heavily onto the wooden board beneath her.

Ji Lingyue groaned, and when she looked up and saw that she had come closer again, her anger flared up.

What a… what a shameless vampire who doesn’t care about the situation!

She clenched her fists, too lazy to pay attention to the commotion outside, and casually grabbed Lan Wu's slender neck, raising her head to bite her lips hard.

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then bit back without backing down.

Thick blood and saliva mingled in their mouths, their lips and tongues entwining in a lascivious, wet sound. Their lips gradually turned crimson. In this fight, only Ji Lingyue was panting heavily from exhaustion.

Before they knew it, their biting had turned into a passionate kiss. Lan Wu softened her movements, sucking away the blood from the tip of her tongue and carefully licking it.

She seemed to have calmed down a bit.

Ji Lingyue turned her head away, her face flushed, and took a few quick breaths before Lan Wu pressed her lips against hers again.

never mind……

She resignedly closed her eyes, tilted her head back, and hugged her shoulders.

A kiss is better than being bitten.

After the long kiss ended, Ji Lingyue's body was so weak that she had no strength left. She blinked her wet eyes, looked into the girl's beautiful eyes, and was about to ask her if she had regained her senses when she was kissed again by the sticky kiss.

Okay, it seems not.

But this time, Lan Wu lowered her head, and a cool kiss traveled down her neck. Ji Lingyue trembled and subconsciously looked down at her, a bad feeling creeping into her heart.

Sure enough, Lan Wu impatiently tore her clothes to shreds and then grabbed her underwear. Ji Lingyue was shocked and hurriedly covered her chest, exclaiming, "What are you doing?!"

Lan Wu ignored her, grabbed her wrist and pressed it above her head, tearing her underwear to shreds as well.

Ji Lingyue opened her eyes wide and struggled desperately, but she had exhausted too much energy from her struggle with Lan Wu, and

now she was like a lamb to the slaughter in Lan Wu's hands.

"You…you stop right now…" Ji Lingyue tried to kick her, but was instead grabbed by the leg of her pants. With a tearing sound, her two calves were exposed to the air. Lan Wu lowered her head and took the swaying red stamen in her mouth. The cold tip of her tongue immediately made Ji Lingyue tremble.

"Mmm—" she moaned softly, her body trembling. "No, no…not here…"

The vampire's kiss traveled down her lower abdomen, skillfully tearing her waistband, and kissed her wet, slippery clitoris amidst the girl's gasp.

Ji Lingyue suddenly tilted her head back, panting heavily. Soon, clear sounds of water came from beneath her, along with swallowing sounds. She reached into Lan Wu's soft hair and pulled hard at the roots, as if to make Lan Wu feel the pain as well: "You… annoying, um, annoying vampire!"

The girl's clitoris was still a little red and swollen. She had been tormented in the hotel a few hours ago, and now she was being stimulated again. Before long, she ejaculated on Lan Wu's lips and tongue.

"Mmm, mmm…" She gasped for breath, feeling increasingly dizzy in the sweltering space, yet she still managed to mutter intermittently, "If I had known, I wouldn't have saved you… I would have let you… die here… Ah!" She suddenly jerked back, her wet buttocks retreating, tears streaming down her face as she looked at the vampire below: "No, don't bite…"

Lan Wu glanced at her, then pinched her thighs and spread them wider, her cold tongue probing into the opening and closing acupoints.

The knees that were resting on her shoulders curled up, and her two calves trembled restlessly in the air. Ji Lingyue bit her lip, grabbed her long hair haphazardly and then let go. After repeating this struggle several times, she finally gave up and exhaled, swaying her naked body to meet Lan Wu's movements.

"You like licking so much…" She pressed Lan Wu's head down, arched her back, and put it in her mouth: "Then, ha… lick it all clean."

The sweet liquid soaked her face. Lan Wu licked her lips, straightened up, but her head slammed into the coffin lid with a thud.

She groaned, clutching her head and curling into a ball. Ji Lingyue, lying below, heard the noise and chuckled, saying in a hoarse voice, “Serves you right…”

While Lan Wu remained squatting still, she regained her strength, propped herself up, and sat up, leaning against the cold wooden board behind her. She had no clothes covering her body, and after the water on her buttocks and thighs lost its warmth, her body shivered from the cold.

That damn vampire, he even took her clothes…

Before she could finish cursing Lan Wu in her mind, the object of her curses came close again, her soft lips pressing against her neck.

Ji Lingyue froze, closing her eyes in despair, but instead of feeling the pain of the canine teeth piercing her, something soft and smooth pressed against the teeth marks left earlier and gently licked them.

She couldn’t help but shrank her shoulders, groaned softly, and turned her head to hug Lan Wu’s waist. After being licked, the wound on her neck suddenly started to itch, as if it had been sprinkled with anesthetic, and the pain slowly subsided.

Ji Lingyue glanced at her in surprise, but before she could figure it out, Lan Wu picked up her arm and started licking her bruised elbow.

“Mmm, mmm, no…” Ji Lingyue groaned hoarsely, but did not seriously resist. Lan Wu, like a large, furry dog, carefully patrolled every wound on her hands, then pinched her calf and earnestly licked her bleeding knee.

“Ugh…” Ji Lingyue clenched her fists and twisted her waist, trying to pull her leg back, but Lan Wu held it firmly. Her cheeks flushed with heat, and as she struggled, she felt a gush of hot liquid flowing from between her legs, which made her even more ashamed and indignant.

She actually felt aroused by Lan Wu’s licking.

After patiently finishing her work, Lan Wu turned Ji Lingyue over and carefully examined her. Finding no other wounds, she looked up at Ji Lingyue with bright, sparkling eyes, seemingly waiting for praise.

Ji Lingyue was forced to kneel and crawl, unable to straighten up because of her weight, and said angrily, "You're so annoying…"

Lan Wu was taken aback, seemingly not expecting this attitude from her, and her big eyes quickly became watery.

Ji Lingyue glanced at her and sighed helplessly, "You vampires, when you go crazy, do you have a dual ghost personality?"

As she spoke, she turned around with difficulty and reached out to push Lan Wu: "Move aside, give me some room…"

Lan Wu glanced at the hand that was on her shoulder, tilted her head, and kissed her forearm.

Ji Lingyue: "You're here again—"

Before he could finish speaking, his icy fingertips slid down her lower abdomen, touching her swollen clitoris between her legs, and rubbed it without any hesitation.

She shuddered suddenly, and before she could react, Lan Wu pressed her down to lie down, her waist wedged between her legs. When the rough fabric rubbed against her inner thighs, Ji Lingyue realized that after all this commotion, Lan Wu was still wearing her clothes.

"It's not fair…" Her waist trembled as she was being rubbed, and she gasped for breath, but she still stubbornly grabbed Lan Wu's collar, stammering, "You, you also want to… um, take your clothes off…"

Lan Wu bit her lip and inserted a finger into the narrow opening. With each thrust, her hand was soon covered in her own juices. Ji Lingyue moaned and groaned as she was fucked hard a dozen times before she shuddered and ejaculated.

The sound of water dripping onto the wooden board was clearly audible. Ji Lingyue blushed and buried her face in Lan Wu's shoulder. Lan Wu lowered her head and nibbled on her earlobe. Her throat bobbed a few times, and she suddenly uttered her first word since waking up: "Hot…"

Lan Wu blinked and mumbled, "Your body is so hot…"

Ji Lingyue paused, looking at her blankly. Lan Wu slowly rotated her fingers, which were inserted into the acupoint, grinding against the tightly clinging flesh: "It's so hot inside."

“Uh…you,” Ji Lingyue’s voice trembled, her watery eyes staring at her weakly, “I haven’t…I haven’t said anything about you yet, it’s too cold…”

Lan Wu frowned and thought for a while: “Move around more, and you won’t be cold.”

Ji Lingyue: ?

She sensed something was wrong and was about to kick Lan Wu away when she was grabbed by the chin and kissed, and the fingers that were inserted into her vagina started moving again.

The uncontrollable moans were all choked in her throat. Ji Lingyue whimpered and squinted her eyes. She kicked her legs wildly on the wooden board, which only made Lan Wu go deeper. The soft opening was fucked and produced a lot of juice, which flowed down her buttocks and made her buttocks wet.

Lan Wu released her lips, her fingertips still buried deep inside the acupoint, while her palm heavily rubbed the small clitoris outside. Ji Lingyue gasped with a sob in her voice, her body heaving as she was pushed against the acupoint, her fair skin flushed with a lovely pink mist.

Amidst the gurgling sound of water, Lan Wu leaned close to her ear and whispered, “You said before that you have someone you like…” She paused, then asked curiously, “Who is it?”

As she asked this question, she pulled her hand out and pinched Ji Lingyue’s clitoris, kneading it lightly or heavily, her beautiful face full of innocence: “Can you tell me?”

Ji Lingyue straightened up, crying as she released a stream of fluid into her palm, feeling so good that her mind went blank and she almost forgot her own name.

Lan Wu didn’t give her a chance to rest. She rubbed the contracting opening and then inserted herself again.

“No…” The girl tensed up instantly, her vaginal muscles gripping her knuckles tightly, almost immobilizing her. Lan Wu ignored her, forcefully thrusting in and opening up the sensitive passage: “Who do you like?”

Ji Lingyue shook her head, sobbing. Trapped in this small world, she

felt trapped and unable to escape. Even the pleasure seemed endless, with no end in sight.

Her body was turned over again, and Lan Wu kissed her buttocks from behind, then extended her tongue to lovingly lick the dripping flesh of her vulva, while her fingertips kneaded the sensitive clitoris.

She had come too many times already, and now, with just a little rubbing, she shuddered and squirted out, her body slumping downwards. Lan Wu chuckled, lifted her waist, and smoothly inserted her fingertips deep inside, while her other hand kneaded her buttocks at will.

As expected, a few seconds later, the girl's soft moans rang in her ears. Lan Wu lowered her eyes and sighed regretfully, "I really want her to see what you look like now."

147. Burial Ground

Although they didn't know whether the forbidden area actually existed or what it contained, they had no other clues at the moment, so the group hurriedly headed towards the city lord's mansion in the far north.

The once magnificent Qing Mansion has also collapsed in large part. Lan Wu carefully walked through the scattered bricks, reached out and wiped her hands with the charred glazed tiles, and immediately her hands were covered with dust.

She frowned, clapped her hands to brush away the dust, looked up at the dilapidated courtyard, and slowly turned around.

"If there are forbidden areas, where is the entrance?"

"Since it's a forbidden area, the entrance certainly won't be in a place that can be seen at a glance."

As Wen Shiyu spoke, he took out a stack of paper talismans and tossed them out, saying, "Go find them."

Lan Wu glanced at her in surprise: "Miss Wen has quite a few unique skills."

Ji Lingyue snorted, crossed her arms and stood still. Cloud-like black mist emanated from behind her, transforming into fluttering black butterflies that scattered throughout the courtyard.

Lan Wu turned her head and saw her cold, pretty face. She smiled and praised, "Of course, our A-Yue is still the best." She raised her hand and conjured up several small, shimmering blue fish. "I'll help out too."

In no time, the empty courtyard was filled with all sorts of spells. Qi Yueyao, holding a silver spear, walked to the collapsed wall and slowly began to inspect it.

After learning the purpose of Lan Wu and the others' sneaking out, she treated them much better. While looking around, she casually asked, "By the way, are you really a half-demon?"

Being addressed like that for the first time, Lan Wu was taken aback for a moment: "Well, if we're talking about the blood flowing through my veins, that's true."

Qi Yueyao looked at her and said, "But you look more like a human now."

Lan Wu smiled faintly: "Is that so? After being a demon for three hundred years, there's nothing wrong with being human for a while."

"You're so carefree," Qi Yueyao muttered. "If I had half demon blood, I'd be miserable."

Ji Lingyue frowned and gave her an unpleasant look. Wen Shiyu interrupted her at the right moment: "Why are we talking about this? Why don't we think about how we should get in if we really find the forbidden area?"

"How else can we get in?" Qi Yueyao asked, puzzled. "This place is burned to the ground like this. Even if there were a protective array, it would probably be almost completely destroyed. We'll just have to force our way in."

Wen Shiyu was speechless for a moment, and then chuckled dryly, "Senior Sister is right."

The atmosphere gradually relaxed, and then Ji Lingyue suddenly spoke up: "Found it."

"where?"

The woman walked leisurely up the stone steps to the north, her hands behind her back. Her dark hair, tied in a ponytail, swayed

gracefully behind her. Qi Yueyao clicked her tongue twice behind her and whispered to Lan Wu, "Is she always like this?"

Lan Wu was taken aback: "What do you mean?"

Qi Yueyao raised her chin at her retreating figure: "She's too lazy to talk to anyone, and always has a long face, like everyone owes her money."

Before she could finish speaking, Ji Lingyue turned her head and gave her a cold glance. Qi Yueyao paused and lowered her voice, saying, "See? This is the kind."

Lan Wu chuckled: "No, A-Yue has a very good personality."

Qi Yueyao: "If she has a good temper, then there is probably no one in the world with a bad temper."

Lan Wu shook her head helplessly, following after him as she said, "You'll find out later."

Ji Lingyue was standing next to a white jade pool. The pool had long since dried up, and the patterns painted on the bottom of the pool were clearly visible. Lan Wu looked down and suddenly frowned. She squatted down and carefully touched the uneven patterns.

A moment later, she raised her hand and touched the stamen of the flower. Tiny ripples spread from her fingertips, like waves rippling across the surface of water.

"What's wrong?"

"There is indeed a formation here," Lan Wu withdrew her hand and said, "However, as Miss Qi said, it has been almost completely destroyed. With just a little effort…"

The blue spiritual energy that surfaced from her palm was pressed into the center of the petals. With a crack, the flat white jade base at the bottom of the pool collapsed and shattered, revealing a narrow staircase leading downwards: "It will become completely ineffective."

Several heads huddled together, staring down into the dark tunnel below.

A moment later, Danqing let out a soft moan and jumped back onto Lanwu's shoulder: "I, I don't want to go down."

"Then you can stay outside and keep watch," Lan Wu said, looking at Danbo. "Could you please stay with her?"

Danbo hesitated for a moment, then said, "Okay."

Lan Wu nodded and was about to go down when Ji Lingyue grabbed her: "I'll go first." She pulled Lan Wu behind her, thought for a moment, and then sent a butterfly to Dan Bai's arms: "If anything happens, crush it."

"good."

After everyone was ready, they went down one by one. The passageway was cold and damp. Ji Lingyue conjured a ball of light, illuminating half of her pale cheek and reflecting it into her dark red eyes, like a burning fire.

Footsteps of varying weights echoed between the narrow stone walls. The staircase seemed to spiral downwards. After walking for an unknown amount of time, Ji Lingyue finally stepped onto flat ground and raised the light in her hand to shine around.

Not far away lies a clear pool of water. On the round platform in the center of the pool are patterns similar to those on the bottom of the white jade pool, but four or five times larger.

They walked around the pool and found it empty except for the central circular platform. The surrounding walls were solid and thick, and it didn't seem like there were any other passageways hidden there.

Lan Wu rested her chin on her hand and thought for a moment. Then she turned her head, stepped on the protruding rocks in the pool, and lightly leaped onto the platform. Ji Lingyue was stunned and subconsciously called out, "Lan Wu…"

"Don't worry," Lan Wu said, "the magic array here has no spiritual energy fluctuations anymore, it's probably already ineffective."

As she spoke, she walked around the circular platform, carefully examining each direction: "If Miss Wen is not mistaken, this is the core of the protective formation of the Wraith City, but the protective formation has long been destroyed, so the core is naturally useless."

"There's nothing in this forbidden area," Qi Yueyao said dejectedly. "I thought there was something big hidden here."

Lan Wu suddenly stopped, staring at the crack under her feet. She then slowly walked to the center, where there was a palm-sized depression with several smooth fragments at the bottom. She bent down, picked up one, examined it for a while, and then used her spiritual power to take out the remaining fragments and carefully pieced them together.

Seeing her do this, the others curiously walked behind her and peeked out to watch.

After piecing them together, a jade talisman, its shape barely discernible, appeared before them. Lan Wu wiped the dirt off the talisman and saw the characters engraved on it: “Kun, Qian, Kan…”

She frowned, then suddenly realized something: “This…this is the key to the formation.”

Qi Yueyao: “What do you mean?”

Lan Wu turned her head, her face showing surprise: “The city’s protective formation was not breached from the outside by the demon race, but rather someone destroyed the core of the formation from the inside.”

Qi Yueyao was taken aback, then her eyes widened suddenly: “Destroy from within? Wait, what do you mean?”

“Senior sister,” Wen Shiyu looked at her with a solemn expression and said in a low voice, “It means that back then, someone deliberately let the monster in.”

The dimly lit secret room fell silent suddenly. After a long while, Qi Yueyao said in a hoarse voice, “Who would do such a thing?”

“You’ll have to ask Qing Zibai about that.” Lan Wu stood up and put the fragments into her storage ring. “Only a few people should know about the Qing family’s forbidden area. They probably know even less about the array’s core. As the former young city lord, he can’t be completely ignorant of it, can he?”

Wen Shiyu frowned: “But he hasn’t said anything all these years, what if he doesn’t know…”

Qi Yueyao said, “Whether he knows or not, we should interrogate him when we get back. We’ll surely find out something. This is such an important matter, I have to tell my father right away!”

As she turned to leave, Lan Wu and Ji Lingyue exchanged a glance and followed her. The woman looked depressed and listless. Lan Wu carefully took her hand and asked, "What's wrong?"

Ji Lingyue said in a low voice, "There is no trace of mountain leaves."

Lan Wu pursed her lips and gently squeezed her fingertips: "We'll find it eventually."

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement and grasped Lan Wu's hand in return, but after a short while, she stopped, frowned, and looked up warily.

Lan Wu was taken aback. Before she could ask anything, Ji Lingyue suddenly transformed into a swarm of black butterflies and flew upwards in a chaotic manner. Qi Yueyao, who was walking at the front, was almost knocked over by her. She leaned against the wall and said angrily, "What's wrong with you!"

Lan Wu realized what was happening, her expression hardened, and she rushed upstairs, shouting, "Something's happened outside!"

In the inky night sky, a golden dome gradually emerged from all directions, completely enveloping Qing Mansion in a barrier. Danbai fell heavily to the ground, wiped the blood from the corner of his lips, and looked down at the blood-stained gyrfalcon in his arms: "Danqing?"

Danqing said weakly, "I'm fine…"

With her heart calmed down, she looked up at the dozens of men in black appearing in the night sky, hugged Danqing tightly with one hand, and conjured a silver longsword with the other.

These people are all at least at the Integration Stage.

Suddenly, a flying sword shot towards her. Danbai raised his sword to block it, but was knocked off balance and rolled over. Just as he got up, another flying sword came flying at her from the side. Even though he dodged it in a sorry state, his thigh was slashed open, and blood immediately flowed out, staining his white clothes with a bright flower.

Danbo groaned, and when he looked up again, there were more than a dozen longswords in front of him.

She opened her eyes wide in alarm, the sharp sword shadows gradually magnifying in her pupils. At the critical moment, a black mist suddenly shot out, nimbly entangled all the flying swords, and slammed them to the ground.

The next instant, a figure spun around and appeared in front of Danbo, the hem of his clothes fluttering in the wind.

Ji Lingyue clenched her fists and stared coldly at the dozens of men in black hanging above her. They all wore blue and white masks that covered their entire faces, with only their eyes showing. At first glance, they looked like terrifying ghosts.

She glanced at the barrier enveloping the entire Qing Mansion and sneered, “What, are you planning to trap us here and kill us one by one?”

High above, no one answered her question. If it weren’t for the overwhelming spiritual pressure, Ji Lingyue would have thought they were fake people.

“You’re too clever for your own good.” She raised her lips, spread her hands, and a surge of black energy erupted from behind her, spreading up the entire barrier and blocking out all the moonlight that was falling down.

In the darkness, those bright red eyes gradually filled with pleasure.

“This will be your burial ground.”

148. Useless Person 18 years old.

As soon as Lan Wu emerged from the tunnel and climbed onto the ground, a dark figure slammed down on her feet. Startled, she looked down and saw that the person’s face was covered by a mask, so she reached out and pulled it off.

A face as withered as tree bark came into view. Although it wasn’t the first time she had seen such a gruesome death, Lan Wu couldn’t help but gasp and looked up, saying, “A-Yue, don’t kill them all!”

The dense demonic energy overhead resembled a thick, dark cloud. Several figures struggled to peek out from within, seemingly trying desperately to escape, but were dragged back by the demonic energy spreading from behind. Those still outside were blocked by the golden barrier, with nowhere to retreat.

Lan Wu vaguely heard a shrill wail, and her heart tightened. She called out again, "A-Yue!"

This sound attracted the attention of others. Several dark figures flew towards her from all directions. Lan Wu was startled and conjured a talisman disc in her hand. The yin and yang poles spun with a click, and the magic array that spread out from her feet was like lush, blooming petals.

As several longswords thrust at her, the slender figure suddenly vanished.

The two were stunned and hadn't reacted when they heard an angry shout. Qi Yueyao, who had just climbed up, shook her spear, which slammed into the thin blade of the sword with a bang, accompanied by a gale.

In the chaos, Lan Wu, who had disappeared, reappeared beside Dan Bai, asking worriedly, "What happened? Are you hurt?" "I'm fine," Dan Bai said, shaking his head as he sat on the ground, carefully picking up the gyrfalcon in his arms. "But Dan Qing… Dan Qing's wing was injured."

Danqing, with one wing drooping, choked out, "They ambushed me. If I hadn't blocked it, it would have pierced Danbai's back."

Lan Wu was taken aback, frowned, looked up at the raging wind in the sky, and cupped her hands to her lips: "A Yue, just leave one alive!"

Ji Lingyue withdrew her gaze, then smashed the man's wrists in her hand and threw him toward Lan Wu.

At the same time, several long swords silently emerged from the demonic barrier and flew towards her. Ji Lingyue moved and suddenly transformed into ethereal clouds, merging into the black mist that filled the entire sky.

The two people hiding in the shadows looked at each other in surprise. Before they could react, a slender figure emerged from the thick fog behind them, and cold fingers touched their necks.

"You guys are quite skilled at sword flight, aren't you?"

The woman's voice was low and soft, even tinged with laughter: "Then taste what it's like to be pierced by your own sword."

As soon as the words were spoken, the longsword that had flown out suddenly turned back and flew straight towards the two of them. Upon closer inspection, they discovered that the hilt of the sword was entangled with demonic energy, and its spiritual light had almost been extinguished.

“you……”

The man tried to struggle, but the hand on his neck suddenly tightened, and the continuous spiritual energy was instantly seized from his body, causing his exposed skin to wither.

With a few soft thuds, the longsword pierced through their bodies, shattering their golden cores. Ji Lingyue released her grip, letting the two corpses fall to the ground.

From the darkness, someone exclaimed in horror, “You demon, how can you possess such high cultivation!”

Ji Lingyue chuckled and turned around: “You don’t even know my strength, yet you come to hunt us down. It seems you’re in a hurry.” She raised her lips and asked with interest, “Why are you in a hurry?”

As her voice faded, she appeared out of thin air in front of the man, her red eyes fixed on him without blinking: “Where the demonic energy is, that is where I am. Do you think… you can hide?”

“Qing Zibai?”

Lan Wu stared in astonishment at the pale-faced man, the mask still in her hand: “How is it you?”

Qingzi Bai was covered in sweat, his wrists hanging limply at an odd angle. When Lan Wu called his name, he trembled even more, his eyes filled with fear.

Lan Wu frowned and pondered, “No one should know about our trip to Wangliang City, except for the day you overheard our conversation…” She pursed her lips, realizing something, “You brought them here.”

“No, no…” he said, his eyes wide with fear. “I didn’t want to. I told you, it’s dangerous, very dangerous…”

“How did these people know we were in Wangliang City?!” Lan Wu couldn’t help but grab his collar, angrily saying, “So many people, and

they even set up a barrier, they obviously came prepared! What's this about the Qing family's forbidden area, and what's this about the city's protective formation? You're the young city lord of Wangliang City, don't tell me you don't know anything!"

Qing Zibai shook his head, awkwardly backing away, his face quickly becoming covered in tears: "I don't know, I don't know, don't ask me…"

"Qingzi Bai!"

"I don't know anything, I don't know…"

He repeated the sentence in terror and helplessness, not daring to lift his head. Lan Wu stared at him for a while, bit her lip, and said with disappointment, "Your father died protecting others. How could such a respected city lord have a son like you?"

Qing Zibai was taken aback, then suddenly raised his red eyes and hissed, "You don't know anything! What makes you… what makes you say that!"

"Then tell me, what don't I know?" Lan Wu grabbed his collar again, staring intently at him: "What happened back then? Who destroyed the array's core? Who are these people? Why were you with them?"

"I, I…" Qing Zibai froze, the anger in his eyes gradually fading, and he subconsciously avoided her gaze: "I…"

"I knew it," Lan Wu frowned and said, word by word, "You're just like you were back then, a complete failure, a coward, and afraid of death."

"You!" He turned around abruptly, his voice hoarse and strained, "I just don't want to die, what's wrong with that!"

"Who wants you dead?" Lan Wu caught the key phrase and quickly asked, "Tell me, who wants you dead?" Her breathing quickened, and she finally couldn't help but ask, "Is it… Penglai?"

As soon as she finished speaking, Qingzi's eyes widened in surprise as she stared at her. Lan Wu pursed her lips and forced an awkward smile: "As expected."

Qingzi's white eyelashes trembled slightly as she gazed into Lan Wu's clear eyes, and she said in a hoarse voice, "Chu…"

"Waaah—"

A melodious flute tune drifted from somewhere, and the man's face changed drastically. He screamed, clutched his head, and rolled on the ground.

Lan Wu was startled and instinctively pulled him: "Qing Zibai?"

She pulled the man up, but in a short moment, Qing Zibai's eyes were bloodshot and his face was contorted, making him almost unrecognizable. Lan Wu barely managed to hold him down and noticed a bulging vein about the length of a finger on his face. Strangely, the vein was bulging out from under a thin layer of skin and quickly climbing toward the top of his head.

Lan Wu asked in surprise, "You've been infected with the Soul-Devouring Gu?"

She quickly realized that Qing Zibai's sea of consciousness was about to be destroyed, so she hurriedly used her spiritual power to apply it to his face, trying to restrain the Gu worm: "Danbai!"

Danbai reacted quickly, drew a short knife, and without hesitation cut along the protruding part of the Gu worm. Blood splattered everywhere, the flute music suddenly became shrill, and the Gu worm struggled desperately with great force. Lanwu realized that she could not hold it down, gritted her teeth, and looked around.

Across the endless yellow sand, a figure wrapped in a black cloak stood outside the barrier, slender fingers resting on a jade flute, playing melodies.

Danbo's panicked cry rang in her ears: "Lan Wu!"

Lan Wu turned around abruptly. The Gu worm had already crawled onto the man's forehead and disappeared instantly. Qing Zibai's screams also stopped abruptly. He convulsed, tilted his head back, foamed at the mouth, and even the whites of his eyes turned completely red.

"Well—"

A bony hand suddenly gripped Lan Wu's arm tightly. Lan Wu endured the pain, bent down, and called out, "Qing Zibai…"

"Chu…" He opened his mouth, his fingers digging even harder, almost

sinking into Lan Wu's flesh: "Chu Chen… is still alive…"

Lan Wu's eyes widened in astonishment: "What?"

She looked at Qing Zibai again, only to find him motionless, his bloodshot eyes staring blankly at a certain point, his hand gradually loosening its grip.

"Qing Zibai?"

Lan Wu shook his shoulder: "Qing Zibai?"

A moment later, Danbo collapsed to his knees, exhausted, and said in a hoarse voice, "It's no use. His sea of consciousness is destroyed. He's a cripple now."

——

I know some people have forgotten, so I'm going to say it: Chu Chen is Chu Chunhan's biological father, which is also Yu Yu's maternal grandfather by blood.

149. Escape

Lan Wu clenched her fists, her eyes red as she looked at the man in black outside the barrier: "Bastard…" She staggered to her feet and walked towards the man: "You damned thing!"

Suddenly, a loud bang startled Lan Wu, who looked in the direction of the sound and found that a gap had been broken in the barrier. The black-clad men with jade masks were scrambling to escape. Lan Wu gritted her teeth, her fingers flying, and instantly set up a simple teleportation array at the gap: "Don't even think about running away!"

She moved incredibly fast. Before the person who had just emerged from the barrier could react, she stepped into the teleportation array and fell back in front of Ji Lingyue.

"you……"

Seeing the woman's calm face, he stared in terror as if he were seeing the King of Hell. Before he could even flee, his throat was grabbed. Dense demonic energy surged towards his mouth and nose. In the howling wind, the man painfully raised his head, his hands gripping Ji Lingyue's wrists tightly, and with his last strength, he roared,

“Thunder Talisman!”

With a deafening roar, golden lightning cleaved through the night sky, pierced the barrier, and hurtled straight towards Ji Lingyue. She let out a soft snort, swiftly severing the man’s arms and throwing him toward the menacing lightning bolt. She then used her inner energy to create a sword and flew after the other fleeing people.

After the deafening thunder, the dazzling golden light was once again swallowed by the pitch-black night, and a charred corpse fell stiffly to the ground.

Ji Lingyue’s aura was overwhelming. The moment the demonic energy clung to her, it brought excruciating pain. Those who were caught by her were drenched in cold sweat, their bodies stiff and almost unable to move. Some, seeing that they could not escape, simply turned back in desperation and attacked her with all their might.

Ji Lingyue glanced at it, raised her hand to slap the long sword thrusting from the right. Just as it was about to collide, her palm gently opened to the side, climbed up the blade to the man’s wrist, and suddenly pulled forward, causing the long sword to pierce into another person’s body.

After the initial strike, she swiftly shattered the wrist gripped in her hand. As the man involuntarily let go with a groan, she caught his falling sword while simultaneously bending over to dodge the ice spikes flying from behind.

With a muffled thud, the ice spike pierced the chest of the man she was holding. Ji Lingyue released him, nimbly spun around, and threw the blood-stained longsword into the distance.

“brush!”

A silver light pierced through his body and sank into the ground. The tall, dark figure collapsed, revealing Lan Wu, who had been shielding him earlier.

“…”

Lan Wu hadn’t reacted yet. She glanced down at the still-swaying sword hilt, and after a moment, looked up at Ji Lingyue. The woman looked at her from afar with concern on her face. Lan Wu pursed her lips, about to smile reassuringly, when her eyes flashed and her expression changed again.

Before anyone knew it, the entire barrier was covered with fine cracks, and golden fragments were falling like a golden rain.

It is about to collapse completely.

This is no small gap that can be blocked by a teleportation array. Lan Wu coughed and said in a hoarse voice, “A Yue, don’t let them get away!”

Ji Lingyue nodded, and the cloud-like demonic energy transformed into thick, long tentacles, aggressively chasing after the fleeing figures.

Meanwhile, Qi Yueyao was squatting down to examine the corpse’s face. She took off the mask and looked at it for a long time, but she still couldn’t help feeling disgusted: “This face… how did it become like this?”

Wen Shiyu also frowned: “This looks… different from those whose power was absorbed by Miss Ji.”

The faces of those who were drained to death were withered like tree bark, but these people’s faces looked as if they had been dissolved by bone-dissolving water, pitted and uneven, almost revealing the bone.

After thinking for a moment, she took the mask from Qi Yueyao’s hand, rubbed the inside of the mask with her fingertip, and then sniffed it: “Hmm, it seems like some kind of medicine has been applied.”

Qi Yueyao was startled and quickly created blisters to cover her hand: “Wash it off quickly, why do you like touching things everywhere? Aren’t you afraid your hands will rot?”

Wen Shiyu smiled and nodded, then carefully placed the mask into his storage ring after washing his hands.

Screams echoed overhead, yet they remained unusually relaxed. Qi Yueyao observed the silver spear for a while, then sighed, “Luckily, she’s with us.”

Just as Wen Shiyu was about to agree, she caught a glimpse of something unusual out of the corner of her eye. She frowned and looked at the distant horizon. Under the moonlight, countless black dots were moving swiftly across the desert, rapidly approaching them.

After a while, she suddenly opened her eyes wide and exclaimed, "A monster!"

Qi Yueyao was taken aback: "A monster?"

"They must have been attracted by the lightning talisman earlier. Of course, it would be strange if they hadn't noticed such a commotion." Wen Shiyu realized, turned around and shouted, "Miss Lan, the monster is here!"

Lan Wu was taken aback: "A monster?"

She turned her head suspiciously and, sure enough, saw a group of blue-faced, fanged monsters. She was shocked and exclaimed, "Ah Yue, the monsters are here!"

The barrier had completely disappeared, and the remaining ten or so people rushed out, heading straight for the approaching demon horde. Ji Lingyue glanced down and saw that the survivors she had just killed were all foaming at the mouth and unconscious. Her face immediately turned cold, and she chased after them without saying a word.

Qi Yueyao asked in surprise, "Why are these people fleeing into the demon horde?"

Wen Shiyu pondered for a moment and said, "If we run to other places, we will definitely be caught by Miss Ji, but if we run into the demon horde, there might be a glimmer of hope in the chaos."

Sure enough, as soon as Ji Lingyue chased after the people and rushed into the demon horde, she was surrounded by several dark figures at the same time. A small desert suddenly erupted into a chaotic battle, with magic and demonic arts flying together, and the sky was illuminated in various colors, making it as lively as a gathering in the human world.

As soon as Ji Lingyue sent one group of demons flying, another group surrounded them, momentarily halting their progress. Just then, someone from deep within the demon horde shouted, "There are more cultivators ahead! Capture them!"

Dozens of monsters responded and rushed towards the City of Demons. Ji Lingyue was startled and subconsciously looked at Lan Wu and the others behind her.

Should we continue chasing, or go back?

She bit her lip, then suddenly turned around and transformed into a black butterfly, flying towards Lan Wu.

“Quick, get up!” Lan Wu helped Danbo up and asked urgently, “Can you still fly?”

Danbo nodded: “My wings are fine, I can fly.”

“Alright, let’s go.” Lan Wu stepped onto her spirit sword, and once Dan Bai transformed into a white crane, she hoisted Dan Qing onto her back: “Hurry, let’s go!”

Danbo said, “I’ll take you with me…”

“Come on, do you even have enough spiritual power?” Lan Wu pushed her and said, “I can fly by myself.”

Danbo glanced back at her, then hesitated before saying, “Then you follow…”

“Why are you so talkative?” Lan Wu slapped her again, and seeing that she finally flapped her wings and took off, she also manipulated her spirit sword to fly into the air: “Miss Qi, Miss Wen?”

Qi Yueyao’s voice rang out from above: “Mind your own business, we’ve already flown away!”

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then turned to look at the densely packed black shadows rushing towards her, hoping to find Ji Lingyue among them. After searching for a while without finding her, she noticed another person.

“Qing Zibai?”

She stared in surprise at the man lying on the ground, grinning foolishly: “How could I have forgotten about him?”

Danbo exclaimed urgently, “Why are you saving him!”

Lan Wu turned around and quickly swooped down: “He might still be useful!”

When she landed next to Qing Zibai, the rustling footsteps were almost within reach. Lan Wu grabbed his collar and just as she wobbled a few feet into the air, a long howl came from behind her.

A giant beast leaped onto the wall, casting a shadow that completely

enveloped Lan Wu. In the clear moonlight, its form suddenly shrank, revealing a slender body. It then pounced on Lan Wu, knocking her off the sword and causing her to roll on the ground.

Lan Wu looked up, panting. Because she was backlit, only a pair of narrow, emerald-green beast eyes could be seen. Her whole body was tense, and she silently made hand seals, looking for an opportunity to launch a sneak attack, when she heard the other party exclaim in surprise, “Lan Wu?”

It was a flirtatious female voice, yet it had a strangely familiar feel to it.

Lan Wu froze, meeting her gaze again. Suddenly, those beastly eyes of hers became round and piercing: “You’re not dead!”

Lan Wu’s long eyelashes trembled slightly, and she slowly opened her eyes wide: “Yao Zhu?”

“It’s me!” Yaozhu exclaimed with delight. “My God, you’re really not dead!”

She straightened up, about to pull Lan Wu up, when she felt a tremendous force wrap around her waist, and before she could even cry out, she was thrown out.

“…”

Lan Wu looked at the flying black shadow, turned around in surprise, and met Ji Lingyue’s anxious face: “Are you alright!”

“I,” she said slowly, “I’m fine…”

Ji Lingyue was still a little scared, and she picked her up nervously, saying in a hoarse voice, “Let’s go.”

Lan Wu came to her senses: “Qing Zibai…”

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, then used a wisp of demonic energy to envelop him, and before the dense horde of demons could rush up, she flew off the ground like the wind.

150. Revenge

When all was quiet, footsteps came from outside the door. Lan Yuan closed her eyes and silently counted. After the footsteps gradually disappeared and half an incense stick’s time had passed, she got up

and quietly crept towards the door.

Lan Yuan pulled back the bolt and carefully pushed the door open a crack. Looking left and right, she saw no patrolling figures and relaxed. Just as she was about to step out the door, her hem was tugged at: “Where are you going?”

Lan Yuan tugged at it, but couldn’t budge it. She lowered her voice and said, “What’s it to you?”

Meng Changge frowned: “I’ve assured everyone that you’re absolutely fine, so how can it not be my problem?”

Lan Yuan said irritably, “It’s been so many days, and you haven’t noticed that those people are secretly reinforcing the seal? Didn’t they intend for me to go in and talk to the Nightmare Beasts at all?”

Meng Changge hesitated and said, “This needs the approval of the elder in charge, so it may take a few more days.”

“You can wait here by yourself,” Lan Yuan said angrily. “I came here with Lan Wu and we agreed to go back soon, but it’s been several days now and there’s been no progress. Not only that, I’m stuck here being monitored every day.”

Meng Changge weakly defended himself, “You can’t say that. They were just worried you’d cause trouble, so they sent a few more people on patrol…”

Lan Yuan glared at her fiercely: “Isn’t this considered surveillance?”

Meng Changge: “…”

Lan Yuan tugged at her hem again: “Let go, I’m going into the Nightmare Forest now, take it or leave it.”

“How are you going to get in?” Meng Changge frowned. “Are you going to force your way in?”

Lan Yuan nodded.

Meng Changge was taken aback: “We’re here to help. If you force your way in, we’ll just become troublemakers!”

“Nonsense.” Lan Yuan snorted coldly, too lazy to pay attention to her anymore. With a “poof,” she transformed into a small silver fish and said in a harsh voice, “I’ve never seen such a hesitant cultivator as

you!”

“How many cultivators do you know?” Meng Changge muttered to himself, then looked at her round, fish-like head and big eyes and couldn’t help but say, “You’re… kind of cute.”

“…”

Lan Yuan sprang up and slapped her face with her tail with a loud crack: “How dare you!” she roared angrily, “I am the princess of the Mermaid Clan!”

Meng Changge snapped out of her daze and covered her blushing face in shock: “Don’t be unreasonable. I just praised Lan Wu for being cute, and she won’t be angry!”

“That’s because she willingly degraded herself!”

Lan Yuan glared at her warningly: “Don’t insult me with those kinds of words again.”

She turned around cursing and swam into the darkness without looking back. Meng Changge pursed his lips and resignedly followed.

Half an hour later, while catching the disciple who had been thrown by Lan Yuan, she hurriedly explained, “I’m so sorry, I’m so sorry, she really didn’t mean it!”

“Wh-what?”

“I’m so sorry,” Meng Changge put her down and hurriedly went to catch another figure that flew over.

It was the dead of night, and the disciples on guard seemed not to have expected anyone to openly force their way in. They were soon knocked to the ground by Lan Yuan and watched helplessly as she punched a hole in the weak point of the barrier and jumped in.

The woman’s figure vanished in an instant. Meng Changge took two steps forward, drew two red knives, and stood in front of the rift: “I’m sorry, I didn’t expect to say that…” She took a breath and said seriously, “I can’t let you seal the barrier before she comes out.”

On the other side, Lan Yuan stepped into the depths of the thick fog, and a cracking sound immediately came from beneath her feet. She paused, and a blue glow appeared in her palm. She turned around and

looked around: "Hey, is the Nightmare Beast here?"

"Hello!"

After a long silence, rustling footsteps suddenly sounded from the depths of the thick fog. Lan Yuan was startled and subconsciously conjured a long sword, staring intently in that direction.

A blurry figure gradually emerged from the mist, drawing ever closer. Lan Yuan couldn't help but tense up, asking warily, "A person?"

How could there be anyone in the Nightmare Forest?

The man finally emerged from the thick fog and stopped a few feet away, staring at her intently.

After a long pause, a hoarse voice hesitated and asked, "Lan Wu?"

"Lan Wu," Ye Qingjun glanced at the disheveled group of people in astonishment, then looked at Qing Zibai sprawled on the ground, and said with a headache, "You really are… what can I say about you?"

Not long ago, there was a rapid knock on her door. When she opened it, Danbo's pale face was there. It was still dark outside under the moonlight, but the main hall was brightly lit. Lan Wu stood in the middle and turned her head to call out, "Master."

Ye Qingjun frowned: "Lan Wu? Didn't you go over there?"

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, then hesitated before pulling Qing Zibai out from behind her: "They went over there, but… something unexpected happened."

Now, the other two sect leaders have also rushed over. Nearly ten people are standing in the small room, all with solemn expressions. Qi Jun listened to the whole story from his daughter, and his usually stern face changed color: "Are you serious? The core of the formation in Wangliang City was destroyed from the inside?"

"Yes, we were all there and saw it clearly." Qi Yueyao turned her head and called out, "Lan Wu, didn't you put that jade talisman away? Quickly take it out and let the sect leader take a look."

Lan Wu nodded and handed the jade talisman fragment to Ye Qingjun.

Ye Qingjun examined it for a while, then asked in a low voice, "Was it already broken when you saw it?"

"yes."

"And what about Qing Zibai?"

Qi Yueyao interjected, "It's complicated. We had barely arrived in Wangliang City when a group of masked cultivators came to kill us. Qing Zibai was one of them."

Qi Yun was startled: "Qing Zibai? A cultivator? Are the ones who came to surround and kill you really not monsters?"

"It's true, the monsters only came after they heard the commotion."

"Have you seen who they are?"

"Except for Keiko, everyone else's faces were ruined. The scene was too chaotic to take them with us. I'm afraid… they've already fallen into the hands of the monsters."

Lan Wu asked, "Aren't there very few cultivators who can get there? Could you check them one by one to see who is missing?"

"I'm afraid that won't work," Ye Qingjun said. "The cultivators who go there usually hide in the desert and can go for ten days or half a month without seeing a trace of them. It's common for them to be harmed by the demon race and disappear without a trace. Checking them one by one probably won't be of much use."

Lan Wu was silent for a moment, then hesitated and said, "What if I told you that I actually know who it is?"

Qi Yueyao was startled: "If you knew, why didn't you say so earlier? What are you dawdling about here for? Did Qingzi tell you? I saw you talking to him for quite a while back then…"

Lan Wu nodded: "He did reveal some information."

"Then tell me quickly, who sent those people?"

Lan Wu raised her eyes and whispered, "Penglai."

After she finished speaking, everyone froze in place. After a long while, Ye Qingjun finally said, "Penglai? Penglai Island?"

"Yes," Lan Wu bit her lip and continued, "and Qing Zibai told me that Chu Chen is still alive."

"Chu Chen is still alive?" Qi Jun asked in astonishment. "He's been dead for over a hundred years!"

Xuan Rulin, who had been listening for a long time, also said, "Absurd! Penglai is a reclusive sect with disciples of high moral character and renowned in the cultivation world. Why would they want to kill you for no reason? Besides, if Chu Chen is still alive, why is he hiding and not coming out?"

Ye Qingjun asked, "Did Qing Zibai tell you all of this?"

"yes."

"Is there any other evidence?"

Lan Wu shook her head and said in a hoarse voice, "No, at the time, only Danbai Danqing and I heard it."

"No," Ye Qingjun frowned, "The three of you are close friends. Even if you give the same story, you can't convict Penglai."

Qi Jun was taken aback: "Convict? Ye Qingjun, do you know what you're saying? Based on your disciple's one-sided account, you believe that Penglai did all these things?"

"Don't you also find it strange? Back then, the city of Wangliang was breached overnight, and the losses were so heavy precisely because it was completely unexpected. I remember that at the time… Penglai did send dozens of disciples and elders to stay in Wangliang City, right?"

"But at that time, it wasn't just Penglai who was in Wangliang City; people from other sects were also there."

"So later, almost all the people of Penglai escaped. What's your take on that?"

"What if they were just lucky?"

Seeing them arguing endlessly, Lan Wu pursed her lips and suddenly asked, "Is there any music cultivator in the Chu family?"

The group stopped talking and looked at her. After a moment, Ye Qingjun said, "There are nearly ten sound cultivators in the Chu family."

"How many of them are skilled in using Gu poison?"

Ye Qingjun frowned: “There are two or three people skilled in Gu poison, but if we’re talking about those who are here right now, it’s only Chu Jiao.”

Lan Wu was taken aback: “She’s not…”

“Qing Zibai’s wife,” Ji Lingyue, who walked in from outside, continued, “Although that person was hidden in a cloak, judging from her walking posture, she was indeed a woman.”

After saying that, she looked at Lan Wu and added, “I just went back again. Those jade-faced people who were left behind were indeed captured by the demon race. And I found this.”

She opened her hand, revealing a jade flute broken in two, stained with blood: “I don’t know if that person was Chu Jiao or not, but she must have been injured when she ran away.”

After a long silence, Qi Jun shook his head and sighed, “Even if Chu Jiao was really injured, it doesn’t prove that it was her. Besides, I really don’t understand why Penglai would do this?”

“I don’t understand why they would destroy the core of the Demon City’s formation,” Lan Wu spoke again, her expression much calmer. “But if you’re asking why Chu Chen faked his death and hid, I might know the reason.”

What’s the reason?

Lan Wu was quiet for a moment, then looked up at their probing eyes: “It’s simple, he’s afraid of… the revenge of those he harmed.”

151. Please see

When they returned to their residence, it was already dawn. Ji Lingyue walked ahead, holding Lan Wu’s hand, and said, “Shall we go and test Chu Jiao?”

“This kind of thing can be left to the sect leaders,” Lan Wu sighed, recalling the expressions of the sect leaders just now. “Sure enough, even knowing the hatred between the Demon King and Penglai, they still couldn’t believe that Penglai had interfered in the affairs of Wangliang City.”

Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes and said in a low voice, “Imprisoning merfolk to extract their blood to increase one’s power may sound

despicable, but in the eyes of cultivators, it's not yet considered extremely vicious. After all…" She paused for a moment and continued, "In their eyes, merfolk are also demons, and there's no need to pity them. If they had the chance to do it, they might even be tempted."

Lan Wu pursed her lips and muttered, "Only if it is proven that the fall of Wangliang City was indeed Penglai's doing will they take it seriously."

"Yes," Ji Lingyue pushed open the door and stepped in: "You don't know the pain until you cut yourself. Fortunately, with the tragic state of Qingzi's white consciousness sea destroyed and Miss Qi as a witness, it's enough to arouse their suspicion."

Hearing this, Lan Wu couldn't help but laugh: "So, we should thank Miss Qi for secretly following us. Otherwise, if we had dragged the injured Qing Zibai back, we would have been unable to defend ourselves."

Ji Lingyue pouted: "Who told us to be demons and monsters?"

Lan Wu was amused by her and wanted to reach out and pinch her nose, but as soon as she moved, she hissed in pain.

Ji Lingyue was taken aback. She quickly rolled up her sleeve and looked at her forearm. There were several dark red finger marks there, which had already turned slightly purple. Lan Wu sighed, "Qing Zibai is something else. His wrist is broken. Where did he get so much strength? It hurts so much when he squeezed me."

Ji Lingyue carefully placed her hand on his, her palm warm: "He's already like that, so don't be angry anymore."

"I'm not angry," Lan Wu sighed as she looked down at her skin where the bruises were fading. "It's just that when I first met him, I never imagined he would end up like this."

Ji Lingyue didn't say anything. After healing her wounds, she pulled her into the house and said, "Don't worry about him. He's just a passerby in your life."

Lan Wu raised an eyebrow, then suddenly remembered something else: "Oh right, I ran into Yao Zhu."

"Yaozhu?" Ji Lingyue was slightly surprised, and turned her head to

ask, “When? Where?”

Lan Wu smiled helplessly: “Actually, you also encountered it. Before leaving the City of Demons, you threw her away.”

After a long silence, Ji Lingyue frowned and hesitated before asking, “Is it that woman who was riding on top of you?”

“…What kind of talk is this, riding? Never mind, it really is her.”

“I never expected that she would join the monsters’ side as well.”

“She is a demon, and Xuan Yu is still in Lan Yue’s hands.” Lan Wu pondered, “I wonder if she knows anything about Xuan Yu’s situation. After all these years, Yao Zhu, such a shrewd fox, must have done something.”

Ji Lingyue nodded, took a step forward without saying a word, snuggled into Lan Wu’s arms, and wrapped her arms around her waist.

Lan Wu paused for a moment, looked down at her, and placed her hand on her back: “What’s wrong?”

I’m tired.

Lan Wu blinked and said gently, “Thank you for your hard work.”

Ji Lingyue said in a muffled voice, “Saying ‘thank you’ isn’t enough.”

“Then what else do you need?”

The person in her arms was silent for a while, then raised her head and stared at her with her clear eyes. Lan Wu looked at her for a moment, then suddenly had a flash of inspiration and lowered her head to kiss her lips.

Ji Lingyue hummed softly, “One time isn’t enough.”

“Okay,” Lan Wu cupped her face, squeezing her cheeks so her red lips would pout. She frowned, confused, her face all scrunched up, making her even cuter. Lan Wu chuckled, released her hands from squeezing her cheeks, and lowered her head to kiss her lips.

“Lan Wu…”

“Um?”

Ji Lingyue hooked her arm around her neck and whispered, “Let’s go to sleep.”

“Just sleeping?”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, then suddenly blushed, looked up and bit her cheek: “What do you think?”

Lan Wu said in a daze, “I really don’t know… Oh, are you a puppy?” She covered Ji Lingyue’s mouth and said fiercely but weakly, “If you bite again, I’ll teach you a lesson.”

Ji Lingyue looked up and stared at her for a while, then parted her red lips and licked Lan Wu’s palm.

As soon as she pushed open the bedroom door, Ji Lingyue hooked her arm around her and kissed her. Lan Wu closed the door, picked her up in the quiet darkness, and sat her down at a table not far from the door.

The black night clothes she was wearing were quickly lifted up by Lan Wu. The woman was breathing rapidly, her lips were kissing Ji Lingyue’s face, while her hands were pulling at her belt. Ji Lingyue cooperated quite well, and soon her smooth skin was pressed against Lan Wu’s cool palm.

She gave a soft “hmm,” wrapped her legs around Lan Wu’s waist, and pulled her closer to herself, even closer.

The supple knuckles skillfully kneaded the wet clitoris, and Ji Lingyue trembled, instinctively clutching Lan Wu’s clothes at the back, saying intermittently, “You today… um, why are you so, so passionate…”

Lan Wu raised her head, her chest still heaving, her beautiful eyes misty with tears, making her look even more alluring than Ji Lingyue, whose face was flushed. The two of them were squeezed together in the doorway, their clothes still neat, and unless you looked closely, no one would know that they were doing this.

She hugged Ji Lingyue tightly, buried her face in her neck, and rubbed her soft, wet vulva with her fingertips. Covered in sticky fluid, she parted her soft labia and slowly inserted her into her vagina: “Isn’t it because you… are too tempting?”

Ji Lingyue’s eyelashes trembled, and the corners of her lips curved up. She couldn’t help but feel a little shy. She reached out and hugged Lan

Wu tightly, and her lower abdomen also twitched excitedly.

Lan Wu turned her head and kissed her ear, saying softly, “Since you like to seduce me on purpose, I will never let you go in this lifetime.”

As she spoke, she slowly rotated her fingers, her fingertips grinding against the burning, tender flesh. A vine, seemingly appearing from nowhere, wrapped around the engorged, red clitoris, slowly teasing it. Ji Lingyue whimpered, resting her chin on her shoulder, her eyes narrowing comfortably: “You…you’d better…keep your word…”

Lan Wu chuckled softly, “Of course.”

She picked up Ji Lingyue, supporting her buttocks as she walked into the house. A two-finger-thick vine was used instead, inserted into her vagina, and moved in and out with each step. Ji Lingyue couldn’t help but whimper, gripping Lan Wu’s shoulders tightly, her vaginal fluids flowing out and soaking her clothes.

She placed Ji Lingyue on the bed, pressed herself against her and kissed her, saying gently, “Tell me if you feel unwell.”

Ji Lingyue mumbled an “Mmm” in a daze.

Before I knew it, a light drizzle began to fall outside.

The autumn rains are continuous, the chill is biting, and the long winter is just around the corner.

Tears streamed down her face as the woman’s legs limply draped over Lan Wu’s arms, swaying up and down with her movements. Lan Wu lowered her head and gently teased the already swollen nipple into her mouth. Ji Lingyue let out a few weak moans, feeling somewhat numb from the overwhelming pleasure.

“Ah Yue,” Lan Wu said gently, “it’s raining.”

Ji Lingyue subconsciously looked out the window. A few fallen leaves drifted down in the courtyard, and a light drizzle dripped from the eaves, making the room feel even warmer. She blinked, turned back, and reached out to Lan Wu for a hug: “This…last time…no more…”

“good.”

Following her instructions, Lan Wu pressed her fingers harder into the burning nest, making gurgling sounds. Ji Lingyue groaned hoarsely,

her thick eyelashes covered in moisture. Her soft, red flesh tirelessly sucked on the penetrating foreign object. Her clitoris was suddenly tightened, and her body trembled as she released wave after wave of moist spring tide.

Lan Wu gently stroked her delicate waist, turned her over, and let her rest in her arms. The sound of dripping water could be heard in her ears. Fine rain fell into the pool, creating ripples. Ji Lingyue closed her eyes and breathed heavily. After a while, the sweat evaporated, and she felt a little cold.

"Hmm…" She didn't want to use magic to keep warm, so she shrugged and snuggled into Lan Wu's arms in a coquettish manner. Lan Wu patted her pert bottom, lazily got up, used her spiritual power to fill the bathtub with water, threw in a fire pearl, and then soaked in with her.

The rising steam made her cheeks flushed. Perhaps because she had just been through a lot, Ji Lingyue was too lazy to move. She closed her eyes and let Lan Wu do as she pleased, without moving at all. After a while, Lan Wu cleaned her up and leaned over to kiss her lips: "Sleepy?"

Ji Lingyue gave a soft "hmm".

"Alright," Lan Wu stroked her soft, long hair and said gently, "Then let her sleep for a few hours."

Ji Lingyue muttered, "You come with me."

"good."

The faint sounds of conversation inside the house gradually faded away. Outside the window, dark clouds gathered and a light rain drizzled—perfect weather for sleeping. But just as noon approached, someone knocked on the gate to the courtyard.

Lan Wu opened her eyes sleepily and saw that Ji Lingyue was unusually reluctant to get out of bed, so she covered her with a blanket and left the room to open the door.

Two girls stood outside the door, one with her arm in a sling and the other with a crutch. Lan Wu glanced at them and asked, puzzled, "Why aren't you two resting? What are you doing here?"

Danqing said, "There is a mermaid outside the city who says he wants

to see you."

Danbo said, "There is another mortal outside the city who says he wants to see Ayue."

Lan Wu was taken aback and subconsciously asked, "Who is it?"

"The mermaid said her name was Fuyou."

"That mortal said his name was Yuan Zhen."

——

I'm sure some people have forgotten, so I'll say it: Yuan Zhen is the Imperial Advisor from Chapter 67.

152. False p18α. cOm

As the autumn rain continued, Ji Lingyue lifted her coat, took an umbrella, and climbed the wet stone steps, looking up at two figures sitting in the pavilion not far away.

"Yuan Zhen".

The man didn't respond, but the short page beside him turned his head, glanced at Ji Lingyue, and whispered something in Yuan Zhen's ear. After a while, the man slowly turned his head, revealing a deeply lined face. Ji Lingyue stepped into the pavilion and said in a daze, "Yuan Zhen, you've aged."

Yuan Zhen chuckled helplessly, his voice hoarse: "Mortals always grow old, unlike the immortal master, who remains the same as he was all those years ago."

"The same as back then?" Ji Lingyue murmured, shook her head, and sat silently on the stone bench opposite him. "How did you know I was here?"

The old man put down his cane, and his withered fingers, as thin as tree bark, slowly pulled a paper crane from his pocket: "Have you forgotten? Back then, you gave me this paper crane, saying it could help me find you." As he spoke, he coughed a few times and mumbled, "After waiting for so many years, it wasn't until recently that this paper crane finally responded and brought me here."

Ji Lingyue took the paper crane, which still contained a faint spiritual power. She gently touched it, recalling the old story of asking him to

decipher the writing on the stone tablet in Rong'an. She remained silent for a moment.

She now knew the meaning of those words, yet Yuan Zhen still came to keep their promise from years ago, to answer the riddle she already knew the answer to.

Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes and poured him a cup of hot tea.

Yuan Zhen said, "When I found my master back then, it had only been half a year since we parted ways. But when I figured out the meaning of these words and followed the paper crane to find the immortal master, it stopped at the corner of the South China Sea and never responded again." He sighed, "I thought I would never see the immortal master again in this life. I never expected that I would be able to fulfill my promise to the immortal master before I die."

Ji Lingyue was silent for a moment, then asked, "How is your teacher?"

Yuan Zhen chuckled: "Has the immortal master forgotten? Master was also a mortal, and has long since passed away."

As he spoke, he turned to the pageboy beside him and said, "Yan'er, bring out the things."

The pageboy nodded, took out the stone slab fragment and a yellowed, old piece of cloth from the book basket on his back, and carefully spread them out on the table.

"This is the meaning of these words as translated by my master back then."

Ji Lingyue looked down and, sure enough, among the scattered words written on the cloth, there were several words such as "resurrection," "soul," and "flower." She pursed her lips and said earnestly, "Thank you for your help, sir."

"You're welcome," Yuan Zhen coughed a few more times and chuckled, "This is all thanks to my master. If he were still here, he would definitely come in person and talk with the immortal master for three days and three nights."

"Really?" (The rest of the text appears to be a jumbled collection of characters and phrases, possibly from different sources. A direct translation isn't meaningful without context.)

"Yes," Yuan Zhen sighed, "My master has always been fascinated by these lost characters and has devoted himself to their study. Unfortunately, he has traveled all over the world but has not found many like-minded people. These characters were written in the last hundred years. When he saw them, he was extremely excited and kept asking to meet the owner of the stone tablet."

Ji Lingyue was suddenly taken aback and looked up: "Nearly a hundred years?"

Yuan Zhen nodded, puzzled: "Doesn't the Immortal Master know?"

Ji Lingyue's expression changed slightly: "But this stone slab… this stone slab is clearly something from seven hundred years ago."

"Impossible, Immortal Master must have misremembered."

"How is it impossible?"

"This is what my master told me. Immortal Master, please take a look," Yuan Zhen picked up the stone slab, stroked its already smooth surface, and said, "There are many blue dots of different sizes on the surface of this stone. It feels like jade. If the weather is good, it will reflect a light blue light when held up to the sun. It is very difficult to notice."

Ji Lingyue looked at him suspiciously: "So?"

"This stone is called Queqing Stone. It was only mined in Qingshuang Valley of Dongzhou a hundred and twenty years ago. Due to its scarcity and high price, it is now only circulated in Dongzhou and Nanzhou."

Ji Lingyue froze on the spot, subconsciously clenching her fists.

Before I knew it, the rain intensified, pounding down on the blue bricks and gray tiles, and falling along the eaves in a continuous line.

She leaned on the table, stood up, and walked into the rain as if in a daze.

The icy water droplets hit her skin, causing her long eyelashes to tremble slightly. She shivered from the biting cold, and the muffled voice behind her suddenly became clear: "Immortal Master, where are you going?"

Ji Lingyue snapped out of her daze and said slowly, “I need to tell Lan Wu.” As she walked through the rain, she whispered, “The stone slab has been replaced; it’s fake.”

If the stone slab is fake, then the resurrection technique on it… would it still be real?

Most importantly, does Blue Moon know about this?

Like a waterfall, Lan Wu used her spiritual power to conjure a small jellyfish and placed it on her head. She jogged to the outskirts of the city to meet Fu You. After turning several streets, the footsteps behind her were still following closely. She couldn’t help but sigh and turned back to ask, “Why bother? Do you still suspect me of harboring evil intentions?”

Qi Yueyao crossed her arms: “Don’t judge me by my own standards. I’m here to protect you.”

“Protect me?” Hearing this, Lan Wu was somewhat surprised: “You? Protect me?”

Qi Yueyao nodded and said seriously, “Your little followers, one has an injured hand and the other has an injured leg. Even the sullen-faced devil can’t easily make a move in this city. If I don’t protect you, who else can?”

Lan Wu hesitated and said, “You said it yourself, this is in the city. Who would attack me in the city?”

“That’s hard to say,” Qi Yueyao said warily, glancing around before sneaking closer. “The people of Penglai are quite cunning.”

Lan Wu couldn’t help but smile: “You already believe me?”

Qi Yueyao was taken aback, and awkwardly hummed, “I’m half-believing, half-doubting.”

Touched, Lan Wu took her hand and said, “You’re such a good person.”

“…” Qi Yueyao’s eyes widened, and she jumped back a step, rubbing her hands on her body: “Don’t look at me like that, isn’t it disgusting?”

Lan Wu chuckled and continued walking forward: “Anyway, thank

you."

She hurriedly walked out of the city gate, and after walking about a hundred meters, she saw the floating creature being guarded by several cultivators.

The woman was still wearing a loose black robe. Because she rarely saw light, her skin was so pale it was almost transparent. She stood calmly in place, as if an invisible barrier surrounded her, keeping the rain out.

"Floating," Lan Wu exclaimed in surprise, "How did you get here?"

"I have something for you." She said, glancing at the monk standing beside her. "However, it would be better if we talked alone."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, nodded politely to the people around her, and then pulled her aside: "What do you want to give me?"

Fuyou pulled a box out of his sleeve: "Here."

Lan Wu took the box blankly. Inside were a few thin sheets of paper. She picked up the top sheet and saw a few lines of symbols. She couldn't understand them, but they looked somewhat familiar.

After staring at it for a while, she suddenly widened her eyes and realized, "Isn't this the script of the Zisang Kingdom? Where did you find it?"

Fuyou said, "From Master's secret chamber."

Lan Wu frowned, completely baffled: "The former High Priestess? Why would she have this?"

"I don't know," Fuyou shook his head, then pointed: "There's another one below."

Lan Wu lowered her head and picked up the next one as well. This time, she recognized the handwriting: "Be careful of His Majesty…" She paused, puzzled, and asked, "Be careful of His Majesty? Why? What happened to my brother?"

Fuyou hesitated and said, "I think Master is probably not referring to the current emperor, but to the previous emperor, Lan Zhichuan."

Lan Wu froze, instinctively clenching the paper in her hand: "But he's already dead."

"Your Highness said before that the prophecy did not come true, and Lan Zhichuan did not die because of you, but… but I don't think Master would be wrong. After thinking it over, I can only come to one conclusion." Fuyou pursed his lips and said solemnly, "Lan Zhichuan is not dead, he is still alive."

Lan Wu stared blankly at her, the paper in her palm clenched into a tight ball. After a long while, she said in a hoarse voice, "If he is not dead, then where has he been hiding all these years?"

"I don't know," Fuyou said in a low voice. "I can't be sure if he's still alive, but it's the most likely possibility. So Your Highness, you must be careful. If he is still alive, you will be a thorn in his side."

A deafening clap of thunder followed, and the only sound seemed to be the relentless pouring of rain. Lan Wu's eyes reddened, and she suddenly scoffed, "Ridiculous…"

"Your Highness?"

"It's ridiculous…" she clenched her fists, her voice trembling, "So many years, one or two of them are still alive, only my mother, my mother…"

Tears streamed down her face as she let out a painful sob, trembling with hatred: "I will kill them all!"

153. Testing

When the rain stopped, someone knocked on a door in the southeast of the city.

Soon, footsteps came from inside, and after a creak, half of a delicate face was revealed.

The man paused for a moment, then frowned and said, "Aren't you… Lan Wu?"

Lan Wu looked her up and down for a moment before saying, "And who are you? Isn't this Miss Chu Jiao's residence?"

The other person smiled awkwardly and said, "This is indeed Chu Jiao's residence. My name is Chen Yi, and I am Chu Jiao's good friend." As she spoke, she opened the door: "Are you here to visit her in the hospital as well? Please come in."

“Also?” Lan Wu glanced at her sideways. “Has anyone else come before?”

“Oh, it’s Miss Wen Shiyu from the Golden Hall,” Shen Yi said as she led her forward. “However, the news spread far too fast. Chu Jiao just accidentally ate a poisonous herb this morning, and everyone came to her door this afternoon.”

“Poisonous weeds?”

“Yes, that’s why I came to take care of her. After all, she’s all alone, and Qing Zibai is missing.” Shen Yi sighed sadly, “With such an unreliable husband, Chu Jiao’s life is really not easy.”

Lan Wu frowned: “Qing Zibai is missing, isn’t Chu Jiao worried?”

“What’s the rush? It’s not like it’s happened once or twice.” Shen Yi said casually, “He disappears for a few days every now and then, and every time Chu Jiao brings him back. I don’t know what she sees in him.”

Seeing her complain like this, Lan Wu couldn’t help but ask, “Are you and Chu Jiao on good terms?”

“Of course,” Shen Yi said, her eyes crinkling, “we’ve been friends for decades.”

“You’re also from Penglai?”

“No, I’m just a rogue cultivator.” Recalling the past, Chen Yi couldn’t help but raise her voice: “Back when I was traveling, it was Chu Jiao who saved my life in danger. Since then, we’ve been fighting demons and monsters together, traveling the world and helping many people.”

Lan Wu lowered her eyes and said calmly, “So, she’s actually a good person.”

Shen Yi paused, stopped in her tracks, and said with dissatisfaction, “Of course she’s a good person.”

Lan Wu remained silent, and the atmosphere suddenly froze as the two stared at each other.

Just then, an old man’s voice suddenly came from not far away: “You’d better find him and bring him back quickly!” The man slammed his cane on the ground in annoyance, sounding quite

resentful: “Bai’er is the only male in our Qing family. Today is the anniversary of his father’s death. How could he possibly run away?”

Another voice said wearily, “I will go and look for it. Uncle Qing can go back and wait.”

“Go back and wait. I’m afraid you’re going to give me another piece of cake,” the old man snorted unhappily and continued, “I never agreed to Bai’er marrying you in the first place. You’re just a girl from a collateral branch of the Chu family. Our Bai’er is the future city lord, with a noble status. It’s your good fortune to be able to marry him. But you, instead of taking good care of him, have been unable to find him time and time again!”

Chu Jiao pursed her lips and said in a low voice, “I will take people out to search, I promise you.”

The old man persisted, saying, “What does your guarantee mean? Do you know how important Bai’er is? If something really happens to him, our Qing family, our Wangliang City, will be without an heir!”

Standing in the courtyard, Lan Wu finally couldn’t help but ask, “Doesn’t your Qing family still have girls? How come there’s no heir?”

Old Master Qing was taken aback. He turned around and saw her, and immediately glared at her, saying, “Who do you think you are? You’re neither human nor demon, and you dare to interrupt me?”

Lan Wu sneered: “Indeed, I am neither human nor demon, and I don’t understand what you humans are thinking. You talk about respecting strength, but you only think about male offspring. What kind of logic is that? Besides, how many years has it been since the fall of Wangliang City? Only you still covet the glory of the city lord. If I remember correctly, the first city lord who built Wangliang City was a woman, right? And in the very beginning, weren’t you also a branch of the Qing family?”

“You, you…”

“I don’t have time to argue with you,” Lan Wu stepped forward and noticed that Chu Jiao was looking at her. She said, “Miss Chu is ill, and I came to visit her. Old Uncle Qing is old, yet he still bullies this young girl and stays in her courtyard. It’s a bit too much.”

“What do you mean?!”

“What I mean is,” Lan Wu turned her head, her once warm and lively eyes now frozen solid, “get out of here.”

Out of respect for Lan Wu’s identity, the old man of the Qing family was so angry that his face turned red and his neck bulged, but he did not impulsively make a move. He just left while cursing. After he left, Chu Jiao smiled slightly and said gently, “Thank you for helping me out of this predicament, Miss Lan.”

“It’s not for you,” Lan Wu said coldly, “I just look down on his words and actions.”

Chu Jiao shook her head: “No matter what, Miss Lan did help me, so I still want to thank her.”

Lan Wu remained silent, looking down at her pale face, and suddenly asked, “I heard from Miss Chen that you accidentally ate some poisonous herbs and were feeling unwell. Are you alright now?”

Chu Jiao’s long eyelashes fluttered, and she replied, “Much better.”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, then turned to look at the empty courtyard and asked, “I heard that Miss Chu and Chu Ji are cousins and have a very close relationship. She is also one of the most outstanding members of the Chu family in terms of cultivation. After falling ill, has no one come to take care of her?”

Chu Jiao pursed her lips and replied, “It’s nothing serious, no need to trouble them…”

“What do you mean it’s not a big deal?” Shen Yi couldn’t help but speak up. “You coughed up blood at noon, and so many fellow Daoists came to visit you today, but not a single member of the Chu family was seen. I told you your relatives are unreliable. You used to be like that too…”

“Chen Yi!” Chu Jiao suddenly interrupted her, seemingly realizing that she was emotional, and quickly softened her voice: “There’s no need to worry about this. After all… after all, they have things to do.”

“…”

Shen Yi frowned and reluctantly pursed her lips.

Lan Wu lifted her long eyelashes, swept her gaze over them, and finally revealed her usual smile: “I see, I was rude.”

She opened her hand, and a snow-white porcelain bottle appeared in her palm: "I came in a hurry and did not prepare carefully. I will give this bottle of elixir to Miss Chu and hope that she will recover soon."

Chu Jiao was taken aback, then quickly said, "No need, it's too much trouble for you."

"It's no trouble at all. It's just a small token of my appreciation. Please accept it, Miss Chu."

Seeing that Chu Jiao wouldn't take it, she casually stuffed it into Chen Yi's arms, turned around and left: "I will come to visit again."

"Huh?" Shen Yi watched her disappearing figure, then looked at the porcelain bottle in her arms. After hesitating for a moment, she uncorked the bottle, sniffed it, and couldn't help but laugh. "That Miss Lan is really something. You accidentally ate poisonous herbs, so you need to treat the symptoms. Why did she give you a bottle of Bihua Dew for treating external injuries?"

Chu Jiao froze, instinctively clenching her fists. After a long while, she whispered, "It's really useless. You can keep this bottle of medicine."

"How can that be? This is for you."

Chu Jiao lowered her eyes and said wearily, "Then help me throw it away."

"ah?"

"I'm tired," Chu Jiao sighed, turned and walked into the house. "Good night."

"What goodnight? It's not even dark yet… Chu Jiao, Chu Jiao?"

Lan Wu left the house, walked to the end of the street, turned the corner, and saw Qi Yueyao standing against the wall: "How was it?"

Qi Yueyao pursed her lips and said, "After you went in, three or four Penglai disciples passed by on the street outside. Is that considered unusual?"

Lan Wu pondered, "Originally it wouldn't be considered unusual, but considering what I discovered when I went in just a short while ago, it might be considered unusual now."

"Oh?" Qi Yueyao became interested and stood up straight. "How so?"

Lan Wu was silent for a moment, then said, “The Chu family members… may not be entirely of one mind.”

Qi Yueyao was taken aback, tilted her head and asked, “What are you referring to?”

“Why don’t you ask Miss Wen? She’s so smart. She visited us long ago and might discover something.”

“What?” Qi Yueyao exclaimed in surprise, “She came here? How come I didn’t know?”

Lan Wu sighed, said no more, and turned to leave: “I’m going back to find A-Yue. I need to tell her about these things.”

However, after taking only a few steps, a familiar figure appeared on the street not far away. The woman was pale, and her long black hair was still wet. As soon as she got closer, she grabbed her hand tightly: “I found you.”

154. Southwest ρŏ18čb.čŏm

“I have something to tell you.”

After saying this, Lan Wu paused for a moment, then nodded and said, “You go first.”

Ji Lingyue seemed unsure how to begin, and after a long pause, she slowly uttered a few words: “That stone slab from the Penglai Island underground palace is fake.”

Lan Wu was momentarily stunned: “Fake?”

“Yes, the one we took was made in the last hundred years.”

Lan Wu said in astonishment, “Nearly a hundred years, but it’s not…”

Halfway through her sentence, she suddenly remembered something, pulled a crumpled piece of paper from her pocket, and Ji Lingyue glanced at the words on it and asked in surprise, “What is this?”

“It’s something the former High Priest hid,” Lan Wu said in a low voice. “If the stone tablet is fake, then the resurrection spell on it, would it still be real?”

The two exchanged a glance, and Ji Lingyue suddenly grabbed her, rushing back: “Let’s go ask Yuan Zhen before he leaves.”

Fortunately, Yuan Zhen and his apprentice were still resting in the original pavilion. When they saw Ji Lingyue and the other person rushing over in a hurry, they couldn't help but look surprised: "Why has the immortal master returned again?"

Ji Lingyue flattened the paper and placed it in front of him: "Sir, do you know what these words mean?"

Yuan Zhen was taken aback, squinted and bent down to look. After a while, he shook his head and said, "Indeed, this old man is still not good at this…"

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, and before she could feel disappointed, she saw him turn his head and say to the pageboy, "Bring out your master's book of characters and paper and pen."

Under the astonished gazes of the two, Yuan Zhen took out a thick book and slowly flipped through it, saying, "Before my master died, he entrusted this to me. It contains translations of various ancient characters and represents his life's work."

As he spoke, he turned to the volume of "Zisang", dipped his brush in ink, and began to slowly and methodically translate it, referring to the text on both sides.

Lan Wu subconsciously leaned forward, and after a while, she recited word by word: "The soul of the deceased, the blood of loved ones, enter the ghost realm, soak in the waters of the River of Oblivion for forty-nine days, seize the body of the living, and be resurrected from the dead…"

She opened her eyes wide, suddenly picked up the paper, and stared intently at the words: "No…no wild rice flowers."

Suddenly, an eerie silence fell over the surroundings. Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then gently took her hand: "Lan Wu."

"Without the wild rice flower," Lan Wu murmured to herself, turning around and staring blankly at the vast barrier in the west of the city: "Then what is all this?"

"Lan Wu," Ji Lingyue called her again, and seeing that she did not respond, she turned her shoulders firmly and said, "Cheer up. The most important thing now is to tell Lan Yueyao the truth."

"Lan Yue invited?" Lan Wu blinked, snapping back to reality. "Yes,

her, I… I have to tell her…"

As she said this, she swayed as if she couldn't stand still. "But how can I tell her?" she said in a trembling voice. "I can't see her, and even if I could, how could I tell her that everything she's done all these years has been in vain?"

"Lan Wu…"

"Chu Chen is still alive, and Lan Zhichuan is still alive. The resurrection technique is fake," Lan Wu said incoherently. "Yes, they must have switched the real stone tablets. This is all their scheme, but why? Why would they do this? Where are they hiding?"

Ji Lingyue bit her lip, and as the woman continued to mutter incoherently, she suddenly pulled her into her arms: "It's okay, it's okay," she patted the woman's back reassuringly, coaxing her in a hoarse voice: "Don't worry, we will find them, we can definitely do it."

Lan Wu froze abruptly. After a long while, she slowly lowered her head and let out a sobbing sound: "How can I tell her that so many lives were lost in vain… that she bore such a sinful burden for nothing…"

After nightfall, Fuyou finally received permission to enter the city, but he now had a forbidden spell on his wrist, just like Ji Lingyue's.

She followed Danqing all the way to Lanwu and Ji Lingyue's small house. Upon entering, she saw the Third Princess sitting by the water, hugging her knees and lost in thought. As she approached, Lanwu said to herself, "That piece of paper was hidden by the former High Priest. Does that mean she also knew about the switch of the stone slabs?"

Fuyou was silent for a while, then said, "Even if he knew, Master must have hidden it secretly to prevent that person from finding out."

"Who?" Lan Wu turned her head and stared at her intently. "Lan Zhichuan?"

Floating nodded: "Do you know how I found that box?"

Before Lan Wu could respond, she continued, "After I became suspicious, I felt that Lan Zhichuan's soul lamp had been switched and the real soul lamp had been hidden. The one hanging on the Sea King Tree should be a fake one, but only Master could do that. I don't

understand why she would do that, so I searched for clues in her old study every day."

"My master's study was filled with bamboo slips for divination and prophecy. There was only one book from the human world that described how to cultivate plants. One day, I suddenly remembered that my master had told me before she died to take good care of the peach tree she planted." At this point, Fuyou sighed softly, "At that time, I thought she was delirious due to her illness. How could there be a peach tree at the bottom of the sea? But that day, I subconsciously turned to that page and found a sentence left by my master."

"The hanging lamp is dirty and needs to be wiped clean more often."

"There are more than 1,700 hanging lamps in the temple. I wiped them one by one and finally found a clue to the secret room in one of them."

Fuyou shook his head and chuckled softly, "Why make things so complicated? You could have just told me from the start, wouldn't that have been better?"

Lan Wu stared at her for a moment, then buried her head back in her knees: "Floating."

"Um?"

"You always complain about your master, but actually, you admire her a lot, don't you?"

The floating creature was startled.

"You used to cling to her when you were little. Although you didn't seem to care about her death, you still unconditionally believed her prophecies, remembered every word she said, and even her study was preserved exactly as it was." Lan Wu said in a low voice, "You liked her, didn't you?"

After a long silence, Fuyou lifted the hem of her dress and sat down next to Lanwu: "What's the point of liking her or not?" She murmured, "She's long dead."

Looking at the still water before them, neither of them spoke. Soon, a series of rustling footsteps broke the silence: "Lan Wu, why didn't you tell me we had guests?"

Lan Wu said listlessly, “It’s a Floating creature, not someone else.”

Ji Lingyue responded with an “oh,” and sat down on the other side of Lan Wu. Her warm fingers stroked the back of the woman’s neck, and she casually brushed against her earlobe: “You’ve been sitting for so long, do you want something to eat?”

Lan Wu shook her head, looking worried, and said, “I’m still thinking about how to get the message to Lan Yueyao.”

Ji Lingyue blinked, her gaze slowly shifting to Fuyou: “Isn’t she the High Priestess? Can’t she divine for you?”

Lan Wu was taken aback, and subconsciously looked up: “Oh right, can you help me?”

Faced with two pairs of expectant eyes, Fuyou hesitated and said, “Maybe.”

The next morning, the four of them passed through the barrier again. Shi Lei was there to greet them again, but he was much more serious this time than he had been so gentle and polite last time. Qi Yueyao went to talk to him alone, while the other three waited idly to the side.

The desert was exceptionally cold in the early morning. Lan Wu frowned as the wind blew against her. Not wanting to expend her spiritual energy to keep warm, she put on a thick cloak. Ji Lingyue glanced at her a few times and couldn’t help but pull up the knots on both sides of her hat and tug it down. Her pretty little face sank into the soft fur.

She couldn’t help but laugh, while Lan Wu’s vision went black as she struggled to pull her away: “Isn’t that childish?”

“Who told you to look so gloomy?” Ji Lingyue whispered. “I don’t like you like this.”

Lan Wu was silent for a moment, then lifted her cloak and wrapped herself in it. The person in her arms was soft and warm, and she sighed comfortably, pulled down her hat brim, and kissed Ji Lingyue on the cheek.

Through the thick layer of fabric, the whistling wind seemed to suddenly become blurred. Ji Lingyue blinked, grabbed her shoulders with both hands, raised her head by feeling, and accurately kissed her

lips in the darkness.

Their hot breaths mingled, and soon Lan Wu, panting, raised her head. The woman, however, clung to her relentlessly, biting her lips like a small animal. Lan Wu let out a soft moan and couldn't help but pinch her chin: "There are other people around."

Ji Lingyue squinted, her voice sticky: "You didn't kiss me last night."

Lan Wu was taken aback, and brushed her fingertip against the corner of her rosy lips: "You didn't kiss me last night either."

Ji Lingyue: ?

She opened her mouth, about to retort, when a voice called out from not far away: "Hey!"

Lan Wu quickly looked up, and Ji Lingyue also peeked out from her fluffy collar, both staring at Qi Yueyao who was walking back.

Qi Yueyao looked annoyed: "He said we can go into the desert, but we'll have to bear the consequences ourselves, and no one will come to help us if something happens."

"Perfect," Ji Lingyue raised an eyebrow and said, "I don't want any burdens following me around."

Qi Yueyao paused for a moment: "You don't mean anything else, do you?"

Ji Lingyue: "No."

Lan Wu smiled and hugged her tightly: "Then let's set off."

"You said you're setting off, but you didn't say what you're going to do," Qi Yueyao asked. "Where are we going?"

"Go to the southwest."

"Southwest? Where in the southwest?"

"It's only in the southwest," Lan Wu said. "My friend told me that the opportunity lies in the southwest, and we will meet it today."

Qi Yueyao frowned: "This… doesn't sound very reliable. Is your friend a charlatan?"

"She's very capable." Lan Wu wanted to explain to her, but felt that she couldn't explain it clearly, so she just said, "Trust me, we just keep heading southwest. If we don't find anything by nightfall, we'll come back."

"That's easy to say, but what if we encounter danger again…"

Ji Lingyue poked her head out again, looking puzzled: "With me, what danger are you afraid of?"

"…" Qi Yueyao gritted her teeth: "Although it's true, it's really annoying to say something like that."

"Alright, alright," Wen Shiyu quickly came to the rescue, "Southwest it is then. I just happened to bring extra things this time. Here, concealment talismans, one for each of you."

Qi Yueyao was taken aback, then her expression brightened, and she patted Wen Shiyu on the shoulder approvingly: "Well done, you're much more reliable than those two."

After saying that, she rolled her eyes at Lan Wu again: "Weren't you leaving? What are you two doing? Are you going to carry me?"

Lan Wu smiled and said, "Of course, let's go now."

155. No

They traveled until noon, but all they could see was a vast expanse of yellow sand. Lan Wu sat on the cloud-like demonic energy, resting her chin on her hand, blinked, and sighed wearily.

After watching the same unchanging scenery for several hours, she would be overjoyed if a monster suddenly appeared.

Qi Yueyao, who was standing to the side, thought the same thing: "Ptooey, you've got a mouthful of sand in my mouth. How come there aren't even any birds in this place? What if a monster comes out?"

After hearing this, Wen Shiyu started rummaging through her storage bag again: "Is there any sand? I should still have some wind-avoiding talismans here… Ah, here it is, take it."

Qi Yueyao took it, glanced at the mermaid and demon sitting calmly together, and clicked her tongue twice: "So leisurely, anyone who didn't know better would think you two were out for a spring outing."

“Shh,” Ji Lingyue said calmly, “You’re disturbing me.”

“…You said you listened all morning, did you hear anything?”

Ji Lingyue answered seriously, “Not yet.”

Qi Yueyao rolled her eyes.

Lan Wu couldn’t help but laugh, turning her head to reveal her bright and beautiful face: “You look a lot like a friend of mine.”

“Who? Yu Shanye?”

Lan Wu nodded: “If you meet her, you will definitely get along very well with her.”

Qi Yueyao paused for a moment, then turned her head and said, “I hope so.”

After flying for a while, Ji Lingyue suddenly frowned and nodded in confusion.

Lan Wu asked instinctively, “What’s wrong?”

The woman tilted her head and listened carefully, then pointed in a direction: “Over there… there seems to be something alive.”

The group was taken aback, and quickly flew in the direction she pointed.

Climbing the sand dune and looking down, a small, inconspicuous black dot appeared in the distance. Upon closer inspection, it turned out to be an unconscious human. The person lay motionless on the ground, half-buried in the yellow sand, covered in blood, and it was unclear whether they were dead or alive.

The sound came from a dying bluebird beside her.

Qi Yueyao stepped forward, turned the person over, and after examining him for a while, exclaimed in surprise, “Luo Ningzhou?”

Lan Wu asked, “Who?”

“A demon tamer,” she said, reaching out to feel her pulse again, “is still alive.”

Wen Shiyu quickly squatted down to the other side, took out several

bottles of spiritual medicine and handed them over. After finally getting the medicine down her throat, Lan Wu also came over to help clean the woman's dusty cheeks.

"It looks like she was injured by a demon," Ji Lingyue carefully picked up the injured bluebird. "The demonic energy on her wounds is still very strong."

Qi Yueyao said "Oh," and asked Lan Wu in confusion, "Is this the opportunity your charlatan friend was talking about?"

Lan Wu wasn't sure, so she just said, "Who cares if it is or not? Isn't saving someone a good thing?"

As they were talking, the unconscious woman suddenly let out a soft moan. The group immediately held their breath and turned to look at her. Under their concerned gazes, Luo Ningzhou frowned, her long eyelashes trembling for a while before she finally slowly opened them.

She was greeted by four faces with different expressions. She was stunned for a moment, and before she could react, one of them excitedly leaned closer: "Are you alright? How are you feeling? Do you remember who I am?"

Luo Ningzhou's lips moved slightly, and he weakly uttered three words: "Qi Yueyao".

Qi Yueyao breathed a sigh of relief and helped her sit up: "What are you doing here? And you're so badly injured?"

Luo Ningzhou frowned and endured the pain. After a while, he said, "I found a demon clan's encampment. On the way back, I encountered several more demons and barely managed to escape."

Lan Wu was taken aback: "A base? How many monsters are there?"

"Two or three hundred, I guess."

Lan Wu thought for a moment and then said, "Can you tell us the location?"

Luo Ningzhou looked surprised: "What, are you going?" Before Lan Wu could answer, she shook her head and said: "No, there are only a few of you, it's too dangerous. We should go back and tell everyone that they are too far ahead this time, and I'm afraid… I'm afraid they are planning something again."

"But this is very important to me," Lan Wu said sincerely. "Please tell me the location. We're just going to take a look. We won't alert them."

Qi Yueyao also reassured her, "Yes, you don't need to worry about us, we will be careful."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then turned her head hesitantly: "Uh, you're probably going to take Miss Luo back."

There was a moment of silence, then a surprised voice rang out: "Me?"

Lan Wu nodded.

"Why?" Qi Yueyao suddenly straightened up. "Why not her?"

Wen Shiyu glanced at the hand she was pointing to and smiled, "I can go back with you, Senior Sister."

Qi Yueyao opened her eyes wide, wanting to argue, but Ji Lingyue pressed her shoulder down: "I think it's feasible. After all, we need to take Miss Luo back to heal as soon as possible. It's not safe here."

She lowered her eyes and said softly, "What do you think?"

Qi Yueyao froze, and after a long while, reluctantly nodded: "Alright."

After agreeing to this, Luo Ningzhou handed them a paper crane and said weakly, "Follow this, and you will get there."

Qi Yueyao was busy carrying her on her back when she heard the sound and turned around, saying unhappily, "You'd better be back before dawn tomorrow."

"Understood." After watching them leave, Lan Wu released the paper crane in her hand and flew into the depths of the desert with Ji Lingyue.

After walking for another half day, as night fell, they climbed a towering sand dune. Suddenly, the twinkling lights came into view. Lan Wu was startled and quickly squatted down, then tugged at the person next to her, pulling her close: "Did you see that?"

Ji Lingyue said, "I see it, it's an oasis."

"I didn't mean that. I meant, how many monsters did you see?"

Ji Lingyue was startled, her clear eyes turned around, and she wanted

to stand up to look, but Lan Wu held her down: “How can you be so open and aboveboard? Aren’t you afraid of being discovered?”

She paused for a moment, then obediently lay down and stealthily peeked her head out from the sand dune.

After a while, the woman pulled back and said, “There seem to be over a hundred of them. Should we attack them?”

“What’s the point of fighting?” Lan Wu muttered as she lay on the sand dune with her. “Could this be the opportunity the Floating Spirits spoke of? But what’s the use of running into this monster’s lair? Will they even help us relay messages?”

“They are not related to us at all, so why are they helping us relay messages?”

“Yes,” Lan Wu sighed, frowned and pondered for a while, then suddenly had a flash of inspiration: “Wait, we do know some monsters.”

Ji Lingyue quickly realized: “You mean… Yaozhu?”

“Yes, didn’t we run into her just a couple of days ago?” Lan Wu excitedly nudged her. “Quick, see if Yao Zhu is here.”

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and muttered, “There are hundreds of monsters here, it will take me a long time to find them…” As she said this, she obediently raised her head and looked seriously at the faces around the campfire at night.

After a long pause, she shook her head and said, “No.”

“Perhaps he’s inside the tent.”

“I can’t see inside the tent.”

As soon as she finished speaking, Lan Wu frowned again, her face contorted in a grimace. Seeing this, Ji Lingyue couldn’t help but say, “Why don’t I break in and find her?”

Lan Wu was speechless and choked with emotion: “…You, you’re trying to scare Yao Zhu to death. Besides, we can’t keep killing each other. You used to be a cultivator, haven’t you heard that you’ll have good fortune if you do less killing?”

Ji Lingyue chuckled lightly, “But I am a demon, and I have long since

ceased to be protected by the gods."

Lan Wu was stunned. She stared at her for a while before lowering her eyes and looking away: "Anyway, from now on we will only kill those who deserve to be killed. If you are not protected by the gods, I will give you mine."

"How do you…"

"Alright, let's not talk about this anymore," Lan Wu seemed to dislike the topic. She slowly straightened up, her silky black hair gradually fading to its original eerie light silver. "Since we can't see her, let's go inside and find her. Fortunately, Miss Wen's concealment talisman can hide spiritual energy."

"Go in to find her?" Ji Lingyue asked in surprise, "Just go in like this?"

Lan Wu turned her head, a hint of a smile appearing in her shimmering blue eyes: "Have you forgotten what Xuan Yu once taught you?" Seeing that she still looked blank, Lan Wu smiled and her red lips parted slightly: "Meow."

After a moment of silence, Ji Lingyue suddenly widened her eyes and shouted, "No!"

Lan Wu quickly covered her mouth: "Oh dear, how can we sneak in if you don't turn into that?"

Ji Lingyue struggled free: "I…Isn't having a pair of red eyes enough?"

"That won't do. The demon race is a very narcissistic race. No matter what kind of demon it is, they are happy to show off their animal characteristics. If you don't want to become a whole cat, you can just change your ears."

Ji Lingyue stammered, "But… there were also monsters in the demon realm that were completely humanoid before."

"How can you be compared to them?" Lan Wu lowered her voice, feigning a threat: "Change quickly, or I'll go there myself."

She spoke casually, but Ji Lingyue was easily threatened. She instinctively grabbed the merman's wrist, her voice drawn out in a wronged tone, "Lan Wu—"

"There's no room for negotiation."

The woman froze for a moment, bit her lip, and finally closed her pitiful eyes, saying in a desperate, "Fine."

Lan Wu smiled and leaned down to kiss the corner of her eye: "So good."

Ji Lingyue's long eyelashes trembled, and she muttered, "You're definitely lying to me again."

As she spoke, a pair of fluffy black cat ears peeked out from her thick, long hair and fluttered in the wind.

"Hmm…" Lan Wu looked around and pondered, "Can it turn white?"

"…"

Ji Lingyue suddenly opened her eyes, glaring at her with embarrassment and anger: "No!"

156. Xiaoyue

The campfire crackled and sparked as two slender figures emerged from the desert at the edge of the camp, bathed in moonlight. The one in front had striking silver hair and a bright face, while the one behind had her head bowed, lost in thought, revealing only a pair of fluffy black cat ears.

The monsters sitting on the side glanced at them casually, then lowered their heads and continued doing their own things.

Lan Wu looked over curiously and saw a golden-brown roasted rabbit sitting around the fire. The little demon with wolf ears was skillfully turning it over and even crushed a few fragrant leaves and sprinkled them on top.

Ji Lingyue whispered, "Why don't we ask them?"

Lan Wu hesitated for a moment, glancing at the shadows moving deep into the camp, then at the group of young people, and nodded: "Okay."

As I approached, I could hear the conversation of several monsters.

"Be careful, don't let Tu San find out."

“What’s there to be afraid of? It’s just an ordinary rabbit that hasn’t developed any intelligence yet. It’s not even his relative. Besides, it’s only natural for wolves to eat rabbits.”

As he spoke, he raised his sharp claws and ripped off a rabbit leg: “Try it.”

Lan Wu coughed lightly: “Good evening.”

The little wolf was startled and quickly turned its head, staring wide-eyed at Lan Wu. This time, it was much more wary: “You, who are you? Why do you look so unfamiliar?”

Lan Wu blinked and said slowly, “I am… I am new here. Yes, I just came from the demon realm and I am looking for a demon named Yao Zhu.”

“Yaozhu?” Little Wolf frowned. “What do you want with her?”

Lan Wu was overjoyed: “So she’s really here?”

“Of course,” Little Wolf pointed inside, “that red tent is hers, but she’s been in a bad mood these past few days. If you go to her, you might get a scolding.”

What’s wrong with her?

“What else could it be? I went to the City of Demons a few days ago and got beaten up by some cultivator. I came back with a bruised and swollen face, and the wound on my arm hasn’t healed yet.”

Lan Wu fell silent for a moment, then couldn’t help but glance at Ji Lingyue beside her. Women are already embarrassed, and hearing these words made them even more awkward, wishing they could turn into ostriches and bury their heads in the sand.

If it weren’t for the fact that this person’s ears were covered in jet-black down, Lan Wu would have really wanted to see if they had turned completely red.

She turned around regretfully, cupped her hands in a gesture of respect, and said, “I understand, thank you for reminding me.”

“You’re welcome.”

As she led the dejected kitten toward the red tent, Lan Wu couldn’t help but tease, “When we see Yao Zhu later, do you think she’ll be

angry?"

Ji Lingyue muttered, "It's all because of you. If she's really angry, you're partly to blame."

Lan Wu chuckled and shook her head helplessly: "Alright, if she's going to scold you, I'll take half the blame for you."

"real?"

"Of course it's true."

Monsters passed by from time to time. At first, Ji Lingyue would tense up and be on guard, but later she found that they didn't care about others and were all in a hurry, busy with their own things. So she relaxed with a puzzled look: "These monsters don't seem to be very close."

"It's normal for them not to be close," Lan Wu said. "The demon race is different from each other. Some prefer to live in groups, while others prefer to live alone. There are also minor conflicts between the groups. For example, the rabbit and wolf races have been enemies for thousands of years. Although they belong to the same camp, they will not join hands unless necessary."

Ji Lingyue said "Oh": "Then, among your sea tribes, are there any races you don't like?"

"Yes," Lan Wu smiled and said, "The Shark Clan is one of them. Their skin is too tough, their personality is too fierce, and they are not only big and burly, but they also almost became my marriage partner."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback and subconsciously tightened her grip on her hand. Lan Wu chuckled softly and said gently, "However, it's fortunate that this happened, otherwise I would never have met you."

As they spoke, the two arrived in front of the red curtain. Dim candlelight peeked through the gaps in the curtain, casting a long, thin shadow on the ground. Lan Wu hesitated for a moment, then leaned against the door and softly called out, "Is Yao Zhu here?"

Soon, an annoyed voice came from inside: "Who is it? Didn't you say not to bother me?"

Lan Wu blinked, and out of the corner of her eye, she caught sight of a monster passing by in the distance. She then lowered her voice and

said, “It’s me.”

Who are you?

Just as Lan Wu was about to continue answering, a series of heavy footsteps suddenly came from behind her, followed by a deep voice: “Where did you two come from? I’ve never seen you before.”

Lan Wu was startled and subconsciously turned around, only to be met with a burly arm. The man was tall and strong, and his dark shadow almost completely covered her. She had to look up to see a pair of dark eyes.

She calmly pressed down on Ji Lingyue and said, “We are from the demon realm, and we are friends of Yaozhu.”

“Yaozhu has friends?” The shadowy figure chuckled twice, and a foul stench immediately wafted over. “Who would want to be friends with her?”

“What do you mean, you damned bear demon?” The curtain was suddenly pushed open, and a woman with a sling in her arm walked out, her eyebrows raised in anger. “Whether I have friends or not is none of your business! Besides, even if they aren’t my friends, they’re still here to see me. Why are you interfering?”

As she was speaking, her voice suddenly stopped, her beautiful green eyes staring unblinkingly at Lan Wu. After a moment, she stiffly looked at Ji Lingyue beside her.

Yao Zhu closed her mouth, and her face gradually became multicolored.

The bear demon’s voice deepened: “So you mean they’re not your friends?”

After a long silence, Yaozhu smiled and suddenly burst into laughter: “Of course not.”

She stretched out her good hand and pressed Ji Lingyue onto her shoulder, saying with a forced smile, “They are closer than friends. This is my newly recognized god-sister, Xiaoyue. Come here, Xiaoyue, call me ‘sister’ for Brother Xiong to hear.”

157. Deliver a message

"You've taken on another god-sister?"

The bear demon stared at Ji Lingyue for a while, his expression gradually softening: "You seem to have quite a few sisters."

Yao Zhu covered her mouth and chuckled softly, saying sweetly, "What are you saying, Brother Xiong? They like me and insist on recognizing me as their older sister. It's not my fault, is it, Xiao Yue?"

Ji Lingyue was shaken by her, and forced a smile before obediently replying, "Yes."

After saying the words "endure humiliation and bear the burden," she subconsciously looked at Lan Wu, only to find the woman standing to the side with her arms crossed, looking like she was watching the show with an indifferent expression.

You promised to help her!

Ji Lingyue frowned and glared at her with displeasure. Lan Wu was taken aback, but seemed to finally realize what was happening. She quickly put on a smile and went around to the other side of Yaozhu: "Yes, you don't know, while you were away, Xiaoyue could hardly sleep at night and kept asking to see Sister Yaozhu. That's why I brought her to see you."

Yaozhu laughed so hard her body trembled: "Really?"

She turned to look at the shocked Ji Lingyue, pinched her cheek without any politeness, and said with a smile, "Little Yue, so you missed me this much."

Ji Lingyue blinked and forced a smile: "I didn't think that way."

"Oh, now you're playing coy with me," Yaozhu lifted her chin and led her towards the tent behind them. "We're free tonight, so we have plenty of time to have a good chat, don't you think?"

Seeing the two of them slip into the tent, Lan Wu smiled awkwardly at the bear demon and hurriedly followed them in. Pushing open the curtain, the warm candlelight spilled onto her face like flowing water. Lan Wu subconsciously looked up and saw Ji Lingyue a few steps away, twisting Yao Zhu's arm behind her back and saying angrily, "That's enough!"

Yao Zhu cried out in pain, "Let go! Let go! How can you not know

how to repay kindness? If I hadn't helped you just now, you would have been in trouble."

Ji Lingyue sneered: "Who's a person?"

"What are you if not human?" Yao Zhu couldn't break free; she didn't know which pressure point Lan Wu had pinched, but her entire arm felt numb. "Lan Wu, aren't you going to do anything about this?!"

Lan Wu snapped out of her daze and subconsciously said, "A-Yue…"

Ji Lingyue turned around abruptly and glared at her, saying in a harsh voice, "Don't talk to me!"

"…" Lan Wu froze on the spot, and asked blankly, "Huh?"

"Hmm?" Ji Lingyue raised her voice, even angrier: "You, you're even worse than her." She finally took pity on Yaozhu and strode over to Lan Wu's side, angrily saying: "You're just a wicked fish who likes to lie!"

Lan Wu paused for a moment, glanced at her fierce face, then slowly raised her eyes to look at the flattened cat ears on her head, and finally couldn't help but burst out laughing.

"You can still laugh?" Ji Lingyue was taken aback. Just as she was about to continue her reprimand, she was affectionately patted on the head: "How can you be so cute?"

The aggrieved accusation choked in her throat. The woman seemed not to have reacted yet, still staring wide-eyed at Lan Wu.

"Don't be angry," Lan Wu gently rubbed her cheeks, which had been pinched red by Yao Zhu, and said softly, "Just consider it an apology, let her vent her anger and feel better, and then the matter will be over. Or are you really going to let her scold you?"

Before Ji Lingyue could speak, Yaozhu's voice came from the front: "Hey, I can hear you."

Lan Wu chuckled, tidied her messy long hair, and coaxed her a few times before leading her to Yao Zhu's side: "Long time no see, Yao Zhu."

"Long time?" Yao Zhu asked casually, shaking her numb hand. "Didn't we just see each other a few days ago?"

Lan Wu gave an awkward smile: “We met in a hurry back then, and we didn’t even exchange more than a few words. How can that be considered a meeting?”

“It was indeed rushed,” Yao Zhu looked her over suspiciously for a while, then couldn’t help but ask, “So how did you survive without the mermaid pearl?”

“Well… it’s hard to explain in a short time,” Lan Wu sighed and said seriously, “However, we have something more important to ask for your help with now.”

Yao Zhu raised an eyebrow, sat down in her wicker chair, and lazily crossed her legs: “You’ve gone so far as to come all the way here to find me, so it must be really important. So, what is it?”

“I would like to ask you to pass on a message to the Demon King.”

Yao Zhu was taken aback: “Demon King? To deliver a message?”

“yes.”

Yao Zhu frowned and said irritably, “Who do you think I am, that I can just see the Demon King whenever I want?”

Lan Wu hesitated and asked, “Isn’t your sister some kind of Director?”

“Still the Chief of the Bureau,” she said, sitting up straight as soon as the topic came up. “You made such a big fuss back then, and then you just walked away. She had to bear all the consequences. A-Tang is no longer the Chief of the Bureau. She’s just an ordinary demon like me now, and she can’t even see the Demon King.”

Hearing this, Lan Wu couldn’t help but feel guilty: “I see, I’m so sorry.”

“Forget it, so many years have passed.” Yaozhu waved her hand and lay back down. “And you, what do you have to say that you absolutely must let the Demon King hear?”

“If it’s something important,” Lan Wu said in a low voice, “it might completely change the current situation, or even… rescue Xuan Yu.”

Yao Zhu was stunned and sat up abruptly: “Xuan Yu? Really?!”

Ji Lingyue glanced at her and said quietly, “I thought you had long forgotten about Xuanyu. After all, I heard from that bear demon that

you have many good sisters now."

Yao Zhu glared at her with displeasure: "What do you think I'm doing here? If it weren't for A Tang finding out that Xuan Yu was with the Demon King, I would have left the Demon Realm eight hundred years ago. Why would I be hanging out with a bunch of smelly monsters?"

"So all these years, you haven't done anything?"

"Of course, there's nothing I can do openly. A-Tang is permanently banned from entering Wanxiang Sect, so what about me? If I can't even get close to the Royal Palace, what can a little demon like me do?"

"On the surface?" Lan Wu pondered. "So, there's also something behind the scenes?"

Yao Zhu chuckled, not without pride: "To be honest, my adopted sisters include rabbit demons, rat demons, and even sika carp. Although they are of different races, they are all excellent at digging holes. The Wanxiang Sect is heavily guarded and covered with multiple layers of barriers, but no one cares about what's underground."

After a moment of silence, Ji Lingyue opened her eyes wide in astonishment and said incredulously, "You wouldn't…you wouldn't have dug a tunnel, would you?"

"What's with that expression?" Yaozhu muttered, "The method is a bit clumsy, but as long as it works, that's fine. Besides, digging here is not easy. The underground of the demon realm is made of extremely hard granite. If there's any commotion, the eagle guards will find out. We didn't even dare to use our demonic power. We relied entirely on our claws to dig little by little to get to the bottom of the royal palace."

Ji Lingyue asked in shock, "But why would your adopted sisters do this for you?"

Yao Zhu curled her lips into a smile and said smugly, "Who can blame me for being so charming?"

Ji Lingyue: "…"

Unable to bear it any longer, she closed her eyes, crossed her arms, and walked to the other side.

"So you can actually enter the royal palace," Lan Wu thought with delight, "then you can also see the Demon King."

"Don't be too happy yet," Yaozhu coughed. "I went through so much trouble just to save Xuanyu. I won't do anything unless it's absolutely certain. Besides, I went into that tunnel several times after it was dug, but I couldn't find any trace of Xuanyu. If you want me to deliver a message to the Demon King, then tell me first why delivering just one message can save Xuanyu."

"It's a long story…"

"Then let's get to the point."

Lan Wu pursed her lips and hesitated before asking, "Do you know… why the Demon King wanted to capture Xuan Yu?"

Yao Zhu shook her head: "How would I know?"

"The Demon King is actually my aunt."

Yao Zhu was taken aback: "Huh?"

Lan Wu continued, "She wanted to resurrect my dead mother, and Xuan Yu was the suitable body she chose for my mother."

After a long pause, Yaozhu gave a look of utter disbelief: "Huh?"

158. Performance

After hearing the whole story, Yaozhu remained silent for a long time before sighing, "What a tragic couple."

Lan Wu was taken aback: "You, you're not angry?"

"How could that be?" Yaozhu shook her head and muttered, "Although she's in a terrible situation, what does that have to do with Xuanyu? If it were someone else, I might support her."

Ji Lingyue walked around from the side and, upon hearing this, couldn't help but frown: "You're not much better."

Yao Zhu ignored her and eagerly moved closer to Lan Wu: "Tell me, what message do you want me to deliver?"

"You only need to tell her that Chu Chen is not dead, the stone tablet is fake, and if she wants to know the truth, she should come to

Wangliang City to see me at midnight three days from now."

"Chu Chen?" Yao Zhu frowned, stroking her chin thoughtfully. "I feel like I've heard this name before…" She muttered to herself, pacing around a few times, then suddenly exclaimed in realization, "Oh, right, the night we met, we captured a few cultivators outside Wangliang City. One of them, before she died, was shouting that some old patriarch would avenge her. When we asked her who the old patriarch was, she seemed to be… talking about Chu Chen."

Lan Wu was shocked: "You killed her?"

"We didn't kill her," Yaozhu rolled her eyes and said sarcastically, "She refused to yield and self-destructed her golden core, injuring several demons in the process. Look, the jade tablet on that table is the only thing she had left."

Ji Lingyue walked to the table with her hands behind her back, and subconsciously looked down, and sure enough, she saw a beautifully carved white jade token.

"Yan".

She picked up the sign, read the words engraved on it softly, and asked suspiciously, "Is this her name?"

Perhaps.

"What about the others?"

"The others are dead too," Yaozhu said lazily, curling her lip. "Their deaths were quite bizarre. They were alive the night before, but by the next morning, all that was left were a few pools of blood."

Lan Wu thought for a moment and asked, "Can we take this sign with us?"

"Of course, it's not of any use to me anyway."

Lan Wu said gratefully, "Thank you."

"No need to thank me," Yaozhu sighed. "If you can really rescue Xuanyu, I'll be thanking you."

Lan Wu paused, then hesitated and said, "You…"

"Stop, there's no need for sentimental words, and I don't need your

sympathy," Yaozhu said, raising her chin nonchalantly. "Besides Xuanyu, I only stayed because of Atang. She treats me like her own sister, and I can't just abandon her. Later, when Wangliang City fell and the cultivators erected a barrier, I was finally unable to leave."

Lan Wu felt a slight sense of relief: "Then I'll leave it to you."

"Okay," Yaozhu nodded and said seriously, "Three days from now, Wangliang City, I've got it."

They emerged from their tent and walked side by side past the campfires, silently making their way to the edge of the desert. Unexpectedly, after only a few steps, a familiar figure appeared and asked in a low voice, "Where are you two headed in the middle of the night?"

Lan Wu paused, thinking to herself that this dead bear was still haunting her, but she smiled and turned to say, "Brother Bear, you haven't rested yet?"

"We came out for a walk," the bear demon looked down at the two of them and asked, "Weren't you here to see Yaozhu? Are you leaving already?"

"Yes, now that we've finished seeing them, we should hurry back."

"Back so soon?" He bent down, his icy gaze fixed on Ji Lingyue's face, and said in a sinister tone, "Isn't this young lady longing for Yaozhu day and night? Now that you've finally met, why not stay a little longer?"

Lan Wu immediately tensed up, her eyes darting between the two of them. Just as she was about to speak up to defuse the situation, Ji Lingyue raised her clean-cut face and said seriously, "She has already hurt me, why should I stay any longer?"

Lan Wu: …Hmm?

The bear demon clearly hadn't expected this, and his expression froze for a moment: "Hmm?"

"A string of lies, sweet talk, and besides me, she has so many other 'good sisters'," Ji Lingyue's long eyelashes fluttered a few times, becoming damp with moisture. "Fox spirits are the most detestable monsters in the world!"

The bear demon was silent for a moment, then nodded in agreement: “That’s true.”

Lan Wu shut her mouth, which was agape in shock, turned her head to the side, and let her do as she pleased.

Ji Lingyue had already started chatting with the bear demon: “What, were you also fooled by the fox?”

The bear demon sighed: “Let’s not talk about the past. However, foxes are indeed two-faced creatures. The fact that you understand this… makes my earlier reminder worthwhile.”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: “A reminder?” Meeting the bear demon’s matter-of-fact gaze, she quickly realized: “Yes, yes, thank you for the reminder.”

As she spoke, she pursed her lips and gave a determined smile: “That’s it. I just want to go back as soon as possible. I will never have anything to do with her again.”

The bear demon praised, “Good, that’s how it should be done.”

Ji Lingyue nodded, and said apologetically, “Then, Brother Xiong, we’ll be leaving now.”

“Let’s go, be careful on the road, and don’t run into any persistent cultivators.”

“nature.”

Ji Lingyue pulled Lan Wu, who was standing beside her loading wood, over, smiled politely at the bear demon, and then turned and hurriedly walked away. As soon as she turned her back, the smile on the woman’s face vanished instantly. She expressionlessly wiped away the wetness at the corners of her eyes. Only after stepping out of the area illuminated by the campfire and disappearing into the endless night did she turn to look at Lan Wu and frowned, asking, “What’s wrong?”

Lan Wu stared at her in disbelief: “You…how could you…”

Before she could voice her shock and confusion, she suddenly remembered Ji Lingyue’s feigned weakness and pitifulness when they reunited in Yanjing, and everything suddenly made sense.

After a long pause, she could only let out a helpless sigh: “You really are something else.”

Ji Lingyue scoffed lightly, proudly raising her chin: “Of course I’m amazing.”

Lan Wu glanced at the ears standing up on her head and realized that she didn’t seem to remember this, so she suppressed her laughter and said in a supportive tone, “That’s right, if you hadn’t been quick to react, I wouldn’t know what to do.”

With a delighted twitch of her black cat ears, Ji Lingyue felt a surge of triumph. She decided to let go of the fact that Lan Wu had joined Yao Zhu in bullying her, and generously opened her arms: “Alright, let’s go back.”

“What, are you going to carry me back?”

“Of course, this is the fastest way.” Ji Lingyue took the initiative to step forward, hooked her waist and legs, and picked her up horizontally: “What would you do without me?”

She gently stepped on the fine sand, and her body floated up like clouds, riding the wind towards the bright moon.

But not long after, a startled cry suddenly rang out in the quiet air. Ji Lingyue swayed, nearly throwing Lan Wu away: “What, what are you doing?!”

Lan Wu gently stroked the tip of her fluffy ear with her fingertips and said innocently, “Is it that sensitive just from touching it?”

“Ugh,” Ji Lingyue shuddered, and soon her eyes reddened: “You knew perfectly well…”

159. Cute

Under the serene moonlight, a black figure fell from the sky, raising a cloud of dust.

After rolling around on the ground a few times, Lan Wu coughed lightly, then turned her head and looked at the person pressing down on her with a smile: “Can’t fly anymore?”

The woman was still breathing heavily, her soft hair cascading down like a waterfall. Hearing Lan Wu’s question, she widened her eyes and

said with a mixture of shame and anger, “Wasn’t this all your doing?”

Lan Wu smiled and, while turning over to change her position, teased, “You have no idea how lovable you are.”

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then frowned. “I knew it,” she said, reaching out and shoving Lan Wu’s pretty face away without any politeness. “That’s just your weird quirk. You call it a monster feature? You just love seeing me make a fool of myself.”

“How is this embarrassing?” Lan Wu peeked through her fingers, turned her head to free her face, then lowered her head and gave her a sticky kiss on the forehead: “How cute.”

Ji Lingyue’s long eyelashes fluttered, and she muttered, “You only like cat ears. You’ve been praising them as cute all night. Don’t you ever think… don’t you ever think I…”

It seemed a bit childish to boast about being cute, so Ji Lingyue hesitated for a long time before finally managing to squeeze out a few words: “Don’t you think I’m pleasing to the eye?”

Lan Wu was amused by her and chuckled, “How could that be? You’re pleasing to the eye no matter what you look like. Besides, you’re wrong about one thing. I don’t like cat ears, it’s just that they’re on your head that I like them.”

Although she couldn’t help but curl her lips into a smile, Ji Lingyue still feigned displeasure and hummed, “You’re just using sweet talk again… um…”

Cool fingertips stroked her furry earlobe again, skillfully reaching the tip of her ear. Ji Lingyue trembled, instinctively closed her eyes, and let out a gurgling sound.

After a moment of silence, Lan Wu stopped what she was doing and suppressed a laugh, “Hmm?”

“…” Ji Lingyue suddenly opened her eyes, her face already covered with a thin layer of powder. She struggled and pushed against Lan Wu’s shoulders, thrashing about in shame and anger: “Let go… let go of me!”

“Good girl,” Lan Wu quickly wrapped her arms around her, cupped her chin in her palm, and kissed her lips affectionately. Her other hand slid down her lower back and pinched the tail that had been

hidden under her robe. “We’ll go back later.”

Ji Lingyue groaned, and after realizing what she was about to do, her pomegranate-red eyes gradually welled up with tears. She stammered, “You… you don’t take the initiative when you should, and you take the initiative when you shouldn’t.”

“Don’t you like it?” Lan Wu kissed her on the cheek, her eyes lowered, her clear blue eyes reflecting the woman’s blushing face. “If you really don’t like it, then we…” Before she could finish speaking, her wrist was suddenly wrapped around something furry. Lan Wu glanced at it subconsciously and found that it was the long, thin tail.

Ji Lingyue looked at her with a hint of reproach and said softly, “Yes, I want it inside the house.”

Lan Wu chuckled: “Okay.”

The house, which could be scaled up and down at will, was taken out of the storage ring and appeared alone in the vast desert. Ji Lingyue curled up in Lan Wu’s arms and was carried by her across the boardwalk on the water. She couldn’t help but say, “In the future, shall we buy another seashell that can fit two people and put it in the water?”

What do you need seashells for?

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and said calmly, “Anyway, just buy it back. You’ll know once it’s bought.”

Although Lan Wu was puzzled, she nodded: “Okay, but you don’t need to spend money to buy seashells. I can just go to the sea and find one. What color do you like?”

“It should be the same color as the one you slept in since you were little.”

“You still remember the seashell I slept in since I was little?” Lan Wu paused for a moment, then said, “If that’s the case, I can bring it over.”

“Really?” Ji Lingyue’s eyes lit up, her long eyelashes fluttered a few times, and then she said hesitantly, “Never mind, after all, it’s the seashell you’ve slept in since you were little, so let it stay at your house.”

Lan Wu glanced at her perked-up ears and involuntarily raised foot, and knew she was acting again: "You can't say that," she said with amusement, "This is my home too."

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips with a smug look and said reservedly, "Since you insist, then bring that over."

Lan Wu paused, then sighed, "I really can't stand you."

Ji Lingyue was stunned and looked at her blankly. The next moment, the woman pressed her against the outer wall of the room, slipped her hand inside her clothes, and sealed her red lips with hers.

Ji Lingyue blinked nervously: "We haven't even gone inside yet…"

"Wait a moment before coming in."

Lan Wu quickly removed her clothes. Ji Lingyue raised her wet eyes, leaned in and bit the mermaid's lips. She groped with both hands to pull off Lan Wu's belt. After pulling it off, she stepped on Lan Wu's skirt and tried to kick her clothes off as well.

Lan Wu glanced at the ground with a distraction and said helplessly, "You really don't suffer any losses."

She let out a soft breath, reluctantly hooking her arms around Lan Wu's neck, and kissed her again with a soft moan. Lan Wu instinctively pulled her closer, their bodies pressed even tighter, almost able to feel each other's heartbeat. After the kiss, Ji Lingyue blinked groggily, mumbling, "So soft…"

"Um?"

A beautiful hand climbed up to her chest and slowly squeezed it: "So soft."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, unsure whether to laugh or feel embarrassed. She lifted the girl up by her bottom and carried her into the house, stroking her soft, smooth tail as she went.

"Um……"

Two slender, white legs draped over Lan Wu's waist, swaying gently. The owner of the legs buried her face in Lan Wu's shoulder, curled up and trembling. Lan Wu entered the room, embraced the person, and fell onto the soft bed. Her supple waist also pressed between Ji

Lingyue's legs, swaying gently with each kiss: "A-Yue…"

Ji Lingyue looked at her blankly, her breathing still rapid. Her usually calm and composed face was now flushed. Lan Wu chuckled, reached down to touch her lower abdomen, spread her fingers, and brought them close to Ji Lingyue's wet eyelashes: "Look."

Through the blurry vision, those slender fingers were clearly covered with sticky water stains.

With a buzzing sound, her brain was almost burned to mush by the sudden surge of heat. Ji Lingyue was so embarrassed that she felt like she was about to burst into smoke. At this moment, Lan Wu's teasing voice entered her ears: "Is it really that comfortable to just touch a tail?"

——

I am short

160. Stimulation ρō18čκ.čō

Ji Lingyue blushed with embarrassment and kicked at Lan Wu haphazardly, but Lan Wu grabbed her ankle and pulled her up forcefully.

She gasped in surprise and fell backward onto the bed. One of her legs was pinned high in Lan Wu's palm, while the other leg was draped over her waist, forcing her body to open up.

"You, you let go!" Ji Lingyue blinked frantically, feeling incredibly ashamed. She twisted and tried to free her legs from Lan Wu's grasp, but her resistance was neither too strong nor too weak. After struggling on the bed for a while, she not only failed to gain her freedom, but the tail swaying from side to side under her buttocks also caught Lan Wu's attention. (Download link: põ⒅ƅ𝓁.𝒸õ𝓜)

The long, black tail seemed to be beyond its owner's control, constantly brushing against her naked skin. The soft fur brought a dense, ticklish sensation. Lan Wu silently inhaled and subconsciously tried to back away, but the tail clung to her as if it were alive, continuing to lazily swish around her.

After being rubbed against several times, Lan Wu finally hissed and reached out to grab the unexpectedly lively tail: "Don't move."

Ji Lingyue froze abruptly. Before she could speak, she felt Lan Wu release her ankle. She blinked and quickly rolled over to crawl backward. After taking only two steps on her knees, she was pulled back by her tail. "Where do you think you're going?" The woman's cool body pressed against her back, her breath soft. "Hmm?"

That slender tail was incredibly sensitive; with just a little more force, Ji Lingyue's eyes instantly reddened, and her curled eyelashes became damp with moisture : "It hurts..."

Lan Wu quickly let go, cradling Ji Lingyue's firm belly in her palm, and gently kissed her shoulder. Ji Lingyue gasped as she turned over, her ears twitching slightly: "I want... I want to take them all back."

"no."

Lan Wu gripped her wrist and pressed it onto the bed, forcefully

saying, "You're not allowed to take it back."

"But……"

Before she could finish speaking, Lan Wu's soft body pressed between her legs, and she gently swayed against that hot spring with her equally sensitive area.

Ji Lingyue shuddered and subconsciously raised her waist, but rubbed her swollen clitoris hard against Lan Wu's wet and soft vulva. She shuddered with pleasure, and honey-like sticky and slippery fluid gushed out of her opening. Soon, lewd water sounds came from where they were touching, and her two white and tender buttocks were gradually wet with the movement.

"Hmm… Hmm…" Lan Wu breathed heavily, her waist moving even faster. Ji Lingyue's legs were wrapped around her waist, and she was being pushed up and down by Lan Wu. Soon she lost her strength and collapsed limply into the damp bedding.

The two intertwined bodies swayed more violently. Ji Lingyue frowned uncomfortably, tears welling up in her eyes. Her face flushed, she hugged Lan Wu's back, lovingly stroking her heaving shoulder blades, and uttered sweet moans into the mermaid's ears.

At their point of contact, fluids splashed everywhere, and their slender bodies, covered in a thin layer of sweat, intertwined tightly, as if they had become one.

Just as they were about to reach their climax, Lan Wu suddenly straightened up, pinched her chin, and kissed her. Ji Lingyue groaned and wrapped her legs tightly around Lan Wu's waist, wanting to press against her again. But one of her hands slid down to her wet thighs and inserted itself into the flowing honey water.

"Hmm…"

Ji Lingyue trembled as she clenched the foreign object inside her vagina. It was thrust deep inside her, and she let out a muffled groan as she released. She opened her hazy eyes and stared at the silver eyelashes so close to her. Her hands slowly climbed up to Lan Wu's chest and began to knead her full breasts.

Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled, and she couldn't help but furrow her brows, letting out a soft, charming sigh.

The soft flesh inside the opening that was gripping her fingers suddenly contracted. Lan Wu paused for a moment, then finally ended the kiss with a light breath, her voice hoarse as she asked, “Do you like me breathing?”

Ji Lingyue’s face flushed, and she stammered, “No, I don’t like it.”

“A lying kitten is not a good kitten.”

Lan Wu skillfully stroked her ear, and as she couldn’t help but shrug her shoulders, she began to withdraw her fingers from the hole again.

A gurgling sound filled the air. After being fucked a few times, Ji Lingyue sensitively squeezed her legs together, her fingertips randomly scratching Lan Wu’s back: “Slow, um! Slow down…”

Lan Wu kissed her neck and murmured, “I won’t listen to you this time.”

She moved quickly and forcefully, pushing the person upwards and then grabbing their tail to pull them back. Ji Lingyue’s long hair was disheveled and scattered behind her. Her clear, cold voice gradually turned into a sob. Before long, she trembled and hugged Lan Wu’s shoulders tightly. Her soft, wet vaginal muscles twitched and sucked on the fingers buried deep inside her, spurting out a stream of lustful fluid.

“How come so fast?” Lan Wu withdrew her fingers and gently massaged the constantly opening and closing orifice. Sure enough, she caught another hand full of wet, hot liquid. She smiled, placed her sticky palm on Ji Lingyue’s lower abdomen and wiped it, then raised her head and, in front of Ji Lingyue’s tearful eyes, slowly extended her tongue and licked away the remaining liquid between her fingers.

Ji Lingyue opened her eyes slightly and stared at her without blinking. When she came closer, she obediently raised her head and kissed the woman’s luscious lips without any shyness. Lan Wu smiled and kissed her passionately while holding her breasts and kneading them wantonly, pressing the pert, red nipples into her palm and playing with them.

The only sound in the silent room was intermittent panting. After a long while, a muffled voice, almost coquettish, finally broke through:

“Mmm…no, don’t go…”

Ji Lingyue was breathless from the kiss, but she still didn't want it to end. Her long, narrow eyes were filled with only a hazy desire. Lan Wu held her face, gently bit her lips, said "good girl," and continued kissing down her neck. Her red lips sucked on her equally bright nipples until they were wet, and then lightly kissed her messy belly.

The woman's body was flushed pink from the perfume, and she lay boneless on the soft bedding. Her vulva, glistening with honey, was slightly open, revealing the constantly opening and closing entrance inside. Lan Wu lifted her legs, lowered her head, and roughly swept her tongue across the wet, soft crevice. Ji Lingyue suddenly trembled, her waist twisting restlessly, while her furry tail wrapped around Lan Wu's neck, pulling her down to lick even deeper.

A few more strands of sticky, lustful fluid escaped from the narrow opening. Lan Wu coughed and leaned in to take the long-neglected clitoris into her mouth. The tail wrapped around her neck suddenly tightened, and Lan Wu could barely breathe. She stroked Ji Lingyue's taut thighs and then moved down to knead her soft, pert buttocks: "Relax."

Ji Lingyue's nose turned red, and she squinted and hummed in agreement. Her tense body became soft again, and her black hair and long eyelashes were wet, like a black kitten that had been soaked by water.

Lan Wu pressed herself against the small clitoris again, making smacking sounds as she sucked. Ji Lingyue's face flushed, but she spread her legs even wider, pressing the silver head down again and again with each thrust of her hips.

Seeing that she was completely relaxed, Lan Wu quietly took off the tail that was wrapped around her neck and slowly wrapped it around her hand twice.

"Lan Wu, Lan Wu… one more breath, mmm… so good…"

"Lan Wu, take a sip…"

"Lan Wu, more…"

She closed her eyes contentedly, and as her clitoris was sucked hard by the warm, wet mouth, she couldn't help but let out a soft moan, trembling as she ejaculated onto Lan Wu's face.

Lan Wu licked her lips, climbed up again, and kissed her lips in a

sticky, affectionate way: “A-Yue…”

Ji Lingyue opened her eyes dazedly and hummed softly, “Hmm?”

“I’m going to fuck you.”

She paused, staring blankly at Lan Wu’s smiling face. Before she could react, she felt an itchy sensation below as something furry squeezed into her warm, moist passage, filling it completely.

“!”

She suddenly sprang up, her mind mostly clearing, and struggled to look down.

A fluffy black tail was tucked between her legs.

Ji Lingyue froze like a statue, her eyes wide open, seemingly unable to comprehend what she was seeing. Lan Wu, on the other hand, smiled and said, “Indeed, isn’t this even more exciting?”

——

No updates for the next two days.

161. Wang

It’s absolutely, utterly unbearable to look at—

Ji Lingyue stared at the tail with teary eyes, feeling hot and bothered. Just as she was about to clench her fists and protest seriously, Lan Wu kissed her lips, and the fluffy ears fell into her palm again.

“No, that won’t do,” Lan Wu interrupted her, anticipating what she was about to say: “It’s very comfortable.”

Ji Lingyue squinted as her eyes were rubbed, and still stammered, “Um… then why didn’t you come by yourself?”

Lan Wu curled her lips into a sly smile and winked at her mischievously: “You go first, then I’ll go.”

“don’t want……”

“Really?” Lan Wu pursed her lips, feigning regret. “Don’t you want to use your tail to fuck me?”

As soon as she finished speaking, Ji Lingyue was taken aback: "My tail, fuck you?" She imagined the scene, and her face immediately turned red, her phoenix eyes lighting up: "Really?"

Lan Wu suppressed a laugh and said seriously, "Of course it's true."

Ji Lingyue's joy was short-lived, but she frowned with a heavy heart and asked suspiciously, "Are you lying to me again?" She recalled Lan Wu's teasing behavior not long ago and muttered to herself, "After you've finished tormenting me, you'll definitely go back on your word again."

Lan Wu blinked: "How could that be? How could I be that bad?"

"Where don't you have it?" Ji Lingyue said seriously, "Anyway, you just like to bully me in this kind of thing."

Seeing that she couldn't fool her, Lan Wu pouted in exasperation and promised, "Okay then, I promise I won't break my word this time. If I lie to you, I'll be… I'll be a dog."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback for a moment, then relaxed her guard again: "A puppy? Really?"

Lan Wu smiled and kissed the tip of her nose: "Would I lie to you about something like this?"

Ji Lingyue snorted and raised her eyes in dissatisfaction, meeting the woman's face which was very close. The merman's eyes, tinged with desire, were more beautiful than usual, and when she looked at her with a smile, she was more alluring and seductive than a fox demon.

She froze on the spot, even forgetting the strange sensation beneath her. The question that was about to slip out changed: "Are merfolk… born this beautiful?"

Lan Wu curled her lips smugly: "Of course, back in Haochen Mountain, after you all completed your Foundation Establishment and underwent marrow cleansing and bone refining, your appearances were completely transformed. Wasn't I the only one who didn't change much before and after Foundation Establishment? Isn't that because I'm naturally beautiful, with clear marrow and bones, already so perfect that I don't need to be any more perfect…"

Seeing that she kept praising herself, Ji Lingyue blinked and said slowly, "You would look even better if you didn't say anything."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then, realizing what she meant, her face lit up with a smile. She pounced on her and pinched her cheek: “Oh, now you know how to tease me too.”

The two were playfully wrestling. Ji Lingyue laughed and dodged backward while kicking at her. This kick somehow pulled at the foreign object beneath her, causing the tail that had been inserted to suddenly pull out a bit. She involuntarily trembled and felt a surge of retreat: “I…I don’t want to…”

“It’s too late.”

Lan Wu leaned down and pressed her down, rubbing the clitoris at the tip of her vulva with her fingertips. After eliciting a sweet gasp from the woman, she reached down and gently brushed aside the downy hairs around the entrance of her vagina that were wet with her vaginal fluid.

After the brief conversation, the liquid on the clumps of fur had dried slightly and solidified, no longer as soft as before. Lan Wu moved forward a little, and Ji Lingyue trembled and curled up, her slender fingers tightly gripping Lan Wu’s forearm, saying aggrievedly, “It itches…”

The tail was a furry thing, and when it was stuffed into her sensitive hole, it was incredibly itchy. Not to mention that her tail was also an extremely sensitive part of her body. The feeling of being tightly sucked by the warm, soft flesh was both comfortable and strange. The two sensations intertwined, and her consciousness was about to go haywire.

Lan Wu glanced at her, silently lifted her back, lowered her head and kissed the woman’s fair chest, sucking out ambiguous red marks. Ji Lingyue let out a soft moan, her eyelashes trembling, her watery eyes fixed on her. When Lan Wu kissed the tip of her rosy nipple, she couldn’t help but thrust upwards, offering herself to those moist, diamond-shaped lips.

“Um……”

The supple tip of her tongue skillfully teased the tiny nipple, licking it until it was wet and hard, then she held it in her mouth and sucked hard. A tingling pleasure immediately spread from the nipple. Ji Lingyue whimpered and hugged Lan Wu’s head, her other hand still tightly gripping Lan Wu’s arm, but she gradually ignored the little movements hidden below.

Sure enough, things that don't grow from your own body are harder to control.

Lan Wu carefully pinched her tail and tugged it. Her pink little mouth was covered by slightly longer downy fur. Only when she pulled it out could you see a little bit of soft flesh sticking to the wet fur. Her tail, which had been soaked in honey, was no longer fluffy and soft. It was thin and dripping water, making her look pitiful.

The person in her arms finally let go, instead pulling her up by the back, humming as if to kiss her. Lan Wu obediently raised her head, her soft chest pressed against hers, the slightly hard nipples even feeling a little uncomfortable.

She closed her eyes and took Ji Lingyue's pink tongue into her mouth, rolled over while holding her, and sat up while kneading her delicate and soft buttocks. The dark shadow between her legs gradually increased its speed, constantly splashing out crystal-clear fluid. Ji Lingyue frowned and let out unbearable moans during the kiss.

"Ah… Lan Wu, Lan Wu…"

"What's wrong?" Lan Wu opened her eyes and kindly let go of her. "Are you feeling unwell?"

As she asked this question, her slender tail was thrusting deep inside, the rough down rubbing against the sensitive inner walls, sending a shiver down her spine.

Ji Lingyue bit her lip and said in a trembling voice, "It doesn't hurt…"

Lan Wu nodded. "Then let me ask you another question," she said gently. "Is the tail more comfortable, or is it more comfortable inside?"

"…" After a moment of silence, Ji Lingyue opened her mouth and stammered, "You, how could you ask this?!"

Why can't I ask?

She chuckled, gently rubbed the woman's cheek with her palm, then pressed down on the back of her head, leaving no room for argument: "Look at this."

Ji Lingyue subconsciously opened her eyes wide and stared at the scene of intercourse beneath her, freezing in place for a moment.

Her bright red vulva was tightly holding her tail. Although she couldn't see inside, she could definitely feel the soft flesh writhing and sucking, as if she wanted to be fucked hard.

Ji Lingyue felt increasingly ashamed. Her eyes darted around, and she lowered her gaze, only to see a beautiful hand below.

Her jade-like hand, however, held a jet-black tail, slowly pulling it out of the hole, causing a large amount of lustful fluid to fall onto Lan Wu's lower abdomen. When it was inserted again, it slowly pushed aside the tender flesh and reached the deepest point, the wet hair rubbing against every fold of the hole.

"Hmm…"

Her eyes grew increasingly red, and her entire face flushed a rosy hue, so full and moist it seemed as if water could be squeezed out.

Lan Wu chuckled lightly, "Are you mesmerized?"

Ji Lingyue suddenly shuddered, came to her senses, and was about to pounce on her in a fit of rage, but Lan Wu quickly grabbed her chin and pressed her down on the bed instead. She used her waist to push apart Ji Lingyue's legs, and the slender green vines that stretched out climbed up the cat's tail and quickly entered the opening, wrapping around the tip of the tail.

Ji Lingyue groaned, her chest heaving rapidly: "What, what are you going to do…"

"Let me help you," Lan Wu said, afraid that if she let go, the girl would bite her. She kissed her while still holding her in the same position. "It's because your tail is so soft and slow."

"Wait, I can do it myself…"

Just as she was about to show weakness, the cat's tail, which was entangled in the vines, began to thrust rapidly inside her hole. Ji Lingyue exclaimed in surprise, twisting her waist to shrink back, but Lan Wu pulled her back by the base of her tail: "Why are you running?"

She whimpered and struggled several times without success. She was picked up and sat with her back to Lan Wu in her arms. Lan Wu used her knees to spread her legs apart, one hand kneading the woman's soft breasts, and the other hand sliding down her lower abdomen to

tease her swollen clitoris.

“Ah… ah um…”

Ji Lingyue suddenly straightened her back, and a splashing sound came from her lower body. The rough vine and the hairy tail were inserted into her hole together, splashing out honey water.

“No more…” She shook her head haphazardly, and after being lightly pinched on her sensitive clitoris, she sobbed, “Gently, gently…”

“Be gentle?” Lan Wu touched the lustful fluid that had just overflowed from her vaginal opening and said with amusement, “You clearly like it.”

“I don’t… um!”

Ji Lingyue flicked her hips, feeling both pain and pleasure from Lan Wu’s pinching. She instinctively tightened her buttocks, trembling. Lan Wu lowered her head and kissed her sweaty neck, then quickened her pace by rubbing her clitoris in her palm. Her slender legs swayed unconsciously in the air. With a soft, seductive moan, Ji Lingyue trembled and collapsed into Lan Wu’s arms, a trickle of fluid gushing from her wide-open legs.

She leaned back on Lan Wu’s shoulder, her eyebrows furrowed, and wet tears glistening in the corners of her eyes. Lan Wu gently stroked her sweaty forehead, and once she had calmed her breathing, she continued to twitch her green vines.

Ji Lingyue froze for a moment, opened her eyes and stared at her, looking extremely aggrieved: “You, you said before that it was your turn.”

Lan Wu paused, hesitatingly asking, “What do you mean?” She asked cautiously, “Using a cat’s tail to fuck me there?”

Ji Lingyue gave a heavy “hmm” with a nasal tone, her eyes full of expectation. Lan Wu felt guilty under her gaze, coughed lightly, and said calmly, “Of course I keep my word.”

As the other person’s smile widened, she cleared her throat and said elegantly, “Woof.”

Ji Lingyue was stunned and stared at her blankly. Lan Wu turned her head away without any shame and said in a serious tone, “I am a

puppy."

——

Xiaoyue: Aa …

162. Kidnapping

As dawn broke, Qi Yueyao sat alone on a pile of stones outside the city, her chin resting on her hands, staring intently into the depths of the desert.

Why aren't they back yet?

She muttered under her breath, shifted to a more comfortable position, and sighed, "I should have stuck with them and followed them around like glue."

The countless stars have gradually disappeared into the dark blue sky, and on the distant horizon, a faint ray of light is slowly spreading outwards.

The sun is about to rise.

Qi Yueyao frowned, unable to wait any longer. She patted the sand off her clothes, picked up her spear, and stood up. Just then, two black dots suddenly appeared on the distant sand dunes.

She paused for a moment, then put her hand in front of her eyes and looked into the distance. She discovered that the one flying ahead was Ji Lingyue. This demon was unusually not sticking to Lan Wu, and had an even uglier face than usual. Lan Wu followed behind alone on her sword, her expression calm and composed.

Qi Yueyao lightly leaped down from the pile of rocks several meters high and ran towards them: "Why are you only coming back now? Did you find anything?"

With a whoosh, a black figure swept past her, leaving only a gust of cold wind. Qi Yueyao blinked in surprise, about to get angry, when Lan Wu landed beside her: "What are you doing here?"

"If not here, then where?" she said unhappily. "What's wrong with her now? She acts like everyone owes her money every day."

Lan Wu coughed lightly and stammered, "No, it's nothing, she's just… in a bad mood."

Qi Yueyao frowned, scrutinizing her closely, and noticed a small wound on the corner of her lip. Noticing her scrutinizing gaze, Lan Wu stiffened, awkwardly tugging at her collar to conceal the faint bite mark on her neck: "What happened?"

After a moment of silence, Qi Yueyao planted her spear in the ground, put her hands on her hips, and said irritably, "Don't tell me you didn't find anything after a whole night."

"How could that be?" Lan Wu replied, "I will meet with the Demon King in three days."

Qi Yueyao's eyes widened suddenly: "You met the Demon King?! How did you meet her? No… why did she want to see you?!"

Lan Wu said, "Didn't you already know that the Demon King is a merman, and she's my aunt?"

"Of course I know, but she didn't consider your aunt-nephew relationship before. Why should she come out to see you for no reason?"

Lan Wu pursed her lips and fell silent for a moment.

In recent days, she told them about Lan Yueyao's identity and the evil deeds that Penglai had committed against the merfolk, but she did not reveal a single word about Chu Chunhan's identity, her relationship with Lan Yueyao, or Lan Yueyao's true purpose.

If they knew that the Demon King was doing all this just to resurrect a human who had been dead for many years, what would they think?

Lan Wu sighed silently and casually asked, "Where is Miss Wen?"

"She sent someone to the city for treatment… Don't change the subject. You said she wants to see you. We need to tell a few of the sect leaders where and when she plans to see you so they can prepare in advance."

Lan Wu turned her head, slightly surprised, and asked, "What preparations are you making?"

"Of course we'll set up an ambush! This is a golden opportunity. If we can capture the Demon King alive, all our problems will be solved!"

"You're thinking too simply," Lan Wu frowned. "Let's not even talk

about whether you can defeat the Demon King. Besides, if you set up an ambush, don't you think she can set up an ambush too? Even if things go as smoothly as you say and you really capture the Demon King alive, what then? Will the demon race just surrender without a fight?"

Qi Yueyao was stunned: "No way?"

Lan Wu sighed: "The demon race doesn't have the etiquette and morality of humans. They invited Lan Yue to be their king because she is the strongest. If she is captured alive by cultivators, the demon race will immediately abandon her and then install a new king. They will never give up everything they have fought for for a king who is no longer powerful."

After a long pause, Qi Yueyao hissed in dissatisfaction: "How heartless."

"Therefore, targeting her alone is useless," Lan Wu said in a low voice. "The demons still respect and fear her. If we can persuade her to change her mind at this time, we can bring about a real turning point."

Is it just a turning point?

Lan Wu hummed in agreement: "At this point, tens of thousands of demons have died in this desert. It's not something she can stop just by saying so."

Qi Yueyao was quiet for a while, then said helplessly, "According to you, it feels like the day of truce is a long way off."

Lan Wu didn't speak, but looked up at the dark figure that flew back not far away. The woman landed lightly on the ground, shrinking the distance to an inch, without making a sound. Lan Wu curled her lips, just about to praise her for being like a cat, but then she thought that bringing it up now would definitely irritate Ji Lingyue, so she obediently shut her mouth and stood properly in place.

"How long are you going to talk?" Ji Lingyue suddenly spoke up, her voice icy. "Would you like me to put out two more chairs and warm up a pot of tea for you?"

Qi Yueyao was startled and quickly pulled out the spear she had stuck in the ground: "You… how come you walk so quietly!"

Ji Lingyue glanced at her indifferently: “Those with profound cultivation can hide themselves invisibly. How could you ask such a question that even a three-year-old could answer? How shallow is your cultivation?”

“…” Qi Yueyao took a breath and said angrily, “What’s wrong with you today? You’re like a hedgehog that has come to life, pricking everyone you see!”

Lan Wu couldn’t help but laugh, and after laughing, she said, “We can’t be idle these three days either.”

Ji Lingyue looked at her: “What do you want to do?”

“I want to see Chu Jiao again. I discovered before that Penglai had people secretly watching her. Her friend also told me that Chu Jiao is a good person. Perhaps… she really has some unspeakable secret.”

Qi Yueyao rolled her eyes: “Believe I’m a god, rather than a good person.”

Ji Lingyue disagreed: “Being able to control Gu worms to destroy the consciousness of so many companions doesn’t seem like a good person. In my opinion, since she has a friend, why not just kidnap that friend to threaten her?”

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then said, “This…this isn’t quite right.”

“Is this the simplest method, or do you intend to spend an unknown amount of time with that Chu Jiao…” She paused, then said sarcastically, “exchanging sincerity for sincerity?”

Looking at her ambiguous smile, Lan Wu felt a chill run down her spine and nervously clenched her hands: “You’re right, let’s just bring her friend here.”

“Tie him up?” Qi Yueyao looked at the two of them from side to side and said in surprise, “Are you serious? Tie up a cultivator in this city full of cultivators? Are you crazy?!”

“I didn’t ask you to join,” Ji Lingyue said. “However, if you want to leak this information, I don’t mind giving you a little black butterfly.”

Just by listening to it, you can tell that this black butterfly is no ordinary black butterfly.

Qi Yueyao hesitated for a long time, then frowned and asked, “Will you hurt her after we bring her here?”

“It depends,” Ji Lingyue said calmly. “If Chu Jiao doesn’t believe we would hurt her friends, I can prove it to her myself.”

Suddenly, all around fell silent. Ji Lingyue turned her head and saw Qi Yueyao’s horrified expression. She sneered and smiled insincerely, saying, “Of course I was lying to you. This is Shiling City. Why would I harm a cultivator?”

“…”

The more she looked at Ji Lingyue’s smile, the more sinister it seemed. She coughed lightly and gripped the spear tightly in her hand: “Fine, I’ll join you, so you won’t do anything outrageous.”

——

163. Mother and daughter ýzhaǐw̠ẖ. ýz

Stone Ridge City can be described as the town with the most cultivators in the modern world.

Therefore, Shen Yi never thought she would encounter any danger in the city until she bought the elixir and was walking in the alley when suddenly everything went black, her neck tightened, and she fainted.

When she woke up again, it was pitch black all around, with only the faint glow of candlelight illuminating the hem of the skirt of the person standing not far away.

“Who are you people?” she asked in surprise, trying to struggle, only to find that she had been placed under a forbidden spell and her hands and feet were bound.

There were rustling sounds coming from the darkness. It seemed like they had been arguing for a while before a voice reluctantly said, “Don’t worry, we won’t hurt you.”

Chen Yi was taken aback: “Wen Shiyu?”

Everyone fell silent for a moment, then another voice asked in surprise, “How did she know?”

Chen Yi’s eyes widened: “Qi Yueyao?”

"…" Looking at the enigmatic Zhang Zi, one could see: sₑxiáosℋц.cõm

Lan Wu sighed, and a spiritual light emerged from her palm, gradually illuminating the entire dark room: "Miss Chen's ears are truly gifted."

"It's you!" Shen Yi was stunned for a moment, then glanced at the four figures in front of her. She struggled to her feet, both shocked and furious: "I knew what you wanted to do! You half-demon may look upright and honest, but you're just as treacherous and cunning as any demon. You even… you even seduced two cultivators to join you in your evil ways!"

Ji Lingyue chuckled softly from behind: "Insidious and cunning, that's certainly true."

Lan Wu glanced at her and saw that she was smiling and in a good mood. Thinking that it would be good to calm her down, she gave up arguing and only retorted: "Chu Jiao also harmed her fellow disciples. If we're talking about colluding with each other, how good is your relationship with her?"

"What harm to fellow disciples? Don't spout nonsense!"

Lan Wu thought for a moment, then turned around and asked, "A-Yue, do you still have that flute you picked up in Wangliang City with you?"

Ji Lingyue glanced at her, then silently took out the jade flute that had been broken in two. Lan Wu pointed it out to Chen Yi and asked, "This was found at the scene where she harmed her fellow disciple. Does it look familiar?"

Shen Yi paused for a moment, examined it closely, and then said, "Even if this flute is the same as Chu Jiao's, what does that prove?"

Lan Wu's eyes lit up, and she exclaimed in surprise, "Oh, so it's the same as Chu Jiao's flute!" She curled her lips and said happily, "Thank you for telling me this. I wasn't sure at first."

"You!" Shen Yi realized she had spoken out of turn and her anger flared. With a sudden burst of strength, she sprang up from the ground and slammed into Lan Wu, knocking her hard to the ground. "You wretched monster!"

With a thud, a wisp of black smoke suddenly flew out from the corner, sweeping away Chen Yi, and a figure instantly teleported to Lan Wu's

side. The woman's face was pale, and as soon as she was pulled up, she clutched her waist and weakly leaned against Ji Lingyue: "Ouch…"

"What happened? Where did you fall?" Ji Lingyue anxiously put her arm around her, her long eyelashes trembling nervously. "Let me see quickly."

Lan Wu frowned slightly, her eyes were red, and she said pitifully, "My waist feels like it's going to break."

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, and cloud-like demonic energy surged from her palm, enveloping her waist: "I'll go find Yun'er."

"…" Her body suddenly stiffened, Lan Wu blinked, and slowly straightened up: "Actually, it's not that serious."

Ji Lingyue froze, looked up and stared at her intently. After a long while, she asked suspiciously, "Are you… again…?"

"How did this thing end up in your hands?!"

A surprised voice suddenly rang out, and everyone turned their heads to find that Chen Yi was holding a jade pendant in her hand. Lan Wu thought the thing looked familiar and felt that it was the one she had gotten from Yao Zhu. She subconsciously reached into her bosom and said, "You, you can steal things too."

"This isn't yours to begin with!" Shen Yi argued. "It belongs to Chu Yan. The name 'Yan' is even engraved on the tag!"

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then turned to ask, "Who is Chu Yan?"

Qi Yueyao pondered, "That sounds familiar."

Wen Shiyu sighed helplessly and said, "I know, Chu Yan is Chu Jiao's mother. She is the head of one of the three collateral branches of the Chu family, but…"

"But what?"

Wen Shiyu hesitated for a moment before saying, "Although they are mother and daughter, Chu Jiao is not Chu Yan's biological child. She is a child that Chu Yan picked up from outside and raised as her daughter, and she even gave her the Chu family surname."

"How did you know?" Shen Yi asked in surprise. "These things… are

Chu Jiao's secrets. No outsiders should know about them."

Qi Yueyao crossed her arms and laughed: "You don't know this, do you? Wen Shiyu of the Golden Hall is so adept at getting along with everyone, she's a master of social graces. There's no friend she can't make or information she can't get."

Wen Shiyu smiled helplessly and continued, "I also know that Chu Jiao…" She paused, seemingly finding it difficult to speak, "This daughter, Chu Jiao, seems to harbor…"

"Shut up!" Shen Yi suddenly interrupted her, her face flushed red. "You're not allowed to talk nonsense! You're not allowed to slander Chu Jiao!"

Ji Lingyue didn't understand: "What do you mean by 'holding'? Gratitude, or something else?"

Lan Wu glanced at the excited Chen Yi and said, "Judging from her nervous appearance, it can't possibly be gratitude." She turned her head and asked, "Why didn't Miss Wen tell us about these things before?"

"This is their private matter. How can you reveal it unless it's absolutely necessary? Besides, Chu Jiao married Qing Zibai five years ago. I thought she had already given up on this idea."

Ji Lingyue was even more confused: "What thoughts? What are you talking about?"

Qi Yueyao chuckled and said smugly, "I'm smarter than you this time. It's just that although Chu Jiao was raised by Chu Yan, she had no feelings for her and wanted to leave the Chu family. Later, she married Qing Zibai and truly broke away from the Chu family, so that thought was gone. Isn't that what it means?"

Wen Shiyu was silent for a while, then said with sincere admiration, "Senior Sister's ability to completely guess the answer is also a skill."

Qi Yueyao was taken aback: "Huh? Isn't that how it is?"

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and looked at Lan Wu without saying a word. Lan Wu was stroking her chin in thought when she inadvertently met Ji Lingyue's gaze. Suddenly, she had a flash of inspiration, put on a smile, and leaned closer: "Actually, the answer is very simple."

She cupped Ji Lingyue's bewildered face in her hands and gave her a quick kiss.

"This is the answer."

Ji Lingyue muttered, "What kind of answer is it to kiss me?"

Lan Wu smiled and said softly, "Don't you understand? Chu Jiao's feelings for her mother are the same as my feelings for you."

Ji Lingyue paused, then frowned at her: "What feelings do you have for me?" She scoffed: "The kind of feelings you have for me when you always lie to me, tease me, and make me cry?"

Lan Wu recalled the scene from before when she was so angry that she bristled and bit her while crying, and couldn't help but smile: "Aren't you surprised by Chu Jiao's feelings?"

"What's so surprising?" Ji Lingyue said coldly. "It's not as shocking as discovering that the person you've liked for years is a fish."

Lan Wu chuckled dryly, her arm sliding down to wrap around her waist: "Speaking of the jade pendant… here comes the problem." She turned her head, her gaze sweeping over Chen Yi, Qi Yueyao, and Wen Shiyu, and said, "Chu Yan self-destructed her golden core and died."

A sudden silence fell over the surroundings. After a moment, Shen Yi lay prostrate on the ground, his face deathly pale, muttering, "Dead… dead?"

"Dead?" Wen Shiyu asked in surprise, "Does Chu Jiao know?"

"I'm afraid you don't know, this just happened."

After Lan Wu finished speaking, she walked over to Chen Yi, squatted down, and asked seriously, "You said before that Chu Jiao is a good person. Do you really think so, or did you say that because she is your friend?"

Shen Yi raised her head, her eyes turning red: "She's just a good person."

"Okay," Lan Wu nodded, "Then do you know what she has done for the Chu family?"

Seeing Chen Yi biting her lip and remaining silent, Lan Wu softened

her voice and said, “Then let me ask you another question. If she, a good person, were forced by her own mother to do something bad, would she do it?”

After a long pause, Shen Yi finally said, “Yes…”

She closed her eyes trembling, recalling what Chu Jiao had said to her, and the radiant smile on her face when she said those words. She felt a suffocating sensation wash over her: “She said that her life belonged to Chu Yan, and that without Chu Yan, she wouldn’t be who she is today. She was willing to give everything for Chu Yan.”

164. Snow

The daylight was dim, and the long street was desolate. Chu Jiao looked up at the dark, cloud-covered sky for a while, then put her palm in the cold wind and caught the scattered ice crystals falling.

The coolness vanished in an instant, and upon closer inspection, only a few drops of water remained on my fingertips.

It’s going to snow.

She gripped the jade pendant tightly in her hand; its hard edges almost dug into her flesh, but she seemed oblivious to the pain. With a nonchalant expression, she picked up the bamboo umbrella that was leaning against the door, pushed open the door, and walked along the street toward the alley to the north.

A tense voice came from behind: “Chu Jiao…”

Chu Jiao paused, but did not turn around. “It’s nothing,” she said calmly. “I just went to check.”

Shen Yi paused for a moment, her lips turning white as she pressed them together, unsure of what to say. Chu Jiao lowered her eyes and continued walking with her umbrella. When she reached the third alleyway, she turned left and walked all the way to the end, stopping at the entrance of a rather grand mansion.

The two Penglai disciples guarding the entrance saw her, respectfully bowed with their swords in hand, and then asked, “Junior Sister, what brings you here?”

“I have something to discuss with the island lord,” Chu Jiao raised her eyes and asked, “Is that not allowed?”

"Why not?" They quickly stepped aside, opened the door, and said, "Please come in, Junior Sister."

Chu Jiao stepped through the gate and walked along the winding pebble path into the depths of the courtyard. After a short while, she heard two voices arguing. The voices sounded very familiar, so she silently stopped at the foot of the stone steps outside the main house and, sure enough, saw the people she had expected.

The handsome young man frowned and said excitedly, "Why should I go back? In this world, even unknown rogue cultivators have stayed in Shiling City. As the young master of Penglai Island, how can I desert my post? Wouldn't that make me a laughing stock!"

"What do you mean by deserting in the face of battle? It's just that we can't both be here. One of us has to go back to Penglai to take charge."

"If that's the case, why don't you go back? Father, I know you think Stone Ridge City is dangerous and want to send me away, but I just want to stay with everyone. Besides, all the sect leaders are here guarding the city, so what danger could there be? Even if the monsters really attack one day, I won't leave. I'd rather die here than be a coward!"

"Nonsense!" Chu Jiangchi slammed his hand on the table and stood up abruptly, his eyes wide with anger. "I'm giving you three days. Get back here right now. If you don't go back, I'll break your legs and have someone tie you up and take you back!"

Chu Ji gritted his teeth and angrily flicked his sleeve: "I said I won't go back, and I won't!" He turned and strode away. As soon as he stepped out of the room, he saw Chu Jiao standing at the bottom of the steps. He forced a smile and said, "My cousin is here."

Chu Jiao hummed in agreement, and after he walked away, she stepped into the house.

Chu Jiangchi remained seated in his original spot, his face ashen, a cup of hot tea still in his hand. Hearing footsteps, he glanced wearily at the person approaching, then casually looked away: "Why are you here?"

Chu Jiao stood in front of him, bowing her head and said, "The Qing family has been coming to our door demanding people these days. I inquired everywhere and asked the disciple who was on duty that

night, and found out that Qing Zibai… seems to be in Lan Wu's hands."

"Lan Wu?" The man paused, pondered, and said, "Let her have her. Anyway, his sea of consciousness is destroyed, so he's a cripple. It doesn't matter who he's in."

"But before his sea of consciousness was destroyed, Qing Zibai seemed to have said something to Lan Wu."

What is it?

"It was too far away, I didn't hear it."

Chu Jiangchi frowned, and after a while, he put down his teacup and shook his head, saying, "Forget it, don't worry about him. Without evidence, they can't cause any trouble. But have you finished the other thing I asked you to do?"

Chu Jiao pursed her lips and said, "It's done."

"Good," Chu Jiangchi finally smiled. "You did a great job. Once it's done, you will be the greatest contributor to Penglai."

As he spoke, he got up and casually walked to the window, teasing the black eagle perched on the wooden frame. He turned around unintentionally and found that Chu Jiao was still standing there motionless, showing no intention of leaving.

Chu Jiangchi was taken aback and asked in surprise, "What, is there something else?"

Chu Jiao looked up at him and asked, "How has Mother been lately?"

"You mean Chu Yan?" Chu Jiangchi blinked and said naturally, "Of course she's great. She's living much more comfortably in Penglai than we are. By the way, a few days ago she had Changfeng send a letter saying that she misses you very much and wants you to go back and meet up with her as soon as things are over. It's just a pity that Changfeng is naughty and I don't know where it threw that letter."

Hearing this, Chu Jiao couldn't help but glance at the skinny eagle: "Really?"

"Yes," Chu Jiangchi smiled gently, "So you don't need to worry about her so much. You just need to know that she will definitely be proud

of your efforts."

"Pride?" Chu Jiao paused, silently repeating the word several times before suddenly chuckling, "If these are things to be proud of, then why doesn't the island lord let the young island lord do them?"

Chu Jiangchi frowned: "What did you say?"

Chu Jiao continued, "He has the blood of the Chu family flowing in his veins. Does the island lord think that by removing him from all of this, he can be innocent?" She curled her lips and sighed, "I think… this is really unfair."

What exactly do you mean?

"What I mean is, these verbal praises are too vague. I've done so much, the island owner should give me some tangible benefits."

Chu Jiangchi narrowed his eyes and scrutinized her for a while, then gradually relaxed: "I see. Alright, tell me, what benefits do you want?"

Chu Jiao said, "I want half a bottle of Blood Coagulation Beads."

"Half a bottle?" Chu Jiangchi exclaimed in surprise, "You really are greedy."

"Who wouldn't want their cultivation to improve faster?" Chu Jiao said. "Doesn't the island lord want to borrow my Gu worms to do something? Will he give them to me or not?"

The atmosphere suddenly froze. After a moment of silence, Chu Jiang chuckled and said, "Of course I'll give it to you." He walked over and patted Chu Jiao's shoulder. "It's good that you have requests. Actually, I wouldn't feel at ease if you didn't ask for anything like you did before."

Chu Jiao lowered her eyes, smiled, took a step back, and bowed with her hands clasped: "Then… thank you very much, Island Lord."

——

As I stepped out of the Chu residence, it was indeed snowing lightly outside.

Chu Jiao opened her umbrella and walked calmly through the narrow alley. Before long, she returned to her residence. She pushed open the door, but before she could even step inside, Chen Yi, who had heard

the noise, had already crawled out of the house and was looking at her worriedly.

Chu Jiao paused, turned around and closed the door, took a step forward, and the bamboo umbrella silently fell into the snow.

Snowflakes fell gently onto her delicate face, and the flawless mask began to crack slowly. Chu Jiao stopped in her tracks, standing there for a long while before calling out blankly, “Chen Yi…”

Shen Yi nodded and quickly walked towards her.

“My…” she opened her mouth, her voice light and airy: “My mother is dead.”

Chen Yi looked at her sadly and whispered, “Chu Jiao, don’t… don’t be too sad…”

“sad?”

Chu Jiao blinked and murmured to herself, “Yes, I should be sad… But when she wanted me to marry Qing Zibai, when she wanted me to plant Gu worms in innocent people, when she wanted me to do evil for the Chu family, I had already been sad…”

She stared blankly at her hands and said in a hoarse voice, “Now, I can’t even feel sad anymore.”

Shen Yi’s eyes widened in surprise: “What did you say? You really did bad things for the Chu family?!”

Chu Jiao didn’t answer. Instead, she raised her head and gave her a faint smile: “By the way, do you know how I found out that Chu Jiangchi was lying to me?”

“Chu Jiao!”

“He said my mother wrote me a letter, saying she missed me and wanted to see me, but…” The woman’s smile widened, and she sighed, “My mother never misses me, much less wants to see me, because from the day I confessed my feelings to her, I became a stain on her reputation.”

Cold tears fell, and Chu Jiao smiled as she gripped the cold jade pendant tightly, her eyes gradually reddening: “So, she really is dead.”

“It’s snowing.”

"Yeah?"

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, rested her chin on her hand, and sat by the window, staring blankly at the snowflakes falling onto the water, when she was suddenly wrapped in a thick cloak.

She struggled slightly, barely managing to peek out with her disheveled head: "What are you doing?"

"Of course I'll hug you." Lan Wu wrapped her up in her arms, rested her chin on her head, and watched the snow falling outside with her. Outside, the wind was cold, but inside it was warm and cozy. Ji Lingyue was forced to curl up, and with her lover's soft body behind her, she couldn't help but relax and let out a lazy yawn.

"Tired?"

"No," Ji Lingyue tilted her head, stared at the falling snow for a while, and said in a low voice, "When I was a child, I hated winter the most. The mountains were blocked by heavy snow, making it inconvenient to travel. Even if you worked all day, you could not catch any prey. The firewood you collected was also damp, and it was very difficult to start a fire to keep warm."

"How did you get through the winter?"

"Like this," Ji Lingyue snuggled closer to Lan Wu and said, "Yun'er, Mother, and I can squeeze into the quilt and stay still all day. And if we don't move, we get hungry more slowly and can eat less."

Lan Wu found it both funny and heartbreaking, and hugged her tightly: "I'll squeeze in with you from now on."

"don't want."

Lan Wu was taken aback, and asked aggrievedly, "Why?"

"You're so cold. I'm the one who has to keep you warm by squeezing in with you." Ji Lingyue nudged her with her head and grumbled, "I'm getting the short end of the stick."

Lan Wu chuckled, "You stingy little thing." She bent down, picked up Ji Lingyue with a "hey!" and carried her lightly into the house.

Ji Lingyue's eyes widened: "What are you doing?"

"Of course it's a bath," Lan Wu said gently. "The fire pearl has already

boiled the water. After running around outside for so long and rolling around on the ground, didn't you realize that you're already a dirty little cat?"

"You're the cat!"

"Are you still angry?"

I'll bite you to death!

165. Night Talk

In the dead of night, the barrier surrounding the courtyard suddenly rippled slightly. Ji Lingyue opened her eyes, turned her head and saw that Lan Wu was sleeping soundly. She then quietly got out of bed, passed through the pavilions and waterside terraces, and pushed open the door with a creak.

The snow fell silently, and there was no one outside the door.

She frowned, about to close the door, when she saw something slide in under her feet.

It turned out to be a thin, small black snake.

The little snake didn't look very old, and it didn't exude any spiritual energy. Its tiny body was almost buried in the snow as it crawled on the ground. If Ji Lingyue hadn't had good eyesight, she might not have noticed it at all.

She closed the door, used her demonic energy to lift the little snake into the air, and demanded, "Whose spirit beast are you?"

The little snake, its tail being pulled, struggled to lift its round head and flicked its tongue unhappily.

Ji Lingyue grabbed its tail threateningly and swung it around: "Hmm?"

With that jerk, the black snake suddenly shuddered, its body, originally as thin as a chopstick, instantly growing to the thickness of a wrist. Ji Lingyue was forced to let go, and as it landed on the snow, several long black thorns wreathed in demonic energy emerged around it, poised to strike the ever-growing black snake.

The giant snake slowly raised its upper body, its terrifying head almost level with Ji Lingyue's face. It opened its blood-red mouth and,

under the woman's wary gaze, let out a long, dry heave.

Ji Lingyue: "…"

Is it really that disgusting to just spin around once?

But soon she noticed that the snake was acting strangely. It vomited for a long time but didn't vomit anything. Instead, it seemed to be choking, and its tail kept thrashing against the ground.

She thought for a moment, then hesitantly stepped forward and looked into its mouth.

There really was something stuck deep in its throat.

Ji Lingyue was taken aback and looked up at the black snake's golden eyes: "You want me to take it out?"

The black snake nodded repeatedly.

Ji Lingyue couldn't help but show a look of disgust: "You should go find someone else to help you."

blacksnake:"!"

It shook its head violently, twisting its body to get closer to Ji Lingyue's hand. A barely perceptible look of grievance appeared on its dark snake face. Ji Lingyue was silent for a while, then put her hands behind her back and said, "Never mind, wait a moment, I'll go find someone else to help you."

Half an incense stick later, Lan Wu, who had been pulled out of bed, stared blankly at the giant snake in front of her and asked, "You mean, you want me to help it take the thing out?"

Ji Lingyue nodded.

Lan Wu peeked into the sticky liquid in the snake's mouth and was speechless: "Why didn't you help?"

"I'm clumsy with my hands, and I'm afraid I'll hurt it."

Lan Wu pouted and muttered, "When did you become so gentle?"

That's what she said, but seeing the black snake's uncomfortable appearance, she still stepped forward and carefully manipulated a few green vines to burrow into its throat. After a while, the package

covered in sticky mucus fell to the snow. Lan Wu pulled out her wet and sticky green vines, gave a disgusted sigh, and shook her head, saying, “These two are no good.”

The black snake hissed and breathed, its body shrinking back to the size of a chopstick before turning and swimming away.

“Hey, you don’t want your stuff anymore?” Lan Wu was taken aback. Seeing it slip through the crack in the door and disappear, she looked at Ji Lingyue suspiciously: “You just gave it to us like that?”

Ji Lingyue noticed something: “Open the outer layer of oil paper.”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, used the two contaminated vines to untie the knot, and lifted the oil paper to reveal a bronze mirror and a red pill.

These two things looked quite clean. Lan Wu picked up the pills and sniffed them, her expression changing slightly: “Wait, these… smell of mermaid blood.”

“Mermaid blood?” Ji Lingyue frowned, picked up the mirror and examined it from all angles. “This also has spiritual energy.” As soon as she finished speaking, the yellowish mirror surface suddenly emitted a soft light, and a voice came from inside: “Looks like the item has been delivered.”

Ji Lingyue paused, looked down at the mirror, and saw another face: “Chu Jiao?”

Chu Jiao stood in the dimly lit room and nodded: “It’s me.”

Although she had guessed that Chu Jiao would react after receiving the jade pendant, she did not expect her to react so quickly. Lan Wu hurriedly pulled Ji Lingyue back into the house, and after closing the door properly, she said, “Why is Miss Chu doing this in the middle of the night?”

“That’s how we avoid attracting attention,” Chu Jiao said calmly. “To be frank, I know you want to find evidence of the Chu family’s wrongdoings, and I can help you.”

“Why?”

Chu Jiao blinked and whispered, “Probably because I feel it’s not worth it.”

She didn't explain why it wasn't worth it, but simply looked up and asked, "Miss Lan should have received that pill, right? Does it look familiar to you?"

Lan Wu hesitated for a moment, then nodded: "This pill has the smell of mermaid blood."

Chu Jiao nodded: "This medicine is called Blood Coagulation Pearl. It is a secret medicine of the Chu family, and the quantity is extremely limited. Even my mother could only obtain one per year in the past."

Lan Wu pursed her lips, her expression darkening: "Does your Penglai still imprison some merfolk?"

"Of course not," Chu Jiao said. "So I suspect that this medicine… is actually made from the blood of the old patriarch."

"You mean Chu Chen?"

Chu Jiao raised her eyebrows and looked at her with some surprise: "Miss Lan knows more than I thought. Yes, the old patriarch is Chu Chen. I first met him ten years ago and only then did I realize that he was still alive. And it was also ten years ago that the Blood Coagulation Beads began to appear in Chu Jiangchi's hands."

Lan Wu hurriedly asked, "Where is Chu Chen now?"

"I don't know. Chu Chen is elusive. That meeting ten years ago was the only time I ever saw him. Besides, Chu Jiangchi ordered those of us who know the truth to keep it a secret and not to reveal a single word."

Ji Lingyue suddenly asked, "Are you really that obedient?"

"Of course not. At first, I didn't want to get involved in these things." Chu Jiao said in a low voice, "It was my mother, my mother… who had a fanatical worship of Chu Chen. In order to show her loyalty, she even planted a child Gu in herself and gave the mother Gu to Chu Chen. But she didn't know that this would become a means for them to threaten me. No… maybe she knew, but she just didn't care."

Ji Lingyue watched her silently for a long while, then turned her head and sighed.

Lan Wu steered the conversation back on track: "But how do you plan to help me? Do you think you can find Chu Chen?"

Chu Jiao replied, “I used a spell on Chu Ji.”

Lan Wu was taken aback: “Chu Ji?”

“Exactly. He had a huge argument with Chu Jiangchi today and was in a fit of anger. He even drove away all the people Chu Jiangchi usually sent to protect him. When I visited him, I secretly switched the three remaining Blood Coagulation Beads in his box. I planted a Gu curse on each one.” Chu Jiao smiled and said, “Chu Jiangchi only has one son, and he dotes on him very much. Guess, if he had to choose between Chu Chen and Chu Ji, who would he choose?”

Before Lan Wu could speak, Ji Lingyue frowned: “Arguing? What are you arguing about?”

“Chu Jiangchi wanted Chu Ji to return to Penglai, but Chu Ji refused.”

“At this time, he wants Chu Ji to return to Penglai?” Ji Lingyue recalled the group of monsters she had encountered in the desert and said thoughtfully, “I heard from a demon tamer that the monsters were very close this time, as if they wanted to do something. You don’t happen to know something about it, do you?”

Chu Jiao nodded: “Of course, the monsters are quietly approaching Shiling City. I have already taken control of Qing Zibai’s cousin and some other people. They are all cultivators on duty at the barrier gate. When the time comes, we will cooperate with the demons from the inside and outside, and Shiling City will not be able to be defended.”

Lan Wu whispered, “Like the City of Demons?”

Chu Jiao blinked and said, “Just like the City of Demons.”

The two stared at each other silently through the mirror. Lan Wu pursed her lips and asked, “You said you were working with the demon race from within. Does that mean there are demons in the demon race who are secretly contacting you?”

Chu Jiao admitted, “That’s right. As for who that monster is, I’m sorry, I don’t know.”

“Then what exactly is the Chu family’s purpose in doing this?”

“I’m sorry, I don’t know either. I was just completing the task Chu Jiangchi gave me. As for their purpose, I have no idea.”

After a moment of silence, Lan Wu sighed and said, “That’s enough. It’s enough that you’ve told us all this.”

“Is that so?” Chu Jiao lowered her eyes, her fingertips unconsciously rubbing the table. After a long while, she said, “I told you two this, actually for my own sake. After all, I can’t kill Chu Jiangchi and Chu Chen on my own.”

“You want to kill them?”

Chu Jiao hummed in agreement and continued, “Chu Jiangchi values you highly, or perhaps it’s Chu Chen who values you highly. That’s why, after discovering that you had come to Shiling City, he was in a hurry to send people to kill you. He was so eager that he sent a group of experts from the Chu family to eliminate you completely before he even had a chance to figure out your background. My mother… died because of this.”

Lan Wu was taken aback and unconsciously pursed her lips.

“But I don’t hate you. Everything my mother did was of her own free will. She was beautiful yet foolish, arrogant yet reckless. She sacrificed so much for the Chu family, and I sacrificed so much for her. Why should I end up with nothing?” She said calmly, “My mother admired Chu Chen so much. Now that she’s dead, Chu Chen should go down and join her.”

166. Meeting

By the time the conversation ended, it was already dawn.

Lan Wu sat there in a daze for a while, and when she heard a noise not far away, she subconsciously turned her head.

Ji Lingyue had just changed into a clean set of clothes, with a silver silk belt around her waist and a white silk hair tie, extremely simple and plain. Facing the courtyard outside the window, where snow had fallen all night, she casually played with her long, loose hair with her ten fingers. As she swayed, the wide sleeves slid down to her elbows, revealing her two well-proportioned forearms.

Lan Wu looked at it for a while and said, “It’s loosened.”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, turned her head to look at her, her narrow eyes as clear as ever.

Lan Wu got up and went over to help her untie the hair tie, straighten it, and tie it up again. Ji Lingyue obediently lowered her head. After her hair was tied up, Lan Wu turned around and straightened her clothes.

She couldn't help but look at the woman so close to her. Lan Wu had a gentle expression, her eyes were lowered, and her long eyelashes were clearly defined, dividing her blue eyes into tiny lakes.

She pursed her lips, her mind starting to race with ideas, but before she could act on them, Lan Wu took a step back, looked her up and down, and said with satisfaction, "You are still best suited to white."

Ji Lingyue subconsciously retorted, "I haven't worn other colors much either."

"That's true, it's all black and white," Lan Wu teased. "When we have more free time in the future, I'll buy clothes of all colors and change them for you every day."

"I'm not your puppet."

Lan Wu chuckled and pinched her cheek: "There's no such petty puppet as you in this world."

Ji Lingyue's eyes flashed fiercely, and she opened her mouth to bite her hand, but Lan Wu skillfully dodged and flicked her forehead lightly: "In the future, you shouldn't turn into a kitten, you should turn into a puppy instead."

No sooner had she finished speaking than Ji Lingyue pounced on her fiercely, pinching her face in retaliation. Lan Wu cried out in pain and spun her around, saying, "You're so petty, and you still don't believe me."

As the two were laughing and joking, a sudden gust of wind swept in from outside the window, followed by a deafening roar. Lan Wu was startled and frowned as she looked at the flying snow outside the window. After the loud noise, a jumble of voices gradually emerged from the streets and alleys.

They exchanged a glance, and Ji Lingyue, with her arm around her waist, instantly appeared on the long street. The alarmed cultivators poured out from different courtyards and rushed towards the barrier. Lan Wu's heart tightened, and she asked in surprise, "They've already made their move?"

Ji Lingyue said, “Let’s go take a look.”

They lived in the suburbs, close to the city gate. Ji Lingyue led Lan Wu over the restless heads and soon flew out of the city wall, reaching the barrier a hundred feet away.

At this moment, dozens of cultivators stationed in the watchtower ran out. They were all vigilant and tense, their long robes fluttering in the wind, completely unaware of the arrival of others.

Lan Wu, suspended in the air, glanced at the opposite side as well, and suddenly froze.

The town that once stood outside the barrier has become a ruin, and the cultivators who remained there have all collapsed. Only a slender figure stands steadily among them, his palm facing the barrier that ripples with gold.

Seemingly noticing something, the woman’s long eyelashes fluttered, and she looked at the two people suspended in the air, gradually revealing a smile: “Lan Wu.”

She whispered, “I’ve come to see you.”

The howling cold wind tousled their silky silver hair. Separated by a golden barrier, the two merfolk stood facing each other, gazing into each other’s eyes.

“Aunt,” Lan Wu glanced at the groans and suffering on the ground opposite her and sighed, “you are even more amazing than I imagined.”

Lan Yueyao nodded slightly and looked her over: “You are more amazing than I thought. You are still alive even without the mermaid pearl.”

Upon hearing this, Lan Wu felt the demonic energy around her almost solidify. She calmly grasped Ji Lingyue’s icy hand and said, “If I remember correctly, the time we agreed to meet was not today.”

“An agreement?” Lan Yueyao coldly curled her lips. “After sending that kind of message through the fox demon, do you think I would still have the mind to wait for you for three days? Or…” She glanced at the crowd gradually gathering behind Lan Wu and mocked, “You want me to give you time to set a trap so your cultivator friends can kill me?”

"You shouldn't have said that," Ji Lingyue suddenly said, her voice as cold as ice. "Otherwise, I would feel that Lan Wu's good intentions were wasted."

Lan Yue narrowed her eyes and turned her head to look at her: "You are that human?"

"I am no longer…"

"Ah Yue." Lan Wu squeezed her palm reassuringly and asked, "If you think I invited you to meet just to lure you into a trap, then why did you come?"

"I'm just here to confirm."

"Okay," Lan Wu nodded, "There are too many people here, I'll go over and tell you the truth myself."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback and exclaimed urgently, "Lan Wu!"

"don't worry……"

"She really dotes on you," Lan Yueyao suddenly interrupted her, saying in a cool tone, "In that case, I don't mind if the two of you come together."

This time it was Lan Wu's turn to hesitate. She pursed her lips, still undecided, when another voice came from behind her: "I'll go with you."

Lan Wu exclaimed in surprise, "Master?"

Ye Qingjun stepped forward slowly: "Don't worry, if you don't want me to know what you're talking about with her, I can seal my ear acupoint myself."

"I did not mean that."

"I'm going too!" Qi Yueyao squeezed out of the crowd, but after taking only two steps, her father shouted at her, "What are you doing here? Come back!"

She paused, gripped her spear tightly, and turned to give Qi Yun a deep look: "No."

Qi Jun's expression changed slightly: "You've really gone too far! Sure enough, you become like those you associate with. I shouldn't have let

you act so recklessly in the first place!"

"What you're saying, Sect Leader, is not right," Wen Shiyu chimed in, smiling gently. "Didn't you insist that Senior Sister follow Lan Wu and the others? How did it become Senior Sister's fault?"

"You…you two…" Qi Yun gritted her teeth in anger, but mindful of her image as sect leader, she didn't want to lose her temper in front of everyone, her face turning ashen. Just then, a voice shouted, "She's alone outside. With so many of us, surely we can kill her if we all attack together?"

As soon as the words were spoken, the noisy crowd fell silent for a moment. They looked at each other and whispered, "That's right, even if she is the Demon King, there are still many of us."

"The major sect leaders and elders are all here, and the strongest of them has already reached the Nirvana stage. We clearly have a great chance of winning."

"If we all attack together, even if we can't kill her, we can at least seriously injure her."

"Nonsense!" Ye Qingjun suddenly interrupted them, raising her voice, "Everyone stay inside the barrier, Haochen Mountain disciples!"

Countless voices rang out from the crowd: "Here!"

"Watch them, don't let any of them go out."

"Sect Leader Ye, what are you doing?!" An old Taoist priest stared wide-eyed, both shocked and furious. "Now is the perfect opportunity to slay the Demon King! Are you obstructing us like this because you're in league with the Demon King?"

"Kill them?" Ye Qingjun found it laughable and pointed outside the barrier: "Look at those people outside, and look at this barrier. It's a barrier forged with the power of ten thousand people, and she just slapped it, and the wind rose for miles. Don't you understand?"

She pursed her lips, stared intently into Lan Yueyao's calm eyes, and said, "If I'm not mistaken, the Demon King's cultivation is already close to ascending to immortality."

Lan Yueyao scoffed lightly, then put her hands behind her back and remained silent.

"If everyone attacked together, we might be able to kill you, but we would also pay an extremely heavy price. This is without even considering that you have the demon race as a backup plan," Ye Qingjun said seriously. "There has been no one who has ascended to immortality in this world for a long time. With your strength, if you were to join forces with the demon race to launch a strong attack on Shiling City, I'm afraid this barrier would have collapsed long ago. So why haven't you made a move all these years?"

Lan Wu blinked and couldn't help but say, "Perhaps it's because… she wants to obtain the wild rice flower with the fewest casualties."

Ye Qingjun was taken aback: "Gorgon flower?"

Lan Yueyao suddenly narrowed her eyes and said coldly, "Lan Wu, are you coming out or not?"

Lan Wu said, "Of course I'll go."

She took a step forward, and the others immediately followed closely behind. Even Danqing flew over from a distance, dragging his still-healing wings, and landed on Lan Wu's head.

Seeing this scene, Lan Yueyao couldn't help but sneer: "Are you all so afraid that I'll make a move against her?"

"Otherwise what?" Ji Lingyue retorted sarcastically, "It's not like you haven't done it before."

167. Disbelief

The wind outside the barrier was much fiercer than inside. Lan Wu finally stood before Lan Yueyao, holding up the cold stone slab in her hand: "Isn't the rest of this thing with you?"

Lan Yueyao remained silent, then turned her hand over, revealing fragmented pieces in her palm.

Lan Wu paused for a moment, her gaze falling on it, her eyelashes trembling slightly: "Look, the cross-section of this stone slab is covered with blue dots, which is a characteristic of the 'Peacock Green Stone'."

"so what?"

"The celestial stone is a stone that was only discovered in the last

hundred years." Lan Wu clenched the cold fragment in her hand and said in a hoarse voice, "Don't you understand? This stone slab is not the original one, and the inscription on it is not the real resurrection technique."

Lan Yueyao stared at her intently for a long while before lowering her eyes to look at the stone slab in her palm.

A chilly wind brushed against their faces, and everyone stood silently in place, their gazes all falling on Lan Yueyao.

"Fake?" the woman murmured to herself. "Why?"

She shook her head and said in a low voice, "Back then, my surprise attack on Penglai was a spur-of-the-moment decision. The people of Penglai Island could not have known about it in advance, much less have switched the stone slabs at the last minute."

"Was it really a spur-of-the-moment decision?" Lan Wu questioned. "You once told me that sixty years ago, when you were preparing to take revenge on Lan Zhichuan, you suddenly heard someone talking about Penglai, and that's when you changed your mind and attacked Penglai first. Do you remember who mentioned it?"

Lan Yue frowned and looked at Lan Wu: "It's been too long, I don't remember anymore."

"Do you know that the Chu family has always had connections with the demon race, and that they were the ones who destroyed Wangliang City?" Lan Wu stepped forward, raising her voice, "From beginning to end, you've been trapped in their scheme. Chu Chen is still alive, and Lan Zhichuan might even be alive. They switched the stone slabs, wanting you to do evil, wanting you to commit murder. You can't go on like this! Aunt, your demon race still respects you. They will seriously consider any orders you give. Please stop…" She grabbed Lan Yueyao's sleeve, her voice trembling, "This conflict was originally meaningless!"

"How is that possible?" Lan Yueyao abruptly shook her off, gritting her teeth as she said, "If they knew I was going to attack Penglai, why didn't they prepare earlier and escape beforehand? I almost killed all the Penglai disciples present that night. Were they just pushed out to die on purpose? And Lan Zhichuan, how could he still be alive? I personally dug out his mermaid pearl, I watched him breathe his last. He couldn't possibly still be alive!"

Lan Wu opened her mouth, almost sighing softly, “Yes…”

With red eyes, she looked at Lan Yueyao, feeling an overwhelming sorrow welling up in her heart: “Only by paying such a heavy price will you stop doubting them, will you… will you believe that the underground palace they risked their lives to protect, and the stone slabs inside, are real… Aunt, from beginning to end, you have never been as heartless as them.”

“…” Lan Yue blinked, somewhat dazed, shook her head and stepped back, still muttering, “No, impossible…”

“aunt……”

“Shut up!” Lan Yueyao suddenly raised her head, her blue eyes turning scarlet. A biting north wind blew, and an invisible demonic force rushed towards her. Ji Lingyue’s heart tightened, and she instantly appeared in front of Lan Wu, striking out with a palm.

With a loud thud, Lan Wu was jolted back two steps by the aftershock. She instinctively raised her hands to shield herself. The yellow sand lashed against her body. She barely opened her eyes and saw Ji Lingyue’s long hair flying wildly, her feet sinking deep into the sand, and her once neat clothes fluttering behind her.

The woman’s face was cold and stern, her narrow eyes fixed on Lan Yueyao: “I knew it. Lan Wu has always put herself in your shoes and felt sorry for you, but have you ever shown Lan Wu any mercy!”

“Feeling sorry for me?” Lan Yue laughed sarcastically, then hissed, “If she truly felt sorry for me, she shouldn’t have stopped me from reviving Chunhan, and she certainly shouldn’t have fabricated such lies to persuade me to stop. She only thinks about the greater good of the world, only about the lives of those she doesn’t even know. Has she ever thought about her mother? Her mother died for her. If she truly had a conscience, she should have obediently stepped aside. Even standing by and doing nothing would have been better than deceiving me like this!”

Ji Lingyue bit her lip: “You don’t know anything at all!”

Magical power surged from her body, and the woman’s red eyes lit up as if they were burning with raging flames. She stepped forward against the gale and finally managed to disperse the murderous demonic power in front of her. Her angry voice reached Lan Yueyao’s ears: “If Lan Wu can’t bear to tell you, then I will tell you!”

Lan Wu was startled: "A-Yue…"

"Do you think Lan Wu doesn't want to revive Chu Chunhan?" Ji Lingyue pushed her away: "But Chu Chunhan can never come back. You destroyed the last hope with your own hands, you killed the last wisp of her soul with your own hands!"

Lan Yueyao was stunned: "What did you say?"

"You've been searching for so many years, haven't you? You still haven't found Chu Chunhan's last wisp of soul. Where do you think she is? Why do you think Lan Wu didn't die?" Ji Lingyue clenched her fists and said in a trembling voice, "Whether it was Chu Chunhan's self-destruction of her golden core back then, or you sending people to dig out Lan Wu's mermaid pearl fifteen years ago, it was Chu Chunhan's wisp of soul protecting her. You want to resurrect Chu Chunhan, but you're hurting the daughter she risked her life to protect. You have no idea what you've done!"

Lan Yue slowly opened her eyes wide: "Nonsense…"

"Chu Chunhan's last wisp of soul has always been hidden in Lan Wu's sea of consciousness. You think that missing a wisp is not important, but this wisp of soul carries all her memories," Ji Lingyue raised her voice and said sadly, "She has completely dissipated in order to protect Lan Wu. Even if you use the fragmented soul to revive her, the person who is revived will not be the original Chu Chunhan."

"No, no," Lan Yueyao denied, her eyes red. "You're lying again. You're just like Lan Wu, actually… actually using such a clumsy method to deceive me!"

"Do you really think this is a lie?" Ji Lingyue shook her head and asked, "Have you never wondered why Lan Wu, who was still a young mermaid back then, was able to survive the power of her self-destructing golden core? Why didn't she die immediately after her mermaid pearl was removed? Haven't you ever thought about that?"

Lan Yue's long eyelashes trembled, and she groaned, covering her face. Her chest heaved violently with rapid breathing, and tears welled up in her bloodshot eyes: "Impossible…"

She swayed and shouted sharply, "Impossible!"

The damp air gradually rose from her feet, swirling and spreading outwards. A gentle breeze, seemingly from nowhere, swept across the

sand, ruffling the soft hems of everyone's clothes. Ji Lingyue sensed danger in the air, and she suddenly tensed up, warily placing her hand in front of Lan Wu.

A flawless white pearl fell to the ground with a soft thud. Lan Yueyao swayed, lifting her tear-streaked face, and suddenly laughed, her shoulders trembling: "You think you can break me like this? Don't even think about it…" She opened her arms, her expression growing increasingly deranged, her laughter growing louder: "I won't listen to your nonsense anymore, disgusting, utterly disgusting! I've had enough, I'm going to kill you all—"

As soon as she finished speaking, the sudden surge of powerful demonic energy coalesced into several long dragons, roaring as they rushed towards them through the hurricane. Lan Wu's pupils contracted slightly, and her face was covered by a shadow from the colossal object that blotted out the sky. Icy water droplets fell from the sky like rain.

So vast, yet so beautiful.

"Lan Wu!"

She heard Ji Lingyue's anxious calls in her ears, sighed silently, and slowly closed her eyes.

"Illusion, Soul Binding."

168. All for naught

"Wrong."

A familiar yet unfamiliar voice entered her ears. Lan Yueyao froze for a moment, then turned her head sharply and saw a woman sitting cross-legged not far away.

She opened her eyes wide, staring intently at the person's profile, and involuntarily took a step toward her.

As she landed, the originally pristine white ground suddenly came into color, ripples spreading outwards from her like waves, gradually revealing verdant forests and long stretches of sandy beach. The sound of crashing waves filled the air, and even her arms felt the gentle sea breeze.

She blinked, swayed, and stumbled forward, crying out, "Spring chill!"

Two arms passed through her body without any obstruction. Lan Yueyao knelt beside her, startled and frightened, and tried to grab her hands, but her palms remained empty.

Chu Chunhan's hair was tied up with a silk ribbon, her white dress was as white as snow, and her peach blossom eyes were gentle and smiling, but her words were not polite: "That is the Gate of Death. If this is not your sea of consciousness, you will die the moment you take the first step in."

Lan Yueyao paused, staring blankly at her, until another voice reached her ears.

"knew."

She turned her head and saw another familiar figure standing not far away. Lan Wu turned around in place dejectedly, squatted down and picked at the sand on the ground, muttering softly, "This is my first time solving an array, how can I get it right on the first try?"

Chu Chunhan's smile widened: "But I have a student who was the one who broke the formation back then."

Lan Wu was taken aback, looked over in the direction of the voice, but her gaze never landed on Chu Chunhan: "So powerful? Do I know him?"

"I'd say we know each other."

Chu Chunhan placed his hand on the chessboard in front of him and recalled, "She was intelligent, lively and kind, and full of ambition. She was the most spirited person I had ever met."

Lan Wu was silent for a while, then turned her head back and curled up in a ball in frustration: "I'm too stupid, I can't compare to her."

Chu Chunhan frowned: "Don't say that."

Seeing that Lan Wu was still listless, she pursed her lips helplessly, flicked her fingertips slightly, and conjured a small transparent jellyfish, which slowly floated to Lan Wu's side.

Long tentacles wrapped around Lan Wu's shoulders, like a gentle embrace: "You… are actually very similar, but not quite."

Lan Wu turned her head and rubbed her face against the little

jellyfish.

Chu Chunhan continued, “Although they are all kind people, she was born a chosen one of heaven, arrogant and proud. She grew up supported by her clan and never encountered any setbacks. Once she falls to the bottom and loses all hope, she will develop inner demons and never be able to get out.”

“And you, before you turned two hundred, all your people gave you was the affection of a cute but useless little princess. They never truly respected you. After you turned two hundred, they even withdrew that affection. You’ve gotten used to it, haven’t you?”

Lan Yueyao, who was standing quietly to the side, subconsciously clenched her fists, and her eyes gradually reddened.

“You will go in different directions. One of you will sink deeper and deeper into the quagmire, while the other will try to climb out. But I don’t think anyone is right or wrong. I just sometimes feel… a little sorry.” Chu Chunhan sighed softly, “Your fates should not have been like this.”

Lan Wu pondered for a moment, then stood up, holding the little jellyfish, and walked towards another table piled with bamboo slips not far away: “But it is every experience in the past that has shaped me into who I am today. I don’t hate who I am now…” She paused, then muttered to herself, “But will she hate who she is now?”

Lan Yueyao trembled suddenly, her tear-filled eyes flickered a few times, and the scene before her changed once again.

Mountains and rivers crumbled, and giant waves surged. The mindset of the master of this sea of consciousness was vastly different from before.

“If you can, please help me stop Yue Yao.”

Will she believe it?

Amidst the mournful howling sea wind, Lan Wu held Chu Chunhan tightly with all her might, choking back tears as she said, “If she doesn’t believe me, how can I stop her?”

Chu Chunhan remained seated, but specks of white light emanated from her body, like melting snow: “If she still remembers her former ideals, and remembers why I loved her, please pass on a message to

her for me…"

The woman raised her head, her hair gradually turning to ash, even her temples were swallowed up, but her eyes remained as gentle as ever, gazing at the motionless Blue Moon Invitation.

Across the long years, she finally saw that person's familiar smile again: "Thank you for your hard work, Yueyao."

"Let's stop and rest."

"Ugh!" Ji Lingyue groaned, trying her best to block the first charging dragon. A metallic taste rose in her throat. She glanced back at Lan Wu, who was quietly closing her eyes, gritted her teeth, and gathered a dense demonic mist in her hands, turning it into a dome-shaped barrier that enveloped the surroundings.

The remaining people also stepped forward, the streams of light flying from their fingertips merging into the magic barrier to help relieve her pressure. Ye Qingjun glanced at the dark sky outside the barrier and frowned, saying, "This isn't her full strength. We need to go back quickly!"

"I know," Ji Lingyue blinked quickly and said, "But Lan Wu has cast a Soul Binding Technique, and their consciousnesses are temporarily connected. We can't touch her before the spell ends!"

Ye Qingjun pursed her lips and looked at the two young men beside her: "You two take Danqing back first."

Danqing flapped one wing in refusal: "No, I won't leave unless my master leaves!"

"Nonsense!" Ye Qingjun, rarely losing her temper, almost wanted to kick her: "Now is not the time for you to play the hero!"

At this moment, Ji Lingyue suddenly said, "They're here!"

Everyone looked up and saw several giant beasts emerging from the gloomy sky, pressing down like mountains. Even through a protective shield, Ji Lingyue felt a terrifying pressure.

This is the strength of the Tribulation Transcending stage; even if there is only one major realm difference, it is like an insurmountable chasm.

She couldn't help but bite her lip, her vision reflecting the ferocious beast charging towards her. Her hair stood on end. Just as they were preparing to meet the onslaught, the roaring dragons suddenly vanished like smoke, leaving only a faint layer of demonic energy rushing towards them.

With a whoosh, the yellow sand was blown several feet high and splattered heavily onto the barrier behind them. The crowd standing inside the barrier fell silent, staring in disbelief at what they had just witnessed.

Ji Lingyue was startled, then quickly turned to look at the woman behind her.

Lan Wu opened her eyes at some point, her curled silver eyelashes wet, as if she had just cried. The demonic aura that had been blotting out the sky gradually faded away, and the long-brewing drizzle finally began to fall, penetrating the barrier and landing on people.

In the calming gale, a slender figure stood with her head bowed, her expression blank. After a while, she raised her head and slowly walked towards Lan Wu.

Ji Lingyue suddenly tensed up, her demonic energy condensing into sharp spikes, but Lan Wu gently grasped her hand and shook her head, saying, "A-Yue, there's no need."

Ji Lingyue stared at her for a moment, pursed her lips, and obediently withdrew her demonic energy.

"Why?" Lan Yueyao finally stood in front of Lan Wu, staring at her intently. "Why… does she always choose you?"

Many years ago, when they were about to escape and reach the shore, they turned back without looking back. Or fifteen years ago, when Lan Wu awoke in her sea of consciousness, they did not choose to come out and reunite with her, but instead used all their remaining strength to protect Lan Wu's soul.

Lan Yueyao touched Lan Wu's face in a daze and said in a hoarse voice, "Is it just because you are her daughter?"

Lan Wu blinked and asked in return, "You really don't know what kind of person she is?"

"Even if I weren't her daughter, she would still have done it. It wasn't

a matter of choice, but simply because of her sense of justice, which prevented her from sacrificing innocent people." Lan Wu looked into her eyes and asked softly, "And you, do you still remember your original intentions?"

He will bring the merfolk back to the sun-drenched near seas, where they will live in harmony with the human race and he will become a great sea king.

"do you remember?"

Lan Yueyao's long eyelashes trembled, and she scoffed, "It's impossible. I've already… gone too far."

Lan Wu pursed her lips: "Yes."

She carefully placed her hand on Lan Yueyao's hand and whispered, "So let's stop, Auntie, you should rest."

Those eyes, so similar to Chu Chunhan's, were filled with tender compassion. For a moment, the little mermaid looked exactly like her mother.

Raindrops wet her face, and glistening pearls fell one by one. Lan Yueyao smiled, her eyes reddening, shook her head, and finally laughed with relief: "So it was all for naught, a complete waste of time…"

169. Reunion (hei yeshuku.com)

After a light drizzle, a few rays of warm sunlight shone through the clouds. Lan Yueyao walked further and further away, and only when she could no longer be seen did Lan Wu turn her gaze away and call out, "A-Yue."

Ji Lingyue turned around and stared at her without blinking.

"Let's go back."

"good."

Wen Shiyu and Qi Yueyao, who were standing to the side, were clearly still in a daze. They only turned around and followed after Ye Qingjun called out to them.

"Will the demon race listen to her and stop?"

Lan Wu said, "I hope so."

Qi Yueyao asked again, "What did you whisper to her before she left?"

"Since it's a secret, how can I tell you?"

"At a time like this, how can you still have little secrets?" Qi Yueyao said displeasedly, "And what about the Soul Binding Technique just now? What did you show her? Why did your attitude change so quickly?"

Lan Wu coughed lightly: "I can't tell you that, it's my secret too."

"You… I at least came out with you, and you're really thankless."

As they spoke, the group stepped into the barrier. The moment they looked up, they were met with countless probing eyes. Qi Yun took a few steps forward and asked, "What did you say to her? Why did she suddenly stop?"

Qi Yueyao's eyes lit up, and she answered first: "The demon king promised us that she would order the demon race to stop their attack, but she requested to have a formal meeting with the sect leaders to discuss peace talks."

Qi Jun was surprised: "You agreed so easily?"

Qi Yueyao hummed in agreement and patted Lan Wu's shoulder: "This time we really have to rely on her a lot."

Most of the onlookers showed expressions of delight. Qi Jun pondered for a moment, then frowned and asked, "Did she say when we would meet?" (This story was first published on 59wt.com. Please read subsequent chapters on the original website.)

Qi Yueyao paused for a moment, then turned to look at Lan Wu. Lan Wu looked away from the crowd and said, "Three days later."

"In three days, everything will be settled."

After a brief explanation of the situation, the crowd that had gathered all morning gradually dispersed. Ye Qingjun instructed the disciples of Haochen Mountain to carry back the injured cultivators from outside the barrier one by one. The once heavy and solemn streets seemed to come alive, with occasional bursts of laughter.

Ji Lingyue stared at a rapidly departing figure, her fingertips twitching

slightly, and a light black butterfly flew out, silently landing on the person's back.

The man hurried along, disappearing into the narrow alley without looking back, and quickly arrived in front of a house. A black butterfly flew up from behind him and lightly landed on the wall beside him. Ji Lingyue looked up through its eyes and saw the two characters on the plaque—Chu Residence.

Lan Wu asked, "Is it them?"

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement: "It's them."

She turned her head and asked, "Blue Moon clearly didn't mention a time for the meeting, so why did you say three days later?"

"Of course, this is for Chu Jiangchi's ears." Lan Wu took her hand. "They only have three days. They'll either give up or, in desperation, implement their plan ahead of schedule. If they don't make a move, we'll have to rely on Miss Chu Jiao's help to slowly dig out Chu Chen. If they do make a move, that would be even better." Lan Wu paused for a moment, then continued, "In three days, they can't possibly be fully prepared. There will definitely be oversights. The moment they make their move will be the moment they reveal their true colors."

Ji Lingyue pondered for a moment and said, "I think they will definitely make a move. After all, they have done so much in secret and even lost so many lives. How could they give up before they achieve their goal?"

Lan Wu smiled at her and said, "That's what I think too."

"In that case, why not tell Elder Ye about the plan? If they really make a move, the two of us alone might not be able to handle it."

"Who said it's just the two of us?" Lan Wu winked at her. "Auntie is there too."

At noon, as Lan Yueyao stepped into the entrance to the demon realm, a suffocating heat wave hit her. This terrible weather had lasted for three months. The horizon distorted and swayed in her vision, and the barren red land was covered with thin cracks. The grass and trees were withered, and not a trace of green could be seen.

She hovered in the air, gazing into the distance, taking a serious look at the place she had lived in for hundreds of years for the first time.

After a long while, she sighed silently.

Most of those who remained in the demon realm were the old, weak, sick, and disabled. Even in the most prosperous city of Yandu, the streets were deserted. She left in a hurry and returned silently. When she stepped into the royal palace, the red fox, bound like a dumpling, was baring its teeth and biting at the ropes binding it. It had probably moved about half the distance of the palace since she left.

Blue Moon stopped in front of her. The fox froze, struggled to raise its head, and stared timidly at her with its emerald green eyes.

Are you Lan Wu's friend?

The fox's eyes darted around, seemingly struggling with how to answer.

Lan Yueyao beckoned with her finger, and the fox was suspended upside down in the air: "Is this a difficult question to answer?"

Yao Zhu hesitated for a moment, then whispered, "If you hate Lan Wu, wouldn't I be in trouble as her friend?"

Lan Yueyao chuckled lightly: "So, if I really dislike Lan Wu, you won't admit that you're her friend?"

Yao Zhu nodded as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

Lan Yue smiled slightly and led her deeper into the palace, saying casually, "Little fox, actually, I've known every time you sneaked into the royal palace over the years."

Yao Zhu was startled and struggled to raise her head: "You know?!"

"Do you think I can't see through your little tricks?" Lan Yueyao brushed aside the curtain in front of her: "It's just that my life is too boring, so I use you as a source of amusement."

Yao Zhu froze for a moment, then shook her body angrily: "So every time I come in, you're watching from the side!"

"good."

"So you always hid Xuanyu away!"

Lan Yue nodded, retracted the demon-binding rope from the fox, and threw her down.

Yao Zhu quickly spread her four claws and landed steadily, staring at her warily: “I already know your purpose! I advise you to release Xuan Yu immediately, she is not suitable to be your lover’s body!”

Lan Yueyao gave a puzzled “oh,” tilted her head, and said, “I think it suits me very well.”

“That’s not right!” Yaozhu exclaimed excitedly, “She’s already…she’s already slept with me several times. We used to be together every day, we’ve done everything! Everything you can imagine and more! If you let your lover possess Xuanyu, it’s the same as me being with your lover…”

Lan Yueyao suddenly pinched her mouth from a distance, her expression slightly cold: “You really dare to say that.”

Yao Zhu whimpered a few times, frantically scratching her face with her two front paws. When she felt her mouth being released, she jumped back a step, panting, and said, “Anyway, you release Xuan Yu. If it really doesn’t work, I’ll go find you another suitable body.”

“No need,” Lan Yueyao said softly, looking down at her. “It’s not necessary.”

Yao Zhu was startled, her expression suddenly turning terrified: “What do you mean? Could it be that you… you’ve already…”

Lan Yueyao paused for a moment, watching her trembling beard, and gradually felt a desire to tease her: “That’s right.” She said with a smile, “I killed her a long time ago, I just preserved the body from decay.”

The little fox trembled, its bloodshot eyes fixed on her, its teeth grinding together.

“You…you…”

She suddenly let out a fox howl, her body swelled up, and she lunged at Lan Yueyao with bared teeth and claws. The woman nimbly moved to the side, and the stone wall behind her opened up, revealing a dark, secret chamber.

Caught off guard, Yaozhu slipped on the ground and rushed inside, only to crash into the wall of the secret chamber with a thud. She struggled to her feet, howling and trying to rush out again, when she heard the rattling of chains.

A soft body pounced on her, burying itself in her furry breasts.

"Yaozhu…"

Yao Zhu froze abruptly, his massive body frozen in place. After a long while, he cautiously lowered his head: "Xuan Yu?"

"It's me."

In the darkness, the woman's warm tears dampened her downy hair, her voice hoarse yet tinged with laughter: "What utter nonsense! Who did anything with you, like sex?"

170. Conspiracy

At dusk, a message suddenly came from Wanxiang Gate requesting an audience with the Demon Lord. Lan Yueyao sat alone in the empty hall and lazily asked, "Which Demon Lord?"

"Qingdu Demon Lord Xibo, and Mingdu Demon Lord Yuan Changning."

Lan Yue raised an eyebrow slightly: "Ji Xing didn't come?"

"No."

Lan Yue nodded and said, "Let them in."

Soon, hurried footsteps sounded outside the door. Before anyone could be seen, a deep voice rang out from afar: "Your Majesty, I heard you are going to negotiate peace with the human race?!" The newcomer was none other than Yuan Changning, the demon lord of Mingdu. This lion demon had a head of messy long hair, a broad back and a thick waist, and a face full of scars, looking extremely fierce: "Could this be true?"

Xi Bo, standing to the side, was an extremely effeminate man with pale skin and a slender figure like a bamboo pole. Unlike Yuan Changning's excitement, he appeared much calmer: "Now is the crucial moment. We are about to attack Shiling City. How can Your Majesty negotiate now?"

Lan Yue rested her chin on her hand, glanced at the two of them with downcast eyes, and said indifferently, "How did you know I wanted to negotiate?"

The two demons were taken aback. After exchanging a glance, Yuan

Changning said, "I overheard the lesser demons outside saying…"

"Which little demon?" Lan Yueyao raised her lips and tapped the armrest of the throne with her fingertips. "I went to Shiling City alone this morning and returned at noon. I didn't encounter any demons along the way. Where did that little demon get the news that I wanted to negotiate?"

Xi Bo avoided the question and instead asked, "So Your Majesty truly wishes to negotiate peace?"

Lan Yue frowned, her tone growing increasingly impatient: "Whether I negotiate or not is none of your business."

"Your Majesty!" Xi Bo raised his voice, "We have already sacrificed so much, how can we easily make peace with the human race? If we stop now, all we will get is this desert land, what difference is there between that and our current demon realm?"

Lan Yueyao remained noncommittal, lowering her eyes as she said, "I originally thought there might be one or two people secretly communicating with the human race, but now it seems… there are more than I imagined."

Xi Bo was taken aback. Before he could speak, Yuan Changning beside him said impatiently, "What does Your Majesty mean by this? Are you perhaps suspecting us of colluding with the human race?!"

The woman remained silent, but the lion demon suddenly erupted in fury: "What collusion with humans? Even if humans were secretly working with us, they've helped us conquer the City of Demons all these years, so what's wrong with that?! On the contrary, Your Majesty, despite your extraordinary cultivation, you've refused to personally intervene despite our pleas, resulting in the needless sacrifice of so many lives! Do you truly intend to lead the demon race into the Central Plains? Or are you the one colluding with humans, seeking to bring our demon race to utter ruin…?"

With a loud thud, Yuan Changning's tall body was slammed into the wall and coughed up blood.

Lan Yueyao said, word by word, "You have quite the nerve to talk to me like that."

Xi Bo trembled, quickly averted his gaze, and lowered his head.

Lan Yue glanced at him, casually cracking her knuckles. “I can do whatever I want. My decisions are none of your business. If you’re not happy, then find a way to oust me. Then I’ll listen to you properly.” She leaned forward, staring intently at the two demons. “Do you understand?”

An invisible and intangible demonic power pressed down heavily, making Xi Bo’s scalp tingle. He knelt down with a thud and said in a trembling voice, “I understand, I understand.”

“Then what are we still doing here?” Lan Yueyao said with annoyance. “Tell all the demons outside to stop their attacks and not to have any conflict with the human race before the peace talks.”

Xi Bo gritted his teeth and whispered, “What about the cultivators we captured before…”

“Let it go.”

The man pursed his lips, lowered his head, and said, “Understood.”

After Xi Bo helped Yuan Changning up and left, two other figures quietly emerged from behind the curtain. Having not seen the light of day for many years and having not moved around, Xuan Yu staggered and had to lean on Yao Zhu’s arms before she could stand steadily at the foot of the jade steps.

The woman sat alone on the high throne, half of her body shrouded in dark shadow: “You should all leave now.”

Xuan Yu couldn’t see her face clearly, and asked in a hoarse voice, “Will they relay those orders to the outside world as they were?”

Lan Yue glanced at her and said calmly, “Yes.”

Yao Zhu whispered to herself, “Actually… if I were a monster who grew up here and lost many friends and family because of this fight, I probably wouldn’t be happy if it were to stop now and we could just make peace.”

Lan Yueyao was silent for a while before saying, “So… giving orders is one thing, whether they will cooperate or not is another.”

“What should we do then?”

“That’s none of your business,” Lan Yueyao said, lifting her robe as

she stood up and took a few steps down the stairs. “You’d better leave as soon as possible.”

Yao Zhu snorted in dissatisfaction: “It’s not like I like being here.”

She carried Xuanyu a few steps, then stopped, remembering something, and looked back at the lonely figure: “Hey—”

Lan Yueyao lowered her eyes and quietly looked at her.

Yao Zhu pursed her lips, mustered her courage, and said, “Shouldn’t you apologize to Xuan Yu?”

As soon as the words fell, the spacious hall fell silent. Even Xuan Yu’s breathing became soft. Yao Zhu stared wide-eyed at the expressionless Lan Yueyao, her heart pounding with unease. “Fine, if you don’t want to apologize, then forget it. We… no, Xuan Yu isn’t petty…”

Xuan Yu was both annoyed and amused, and secretly tugged at her shoulder.

Finally, Lan Yueyao closed her eyes, lowered her head and sighed softly: “You really are Lan Wu’s friend, just as annoying as her.”

“If you’re not going to apologize, then don’t apologize. Why did you attack in your demon form?” Yao Zhu muttered, bouncing Xuan Yu up on her back and slowly walking towards the entrance of the tunnel outside the main hall. Lan Yueyao frowned as she watched her back and couldn’t help but sigh.

The fox quickly turned its head, asking expectantly, “What, are you going to apologize?”

Lan Yue coldly pointed to the long steps outside the door: “Go through the main gate.”

As night fell, a restless commotion suddenly arose in the vast desert.

“Peace talks? Release them all? Is this really true? How could His Majesty issue such an order!”

“Do as I say!” Yuan Changning said with a fierce expression, “How dare we question the King’s orders?”

The light from the campfire reflected in his golden pupils. Yuan Changning glanced at the dark mass of demons before him, clenching his fists tightly amidst the incessant noise and clamor.

“Where is the King now?!”

“The king is still in Yandu preparing for the peace talks. In short, we must not lay a hand on humans before the peace talks begin.”

“What if humans attack us?”

“His Majesty must have considered this point. Since he has mentioned peace talks, he must have already discussed it with the human race.”

“I disagree. We’ve been fighting for so many years and haven’t even set foot in Zhongzhou yet. How can we just stop like this?”

“Whether you agree or not, Her Majesty has already made her decision.”

A cacophony of sounds mingled together, chattering like hundreds of ducks quacking in his head at once. Yuan Changning’s temples throbbed with anger, and he suddenly roared, “Silence!”

The camp fell silent instantly, all eyes fixed on him.

Yuan Changning suppressed his anger and said coldly, “Send a few demons to take all the captured cultivators out and release them.”

Half an hour later, a few torches flickered in the dim desert as they slowly made their way eastward.

A wolf demon shoved the cultivator in front of it, whose hands were bound, and said in a vicious tone, “Consider yourself lucky to have been caught in this situation. Be grateful for the king’s mercy.”

His companions were even more dissatisfied: “What is the king thinking? He talks about peace so readily, and even wants to release all the captured cultivators.”

“I heard that His Majesty went to Stone Ridge City this morning. Could he have been deceived by the sweet talk of humans?”

“Who knows…”

The demons chattered on and on as they walked, and when they felt they were far enough away from the camp, they stopped, intending to unlock the spiritual locks of a few cultivators here.

Suddenly, the sound of rustling footsteps came from deep in the desert.

The demons were startled and quickly turned around, only to see a slender figure gradually emerging from the darkness, exposed to the bright moonlight.

The wolf demon exclaimed in surprise, “Lady Ji Xing? What are you doing here? Weren’t you at the camp in the north?”

Ji Xing lazily hummed in agreement: “Who told you to be closer to Shiling City from here?”

The wolf demon paused, then asked, “Near? What does that mean?”

“What I mean is,” Ji Xing slowly approached, a slight smile curving her rosy lips, “that in order to help you take revenge, the demon horde led by Yuan Changning will be the first to arrive at Shiling City.”

“Report…” The wolf demon was still confused. Before he could finish speaking, he felt the world turn upside down and he fell to the ground with a thud. In his blood-red vision, he saw that his body was still standing in the same place, but his head on his shoulder was gone.

After a deathly silence, the remaining monsters suddenly let out terrified screams, and then, as if their necks were being choked, they vanished abruptly.

A cold wind blew by, carrying the pervasive stench of blood into the night sky.

Ji Xing tilted her head and glanced at the corpses scattered on the ground. After pondering for a moment, she wiped the blood-covered hands from her face. Once she had done all this, she casually picked up a corpse, humming a tune, and leisurely walked towards Yuan Changning’s camp.

“ah!”

In the dead of night, the camp, which had finally quieted down, was suddenly shattered by a scream. A woman covered in blood staggered to the ground, screaming in terror, “Help! Help!”

The sound was exceptionally shrill, and almost instantly it startled all the demons. They stood up and anxiously gathered towards the source of the sound. Yuan Changning suddenly pushed open the curtain and stepped out of the tent, angrily asking, “What is it now!”

The woman's eyes were bloodshot. Trembling, she revealed the gruesome corpse of the monster in her arms and hissed, "We…we were ambushed by humans ten miles away. Those cultivators who were released colluded with their companions from the inside and killed Ajiu and the others!"

Ji Min extra (1)

A small black kitten, carrying an oil paper package in its mouth, nimbly leaped in through the window and onto the thin bed.

"Mother," she put down the oil paper package, nudged the woman with her head, and whispered, "Have some."

The woman's face was pale, and her red eyes were dull and dejected. Long-term illness had taken away all her vitality. Even if she could hear the kitten's whimpering and feel the furry head rubbing against her paws, she no longer had the strength to stroke it as gently as before.

"Mother…" the kitten cried pitifully, pawing at her shoulder with its paws: "Please, have something to eat."

well……

The woman closed her eyes wearily, finally raising her hand to gently place it on the kitten's back: "Xing'er…"

The kitten was startled, then looked up in surprise: "Mama!"

She gave a soft "hmm," her voice hoarse: "Xing'er, if… I'm no longer here…"

"You won't be gone!" she suddenly interrupted her mother, saying in a panic, "You're fine, you won't be gone."

The woman said helplessly, "Xing'er…"

"No! I don't want to hear you say that!" The kitten jumped up excitedly, as if afraid of hearing any more bad things from the woman, and leaped out of the window without looking back.

Fear gripped her heart. She ran aimlessly, tears streaming down her face. After running for an unknown amount of time, she came to a dried-up pond, curled up in a ball, and began to sob softly.

Just then, a weak voice asked, "Why are you crying?"

The kitten was startled, raised its wet face, and looked towards the source of the sound.

It was a small red fox, not much bigger than her. She slowly walked over to the kitten, listlessly lay down next to it, and asked, “Are you sick too?”

The kitten sniffed and mumbled, “No.”

“Then why are you crying?” The little fox squinted and rested its head on its front paws listlessly. “You’re not sick, you’re healthy. I’m so envious of you.”

The kitten was even sadder: “But my mother is sick.”

The fox paused, glanced at her, and said, “Sorry.”

“It’s okay,” the kitten shook its head and said in a hoarse voice, “You must be feeling unwell too.”

The little fox hummed in agreement, its voice growing softer and softer: “I’m about to die, but I’m not afraid. I’m just worried about my sister. She’ll be very sad after I die.”

“You have an older sister?”

“Yes, my sister is amazing. You should have heard of her. Her name is Lin Yao, and she is one of the Four Demon Lords.”

The kitten blinked, its voice even drier: “This disease, even the Demon Lord can’t cure it?”

“The Demon Lord is just a demon who’s good at fighting,” the little fox tilted its head and asked with renewed interest, “By the way, what’s your name?”

“Ah Na.”

“Ah Xing, don’t you have a surname?”

The kitten shook its head: “My mother didn’t give me a surname.”

“Really?” The little fox tilted its head. “My name is Lin Wantang. I don’t have parents. My sister gave me this name.”

“Your sister treats you so well.”

"Otherwise, she's my older sister."

As they were talking, a figure suddenly appeared on the hillside. The person was dressed in red and had a charming appearance, but her face was full of anxiety: "Lin Wantang!"

The little fox was startled, turned its head, and looked timidly at the woman: "Sister."

Lin Yao strode over, her voice both fierce and urgent, but she picked her up carefully: "Who told you to run around like that!"

Lin Wantang nestled obediently in her arms: "I came out for a walk. Look, that's my new friend."

Lin Yao glanced at the little black cat who couldn't yet transform into human form and said gently, "Is that so? Thank you for talking to her."

Ah Xing obediently squatted down in place: "You're welcome. I'm happy to talk to her too."

Lin Yao nodded and was about to leave when Lin Wantang nudged her arm with her paw: "Sister, her mother is sick too."

Lin Yao paused for a moment, then turned back to look at her. After thinking for a while, she took out a bottle of medicine from her bosom: "This is for you. Although it can't cure the root cause, it can alleviate the pain. I hope your mother will feel better."

Ah Xing's eyes widened: "Really for me?"

"Um."

Ah-Xing quickly thanked them, and after watching them leave, she took the medicine jar in her mouth and ran home quickly.

"Mother! I'm back!"

She skillfully jumped in through the window and exclaimed excitedly, "Mom, I brought you medicine!"

No one answered from inside the house.

"mother?"

Ah Xing blinked, put down the medicine pot, and ran towards the

figure on the bed: "Mother, are you asleep again?"

A moment later, a mournful wail suddenly rang out in the silent room. As the autumn wind blew, the last leaf fell from the ginkgo tree that was about to wither.

"Beyond the South China Sea live mermaids, who live in the water like fish. They do not cease weaving, and their tears turn into pearls." The woman stroked her fluffy head and said softly, "That is your father."

More curious about her two half-sisters than her father, she begged her mother to tell her more about them.

"I don't know them either," the woman pinched her wet nose. "I only know that they are twins, one named Yuan and the other named Wu."

"Yuan, Wu…" A-Xing raised her head: "Do they have surnames?"

"Of course."

"Then why can't I be like them?"

The woman paused for a moment, then picked her up: "You don't need that, A-Xing. You are my child. You don't need a father you've never met."

But on her deathbed, fearing that her young daughter would not be able to survive on her own, she left behind words for her to find her father.

After burying her mother, A-Xing left the demon realm alone, heading southeast. This was her first time in the human realm. At that time, she was only a teenager, with weak cultivation and not even able to transform into human form. It wasn't until half a year later that she stumbled and staggered to the shores of the South China Sea.

She clearly has a father, so why did her father abandon her like trash?

The black kitten jumped into the sea, determined to find the man and get to the bottom of things.

Unfortunately, the ocean was vast and she was just a weak cat demon. She swam a short distance before choking on water, and the more she struggled, the deeper she sank.

Maybe dying like this isn't so bad.

She slowly gave up struggling, and her small figure sank down. At that moment, a hand gently lifted her up and brought her to the surface of the sea.

She opened her eyes and saw the most unforgettable scene of her life.

Bathed in the warm sunlight, the silver-haired siren's skin seemed to shimmer with a crystalline light, every drop of water on her skin. She lowered her thick, long eyelashes, her azure eyes reflecting the black cat's trembling body.

So beautiful…

Without saying a word, the girl carried A-Xing to the shore. After placing her on the beach, she transformed into a human with black hair and black eyes. Her beautiful fish tail turned into a pair of white legs, which were covered with a garment woven from silk.

She walked towards the distant town without looking back.

Ah Xing coughed a few times and subconsciously asked, "Who are you?"

The girl said calmly, "Blue Iris."

Blue Iris?

Ah Xing stared blankly at her, realizing her identity.

She scrambled to her feet in a panic and ran after the girl. As she watched the girl walk further and further away, she couldn't help but call out in a trembling voice, "Sister, sister…"

Lan Yuan paused, stopped, and turned to look at her: "Why do you call me that?"

A-Xing stumbled over and carefully placed her paws at her feet: "I, I… you gave birth to her, she looks a lot like my sister…"

"Is that so?" Lan Yuan's cold gaze softened slightly. She bent down and picked up the kitten, drying its wet fur. "Why did you, a little cat demon, jump into the sea? Was it an accident?"

A-Xing gave a vague "hmm" and asked, "Are you going to a human town?"

"Um."

What are you going there for?

Lan Yuan pursed her lips, seemingly somewhat displeased: "We sue for peace."

Seeing the kitten staring at her with its round eyes, Lan Yuan stroked its head and explained in a low voice, "My sister and I had a fight. She's probably really angry this time. She hasn't spoken to me for many days. She likes human trinkets, so I'll go buy one for her."

"Sister…" Ah Xing lowered her eyes and couldn't help but curl her claws.

Lan Yuan picked her up and they walked into the town together: "You're a kitten who grew up in the human world, you should know what little girls like, right?"

Ah Xing was taken aback, but then nodded as if by some strange impulse: "I know."

"good."

Lan Yuan led her into town, taking her through shop after shop. A-Xing was dazzled and her mind was in a daze. When Lan Yuan asked her questions, she just mumbled that they were beautiful.

Lan Yuan couldn't help but chuckle: "I'm not asking if you look good or not, I'm asking if young girls would like this kind of thing?"

Ah Xing opened her eyes wide, looked at the silver necklace carefully for a while, and said, "I'll like it."

"Yeah?"

Lan Yuan bought two pairs, squatted down, picked up one of them and tied it to her foot: "I'm glad you like it."

Ah-Hsing was stunned. After she finished tying it, she looked up at her intently.

Lan Yuan smiled and said, "Consider it a thank you gift."

Ah Xing's nose tingled slightly: "This is the first time someone has given me a gift."

"In that case, it's my honor." Lan Yuan curled her lips and gently rubbed her head: "You'll receive more and more gifts in the future."

"Really?"

"Of course it's true. You're so cute, you're sure to be loved by everyone in the future."

Ah Xing couldn't help but laugh.

Lan Yuan's eyes crinkled into a smile. After putting away the other necklace, she turned and walked towards the sea. A-Xing was taken aback and quickly followed, asking, "Are you going back?"

"Yes, we've been out for so long, we'll get scolded if Mother finds out."

"Since she is the Empress Dowager, why would she scold you?"

"I'll definitely get scolded if I do something wrong. I'm not Lan Wu, who's spoiled and acts like a lawless person." She then smiled more relaxedly. "However, my father will speak up for me. The two of them have a very good relationship. If my father coaxes me a little, my mother will calm down."

A-Xing's body stiffened, and the words she was about to say about revealing her identity suddenly stuck in her throat. She blinked, lowered her head, and followed behind Lan Yuan with a conflicted expression.

The girl looked at her questioningly: "Aren't you going home?"

Ah Xing whispered, "I have no home, my mother is dead."

Lan Yuan stopped in her tracks and asked in surprise, "Do you live alone?"

A-Xing nodded, and Lan Yuan fell silent. After a while, she suddenly noticed something, quickly walked to a bullock cart by the roadside, talked to the owner for a while, and then came back carrying a small bamboo basket.

Ah Xing peered into the bamboo basket and saw a fluffy rabbit inside.

She tilted her head blankly, looking at the rabbit and then at the blue kite.

"Let her stay with you."

As Lan Yuan spoke, she pricked her finger and dripped blood into the

rabbit's mouth: "She will live for a very, very long time. Perhaps one day, she will develop sentience and be able to grow up with you."

Seemingly still not entirely at ease, she took off a teardrop-shaped jade ornament from her body and hung it around the kitten's neck: "Although I'm not very powerful, this little bit of demonic energy can still provide some basic self-defense. You must take good care of yourself and don't go into the sea casually in the future; it's very dangerous."

Ah Xing was silent for a moment, then nodded: "I understand."

Let's give her a name.

"Me?" Ah Xing was taken aback.

"yes."

"But I… I've never been to school, so I don't know how to choose a name."

"No need to be so serious. Even if you call her Xiaoxue, it sounds quite nice, doesn't it?"

"Then let's call her Xiaoxue."

Lan Yuan was taken aback, then, realizing what she meant, she chuckled and tapped her forehead: "You really are a cunning little cat demon."

She stood up and walked towards the vast sea again. A-Xing subconsciously followed for two steps, then slowly stopped and stood still, watching Lan Yuan walk further and further away with Xiao Xue.

As the sun sets and the sky glows red, the mermaid girl's figure becomes increasingly blurred, as if enveloped in a warm halo.

Suddenly, she turned around, put her hand to her mouth, and called out from afar, "Hey, little cat demon, what's your name?"

Ah Xing hurriedly replied, “Xing!”

“Xing? Is that her full name?”

“I don’t have a full name,” Ah-Xing finally made up her mind and shouted, “because I…I don’t have a father!”

Lan Yuan narrowed her eyes and smiled, “Why do you have to take your father’s surname? You don’t have a father, but you have a mother. Why not just take your mother’s surname?”

A-Xing stood there, staring blankly at her. Lan Yuan waved to her and said lightly, “Goodbye, A-Xing.”

Her silver hair flowed down her back as the girl gracefully leaped into the sea, the ripples quickly disappearing from view.

The kitten stared blankly at the calm sea for a long time before whispering, “Ji Xing, my name is Ji Xing.”

To prevent anyone from forgetting, Lin Yao is Yao Zhu’s previous incarnation? (`?′)

Ji Na Extra (2)

The dark clouds dispersed, the sun shone down, and the sky, which had been gloomy for many days, became clear again. Taking advantage of the good weather, a market was set up in the south of Yandu, and the streets were bustling with activity.

Deep in the alley, several young boys were gathered together. The leader, a little wolf, stood with his hands on his hips, sneering at the dog demon curled up on the ground: “Stop crying. Give us the money, and we won’t make things difficult for you.”

The boy trembled, clutching the money pouch tightly to his chest, and said in a hoarse voice, “This is my whole family’s food money, I can’t give it to you…”

“You’re really asking for trouble,” the little wolf cracked his knuckles and said menacingly, “Do you want another beating?”

Just then, a clear voice came from the end of the alley: “What are you doing?”

The little demons all turned around to look, and when they saw the newcomer's appearance, they laughed and said, "A stupid rabbit like you dares to meddle in other people's business. This is none of your business, so get lost."

"How is this none of my business? You're bullying demons, so I'm going to intervene."

"You really aren't afraid of death," the little wolf bared his teeth, his eyes flashing with ferocity. "Perfect timing, I haven't eaten rabbit in a long time."

"You want to eat me?" The girl frowned and shook her head. "No way. When my sister comes over, she'll definitely beat you half to death."

"How arrogant! If your sister comes over, I'll take her too…"

As they were talking, the little wolf suddenly froze, staring wide-eyed at the figure that had suddenly appeared behind the rabbit. The slender girl had her arms crossed and was looking at him with interest: "Also what?"

"Hime…" The little wolf pointed at her and stammered, "Hime-Hime-Hime-Hime…"

Ji Xing frowned: "Idiot."

Several screams rang out, and soon the alley was filled with groaning little demons. Ji Xing picked up the bamboo basket again, turned around and left: "Let's go home for dinner."

Ji Xiaoxue exclaimed "Yes!" and quickly caught up: "Do you have any radishes?"

"No, I only bought meat."

"I don't like eating meat."

"I love it, that's all that matters."

"Why are you like this?" Ji Xiaoxue skipped along behind her, finally catching a glimpse of red in the bamboo basket, and exclaimed, "There's a radish! I knew it!"

Ji Xing smiled, and seeing the carriage speeding towards them, she grabbed her and stood aside. The sound of hooves was urgent, and the

curtain that blocked out the light was lifted by the wind, revealing half of a beautiful face through the small window.

Ji Xiaoxue exclaimed in surprise, “It’s the owner of Wanyao Residence!”

Ji Xing said casually, “What, are you envious?”

“Aren’t you envious? She’s about your age, but she’s so rich and can eat whatever she wants. Hmm, if she were a rabbit, she’d have an endless supply of carrots every day.”

“All you know is eating.” Ji Xing shook her head: “The reason she can live so well is because her older sister was the former demon lord and left her a lot of things.”

“You know her sister?”

“I met her once before, but later… she died.”

Xiaoxue paused for a moment, then subconsciously asked, “How did you die?”

“I heard she was killed by a very powerful cultivator.” Ji Xing blinked, then turned around to scare her: “So don’t always think about running to the human realm. A little demon like you will be captured and skinned alive by cultivators as soon as you go out.”

The girl muttered softly, “But I was born a rabbit in the human world, and… didn’t you say that Sister Lan Yuan is in the human world? I want to see her.”

Ji Xing was silent for a moment, then said, “I’d like to, but she might not remember us anymore. How about I take you to find her when I become stronger?”

Xiaoxue pursed her lips and gave in: “Okay.”

She jogged a few steps, grabbed Ji Xing’s sleeve, and walked with her towards home.

Time flies, spring comes and autumn goes, and in the blink of an eye, Ji Xing is already a cat demon over a hundred years old. Ji Xiaoxue, whom she raised, is also about to turn a hundred. The two little demons depend on each other for survival, spending every day together, and are already almost like sisters. Although Xiaoxue is a

rabbit demon, her personality is not timid like that of an ordinary rabbit. She is very warm-hearted and lively, and has many friends in Yandu. Ji Xing sent her to study under a famous demon, while she herself took on errands, spending most of her time traveling between the five capitals of the demon realm. All the money she earned was given to Ji Xiaoxue's master.

Having finally returned home, Xiaoxue insisted on sleeping with her. That night, the little rabbit snuggled up beside her, chattering on and on about what had happened recently. Ji Xing was getting sleepy listening to this, but she barely opened her eyes and asked, "Do you want a gift?"

"What gift?"

"You're turning a hundred years old, don't you want a present?"

Xiaoxue was taken aback, then turned to look at her: "Then… can we go to the human world?"

"Why are you thinking of going to the human realm again?" Ji Xing was about to refuse, but when she met the girl's hopeful eyes, she unconsciously lowered her voice: "Do you want to see Sister Lan Yuan?"

Xiaoxue nodded and said, "That's my birthday wish."

"Why?"

"Without her, I would just be a mindless little rabbit, I wouldn't have lived this long, and I wouldn't be like I am now, with family, a master, and friends. I am very grateful to her."

Ji Xing hesitated for a moment, then softened and patted her head: "Okay."

The girl's eyes lit up: "You said yes?"

Ji Xing hummed in agreement, rolled over and lay flat on her back, the silver necklace around her neck slipping onto the pillow: "But it's a promise, once we get out, you must stay close to me and absolutely do not have any contact with humans."

"Of course!" Xiaoxue excitedly hugged her arm. "Axing is the best!"

In April, when spring was in full bloom, the two little demons left the

demon realm and set off for the South China Sea with great anticipation. Compared to the past when they could only run there on four legs, this time, Ji Xing was able to fly through the air. Consequently, the possibility of being discovered by cultivators also increased significantly.

For safety, she only traveled at night with Xiaoxue, and only ventured into remote and desolate mountains. However, after traveling for more than half a month, she still encountered cultivators. However, those cultivators did not discover them. Ji Xing concealed her aura and was about to leave with Xiaoxue when the girl squatted in place, frowning as she stared at the white-robed female cultivator surrounded in the middle.

Ji Xing had witnessed countless acts of murder and robbery, which had hardened her heart. Xiao Xue, however, had been carefully raised by her and was seeing this for the first time. She felt a pang of sympathy and pity for the complete stranger, the female cultivator. Seeing the cultivator retreating step by step, her white robes stained crimson with blood, the girl finally couldn't resist drawing her sword. Seizing the opportunity, she jumped in. Ji Xing, unable to catch her, clicked her tongue in annoyance and followed her out.

They were lucky, as most of them were below the Nascent Soul stage. Caught off guard by the surprise attack, they lost their footing. Ji Xing slipped into the crowd, grabbed Xiao Xue's collar with one hand and the injured female cultivator with the other, and ran. She managed to shake them off without serious injury. Once in a safe place, she threw down the unconscious female cultivator and gave Xiao Xue a good scolding. The girl lowered her eyes, and after a long while, said aggrievedly, "But isn't it too heartless to turn a blind eye?"

Ji Xing retorted angrily, "What feelings do you, a demon, have for humans?"

The girl's eyes reddened slightly. She pursed her lips, lowered her head, and said, "I won't do it again."

"There will be no future," Ji Xing frowned, about to say a few more words, but seeing her tearful appearance, she swallowed her words helplessly: "With your temperament, you'll get into big trouble sooner or later."

To save a life to the end, and to see a Buddha through to the end, the female cultivator was seriously injured and unable to move easily.

When Ji Xing asked her where she was going, she only received two weak words: “South Sea”.

Upon hearing this, Xiaoxue exclaimed with delight, “What a coincidence! We’re going to the South China Sea too!”

The female cultivator was pale, but managed a weak smile: “Thank you both, fellow Daoists.”

Thus, a human joined them on their journey to the South China Sea. Ji Xing continued her usual practice of traveling at night and resting during the day. When the female cultivator inquired, she simply replied that it was a habit. Half a month later, they arrived at the outskirts of a town not far from the South China Sea. It was said that this was where the female cultivator’s family lived. After several days of recuperation, she was able to walk easily. After thanking the two little demons, she hobbled away, leaning on her cane.

Xiaoxue waved goodbye to her reluctantly, muttering to herself, “This is the first human friend I’ve ever made.”

Ji Xing snorted, “They might not even consider you a friend.”

“How could that be? We’ve had a wonderful time chatting these past few days.”

Ji Xing turned around and continued walking forward: “Just because I enjoy chatting with idiots doesn’t mean I like idiots.”

Xiaoxue was stunned for a moment, then realized what she meant and chased after her with a laugh, playfully punching her: “Are you calling me an idiot?”

“I didn’t say that.”

Ji Xing’s eyes crinkled as she ran into the distance against the wind, saying, “Let’s go, we’ll be at the South China Sea soon.”

It should have been a warm and peaceful afternoon, with lush green trees, the chirping of swallows and warbling of orioles, waves lapping against the beach again and again, covering bare ankles, and a gentle breeze blowing. Everything was so relaxed and beautiful, until a series of hurried footsteps shattered this tranquility.

The familiar female cultivator stood in the middle of the crowd, pointing at them from afar: “Those two are demons, seize them!”

Ji Xing stared at her in astonishment. That familiar face was filled with coldness and hatred that she had never seen before, completely devoid of the friendly smile she had shown when they parted. She couldn't quite remember what happened after that, only that amidst the flashing swords, the girl cried out "Ah Xing!" and rushed behind her, pulling her into the sea with her.

When she woke up again, the sound of waves still filled her ears, and the pungent smell of blood hit her face. Ji Xing suddenly opened her eyes wide and sprang to her feet: "Xiao Xue!"

The girl lay on the beach, barely breathing. The blood that had seeped from her chest had long been washed away by the sea. Ji Xing knelt down beside her in a panic, wanting to pick her up but not daring to move her. In the end, she could only carefully lift the clothes off her back.

A deep red wound appeared starkly on his thin back, piercing through his entire heart.

It was a fatal wound.

Ji Xing's eyes instantly reddened, and she trembled as she picked her up, crying, "Xiao Xue, Xiao Xue..."

The girl's face was pale, and she leaned against Ji Xing's chest, her voice very soft: "A Xing..."

"I'm here," Ji Xing said, holding her tightly, tears streaming down her face. "It's alright, it's alright, I can save you..." she stammered, "I can definitely save you, don't be afraid..."

A continuous stream of demonic power surged from her palms and flowed into the girl's body. Ji Xing choked up, her face drained of color, and she quickly became as pale as the girl.

Xiaoxue pursed her lips, struggling to grasp Ji Xing's wrist: "It's...it's no use..."

"Nonsense!" She trembled and hissed, "I can, I can save you... We still need to find my sister, Sister Lan Yuan..."

Suddenly, she thought of something and abruptly raised her head.

"Sister Lan Yuan... Mermaid blood..."

A glimmer of light returned to her desperate eyes. Ji Xing took out the medicine to protect her heart meridian and fed it to her. She staggered to her feet and said, “I’m going to find her. She can save you… She definitely can save you!”

She jumped into the sea and dived down without looking back. However, she had no idea where Lan Yuan was or where the mermaids were. The chill gradually seeped into her bones. As the girl fell into the lightless depths of the sea, she cried out in despair, “Sister! Lan Yuan!”

The sound spread through the seawater, and soon, silence returned. She choked out a sob and repeated hopelessly, “Sister, sister!”

“Sister Lan Yuan!”

Suddenly, a voice rang out: “Are you looking for Lan Yuan?”

Ji Xing paused for a moment, then looked with delight towards the source of the voice, where a huge shark gradually emerged: “What is your relationship with Lan Yuan?”

Ji Xing quickly replied, “I am her sister!”

“Ridiculous, Lan Yuan only has one younger sister.” The shark mocked, “You, a filthy land demon, dare to impersonate the Third Princess.”

“No, I really am her sister, please take me with you…”

Before she could finish speaking, the thick tail fin lashed out, and Ji Xing groaned. Then she heard the shark burst into laughter: “Everyone, come and see! There’s an arrogant land demon here, pretending to be our Third Princess!”

As soon as she finished speaking, a dozen giant shadows suddenly emerged from the darkness, laughing and frolicking around the girl. Ji Xing was being toyed with and bumped around by them, and suddenly felt a sharp pain in her arm as her arm was cut open by their sharp teeth.

Crimson blood gushed out, and the sharks swung their tails, becoming even more frenzied. Their gaping maws lunged straight at her face. Ji Xing gasped in panic and struggled to swim upwards, but suddenly her neck tightened, and the necklace slipped off, falling into the endless seabed.

Ji Xing was startled and subconsciously turned around to grab it, but was blocked by the rapidly passing shark. The silver light reflected in her eyes grew farther and farther away until it was completely swallowed by the darkness. She let out a soft sob from her throat, finally withdrew her arm, and swam towards the surface of the sea with red eyes.

As soon as she climbed ashore, she saw several figures not far away and exclaimed, “What are you doing!”

Ji Xing staggered over, pushed aside the children surrounding the girl, and frantically picked her up: “Xiao Xue!”

Xiaoxue’s complexion was much better than before, and she even responded softly. The child who was being pushed away said timidly, “We have temporarily protected her heart meridian, but it won’t last long.”

Ji Xing turned her head, looked at the several young faces, and choked out, “Thank you, thank you all…”

“You’re welcome, but you’d better find a way to save her quickly.”

Another child standing nearby said, “I do know a way. On Snowfall Island, thirty miles to the south, isn’t there a gourd tree? For the demon race, gourd fruit is a rare and precious healing medicine. If you can get a fruit, you might be able to save her.”

Ji Xing’s eyes lit up slightly, and she asked excitedly, “Can you take me there?”

The children exchanged glances and nodded: “Okay.”

They jumped into the water, and when they came up again, there were several beautiful little dolphins: “Come on, we’ll take you there.”

“Thank you, thank you,” Ji Xing said incoherently. Facing the gentle sea breeze, they swam southward until dusk, when they brought Ji Xing to their destination.

“You can walk the rest of the way yourself. It’s too cold up there. We’ll freeze to death if we go up.”

Ji Xing glanced at the snow-white mountaintop, then jumped down with Xiao Xue on her back: “Thank you!”

She ran up the mountain at almost the fastest speed she had ever been in her life. The higher she went, the colder she felt. In the South China Sea, where spring reigns all year round, this small island was covered in heavy snow all year round. Ji Xing's lips trembled from the cold, and her hands and feet were numb with cold. She tried her best to use her demonic power to protect the girl on her back, using all four limbs and relying on her determination to climb up step by step.

Finally, she climbed to the highest platform, and just as she was about to fall, a hand caught her.

The powerful demon guarding the island looked down at her, his long white hair cascading down: "Where are you, little demon? What are you doing here?"

Ji Xing struggled to lift her head and gripped her wrist tightly: "Please, save my sister, I need… I need a gourd fruit."

The woman glanced at the girl on her back, who was barely breathing, and said knowingly, "I really want to help you, but," she pursed her lips and said regretfully, "the last fruit was just taken away."

Ji Xing's mind went blank, and she stared at her in astonishment.

"However, they haven't gone far," the woman pointed in a direction, "maybe we can still catch up."

"Huff… huff…"

Her rapid breathing was left behind as two tall figures gradually came into view. Ji Xing's spirits lifted, and she quickened her pace to catch up with them.

The faint sounds of conversation were carried to my ears by the wind.

"Are we really going to send the Third Princess gourd fruit?"

"Otherwise, her beloved pet is sick, and she hasn't been eating or drinking for days. If we send this over to cure her little jellyfish, she'll be happy, and His Majesty will be happy too. Who knows what kind of reward he might give us."

"But the jellyfish has no appetite. Isn't sending gourds an overreaction?"

"What do you know? This is what shows our sincerity."

The Third Princess? A jellyfish?

Ji Xing didn't have time to think and finally caught up, stumbling and blocking their way: "Wait!"

The two sea creatures paused, stopped, and looked her up and down: "Who are you?"

Ji Xing cried out in a panic, "I'm from the demon realm! My sister, my sister is seriously injured and about to die! Please, give it to me! I… I promise to repay you by serving you like a slave! Please!"

She knelt down with a thud and kowtowed several times: "I really need it, please, it can save my sister's life!"

Seeing the girl kneeling on the ground pleading desperately, the two sea creatures exchanged a glance, then suddenly sneered, "Why should we?" They lifted their feet and casually walked past her, saying, "Who do you think you are? What does it matter to us whether your sister lives or dies?"

"Compared to winning the Third Princess's favor, your sister is insignificant."

The girl's body stiffened, her fingers almost digging into the ground. After a moment, she slowly raised her head, her scarlet eyes fixed on the two people's backs.

As night fell, the dying girl sat alone under the gourd tree, her blurred vision reflecting the empty mountain path.

Finally, a thin figure appeared in the wind and snow. The person staggered, and with each step, blood dripped down, leaving a trail of red footprints behind.

Xiaoxue gazed at her quietly until she reached her side, then whispered, "Ah Xing…"

The girl trembled suddenly, stood frozen for a moment, then abruptly knelt down: "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry…" She covered her face with her blood-stained hands, a desperate cry escaping her throat: "I couldn't… I couldn't get it back…"

"It doesn't matter……"

Xiaoxue struggled to raise her hand and gently stroked her head,

which was almost pressed against the ground: "It's me, it's me who should apologize… I should have listened to you…"

Ji Xing let out a sob, crawled forward on her knees, and placed her hand on the girl's chest again, desperately channeling her demonic power into her.

Xiaoxue's long eyelashes trembled slightly: "Ah Xing…"

"Ah Xing, stop…"

"No," Ji Xing shook her head, her face streaked with blood and tears, utterly disheveled. "I won't let you die, I won't let you die, I won't let you… end up like Mother…"

"Ah Xing, don't do this," Xiao Xue struggled for a moment, "You'll die…"

"No…" She ignored him, as if she could hear nothing more, stubbornly wanting to give him her whole life: "Don't leave me, don't…"

Without realizing it, everything around her seemed to be veiled, becoming hazy. Dark shadows spread across her entire field of vision like a spider web. The cold and pain gradually faded away. Ji Xing drooped her head, and after transmitting the last bit of strength, she closed her eyes wearily and fell silently to the ground.

Death was imminent; cold snowflakes fell on her face, gradually burying her.

"Hmm…"

The daylight fell on the thin eyelids, and the eyeballs underneath rolled restlessly. After a long while, they finally struggled to open them.

A lifeless face appeared before her. Ji Xing stared blankly for a long time before finally saying in a hoarse voice, "Xiao Xue…"

She reached out and touched the girl's cold face: "Xiaoxue?"

Something sticky seemed to be flowing from her mouth. Ji Xing stared at the girl without blinking, her long eyelashes trembling slightly, and she saw the bright red patch on her chest and lower abdomen.

She slowly opened her eyes.

The white-haired woman reappeared behind her at some point and said in a low voice, “She really does want you to live.”

Ji Xing turned her head: “What did you say?”

The woman looked down at her with pity and said, “Haven’t you noticed yet? Before she died, she dug out her own demon core and flesh and blood to feed you.”

As if her body temperature had been stripped away in an instant, Ji Xing trembled all over. Suddenly, she covered her mouth and began to gag uncontrollably. Tears and saliva streamed down her face, the girl’s eyes turned bloodshot, and she let out a heart-wrenching scream.

Ji Xing’s Side Story (Final)

In the still of the night, the town slept soundly, unaware that a bloody massacre was taking place in a house somewhere in the southeast.

A lisp sang in the courtyard. A slender figure strolled through the pool of blood, slowly walked to the woman who had fallen to the ground, and threw what she was holding at her.

The thing was round and rolled over, stopping at the woman’s feet. She trembled, lowered her head, and met a pair of blood-red eyes that stared unblinkingly into death.

A scream suddenly rang out, but stopped abruptly after a moment. Ji Xing grabbed her throat and lifted her high up: “After all these years, you’re still living in this place. It saves me the trouble of looking for you.”

She raised her lips, looked into the woman’s frightened eyes, and whispered, “Is the human heart also made of flesh and blood?”

I don’t believe it.

The sharp claws pierced his chest, instantly staining his white clothes red. His heart was still beating slightly, and thick blood flowed down between his fingers.

Ji Xing stared at it for a long time, then muttered to herself, “Why is it red too?”

She released her fingers, and the woman’s body slumped to the ground, letting out rapid gasps. The clouds dispersed, and the cool

moonlight shone down again, falling on the slender figure standing alone in the courtyard.

The girl half-closed her eyes, raised her hand, and indifferently licked the blood from her palm. After a while, she slowly raised her head. Her face was pale in the moonlight, but her lips were unusually red.

Suddenly, a rustling sound came from the shadows. Ji Xing's long eyelashes fluttered, and she turned her head: "Who's there?"

A tall figure slowly emerged from the darkness, with flowing silver hair and eyes as blue as the sea, possessing the typical features of a mermaid.

Ji Xing understood his identity almost immediately, but asked, "Who are you? What are you doing here?"

"Who am I? Didn't your mother tell you?" The man lowered his head slightly and said gently, "I've been watching you for a long time. In the past ten years, your reputation in the demon realm has grown more and more renowned. You are unparalleled among your peers. You truly deserve to be a descendant of the Sea Emperor."

"Sea Emperor?"

He raised his lips and put on a loving expression: "Don't you understand? I am your father, my dear daughter, come to me."

Ji Xing glanced at his outstretched hand, remained silent for a moment, and then obediently stepped forward.

The man's smile deepened, and when they were only a few steps apart, the girl suddenly drew a knife and ruthlessly stabbed it into his chest. Lan Zhichuan was startled, and his demonic aura erupted, violently blasting her away. Ji Xing staggered to her feet, raised her head, and surprisingly wore the same smile on her face: "Go to hell."

The fake smile vanished completely, and Lan Zhichuan's face darkened: "You want to kill your own father?"

"Is it not allowed?" Ji Xing tilted her head and said lazily, "In my eyes, you are no different from everyone else in this world, just a disgusting lump of rotting flesh."

Lan Zhichuan frowned: "I can give you my love, I can give you a complete family."

Ji Xing stared at him for a moment, then scoffed, "Disgusting."

She turned to leave, but Lan Zhichuan asked, "In that case, what do you want?"

"What do I want?" She lowered her eyes and murmured to herself, "What I want… you can't give me."

"I am the Sea Emperor, what can't I give you?"

Ji Xing suddenly turned around, her eyes bloodshot: "Fine! I want Lan Wu dead, I want her to suffer eternal damnation! Can you give it to me? Would you kill your own precious daughter?!"

Seeing the man's furrowed brows, she understood, shook her head with a sneer, and was about to leave when she heard a calm voice behind her: "Of course you can."

Ji Xing was taken aback, turned around and stared intently at him. The man's face was calm, as if he were talking about something trivial: "Just kill Lan Wu? Should we kill Lan Yuan too?"

Ji Xing subconsciously said, "No…"

Lan Zhichuan blinked, as if realizing something: "I understand, so this is what you want…"

Ji Xing interrupted him: "How are you going to kill her?"

"How else can we kill her? We can lure her to Haiyuan and kill her without anyone knowing. However, her mother is always worried about her, so it might take some effort to take Lan Wu away from her."

"No."

Lan Zhichuan was taken aback: "What?"

"I don't want her to die so easily," Ji Xing gave a pale smile, but her eyes were misty with tears. "I want her to be abandoned by everyone, I want her to be condemned by thousands, I want… I want her to die amidst the curses of her own clan. She was once favored and adored, and she will have to pay back a thousandfold. Can you do all of this?"

Lan Zhichuan nodded: "Okay, but… you also need to help me with some things."

Ji Xing blinked and looked up at him.

“Recently, an unnamed demon has appeared in the demon realm. I need you to go to her side and become her closest follower to help me monitor her every move.”

“Why?”

“You don’t need to ask why. You just need to know that I will turn both the demon realm and the human realm upside down,” Lan Zhichuan said, looking at her with a deep gaze. “Or do you think you will sympathize with those monsters and humans you don’t know?”

“Sympathy?” Ji Xing shook her head, her voice trembling as she laughed, “Why should I sympathize? They’re all just worthless weeds. It would be best if they died with Lan Wu. And those cultivators, those disgusting cultivators, I want them to suffer a fate worse than death. I want to destroy everything they cherish…”

“It will all come true.” Lan Zhichuan stepped forward slowly, seemingly wanting to touch her shoulder, but Ji Xing suddenly shook him off, her wet face turning cold again: “We’re just getting what we need. You don’t think that this will allow us to put on a father-daughter act, do you?”

She stared at him mockingly: “Don’t even think about it. You’re no better than Lan Wu. Don’t think you can control me or manipulate me. And don’t treat me like one of your stupid subordinates. Do you understand?” She said, word by word, “Father.”

She didn’t care what Lan Zhichuan was trying to do.

The agonizing cries of the dead, the desperate wails of relatives and friends, the weak groveling and groveling for a shred of pity—these things only fueled her fascination and brought her joy.

Killing her own kind, extracting demon cores, and devouring flesh and blood—at first, she only wanted to forget the nightmares of the past through these methods. However, she gradually sank into endless slaughter. Her cultivation advanced by leaps and bounds, and her speed became terrifying. But she also had a companion who was even more insane than her.

She didn’t know the monster’s real name, but she guessed something from her appearance. She followed the monster and wreaked havoc in the Five Capitals, becoming infamous. Years later, she became a

fearsome figure among all the demons. Then, she witnessed the monster kill the Demon King, take his place, and sit on the most prestigious throne.

On New Year's Eve, the new Demon King led his demons in a surprise attack on Penglai. Ji Xing was the first to rush into the underground palace in the chaos. The young cultivators roared and charged at her. When her head hit the ground, her face was still full of fear and confusion.

Standing in the pool of blood, she found it all utterly ridiculous.

Do these fools know that while they were desperately guarding the underground palace, their master and senior master had already hidden themselves away, leaving them to die?

Humans are indeed the most disgusting beings in the world.

Everything went smoothly until she reached the depths of the underground palace, where she was blocked by a body that had been dead for many years. Although it had no soul, the woman guarded the Hall of Longevity behind it with an unwavering will, not allowing her to take a single step inside. Ji Xing fought with it for a long time, sustaining serious injuries, and finally managed to switch the stone tablet recording the resurrection technique before the Demon King entered.

After throwing the real stone slab to Lan Zhichuan, she returned to the demon realm alone, but fell halfway due to exhaustion. In the icy snow, the girl covered in blood closed her eyes, and her figure gradually shrank, transforming into a thin black cat.

Blood and warmth were slowly draining away, and snowflakes fell on my face, as if I had returned to the gourd tree of yesteryear.

If I could die like this, it wouldn't be so bad.

She closed her eyes and gently exhaled.

creak…

Suddenly, she heard rustling footsteps coming from deep in the forest. Someone was walking towards her step by step through the thick snow.

Is it human?

Warm hands lifted her body and carefully carried her. Ji Xing's long eyelashes trembled slightly, and she opened her eyes a little, seeing a face that was red from the cold.

The girl, carrying a hunting bow, had her chin buried in her thick winter clothes, and her breath turned into puffs of white mist: "Are you hurt, little cat?"

The kitten naturally didn't answer her. The girl seemed to realize she had been too silly, so she smiled helplessly and gently placed the kitten into her warm clothes: "It's okay, I'll take you home."

——

I hesitated for a moment about whether to write about the months Duan Jixing and Ayue spent together, but I'll stop here for now.

However, it is certain that Ji Xing did like Yue Bao during the time they spent together, and even helped Yue Bao hunt. When Yue Bao later discovered that she was a monster, she was not afraid and continued to treat her very well. However, because Yue Bao was unwilling to go with her and wanted to stay for her family, Ji Xing went crazy.

Why is it that the people I love always have someone more important in their hearts? Why do they always abandon me for those people? Why am I the only one who ends up with nothing?

"Kill the person who is important to her, and she will be mine."

That's probably the kind of mentality that drives people crazy.

After being rescued by a passing Taoist priest, A-Yue buried the entire village. In May of the following year, she embarked on a journey to the north alone to seek immortality. In July, while passing through Qihuang Mountain in Lianzhou, she saw a girl in blue clothes faint in the roadside flower bushes. Feeling sorry for her, she took action to save her.

171. Hold on

In the silent desert, a swift black shadow gracefully traversed the dunes, its footsteps never ceasing as it ran eastward. Its palms sank into soft fur. Xuan Yu straightened up, gazing at the scattered lights of the distant town, and whispered, "Yao Zhu."

The fox beneath him hummed in confusion.

"I've been away for so many years. If I go back, will my father still accept me?"

Yao Zhu countered, "Why not accept it?"

"But all these years, it seems he has never contacted me. The position of young master of Yunxiao Pavilion should no longer be mine."

"If it's not yours, then take it back."

Xuan Yu was taken aback: "Didn't you used to want me to give up my position as the young master of the pavilion the most?"

"It's one thing to refuse voluntarily, but it was taken from you by someone else, so how can it be the same?" Yao Zhu said, "You told me before that because you are a girl, Xuan Rulin never intended for you to be the young master. It was only because you suppressed your two younger brothers with your own abilities that he had no choice but to make you the young master. Since you fought for it yourself, how can you give it away so easily?"

Xuan Yu chuckled: "Why didn't you think this way before?"

Yao Zhu muttered softly, "Even monsters can be… can be immature sometimes."

Xuan Yu pursed her lips and said, "Okay."

Facing the evening breeze, the woman said easily, "I'm going back to continue being the young master of the pavilion."

Yao Zhu chimed in, "Support!"

"I will no longer listen to my father's orders; I will act according to my own will."

"good!"

Xuan Yu laughed and shouted, "I want to take his place! I want to be the head of the Cloud Pavilion!"

Yao Zhu praised, "You have lofty aspirations!"

Would you like to come with me?

"That's great..."

Yao Zhu was praising her when she suddenly realized what she meant and abruptly stopped. Xuan Yu was startled and almost fell over due to inertia. She grabbed the fur on Yao Zhu's back to keep herself steady: "What are you doing?"

Yao Zhu turned her head, her bright green eyes wide open: "Really? You just said you wanted me to stay with you?"

"Of course it's true," Xuan Yu said shyly, clearing her throat and looking away. "Are you willing?"

Yao Zhu beamed, her fox-like mouth stretching almost to her ears: "Of course!"

She jumped three feet high, hopping around in the desert with a whooshing sound. Xuan Yu was so dizzy from being bounced around that she angrily slapped the fox's head: "Don't go crazy."

The slap was neither painful nor itchy. The fox curled up the corners of its lips and tiptoed off.

"Run faster."

"Why so fast? We don't even know how things will be when we get to Shiling City."

Just as Yaozhu was about to chat with her about the advantages of running slowly, she suddenly heard a rumbling sound coming from the desert behind her, which even made the sand around her feet vibrate.

"What's going on?" she exclaimed. "The ground has cracked open?"

Xuan Yu looked back and saw a dark shadow gradually spreading across the horizon, like a raging flood spreading outwards, quickly submerging one sand dune after another.

As they drew closer, Xuan Yu could see that it was a densely packed horde of demons charging towards them. Her eyes widened in astonishment as she turned to look at the barrier in the distance: "They're going to launch a surprise attack on Stone Ridge City!"

"What?" Yao Zhu quickened her pace, no longer daring to dawdle: "Didn't we say we weren't allowed to fight before the peace talks?!"

"How would I know?" Xuan Yu gripped her back tightly. "Run! We have to warn the people of Shiling City beforehand!"

In the quiet room, the mirror on the table suddenly emitted a faint light, flickering between light and shadow. At that moment, a hand reached out from the side and picked it up: "Miss Chu?"

Chu Jiao's tense face appeared in the mirror: "They've made their move!"

Lan Wu was taken aback: "So fast?"

"They'll be here soon and take me to control the cultivators on duty at the barrier. Hurry..."

Before she could finish speaking, the light in the mirror suddenly went out, and the figure opposite her vanished. The room returned to darkness, and Ji Lingyue stood to the side, her red eyes slightly bright: "I'll go to the barrier."

Lan Wu nodded: "I'll go catch Chu Ji."

As soon as she finished speaking, the woman transformed into a black butterfly and flew away. Lan Wu watched her leave, then turned and knocked on the other door: "Danqing!"

A moment later, Danqing rubbed his eyes, pushed open the door, and yawned: "Master?"

Lan Wu gently rubbed her cheek: "I'm sorry for waking you up, but I have an important task for you now."

Half an incense stick later, a white gyrfalcon wobbled out of the courtyard and flew along the widest road towards the center of Shiling City. Looking at the undulating silhouettes of houses in the darkness, she cleared her throat, took a deep breath, and cried out, "Help! A monster is attacking at night!!"

A loud sound pierced the silent darkness. Soon, doors and windows along the road were opened, and rustling voices gradually rose. Danqing flew further and further away, and anxious warnings echoed through the streets and alleys, determined to startle all the cultivators who were resting and recuperating in the dead of night.

Meanwhile, Lan Wu hurriedly went to Chu Ji's door. His residence was quite a distance from the town center and was very secluded. As

soon as Lan Wu arrived, she saw him surrounded by several cultivators and being dragged away.

As Chu Ji struggled, he angrily shouted, “I said I’m not leaving! Were you sent by my father?! How dare you be so rude to me?”

“Young Island Master, now is not the time for you to be willful!”

“Willful? I’m not a child anymore! I make my own decisions!”

During the argument, lights began to appear in the distance. Chu Ji glanced at them unintentionally and couldn’t help but frown: “This is…”

A flash of golden light, and the person in front of him suddenly sealed his vocal cords and bound his hands and feet with a spirit lock: “I’m sorry, Young Master.”

Chu Ji stared in astonishment, letting out a muffled groan of discontent, but was still thrown onto the carriage parked outside. He was sweating profusely, lying on the ground twisting his body, trying to free himself from the ropes, when suddenly his feet touched something.

He paused, instinctively turning his head to see the woman sitting peacefully in the corner, giving him a smile: “Long time no see.”

Chu Ji froze, staring at her in shock and confusion.

Lan Wu reached out and grabbed his collar, put her index finger to her lips, and shushed him, “I’ll help the young island master get out.”

Having already mastered the teleportation array, she could cast it at will without needing to form hand seals or chant incantations. With a thought, a blue circle of light appeared at the bottom of the carriage, and Chu Ji plummeted down, followed closely by Lan Wu, who floated lightly to the ground.

The teleportation array exit was not far from Ye Qingjun’s residence. She turned her head and glanced at it, and found that the three-story mansion was also brightly lit. Danqing must have successfully alerted them.

The sealed acupoints were suddenly released. Chu Ji gasped for breath a few times before coughing and thanking her, “Thank you… thank you, Miss Lan. Miss Lan, please unlock these spiritual locks on my

hands and feet as well."

Lan Wu glanced down at his flushed face and said softly, "No rush, you can thank me later."

At the barrier, the cultivators on duty had been controlled by the Gu worms and lost their minds. Ji Lingyue knocked out several masked cultivators. With a slight clench of her fingers, the jade flute in Chu Jiao's hand flew over and was crushed in two by Ji Lingyue. Upon seeing this, Chu Jiao turned to run away, but was entangled by Ji Lingyue's demonic energy and had her mask ripped off.

"It's you."

Ji Lingyue gave her a deep look, then threw Chu Jiao against the barrier. The woman slid down, coughed up blood, and fainted.

At this moment, another man with a jade-like face rushed out, his long sword aimed straight at Ji Lingyue's face. She lightly stepped on the ground and gracefully dodged, but unexpectedly, the man twisted his waist and bypassed her, piercing the dantian of the masked cultivator who had fallen to the ground.

Ji Lingyue was stunned for a moment, then suddenly realized his purpose.

To kill and silence witnesses.

The deafening shouts of battle outside the barrier were almost upon them. She threw out a magic thorn, blocking the sword's edge just as he was about to kill his second accomplice in the same manner. The next moment, a strong gust of wind howled in, making her clothes flutter loudly.

Ji Lingyue turned her head and saw that the barrier in front of her seemed to be covered by a continuously spreading black fog. The demonic power gathered by countless monsters rushed up and made continuous loud noises. After being severely damaged, the golden light emitted by the barrier became brighter and brighter, almost blinding.

"How did you get here so fast?" The man stared intently at her, his voice hoarse. "How could you… get here faster than us?"

Ji Lingyue said coldly, "Because I'm smart."

"boom!"

Another loud bang rang out, and Ji Lingyue's heart skipped a beat. Dozens of demonic thorns materialized behind her, ready to finish off the man, when she heard a loud shout: "Ji Lingyue!"

The sound came from outside. She was stunned for a moment, then subconsciously turned around and saw two familiar figures deep in the demon horde. Yao Zhu was covered in blood, but he was still protecting the woman behind him, hissing, "Help!"

In that brief moment of distraction, the man suddenly thrust downwards. Unexpectedly, he didn't kill his accomplice; instead, he tore off his accomplice's mask. Ji Lingyue didn't have time to think and quickly flew towards the barrier, placing her palm on the golden screen, but she didn't know how to get out.

The jade token for activating the barrier was carried by the cultivator on duty, but once the barrier was activated, even a small opening would allow demons to rush in, potentially widening the opening further. Her chest heaved rapidly as she watched Yaozhu being overwhelmed by the demon horde. She bit her lip and was about to reach for the jade token when a voice came from behind her: "I'll go."

Ye Qingjun arrived at this place at some unknown time. Her long hair was disheveled, and she clutched the jade token in her hand. She said in a deep voice, "I'm going to save them. You stay here and guard the place. If any monsters come in…"

"No," Ji Lingyue said seriously, "I won't let them in."

Ye Qingjun paused for a moment, then looked up at her for a second: "Okay."

Under the cover of night, a slender figure, glowing with a pale blue light, gracefully emerged from the barrier and hovered in the air. She lowered her eyes, formed a hand seal, and a rumbling sound gradually rose from the depths of the earth, as if a long-dormant monster was about to awaken. The next moment, a tall, serpentine mound rose from the ground, thick branches broke through the soil, and sand and gravel fell with a clatter.

The colossal tree, its branches reaching to the sky, stretched rapidly outwards, as sturdy and magnificent as a city wall. Behind it, Ji Lingyue stood alone at the opening of the barrier, slowly raising one arm.

With a whoosh, a thousand sword shadows instantly appeared. She

stared unblinkingly at the surging tide of demons and muttered to herself, “I will protect all of this.”

172. Turning the tables

Suddenly, something wrapped around her waist, forcefully pulling her out of the densely packed demon horde. Yao Zhu clung tightly to Xuan Yu, gasping for breath in fear, before looking towards the source of the twig wrapped around her waist.

Ah, that’s not…

Suddenly, the vines wrapped around her body shook violently, startling her. Looking down, she discovered that the thick tree trunk was covered with monsters, and countless birds were swooping down on Ye Qingjun from all directions, only to be violently blown away by the sudden burst of green light.

Yao Zhu snapped out of her daze and looked up at the back of the demon horde. Sure enough, she saw Yuan Changning, the demon lord of Mingdu, but didn’t see the other familiar figures. She immediately understood what was going on and turned to Ye Qingjun, shouting, “Hey! This is just a demon horde led by one demon lord. There are three more groups of demons like this that haven’t come yet!”

Ye Qingjun replied from afar, “Weren’t you going to negotiate? Why are you suddenly going back on your word?”

Before Yaozhu could respond, the demon who had overheard their conversation angrily said, “It was you humans who went back on your word first, slaughtering our kin. It was you who broke your promise and deceived our king!”

Ye Qingjun was taken aback: “What?”

The dense horde of demons split into two streams. One surged towards her, while the other lunged at the opening of the barrier behind her. Dazzling sword shadows weaved through the sandstorm, accurately and swiftly piercing the demons’ bellies. Blood spurted out, and black demonic energy stained the wounds, burning the flesh and preventing them from healing quickly, thus rendering them unable to move.

The cacophony of voices gradually filled her ears, and the awakened cultivators finally arrived belatedly. At this moment, Ji Lingyue felt a chill creep down her spine. She frowned, gripped the sword blade

with her other hand, and said coldly, "Are you crazy?"

Unexpectedly, the man suddenly yanked away and flew to the ground, spitting out a mouthful of blood.

Under everyone's watchful eyes, the man struggled to sit up, pointing at Ji Lingyue with a terrified expression: "Everyone, come quick! This demon, this demon's true colors have finally been revealed! She actually wants to open the barrier and let the demon race in!"

Ji Lingyue's long eyelashes trembled, and she subconsciously lifted her eyes.

Behind her stood a dense horde of demons, their sword shadows impenetrable; before her, however, were faces filled with astonishment and uncertainty. Ji Lingyue clenched her fists, angrily shouting, "Can't you all see what I'm doing?!"

"You're just putting on an act because your plan has been exposed!" the man hissed. "We brothers were severely injured because we witnessed your evil deeds. You killed my junior sister! You killed my junior sister!"

"Impossible!" Qi Yueyao pushed her way out of the crowd and shouted, "You Penglai are the real culprits! You're just trying to use the same old tricks again, destroying Shiling City just like you destroyed Wangliang City!"

These words immediately caused an uproar. The man's eyes widened, and he hissed, "How can you make such a false accusation?! We are both cultivators. You don't believe me, but you believe that demon! She and Lan Wu are in cahoots. All this talk of peace talks is just to lower our guard so they can let the monster in and catch us off guard!"

"Nonsense!"

"If I'm talking nonsense, then what's going on with the demons outside? Did they agree to peace talks this morning and then go back on their word this evening?!"

Amid the noise, a loud crash suddenly came from behind. Ji Lingyue subconsciously turned around and saw a giant elephant demon approaching step by step. Its eyes were wide open, and its body was covered in blood. It was almost like a hedgehog, pierced by the darting sword shadows. Even so, it did not stop. It walked to the thin

barrier, panting heavily, and placed its hands on the cracked edge.

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and decisively pierced his two palms. The demon trembled, sweat pouring down his face, but he still clung tightly to the edge of the barrier, roaring as he pulled to both sides. Ji Lingyue was taken aback and had no choice but to send out two streams of demonic energy to entangle his wrists and restrict his movements: "The war is about to end. I don't want to kill you. Stop."

"Ceasefire?" The elephant demon chuckled, its eyes filled with a chilling bloodshot. "How could there be a ceasefire! You killed my brother! He… he obeyed the king's orders to let the cultivators leave, yet you killed him! How could you kill him?!"

Ji Lingyue frowned: "I don't know what you're talking about."

After saying that, she slammed her hand on the elephant demon's belly, sending him flying. But behind her, the man's persistent voice rang out again: "They've already come to our doorstep, do you still believe in peace talks?!"

"Shut up!" Qi Yueyao said angrily, "There must be some misunderstanding here!"

Qi Jun glanced at the current situation and said in a deep voice, "Regardless of who is the culprit, whether the peace talks are real or fake, or whether there are any misunderstandings, the most urgent task is to seal the barrier."

"No!" Danbo said anxiously, "Our sect leader is still outside, we can't seal him off!"

"Sect Leader? Sect Leader Ye? What's she doing outside?"

Just as Ji Lingyue was about to explain, a scream came from outside the barrier, growing louder as it approached. Immediately afterward, a dark shadow crashed down, rolling and leaving a long trail on the sand.

Intermittent coughing sounds rang out. After Ji Lingyue recognized who it was, she quickly manipulated her sword shadow to avoid them. Yao Zhu shook the sand off her head, carried the unconscious Xuan Yu and staggered forward. As soon as she put her into the barrier, she transformed into a fiery red fox and plunged into the demon horde without looking back.

"Yaozhu!" Ji Lingyue was startled. When she looked up again, she found that the once lush giant tree had been completely covered by a dark shadow. After losing its vibrant green color, it looked more like a twisted and writhing monster.

Tick-tock.

Thick blood flowed down the rough branches. Even with her superior strength, being attacked by hundreds of monsters at the same time was too much for her. The intertwined vines formed a protective space, separating the layers of monsters that surged up and relieving most of the pressure on her.

However, one still managed to squeeze in.

With a clang, the longsword, gleaming with spiritual light, steadily blocked the iron axe that the opponent was swinging down. Ye Qingjun raised her head and met Yuan Changning's golden beast eyes: "Coming out of the barrier alone, I really don't know if you're arrogant or fearless."

Ye Qingjun's face was pale, but she still smiled and said, "One person for three lives, I think it's not bad."

"Three lives?" Yuan Changning sneered. "Do you think you can get away unscathed?"

"Who said the third life is mine?" the woman raised an eyebrow. "Your own jumping in saves me a lot of trouble."

Yuan Changning was stunned for a moment, then burst into laughter: "Still so stubborn even when you're about to die! You want to kill me? Can you even do it?!"

"That's not necessarily true," Ye Qingjun said calmly, narrowing her eyes. "I didn't become the sect leader just because I have a good relationship with Chi Jinghe."

As soon as the words were spoken, the vines surrounding them suddenly burst into white flames. The monsters still lying outside were caught off guard and burned by the scorching flames, falling down with cries of pain. Yuan Changning opened her eyes wide in astonishment and exclaimed in surprise, "You have dual spiritual roots?"

"Wrong," the woman twirled her sword, and a twelve-petaled golden

lotus gradually appeared beneath her feet. She took a step forward, and a fierce sword aura suddenly burst forth, slicing through Yuan Changning's rough cheek.

"I possess five spiritual roots."

173. The End

The scorching fire spread rapidly, burning every inch of the tree trunk and illuminating the night sky as bright as day. Suddenly, a strong figure burst out from the burning vines and plummeted toward the ground.

A golden light followed closely behind, piercing the sky and emitting a whistling sword cry.

Seemingly unaware of her resolute attitude, Yuan Changning's eyes shifted slightly, her blood-stained face showing both shock and fear: "You're a madman!"

He had heard that the fewer spiritual roots a human has, the purer their spiritual power becomes, and the easier it is for them to reach the pinnacle and become a powerful figure. However, cultivators with five spiritual roots have mixed spiritual power and need to put in several times or even ten times more effort to achieve results similar to those with a single spiritual root. Therefore, although there are quite a few cultivators with five spiritual roots in this world, they are almost impossible to match other cultivators of their generation, let alone become the leader of an immortal sect.

As a result, people naturally overlooked one thing.

Once they have mastered their skills, these mediocre and foolish cultivators with five spiritual roots will be even more terrifying than cultivators with a single spiritual root.

The moisture in the air condensed into countless ice needles, leaving numerous thin wounds on Yuan Changning's body. The strong smell of blood gradually spread into the air. As soon as Yuan Changning landed on the ground, she felt her scalp tingle and quickly rolled backward.

With a whoosh, more than a dozen earth spikes suddenly sprang up from the spot where he had just landed. Yuan Changning broke out in a cold sweat and turned to run back to his demon horde. However, the sharp sword light was locked onto him and he could not shake it off

no matter what he did. The lion demon gritted his teeth and glanced around. He found that his subordinates were all injured to varying degrees. Many of the demons burned by Li Huo were lying on the ground, unable to move.

This woman didn't come out to exchange three lives; she came out to slap them hard across the face. Seeing her determined to kill, Yuan Changning clenched her fists and said sharply, "You're courting death!"

Ye Qingjun, covered in blood, shook her head and smiled, saying again, "Killing you wouldn't be a loss."

She was getting further and further away from the barrier. Without the protection of the vines, she couldn't hold on for much longer. But even so, she understood the principle of capturing the leader first. As long as she killed Yuan Changning, she could deter the demons.

Ye Qingjun pursed her lips, her dark eyes reflecting the surging demons. She took a step forward, about to draw her sword to meet them, when she heard a frantic fox howl. Immediately afterward, a red shadow pounced from the side, knocking her to the ground.

Caught off guard, Ye Qingjun exclaimed in surprise after recognizing the object that had attacked her: "Yaozhu?"

Yao Zhu flipped herself up, grabbed her hem and dragged her back: "Run!"

She dragged her with all her might, her claws digging wildly at the ground, but the woman didn't budge. Yaozhu glared at her furiously and yelled, "Do you want to die?!"

Ye Qingjun frowned: "I have to kill that demon lord."

"If you kill him, you won't be able to escape!"

The fox, frantic with worry, suddenly crouched down, stretched its head out and lifted the woman onto its back. The return journey was also filled with endless monsters; she leaped and dodged, panting heavily, when she vaguely heard the person on her back ask, "I've already thrown you both over there, why did you come back?"

"What do you think?" Yao Zhu said angrily as she ran against the wind, "I don't want to owe you a favor. You killed me in my past life, and now you're saving me in this one. I don't want to be entangled

with you forever!"

Ye Qingjun remained silent for a while, then sighed silently.

After an unknown amount of time, the fox slowed her pace. She coughed a few times and said haltingly, "No, there's no road..."

The hideous beast faces were closing in from all directions, and the path ahead was shrouded in shadow, offering no opening for escape.

Is she going to die here with Ye Qingjun?

That's too tragic!

Fortunately, Ye Qingjun whispered, "There is a way."

Forced to take a step back, Yaozhu looked around at the sound and asked, "Where?"

The woman raised her hand, and the last of her azure spiritual energy flowed out. Under her control, a thick azure vine rose from the ground and stretched into the air: "This is the path."

Yao Zhu reacted quickly, leaping onto the green vines and running towards the barrier.

From the other side of the barrier, someone exclaimed, "He's back! He's back! Sect Leader Ye is back!"

At this moment, Ji Lingyue was no longer the only one guarding the entrance to the barrier. The cultivators were fighting against the demons who were trying to break in, and the ground was gradually piled up with layer after layer of demon corpses, almost completely blocking the entrance.

A green vine suddenly pierced the ground. Ji Lingyue realized something, quickly stepped forward, and slapped the corpses outside away. The next moment, the fiery red fox jumped to the ground, stepped on the blood and rushed in, and collapsed to the ground exhausted.

"Seal it! Seal the barrier!"

Countless streams of spiritual energy rose up and poured into the thin barrier, attempting to close the gap. As if realizing this was the last chance, the previously orderly demon horde rushed forward frantically, releasing their immense demonic power onto the barrier.

With a crack, several barely visible cracks spread outward from the opening.

Everyone's hearts skipped a beat. Just then, faint lights reappeared in the distant desert.

Yuan Changning glanced back and burst into laughter: "Good, they've finally arrived!" He grinned, his confident voice carrying far into the cultivators' ears: "The other demon lords will be here soon. How much longer can you pathetic worms hold out? Stop your death throes!"

The rumbling footsteps grew closer, and the earth seemed to tremble. Many people looked at each other, their eyes filled with despair. Some even withdrew their hands that were transmitting spiritual energy and turned to leave in a panic.

Qi Yueyao was startled. Looking at the fleeing figures, she hissed, "Come back! Come back! Don't leave!"

Many more remained where they were, desperately channeling their spiritual energy into the barrier, their faces already pale.

Holding the delirious Ye Qingjun, Danbo looked fearfully into the depths of the desert. Monsters were everywhere, both in the sky and on the ground, obscuring the moonlight and stars, as if a thousand troops were galloping in.

She pursed her lips, looked at Ji Lingyue who was standing still, and said helplessly, "A-Yue."

Ji Lingyue glanced down at her and said softly, "She will come."

Danbo was taken aback: "Who?"

The woman didn't answer her. She turned her head and stared intently at the approaching horde of demons, her hands clenched into fists without her noticing.

Amidst the thick stench of blood, Yuan Changning continued to laugh maniacally. His mind was filled with the fervor for the slaughter and the excitement of crushing humanity. He spread his arms wide and screamed hysterically, "Kill! Kill! Kill them! Kill them all!"

The frantic sounds were carried away by the wind, when suddenly, a cold female voice rang out from behind him: "What are you laughing at?"

Yuan Changning suddenly froze, her mouth still open, but her throat felt as if it were blocked by something. Her golden beast eyes widened, and a cold aura gradually crept up her back. The lion demon's shoulders slumped, and she looked over in alarm, only to see a pale white hand.

The woman sighed softly, "I thought you would all listen to me."

"What a pity."

Yuan Changning felt a chill run down her spine and instinctively said, "Your Majesty! I—"

With a snap, Lan Yueyao broke his neck.

Her massive body knelt heavily on the ground. Lan Yueyao raised her head and looked at the demons who had not yet noticed her arrival: "Stop."

The sound was soft, yet it instantly reached the ears of all the demons and humans. After a brief moment of stunned silence, countless eyes turned to her direction.

The silver-haired merman stood in the evening breeze, her flawless face still devoid of emotion, as if she cared nothing for anything. She placed her hand on the severely injured lion demon's head and calmly said, "What did I say? Have you all forgotten?"

In the dead silence, no one answered her question.

She continued, "No conflict with the humans is permitted before peace talks."

As soon as she finished speaking, the lion demon suddenly spat out a mouthful of blood, its pupils dilating. In front of all the demons, Lan Yueyao opened her palm, on which lay a golden demon core stained with blood: "This is the consequence of disobeying orders."

174. Long time no see

Yuan Changning's body fell heavily to the ground, transforming back into a giant golden lion. Lan Yueyao turned around, glanced at the dark mass of demons behind her, and said coldly, "Interesting. Of the four demon lords, three are here."

Xi Bo's face turned deathly pale, and he stammered, "Your Majesty,

isn't Your Majesty in Yan Du?"

"If this were in Iwato, how could we have seen you acting on your own initiative?"

A cold gaze fell upon him from afar. Xi Bo froze on the spot, and after a long while, he tried to explain: "Your Majesty, it was the humans who went back on their word first and killed our kin, so we—uh!"

Lan Yue raised her hand and grabbed his throat from a distance: "If that's the case, why didn't Yun Chuhe come?"

She glanced at Ji Xing on the other side and said slowly, "Of the three of you, one has followed me for many years and is deeply trusted by me. The other two are the most protective of the demon race and seem to be loyal. But in the end, only Yun Chuhe always obeys my orders."

Xi Bo's face flushed red, and he forced out a hoarse voice: "It is precisely… for the sake of the demon race that we must do this. Your Majesty, stop now. Everything we have done over the years has been… a complete loss…"

"So, this is your true thought," Lan Yueyao sneered. "What revenge for your own kind is just a pretext. You just want to keep fighting, flatten the Central Plains, and kill all humans."

As she spoke, she slightly clenched her fingers, and the man suddenly widened his eyes, his ten fingers wildly grabbing at his neck, panting heavily, clearly inhaling more air than exhaling.

Ji Xing pursed her lips and quietly took a step back, but Lan Yueyao said without turning her head, "You are welcome to try running away."

As if an invisible hand was pressing down from above, Ji Xing groaned, her knees bent slightly, and she struggled to stand up straight again, her scarlet eyes fixed on her back.

"I don't know which of the three of you is having an affair with Penglai, but it doesn't matter," she said calmly, "just kill them all."

No sooner had she finished speaking than Ji Xing suddenly drew her long whip and charged at her with a do-or-die attitude. The whip slashed through the air like a snake, and the dense, sharp barbs gleamed coldly in the moonlight. Lan Yueyao lifted her long

eyelashes, suddenly grabbed the end of the whip, and pulled it hard towards herself.

Ji Xing quickly released her grip and said sternly, “We’ve followed you for decades, and just because you attacked a human, you want to kill us?!”

“yes.”

She gritted her teeth: “But this war was ordered by you!”

“I gave the order?” Lan Yueyao suddenly sneered, “You lied to me, yet you claim it was all done on my orders. How laughable! You’ve only used me to achieve your own goals. Yuan Changning and Xi Bo hate and despise humans. With me and this war, their slaughter of humans becomes justified. But what about you, Ji Xing? What is your purpose?” Her smile faded, and she asked, word by word, “When I was still an unknown demon, lurking in the dark corners of the demon realm, why did you seek me out? I don’t understand what it was that lured you to follow me for over a hundred years?”

Ji Xing’s long eyelashes trembled slightly, and she did not respond for a moment.

“Never mind,” Lan Yue sighed, “it’s not important anymore.”

A sudden, powerful force descended from the sky, slamming into the cat demon. Dust billowed up beneath her feet, and she staggered to her knees, coughing up a mouthful of blood.

With powerful demonic energy, she was pulled into a grasp. Lan Yueyao grabbed the two demon lords by the throat and walked step by step toward Stone Ridge City. Wherever she went, the demon horde parted like a tide and then slowly converged behind her. Countless eyes fell on her, but even the noisiest demons did not make a sound.

Both inside and outside the barrier, an eerie silence descended.

With a thud, she forced the two demon lords to kneel at the entrance of the barrier. Lan Yueyao looked up and glanced at the tense faces on the other side of the barrier, and said politely, “I’m sorry, my subordinates have done something wrong. It’s my fault for not disciplining them properly. I can hand them over to you for disposal, but before that, I would like to ask you for a few more people.”

The crowd exchanged bewildered glances. After a moment, Qi Yun coughed and stepped forward, asking, “Who is it?”

Lan Yue smiled and said, “Penglai.”

The demon horde retreated to a place several miles away, where only scattered firelight still flickered, looking from a distance like a silent behemoth lurking in the shadows.

After a long silence, someone inside the barrier finally spoke: “We can’t switch. If we betray our companions for temporary peace, wouldn’t we be no different from beasts?”

Before she could finish speaking, Qi Yueyao retorted with dissatisfaction, “Companions? You consider them companions, but do they consider you one? Not to mention the City of Demons, wasn’t tonight’s monster attack their doing?”

“You’re spouting nonsense!” The male cultivator from Penglai jumped up again: “I told you long ago, tonight that demon Ji Lingyue was trying to open the barrier, but we just happened to run into her. If you don’t believe me, go ask those cultivators on duty!”

“They’re still not fully conscious, what can they possibly get out of them?”

Ye Qingjun coughed lightly, and was helped to stand up by Danbai. She said in a hoarse voice, “Besides Ji Lingyue and these Penglai disciples, I was the first to arrive tonight. However, at that time, these Penglai disciples were wearing masks.” As she spoke, she raised her eyes and asked, “Could this young friend explain why the Penglai disciples suddenly appeared here in the middle of the night, wearing masks?”

The man paused, his expression changing slightly: “What mask? Don’t talk nonsense, Sect Leader Ye. I know Ji Lingyue was once your prized disciple of Haochen Mountain. Don’t let old feelings make you an accomplice to evil!”

“You!” Danbo gritted his teeth in anger: “Then explain yourself, why are you all here at this barrier in the middle of the night?”

“Why don’t you ask Ji Lingyue? If she can come, why can’t we?”

“Of course you can, but it’s not normal for them to come in groups of three or five!”

"What's wrong?"

Danbo had never seen such unreasonable people before. Her fair face flushed red with anger as she shouted, "If you really have no problems, what does the Demon King need you for?!"

Sure enough, the crowd stirred at this statement: "Yes, why would the Demon King want your Penglai? There must be a reason."

Qi Yueyao quickly said, "I know, I know, Wen Shiyu, hurry up and tell everyone the truth!"

Wen Shiyu was suddenly called out and looked at her in surprise: "Senior Sister?"

"I'm bad with words, so hurry up and use your silver tongue to..."

"Let me explain."

Suddenly, a voice rang out from behind the crowd. People instinctively turned to look, and the tall figure outside was revealed as the road parted: "This is indeed a mistake that Penglai made in the past."

Ji Lingyue, who had been standing quietly to the side for a long time, trembled with her long eyelashes and finally opened her eyes to look at the well-dressed Chu Jiangchi.

Chu Jiangchi sighed deeply, slowly walked into the center of the crowd, and knelt down.

His kneeling startled those around him, who hurriedly stepped forward to help him up: "Brother Chu, what are you doing?"

Chu Jiangchi shook his head and said in a deep voice, "It is our Penglai, and it is I, Chu, who have let everyone down."

Everyone was taken aback and instinctively asked, "What exactly happened?"

Chu Jiangchi hesitated, as if he had made up his mind, and sighed, "Back then, it was our Chu family that was too eager for quick success and instant benefits. In order to rapidly increase our cultivation, we imprisoned merfolk to extract their blood, which led to today's disaster."

"Mermaids? Taking their blood?"

The man continued, “This painful past has long been buried with the passing of the older generation. Neither my son nor the current disciples of Penglai know about it. They are just like everyone else, single-mindedly cultivating the Dao, only to subdue demons and protect the people of the world. As for the Demon King, she is a surviving mermaid from back then, filled with hatred for Penglai. The attack on Penglai by the demons was her doing. That night, too many young disciples died innocently, and all of this is my fault. If you really want to make an exchange, then hand me over. As the island lord, I should bear all of this.”

After saying this, he bent down and slammed his forehead heavily onto the ground: “I only ask that everyone protect my disciples. They are all good children and should not suffer this sin for no reason. They are all innocent!”

In the silence, Qi Yueyao hissed softly, tilted her head and whispered in Wen Shiyu’s ear, “Why do I feel so uncomfortable?”

Wen Shiyu blinked and said in a low voice, “There are always people who fall for the tactic of retreating to advance.”

Sure enough, a burly man walked up to Chu Jiangchi and grabbed his arm: “Brother Chu, there’s no need to kneel. Tell me, when did the matter of taking the mermaid’s blood take place?”

Chu Jiangchi said in a low voice, “It was… two hundred years ago.”

“Two hundred years! How old were you back then? What does this have to do with you? If you ask me, the person who took the blood back then is long dead. The demon king attacked Penglai and killed so many innocent disciples. Now, it’s hard to say who owes whom!”

Immediately, righteous voices rang out from those around him: “That’s right, Brother Chu, don’t worry, we will absolutely not hand you over! We are not as heartless as those monsters. We have seen what you have done all these years. At worst, we will fight that demon king to the death!”

Chu Jiangchi quickly shook his head: “No, no, no, how can I be a burden to everyone? If my life can bring you some peace, it will be worth it.”

Upon hearing this, the voices of sympathy grew even louder, but then a cold voice said, “Then go and change it.”

After a moment of silence, everyone turned to look at the source of the voice.

Ji Lingyue crossed her arms and sneered, “You talk a good game, but if that’s really what you think, then go out now, no one will stop you.”

Chu Jiangchi’s expression changed slightly. After a moment, he lowered his head and said, “I understand. You have a close relationship with Lan Wu, and she is also a mermaid, so naturally she harbors resentment towards me…”

“Is it just her?” Ji Lingyue glanced at the faces around her and said, word by word, “A bunch of idiots who can’t distinguish right from wrong, black from white. They’ve been sold out and they’re still counting the money for others. They even claim to protect the people of the world. The people of the world are truly pitiful to be protected by you.”

“You! You demon, what right do you have to speak here! This matter concerning the barrier isn’t over yet!”

“It’s not over yet,” another voice rang out from the crowd. Lan Wu walked to Ji Lingyue’s side and smiled, “Island Master Chu has been looking for me for a long time. I didn’t expect you to come in person. In that case, the truth can be revealed.”

Chu Jiangchi was taken aback, and a bad premonition suddenly arose in his heart.

Sure enough, the woman called out clearly, “Chu Jiao, get up.”

He looked up in surprise and saw that Chu Jiao, who had been unconscious not far away, had opened her eyes at some point. She wiped the blood from the corner of her lips and walked over calmly.

“You…” He stared intently at her, “You weren’t…”

Suddenly, he realized something and exclaimed in astonishment, “You’re in cahoots with them!”

“I suppose so,” Chu Jiao said calmly, “They haven’t been in this group for very long.”

In front of everyone, Chu Jiao looked around and said loudly, “I can testify that back then, it was Chu Jiangchi who destroyed the protective array of Wangliang City. Today, it was also he who sent

Penglai disciples to open the barrier of Shiling City, attempting to let the monsters in!"

As soon as the words were spoken, the crowd erupted in an uproar: "What did you say?!"

"Nonsense!" Chu Jiangchi roared in fury, "You've lost your mind, framing me like this! Have you forgotten you're also from Penglai?! If your mother finds out…"

"You dare mention my mother!" Chu Jiao interrupted him abruptly. "She's dead, killed on your orders! Yes, I am indeed from Penglai, and that's why I know all this, because I was involved in every single one of them!"

Chu Jiao turned around, ignoring everyone else: "Back in the days of Wangliang City, it was I who tricked Qing Zibai into revealing the method to open the forbidden area. It was also I who led Chu Jiangchi into the forbidden area and destroyed the array's core. As for the cultivators on duty tonight, the reason they are delirious is because I planted a Gu on them. I did all of these things myself, and I will not defend my mistakes. But Chu Jiangchi, you can forget about escaping all of this!"

Chu Jiangchi gritted his teeth, keenly noticing the change in the eyes of those around him, and said sternly, "Chu Jiao! I know Penglai has treated you badly in the past, but that's no excuse for you to lie and frame your fellow disciples. Our sect's private matters should be resolved within the sect, not dragged out into the public eye to make us a laughingstock!"

Chu Jiao sneered: "Didn't you want to go out and risk your life? Why do you care about being laughed at?"

"You, you…"

His face turned pale and then ashen. The crowd around him swayed, and members of the Qing family stepped forward, asking in a grim tone, "Chu Jiangchi, is what she said true?"

"No," Chu Jiangchi gritted his teeth and said, "she's talking nonsense!"

As the atmosphere grew increasingly tense, a flippant voice suddenly rang out from outside the crowd: "Oh, it seems we've come back just in time."

Lan Wu was startled, then turned around in surprise: "Sister!"

The crowd gradually parted to make way, and Lan Yuan walked at the front with her arms crossed, laughing freely, followed by Meng Changge, who looked travel-worn: "I just got back and heard Island Master Chu babbling on here. Tsk tsk, isn't that a coincidence? We even have witnesses."

She turned her body to the side, revealing three figures behind her. Lan Wu subconsciously looked over, and in the flickering light, her long silver eyelashes suddenly trembled.

Amidst the continuous gasps of surprise, the slender figure slowly emerged, a familiar smile spreading across her beautiful face: "Long time no see, you two."

175. Exposure

The night the city fell, it was during the patrol of Yushan Ye.

But everything happened so fast. Suddenly, the city's protective formation vanished, and hordes of monsters poured out of the desert, scaling the high walls as if they were in an empty place.

She could only fly back to the city as fast as she could to wake up as many people as possible. It was amidst the flashing swords that she saw Qing Zibai stumbling and running towards the city lord's mansion.

After hesitating for a moment, she and Ah Li followed closely behind.

After following Qing Zibai into the forbidden area of the City Lord's Mansion, she saw City Lord Qing and Chu Jiangchi fighting. In the chaos, Qing Zibai looked at a woman in panic and shouted, "You lied to me! You used me!"

The man said coldly, "Otherwise what? You don't actually think I like you, do you?"

"You…you…" Qing Zibai turned his head and saw Qing Huai on the other side, exclaiming, "Father!"

Qing Huai was already covered in blood and had no time to care about him. He tried his best to block Chu Jiangchi's sword thrust, and just as he shook him off, he heard a rumbling sound of footsteps above his head. The shouts of monsters also vaguely reached his ears. Qing

Huai's eyes were filled with grief, and he gritted his teeth. Suddenly, he let out an angry shout: "You bunch of scum!"

A powerful spiritual force stirred up a gale in the secret chamber, temporarily blocking Chu Jiangchi's attack. The red light was blinding. The man plunged his sword into the ground, uttered an incomprehensible incantation like scripture, and resolutely activated the Burning Heaven Array.

Flames surged upwards, engulfing his body in an instant. Qing Huai's voice was hoarse as he shouted, "Chu Jiangchi, you'll die here with me!"

A crimson inferno-like formation enveloped the entire city, trapping all those who hadn't yet escaped, both humans and demons, in a sea of fire. Chu Jiangchi's expression changed drastically, and he shouted uncontrollably, "Damn it! Damn it! Stop it!"

He cursed wildly, stabbing Qing Huai's burning body with his sword and kicking him to the ground. At this moment, Qing Zibai shuddered and murmured, "Die, die? No, I don't want to… I don't want to die here!"

He shook his head, suddenly turned around, stumbled and jumped into the pool around the round platform, and disappeared instantly.

Qinghuai subconsciously widened his eyes: "No…"

Chu Jiangchi was taken aback. Realizing something from his reaction, he turned to look at the rippling clear pool and said thoughtfully, "There's a way out here, isn't there?"

The man coughed, spitting out a mouthful of blood. He closed his eyes tightly, and a smile returned to Chu Jiangchi's face. He squatted down, patted Qing Huai's face with the hilt of his sword, and said, word by word, "Lord Qing, you have a good son."

He laughed and jumped into the water. After all the Chu family members had left, Yu Shanye emerged from the shadows and rushed to Qing Huai's side: "City Lord!" She lowered her eyes, looking at his mutilated body with panic, and said helplessly, "How…how can I save you?"

Qinghuai coughed a few times and said weakly, "No, it's no use…"

Yu Shanye pursed her lips and looked at him without saying a word.

"Quick, run!" Qinghuai closed his eyes and whispered, "Zheng'er…"

A childish voice responded, "Daddy—"

Yu Shanye was startled and turned around in surprise. She saw a small figure running out of the shadows. The girl looked to be no more than seven or eight years old. She was crying and trying to throw herself at Qinghuai. Fortunately, A Li was quick-witted and grabbed her waist, saving her from being burned.

"Please… take her with you…" Qinghuai's eyes gradually glazed over, and he said weakly, "I'm begging you…"

"After that, we left underwater with Qingzi Zheng, but we didn't expect that as soon as we came ashore from the underground river outside the city, we would run into the people of Penglai." Yu Shanye said, "They wanted to kill us to silence us, so we could only flee for our lives. We accidentally stumbled into the Nightmare Forest. The Nightmare Beasts had no good feelings towards humans and did not intend to get involved. Fortunately, there was a Nightmare Beast named Xiao Jiu who recognized A Li."

Lan Wu was taken aback: "Xiao Jiu?"

Ah Li nodded and said, "Have you forgotten? Back then, we went to Miss Xuan Yu's Burning Sound Valley together. There, Xiao Jiu and I spent some time together."

Yu Shanye continued, "At Xiao Jiu's urging, the Nightmare Beast protected us. When the people of Penglai saw that they could not succeed, they resorted to sealing off the entire Nightmare Forest. I was seriously injured at that time and fell into a coma. When I woke up, several years had passed. After my body fully recovered, we tried to leave the Nightmare Forest, but there were always people guarding outside. Even if we forcibly attacked the barrier, they would immediately reinforce it."

"Until I forced my way in." Lan Yuan said with no small amount of pride, "I met her as soon as I went in, we talked for a bit and clarified the situation, and then I brought the three of them out with me. Unfortunately, we were being chased on the way back, which is why we were delayed and arrived so late."

"You're not late," Lan Wu shook her head, her eyes slightly red. "You came back just in time."

She glanced at the shallow wound on Lan Yuan's neck and realized that the road might be even more dangerous than Lan Yuan had described. Her nose stung with tears, and she buried her face in Lan Yuan's shoulder: "Thank you for bringing her back."

Lan Yuan smiled and patted her on the back: "Why are you thanking me? She's your friend, so of course I have to bring her back safely."

Seeing the two embracing beside him, Yu Shanye slowly approached the silent woman and jokingly spread his arms: "It's been so long, aren't you going to give me a hug?"

Ji Lingyue blinked and awkwardly turned her face away: "I'm sorry."

"What are you sorry for?"

She pursed her lips and whispered, "I shouldn't have treated you like that back then, and I shouldn't have said those kinds of things to you."

"What did you say?" Yu Shanye laughed. "I don't remember it anymore."

Ji Lingyue was stunned. Just as she raised her head, she was hugged tightly.

"Okay, actually I was quite angry at the time. They didn't even give me a reason before hitting me and telling me to stay away from them." She lowered her eyes and whispered, "But after going through this, I realized that it's already a great thing that we are all still alive and can meet again. Why waste time being angry?"

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then carefully hugged him back and gave a soft "hmm".

"However, it's quite surprising to hear you apologize." Yu Shanye smiled and said easily, "If you really want to say it, you can say it a few more times."

Ji Lingyue blinked and obediently said, "I'm sorry."

"Um."

"sorry."

"uh-huh."

"…" She was silent for a moment, then pushed Yu Shanye away:

"That's enough."

In the jubilant atmosphere, Ye Qingjun coughed lightly and looked at Chu Jiangchi, who had lost all color in his face: "Now that things have come to this, what else does Island Master Chu have to say?"

"Yes, yes," the Qing family elder reacted, tightly holding his granddaughter who had been lost and found again, and said in a sad voice, "How could your Chu family do such a thing? So many innocent lives were lost overnight, do you have hearts of flesh and blood?!"

"Are you even human beings from Penglai?!"

The agitated crowd surrounded him, and unconscious Penglai disciples were thrown in one by one. Chu Jiangchi's face turned pale, and he took a step back, unable to help but clench his fists.

Lan Wu saw through his intention and suddenly said, "I advise Island Master Chu not to struggle in vain. It would be better to hand over the real mastermind as soon as possible."

Elder Qing was taken aback and pressed for an answer: "What do you mean? Could it be that he isn't the final mastermind behind everything?"

"Of course," Lan Wu said, enunciating each word clearly, "Where are Chu Jiangchi and Chu Chen?"

A moment of silence followed, then an uproar erupted: "What nonsense are you talking about? Chu Chen is long dead!"

Lan Wu ignored them and stared intently at Chu Jiangchi: "Even now, you still won't say anything?"

Chu Jiangchi's shoulders trembled, and he chuckled, "Why should I tell you?" He raised his eyes, his expression turning cold, "You want to know his whereabouts? You want revenge? Dream on! I won't let you have your way. As long as I don't tell you, you'll never know where he is!"

Lan Wu looked at him for a while, then frowned: "Does your son know your true colors?"

Chu Jiangchi was taken aback.

"He is your only son. He lost his mother at a young age, and because of this, you doted on him and took great care of him, never letting him come into contact with the sordid affairs of Penglai. Over time, this has fostered an innocent and kind nature in him. Tell me, how would he react if he discovered the truth?"

Chu Jiangchi's expression changed slightly, and he gritted his teeth, saying, "What do you want to do?"

Lan Wu smiled slightly and snapped her fingers.

Bound hand and foot, Chu Ji appeared out of thin air and fell to the ground in a disheveled state. Chu Jiangchi stared in astonishment, his eyes widening, and instinctively said, "Ji'er…"

Chu Ji suddenly shuddered, shaking his head and wriggling backward on all fours: "Get out, get away! Don't touch me!"

Chu Jiangchi's face turned pale, and he stood there for a long time, his eyes gradually becoming bloodshot: "Lan, Wu!" A loud shout rang out, and the man drew his long sword, charging towards her with murderous intent. Lan Wu, however, neither dodged nor avoided him, but calmly looked at him.

Just then, a melodious flute tune sounded from behind her.

This is……

Before Chu Jiangchi could react, Chu Ji, who was not far away, let out a shrill scream. He struggled hysterically and slammed his face hard against the ground.

"Ji'er!"

With his sharp eyes, he instantly spotted the thing wriggling under Chu Ji's skin. He was all too familiar with it; it was none other than the Soul-Devouring Gu that had been used on Qing Zibai.

Sure enough, a figure slowly emerged from behind Lan Wu, his fingertips resting on the jade flute, playing a melodious tune.

Lan Wu asked, "Tell me, where is Chu Chen?"

Chu Jiangchi's face turned deathly pale, and he lost control, saying, "Ji'er knows nothing about any of this, Lan Wu, are you really going to harm an innocent person?!"

"Innocent?" Lan Wu shook her head and said indifferently, "I don't think so. Everything in Penglai was obtained by consuming the flesh and blood of the merfolk back then. He was born in Penglai, enjoyed all the riches and honors, and received many preferential treatments because of his status as the young island lord. Where is he innocent?"

Chu Jiangchi opened his mouth, but couldn't refute it; his eyes almost bled.

Lan Wu repeated, "I'll ask one last time, where is Chu Chen?"

The flute music suddenly became shrill, and Chu Ji's screams abruptly ceased, leaving only hoarse and rapid breathing. Chu Jiangchi's heart tightened, and he exclaimed, "At the Chu residence!"

"The Chu residence?" Lan Wu asked in surprise, "You mean he's been staying with you in Shiling City all this time?"

"yes!"

"Nonsense," Chu Jiao retorted instinctively, "I have never seen him at the Chu residence!"

"Of course you've never seen him," Chu Jiangchi said through gritted teeth, "because… he has never appeared in human form!"

Chu Jiao was suddenly stunned. After a few breaths, she suddenly realized something and widened her eyes in disbelief: "That eagle!"

Lan Wu hurriedly asked, "What eagle?"

Chu Jiao turned around in shock: "It's the eagle that Chu Jiangchi raised. I always thought it was his spirit pet!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Chu Jiang suddenly knelt heavily on the ground, clutching his chest and vomiting blood.

Lan Wu was startled and grabbed his collar: "What did you do?"

Chu Jiangchi coughed a few times, his voice hoarse, "There's a curse connecting me and Chu Chen. If I break the agreement and reveal his identity, I'll be struck by the curse, and he'll… immediately realize his identity has been exposed and vanish without a trace." As he spoke, he slowly raised his head, looking at Lan Wu's surprised face with satisfaction: "You'll never catch him in this lifetime…"

176. Is that right?

As soon as he finished speaking, several dark figures flew rapidly toward the Chu residence.

Lan Wu angrily pushed Chu Jiangchi away, glanced at Ji Lingyue's rapidly departing figure, and then stepped onto her flying sword to chase after her.

The wind howled, and she bit her lip in annoyance, unconsciously clenching her fists.

No, no, it's too slow!

Suddenly, she thought of something, lowered her head and bit her fingertip, using her blood as a medium to hurriedly draw the reverse spell, then quickly formed a hand seal and chanted the summoning incantation.

The woman's figure appeared out of thin air on the stone wall outside the Chu residence, facing the snow-white gyrfalcon.

Danqing's eyes widened in surprise. "Master! When did you arrive?" She instinctively leaned towards Lanwu, puffed out her chest, and said proudly, "I have completed all the tasks you gave me, and I have been listening to you and guarding this place. I haven't seen anyone come out."

Lan Wu hurriedly asked, "Are any birds coming out?"

"bird?"

Danqing blinked, slowly raised her wings, and asked in confusion, "You mean that bird?"

Lan Wu was startled and quickly looked up into the sky along the wings, and sure enough, she saw a swaying shadow. In the night sky, the black feathers of the eagle were like the most exquisite camouflage; if Dan Qing hadn't had such good eyesight, he probably would have really let it slip away.

Lan Wu's heart nearly leaped into her throat. She abruptly turned her longsword and flew into the sky. With all her might, she closed the distance to a range where she could set up a magic array, then quickly formed hand seals and said in a trembling voice, "Go!"

With a whoosh, six blue binding arrays appeared around the black figure, closing inward and trapping him in a small cage. Chu Chen

seemed to be stunned for a moment, looked around, and instantly returned to human form, striking the buzzing array eye with a palm.

A long, creaking sound pierced his ears. A few breaths later, the magic array shattered into tiny specks of light, falling like rain. At that moment, Lan Wu pounced over, conjuring a long sword and thrusting it toward his heart with murderous intent.

Chu Chen turned around in time and grabbed her sword blade tightly.

Frost covered her withered fingers. Lan Wu looked at the skeletal, gaunt face, her eyes flickering: "I've seen you before…"

The old man who nearly strangled her when she accidentally entered the Penglai Underground Palace back then had a face just like this.

She gritted her teeth and said, "So it was you."

Chu Chen glared at her back: "Chu…"

Lan Wu abruptly pulled back her sword: "I am not Chu Chunhan!"

She unleashed a sharp water blade, mercilessly slashing at Chu Chen's neck. A chilling aura spread out, causing Chu Chen to flinch as if frozen. He seemed to finally regain his senses and shattered Lan Wu's Water Condensation Sword with a single palm strike.

He shook his head and said in a hoarse voice, "I am… your grandfather…"

The shattered water droplets returned to Lan Wu's palm, coalescing into a silver longsword. Hearing this, she laughed incredulously: "You actually…you actually dared to say such a thing to me…"

An uncontrollable rage surged within her, and the moisture in the air condensed into ice spikes, flying towards Chu Chen with her reckless and fierce attack: "I have no grandfather!"

With a whoosh, Chu Chen flicked his sleeve, creating a gust of wind. The dense ice spikes changed direction and attacked Lan Wu instead. At the critical moment, a demonic aura suddenly wrapped around Lan Wu's waist. The woman who rushed over pulled her behind her, turned around, and slapped her hard with her palm.

"boom!"

A gust of wind swept by, sending Chu Chen flying several feet away.

His robes billowed in the wind. He coughed, raised his head, and stared unblinkingly at the person blocking Lan Wu's path.

"Such formidable power at such a young age," Chu Chen licked his lips and said sinisterly, "Did she give you a lot of mermaid blood?"

Ji Lingyue said with disgust, "Do you think everyone is like you, willing to hurt their relatives and loved ones for a little blood?"

"Why not?" Chu Chen chuckled. "If it weren't for the blood of the merfolk, I would have died long ago. It's a pity that blood… will eventually run out. If I had known, I should have asked for more merfolk back then."

Lan Wu couldn't help but clench her longsword, her pretty face flushed with anger. Just then, another voice came from afar, furiously shouting, "Why don't you just die?!"

The blue figure rushed towards Chu Chen like an arrow, followed by Meng Changge, whose face was full of tension: "Lan Yuan!"

Seeing this, Ji Lingyue transformed into black mist and attacked Chu Chen. Lan Wu was about to follow when she heard a voice calling from behind: "Lan Wu!"

She instinctively turned around and saw Yu Shanye riding a white dragon flying out of the clouds. She shouted, "Chu Jiangchi is dead!"

Lan Wu was shocked: "Dead?"

"The curse has backfired, damaging my heart meridian!"

"But he wouldn't have died so quickly!"

"Chu Jiao shattered his elixir," Yu Shanye said, stopping beside her. "She acted too quickly; no one had time to react."

As the moonlight fell, more figures gradually came into view. Qi Yueyao, Wen Shiyu, the Qing family members, and other familiar or unfamiliar cultivators were all rushing towards this place. Lan Wu glanced at them, then looked at the several figures fighting not far away, and suddenly cupped her hands to her mouth, shouting, "Listen to me, everyone!"

A clear female voice reached everyone's ears: "Don't rush to kill him. Force him out of the barrier and hand him over to the Demon King!"

The group understood each other perfectly and surrounded Chu Chen, blocking his escape routes in all directions, leaving only one gap for him to escape.

“Chu Chen, you old thief, you’re actually still alive!”

A rain of swords poured down like a waterfall. Despite his best efforts to resist, his body was slashed open with countless cuts, and blood instantly stained his clothes. Chu Chen gasped for breath, turned around in a sorry state, and fled towards the only place where he could catch his breath.

Ji Lingyue returned to Lan Wu’s side, pulling her into the sky. Spiritual light flickered beneath their feet. Chu Chen was surrounded and fled like a rat in the street, frantically looking around, trying to break through the encirclement: “We are all cultivators, do you really want to hand me over to monsters!”

Qi Yueyao shouted, “When you killed other people, did you forget that you were human too?!”

“That’s right!” Lan Yuan, mixed in with the crowd, angrily rebuked without any hesitation: “Being driven to your death by your own kind is all your own fault!”

Amidst the flashing swords, Chu Chen staggered and landed on the sand beside the barrier, refusing to take another step outside: “Fine, since you want me dead, then kill me here!” He roared madly, “You want monsters to kill me, yet your own hands are clean? Keep dreaming! My hands are stained with the blood of my own kind, so how much better are you!”

Lan Yuan gritted her teeth, drew her sword, and flew out: “Then I’ll kill you!”

At that moment, two figures rushed forward even faster. Ji Lingyue grabbed Chu Chen by the throat and slammed him against the barrier, while Lan Wu held her sword against his abdomen and said coldly, “Lan Zhichuan is still alive, isn’t he?”

Chu Chen’s eyes were bloodshot as he hissed, “You…you’re committing a heinous crime…I am, I am yours…”

Lan Wu, expressionless, pushed it in: “Is that right?”

177. Great tonic iyuzhai wu.xy z

Lan Wu twisted her wrist, and the icy blade slowly rotated within Chu Chen's flesh. Chu Chen trembled in pain and cried out, "Yes, yes!"

"Where is he?"

"I have no idea!"

"How could you not know?" Lan Wu suddenly drew her longsword and pressed it against his neck. "You colluded with him and committed so many evil deeds, how could you not know where he was?!"

"He forced me to do this!" Chu Chen said sharply. "I had faked my death for many years, fearing Lan Yueyao's revenge, but he came knocking on my door, demanding that I cooperate with him to guide Lan Yueyao in attacking Penglai!" At this point, the old man's voice grew even more mournful: "My Penglai, which had finally achieved its current status, was destroyed by his plan! Our Chu family's underground palace, which we've protected for so many years, was completely destroyed by Lan Yueyao! This is their siblings' business, what does it have to do with me?! Do you think I wasn't happy when I heard Lan Zhichuan was dead? No, I was overjoyed! Yet he haunts me, reappearing before me, forcing me to leave the underground palace and work for him. If I refuse, he'll reveal that I'm still alive to Lan Yueyao; if I agree, after it's done, he'll give me even more mermaids, just like he did back then..." "In the end, you're just a coward who's afraid of death!" Lan Wu interrupted him, unable to bear it any longer. "You say you were forced, you say it has nothing to do with you, but if you hadn't done that thing back then, you wouldn't be in this situation today!"

"What's wrong with being afraid of death?" Chu Chen's face twisted as he raged, "You mermaids are born with long lifespans. Compared to you, a human's life is as fleeting as a mayfly. What right do you have to accuse me of being afraid of death? And them! They always say that cultivating the Tao is to subdue demons and protect the peace of the world, putting on a righteous and awe-inspiring act. You don't actually believe them, do you?"

His sinister eyes swept across the faces of the people: "We're all just trying to achieve immortality, only our luck differs!"

Ji Lingyue suddenly tightened her grip on his throat: "Absurd."

She said, word by word, "The sixty years of my life are not something you can slander at will. Tell me! Where exactly is Lan Zhichuan?"

"I already said, no, I don't know…" Chu Chen's eyes widened as he was being choked, his chest heaving more and more rapidly. "The ones I met later were all… that cat demon, Ji, Ji…"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: "Ji Xing?"

Demonic energy gradually surged from beneath her feet, revealing her discontent. Upon hearing the name, Lan Yuan exclaimed in astonishment, "Ji Xing? The cat demon Ji Xing? Is she in league with Lan Zhichuan?"

"Ha…" Ji Lingyue chuckled and turned her head to look at the shadows deep in the desert: "It really is true, both old and new grudges have come knocking on our door."

Soon, a gaunt figure was ruthlessly thrown out of the barrier. Chu Chen scrambled to his feet and stumbled as he tried to run back, but a long sword blocked his way. Lan Wu coldly said, "Run! If you're lucky, you might die a little later."

"No, no…" He shook his head, bewildered, and said, "Let me go back, let me go back! You can punish me however you want, just don't hand me over to Lan Yueyao!"

"Punishment?" Lan Wu scoffed. "Only the living need punishment, not you."

"No……"

Before he could finish speaking, a click came from behind him, and a voice from his distant memories echoed softly: "Chu Chen."

Chu Chen froze abruptly, his eyes filled with shock.

Lan Yue stared intently at him: "Long time no see."

As soon as she finished speaking, the gaunt figure in front of her suddenly turned around, and a cold glint from his sleeve flew straight toward her face. Lan Yueyao snorted and raised a finger. Instantly, an invisible force appeared out of thin air, blocking the long sword that was thrusting at her and preventing it from advancing even an inch further.

With a snap, a thin crack appeared on the sword blade, which was covered in spiritual light. Chu Chen's eyes trembled, and he immediately abandoned the sword, retreated, and turned to flee into

the night sky.

A deep laugh rang out, like a venomous snake baring its fangs, following him like a shadow: “Chu Chen, where do you think you’re going?”

A thin, arrow-like stream of water shot out from her side, tightly wrapping around the old man’s limbs, then quickly froze into ice, protruding countless sharp thorns that pierced deep into his flesh.

A shrill scream suddenly rang out in the night sky, and scarlet blood flowed down the icicles, dripping onto Lan Yueyao’s fingertips: “After all these years, the scent of mermaid blood in your body is still so strong. Indeed,” she said calmly, looking down at the crimson bloodstains, “you imprisoned me for so long.”

Chu Chen trembled violently, crying out in terror, “Lan Yueyao, please let me go! I’ll do anything you ask if you’ll let me go!”

“Anything is fine?” Lan Yue narrowed her eyes. “Can you do something to make me happy?”

Chu Chen nodded hastily: “I can! As long as you let me go, I’ll do anything for you…”

“I don’t need to be your slave,” she shook her head and sneered, “The only thing you can do to make me happy is to die.”

After saying that, she suddenly clenched her five fingers, and her limbs, which were pressed tightly by the ice shards, twisted into a strange angle with a crack, tearing flesh and blood, almost exposing bone.

Chu Chen screamed in agony, tears streaming down his face: “No, no, no! Don’t kill me! I shouldn’t have treated you like that back then! I was wrong! I was blinded by greed! I was so foolish! For Chunhan’s sake, please don’t kill me! I beg you, I’m her father!”

Lan Yueyao was taken aback, and a different emotion gradually appeared on her usually calm face: “You still know that you are her father!”

A powerful force suddenly pulled Chu Chen in front of the woman. Lan Yueyao grabbed his collar, furious, and said sternly, “If she hadn’t sought the blood of the mermaids to save you back then, if she hadn’t come to the South Sea, she wouldn’t have met me and Lan Zhichuan,

and she wouldn't have ended up like that! She did all this because you were her beloved father, but what about you? You treated her as a disposable tool, you pushed her into the tiger's den, you destroyed her with your own hands! Even now, you still dare to call yourself her father!"

She trembled all over and said, word by word, "Disgusting."

"Are you only sorry to me? You've wronged her even more, and you've wronged the merfolk who were imprisoned with me. Those merfolk were my childhood friends and family, my subjects who swore allegiance to me, but they're all dead, dead in that dark and hopeless prison," Lan Yueyao said, her eyes reddening, her voice trembling. "You cut hundreds and thousands of times into each of them, you took every drop of their blood. Every dead merfolk was subjected to the torture of being slowly sliced to death. Can you understand that feeling?"

Chu Chen was breathing heavily, his eyelashes fluttering wildly, and he dared not look at her.

Lan Yueyao laughed through her tears: "Originally, I wanted to kill you with my own hands, but now I've changed my mind."

She picked up Chu Chen, rode the evening breeze, and flew high into the sky, stopping beneath the bright moon.

Inside and outside the barrier, countless eyes were fixed on her, awaiting her next move.

"You're right. There are many people in this world who crave immortality, and so do demons," Lan Yue said in a hoarse voice as she lifted him into the air. "I once heard a human saying: 'A common man is innocent, but possessing a treasure is a crime.' I didn't understand what it meant before, but I later experienced it firsthand. Now, you can experience this feeling too."

Chu Chen was startled, as if finally realizing something, and suddenly looked up: "No..."

The pale white hand withdrew at that moment, the wind howled, and Chu Chen fell from the sky. Through his disheveled long hair, he looked in horror at the woman hanging high in the air. Lan Yueyao, her eyes red, laughed tremblingly, her voice resounding through the sky: "All demons, heed my command! He has mermaid blood. Eat it, it will be very nourishing!"

178. Disperse

The demons swarmed forward, and the shrill screams continued for a long time before gradually fading away. Lan Yueyao lowered her eyes, her gaze shifting from the blood-red sand to a sudden figure.

It was a beautiful face, with tightly pursed lips that still carried the immaturity and naivety of youth, and dark eyes that stared at her stubbornly.

Amidst the chaotic and out-of-control horde of demons, the girl's slender figure seemed capable of being swept away in an instant, yet she stood out so completely, like a stubborn rock standing firm in a raging torrent.

Lan Yue frowned and asked, "Is there anything you want to say?"

The girl's long eyelashes fluttered, and she slowly shook her head: "I don't understand."

The cacophony drowned out her words, but Lan Yueyao heard her clearly: "What don't you understand?"

"I don't understand, why are we fighting this meaningless war?" the girl said. "If this is the result after ten years, what have we sacrificed so many lives for?"

Lan Yue blinked and whispered, "You don't want to stop either, do you?"

"Why stop?" The girl looked up at her, her voice trembling slightly. "You said you would lead us into the Central Plains, that you would let the demons live a better life, so they would no longer have to endure the bitter cold, nor die painfully from the barren land. My family, my friends, all followed you for this reason, and threw themselves into this war without hesitation. But now, you want to stop!" A tear fell, and the girl choked out, "After they all died, you want to stop? Why?! Do you think that if you stop, the two races will be at peace again? Or do you simply not care? You don't care how we will survive in the future, or whether the human race will retaliate? You know that if we don't kill them, they will kill us. Why should we tolerate this and retreat without a fight?!"

The painful cries faded away with the wind, and before anyone knew it, the demons who had been fighting over the flesh and blood fell silent, and pairs of beast eyes of different colors all fell on the girl.

She trembled all over and cried out in a pitiful voice, “I won’t stop. If you want to kill me like you killed the Demon Lord, then kill me!”

Lan Yueyao gazed at her and slowly raised her hand.

The girl shuddered and instinctively closed her eyes. At that moment, several other figures rushed out and staggered to block her way.

Lan Yueyao was taken aback: “You think I’m going to kill her?”

Several demons looked at her in fear, one of them trembling as he pleaded, “Your Majesty, this child is young and ignorant, please spare her life…”

She was silent for a moment, then suddenly chuckled and looked at the countless monsters standing at her feet: “You think the same way, don’t you?”

After a moment of silence, a tall bear demon stepped forward: “Yes.”

He pursed his lips, knelt down with a thud, and kowtowed to the ground: “Your Majesty, stop now, for it would be a disservice to our fallen comrades!”

Behind him, the monsters looked at each other, hesitated, and knelt down. First one, then two, and more and more figures knelt down, faster and faster. The clear moonlight shone on their bowed heads, and in the end, only a few monsters remained standing.

The surroundings were so quiet you could hear a pin drop; the monsters and their king were locked in a silent standoff.

“Hahaha……”

A broken, hoarse laugh shattered the silence. Ji Xing trembled as she raised her blood-stained face, her crimson eyes filled with glee: “Your Majesty, you can’t stop them…”

After a long silence, the woman calmly said, “I understand.”

As the night breeze blew, the slender figure of the mermaid slowly descended to the ground: “I am sorry that as your king, I led you into the mire, and as your king, I was unable to provide you with a better life.”

“You are right. I have never truly cared about you. I have even lived for a vague and unrealistic dream.” She lowered her eyes and looked

at the demons prostrate at her feet. Her voice became softer. “I once had subjects I wanted to protect, and I once had a heart full of ambitions, but in the end, I accomplished nothing.”

“All my life, I’ve only chased after fleeting dreams, and everything I wanted has left me. I gave everything, only to end up with nothing. How laughable…” She chuckled softly and shook her head wearily. “It was indeed my fault for leading you to this point. Now, I don’t want to continue fighting anymore, but you refuse to listen to me. Why? Aren’t you afraid of death?”

The silence answered her question. Lan Yueyao blinked and whispered, “What’s the point of dying here?”

A hoarse voice said, “Dying here may not mean anything, but if you go back empty-handed with nothing to show for it, how will you face the elderly and children who are eagerly waiting for you at home?”

“Did all those monsters who died really die in vain?”

Lan Yue asked in return, “So, you’re not going to change your mind?”

“Unless the king kills us, we will never change our minds.”

The desert returned to silence. After a long while, a woman’s soft sigh blended into the cold wind: “Okay.”

Boom—!

A thunderclap resounded through the sky, and Lan Wu trembled, feeling a strange sense of unease.

She looked up and saw that the once clear night sky had suddenly been filled with thick dark clouds, the stars and moonlight had disappeared, and lightning flashed like snakes through the clouds, illuminating the sky for a moment.

Goosebumps rose on her skin, and it felt as if ants were crawling all over her. She felt a slight tingling sensation and twisted her neck uncomfortably. Just as she was about to ask Ji Lingyue if she felt the same way, a bolt of purple lightning struck down from the sky, hitting a figure in the desert with unstoppable force.

Ye Qingjun looked over from afar and finally realized what was happening, exclaiming in surprise, “A lightning tribulation!”

Lan Wu was taken aback: “Lightning tribulation? Whose lightning tribulation?”

After saying that, she understood the answer.

Only humans and demons who have transcended tribulation and ascended to the upper realm will undergo the tempering of ten purple heavenly lightning bolts. Among everyone present, only Lan Yueyao’s strength is close to that of an immortal. Besides her, whose tribulation could it be?

Lan Wu was initially delighted, but then became confused: “Wait a minute, why am I about to undergo tribulation?”

Ji Lingyue frowned and stared for a long time before suddenly saying, “No, she is not undergoing tribulation.”

She stared intently at the frail figure, her gaze gradually turning to astonishment: “She’s there, dispersing all her cultivation…”

179. Spring po18 c b.co m

In the sunless desert covered by thick clouds, several figures rushed out of the barrier and flew towards the center of the thunderstorm.

The closer they got, the stronger the wind became, their clothes were constantly being blown around, the dampness clung tightly to their skin, and the yellow sand hit their faces like a dull knife cutting into their flesh. They had no choice but to get down to the ground and trudge forward with difficulty, their steps uneven.

Suddenly, the sand beneath her feet turned into a softer, more grounded feel. Lan Wu subconsciously looked down and saw new green shoots spreading under her feet.

She stood there, stunned, her brows furrowed in confusion.

How could such a place exist…?

“Blue, Blue Beauty…”

A hand gripped her tightly. Lan Wu turned around and saw Lan Yuan staring ahead in shock, so she followed her gaze.

The slender figure standing in the center of the thunderstorm knelt down at some point. She continuously channeled her azure demonic power into the ground , and verdant flowers and plants, symbolizing

vitality, spread from her palms. In the blink of an eye, the desert for miles around had been transformed into an oasis.

She slowly opened her eyes and finally realized what Lan Yueyao was about to do.

Merfolk are spiritual beings created at the beginning of time, living and dying with water.

Water is the source of life.

Lan Wu trembled and murmured, “No, it won’t work…”

She staggered forward against the wind, when another bolt of lightning struck. The woman swayed and coughed up blood, but the surrounding oasis grew rapidly.

She is using lightning to speed up this process.

The monsters had already retreated to a safe place, gazing blankly at the sky where a storm was brewing. A strong storm arose around the woman, with crackling electric currents running through it. The moment she stepped into it, she was stung hard.

Ji Lingyue released a cloud-like, misty demonic aura that enveloped the group, blocking the tiny, snake-like lightning bolts. Lan Wu struggled forward, finally staggering to her side, and hissed, “Stop!”

Lan Yue ignored him, her face gradually losing color, yet the demonic power surging from her palm remained powerful and abundant.

“Blue Iris!”

Lan Yuan suddenly woke up and knelt down beside Lan Yueyao, struggling to grab her arm: “You can’t do this! You can’t! Just abandon everything like this!”

The woman blinked, slowly raised her eyes, and looked at the twin sisters in front of her.

It looks so much like it…

She sighed silently, but the resentment and hatred she once felt were gone. Instead, she was filled with a long-lost peace: “From now on, it’s up to the two of you.”

“No!” Lan Wu said frantically, “This isn’t over yet! Lan Zhichuan…

Lan Zhichuan isn't dead! You haven't avenged him yet, you can't just leave like this, please, without you, we can't accomplish this!"

"Why not?" Lan Yueyao said in a low voice, "You two are princesses of the Merfolk and daughters of Chunhan. You cannot belittle yourselves, nor can you… always rely on me."

"But……"

"Don't you understand?" Lan Yue interrupted her, her smiling eyes glistening with tears: "I can no longer return to Kunlun Sea."

The barrier in front of her, the demon race behind her, the human heart and fear, hatred and estrangement—all these were shackles that kept her in place.

She will never be able to return to her homeland again in her lifetime.

"Besides, I'm already tired," Lan Yueyao said softly, "Lan Wu, I'm tired."

Lan Wu stared at her blankly, unable to utter a single word.

"The fragmented souls I collected… I've locked them all in the eternal lamp in the royal palace. Release her after I'm gone," she said, a faint smile on her face. "That way, I can leave with her."

Lan Yuan shook her head, choking back tears, and said, "Lacking a wisp of her soul, even if she is reincarnated, she will not be a complete person. Perhaps in the next life, she will be an idiot, a madwoman. She will not recognize you, and you will not recognize her. Don't you understand?"

Lan Yueyao gave a soft "hmm": "I understand, but I never expect to meet her again in the next life. I have already hurt her badly enough. If time could turn back, if I could really go back to the past, I would rather that I never met her in this life."

Lan Wu trembled, and tears fell in a plop, wetting her knees.

The woman smiled, raised her hands, and put the two small fish on her shoulders.

A thunderous roar echoed, and demonic power emanated from every part of her body. Lan Yueyao closed her eyes and said softly, "To be honest, I don't really like either of you very much."

As she spoke calmly, new shoots sprouted in the barren desert, and green grass surged toward the barrier like waves. But when it touched the barrier, it emitted a layer of dark blue light. People subconsciously took a step back. Under everyone's watchful eyes, the light slowly climbed up the barrier like water, repairing the precarious cracks and spreading outwards.

"But who told you all to look so much like her…"

The azure demonic power silently merged into the golden barrier, flickering and illuminating Ye Qingjun's dark eyes. She raised her head, staring intently at the changing barrier, and murmured, "She is… reforging the boundary."

"Your mother is the kindest and bravest person I have ever met, so don't let her down, and don't let me down either…"

At the same time, a touch of emerald green surged into the demon realm, quickly engulfing three hundred miles of yellow sand, heading straight for Yandu. Withered trees sprouted new life, barren marshes teemed with water, and the gray earth was gradually covered in emerald green. With a thunderous boom, damp dew dripped down, and the demon children running through the streets stopped in their tracks, stretching out their hands in delight: "Rain, it's raining, it's raining!"

The woman sighed softly, "Kill Lan Zhichuan, and end all of this."

A bolt of lightning flashed by, followed by a mournful wail that sounded like the wails of ghosts. Ji Lingyue looked up uneasily at the faint purple light in the sky.

The final bolt of lightning is about to strike.

She turned her head and looked at the several figures kneeling on the ground, anxiously saying, "Lan Wu!"

Her wet tears nearly soaked through her clothes, while pearls dripped from the other side. Lan Yueyao chuckled softly, tightened her arms, and hugged them tightly for the first and last time.

"Live well."

After saying that, she resolutely pressed down on the shoulders of the two little fish and pushed them out without hesitation.

A fierce wind howled past, instantly building a solid wall. Lan Wu staggered to her feet, but could no longer return to her side.

“aunt!”

“What kind of behavior is this, crying and sobbing?” Lan Yueyao tilted her head and said helplessly, “I’m returning your things to you.”

A bright, shiny bead flew from her palm and landed in Lan Wu’s arms.

“I originally wanted to refine it, but you’re really disappointing. Your cultivation level is nothing to me.” The woman smiled and said gently, “Mermaids, you really do need mermaid pearls.”

Firefly-like specks of light flew out of her body, illuminating a patch of sky and earth. The woman’s skin was almost transparent, as if she could disappear at any moment.

At that moment, a figure landed beside them: “Your Majesty.”

Ji Lingyue was startled and was about to make a move when she heard Lan Yue invite her, “You’ve arrived.”

“I rushed here upon receiving His Majesty’s order,” Yun Chuhe raised her head, gazing at the scene before her, a hint of surprise appearing on her usually composed face: “But I never expected that you would be here…”

“No need to say anything more.” Lan Yueyao said wearily, “Yuan Changning is dead, and Xi Bo and Ji Xing are also seriously injured and captured. After I leave, you will be the last demon lord of the demon realm.”

Yun Chuhe paused, staring intently at her.

“You’re very smart, smarter than the other three. All these years, besides meticulously completing the tasks I assign you, you’ve done nothing else,” Lan Yueyao coughed and said in a hoarse voice, “But do you think I haven’t noticed your little tricks?”

Before Yun Chuhe could answer, she continued, “I’m only turning a blind eye because you’ve secretly let go of some insignificant minor characters.”

Yun Chuhe pursed her lips and knelt down, saying, “This subordinate knows her mistake.”

Lan Yue sighed and smiled, “You will become a worthy demon king.”

Yun Chuhe was taken aback, then looked up: “Your Majesty…”

Lan Yueyao shook her head, her silver hair falling down, her weak voice quickly dissipating in the wind: “After I leave, tell all the demons that these past ten years have not been in vain, and the demons who sacrificed themselves did not die in vain. Tell them that I am sorry for everything that happened…”

Before he could finish speaking, a deafening roar suddenly came from the sky, and purple lightning tore through the clouds, rushing down with overwhelming force.

The woman closed her eyes, her face gradually fading into the eerie blue light: “Tell them to go home, for three hundred miles of yellow sand will be transformed into an oasis that never runs dry…”

“Here, there will be eternal spring.”

As the storm approached, Ji Lingyue’s pupils contracted, and she suddenly pounced on the two merfolk, using her demonic mist to protect herself.

Amidst the deafening roar, Lan Wu tightened her grip around her waist, rolling over to shield her beneath her. Her eyes widened in disbelief, and in the pitch-black darkness, she cried out in panic, “Lan Wu—”

The powerful impact hit her, and Ji Lingyue felt a tightness in her chest and instantly fainted.

Tick-tock.

The cool, drizzling rain fell on her face, and Lan Wu’s long eyelashes trembled for a moment before slowly opening.

Before her was Ji Lingyue’s face, wrinkled from crying. Seeing that she was awake, the woman grinned, both crying and laughing, and hugged her tightly in her arms: “You scared me to death!”

Lan Yuan, standing nearby, said angrily, “Are you crazy? She’s so weak, and you still want to protect her!”

Lan Wu stood there for a moment, then murmured in a daze, “Auntie…”

The surroundings fell silent. Lan Wu was startled, her heart pounding. She struggled to get up and looked in the direction Lan Yue had invited.

There was no one there, only a huge, deep pit.

Lan Wu, her face deathly pale, staggered over and looked down.

The bottom of the pit was covered with lush green grass, but there was still no sign of a woman.

Ji Lingyue followed behind her and said in a hoarse voice, "If you disperse all your cultivation, you will also disappear from this world along with your flesh and blood."

Lan Wu clenched her fists and stood motionless on the edge for a long time before finally taking a step down.

"Lan Wu..."

"It's nothing," Lan Wu raised her hand to stop her from coming closer, took a breath, and tried to suppress the trembling in her voice, "I just, I just went to take a look..."

Ji Lingyue stopped talking and silently watched her walk down into the pit.

A light drizzle fell obliquely. The silver-haired mermaid staggered and knelt down, carefully lowering her palm. Lush, moist green leaves sprouted from between her fingers.

Her nose suddenly stung, and she blinked frantically. A tear fell from the corner of her eye, turning into a flawless white pearl, and then pattered into the grass.

She paused for a moment, her hands involuntarily clenching into fists, and let out a soft laugh through her tears.

"ha......"

Pearls were scattered among the lush greenery. Suddenly, the light rain stopped, and the thick clouds gradually dispersed, revealing a sliver of sunlight.

It turned out that the night had already passed.

The first ray of sunlight pierced through the clouds, falling and

flowing onto Lan Wu's fair and white hand.

A gentle breeze rustled the grass, and a soft rustling sound came from the soil. Lan Wu's long eyelashes fluttered, and she raised her wet eyes to see a snow-white flower breaking through the soil.

The flower was slender and small, with tender stems and petals as clear and pure as a snow lotus from the mountains. When the sunlight shone on it, it shimmered and was exceptionally dazzling.

She stared at it blankly for a long time before she recognized its appearance.

Wild rice flower,

Wild rice flower.

The hellish flower, born from the blood and flesh of countless beings, quietly bloomed after the Blue Moon vanished from this world.

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180. Axing

As dawn broke, Lan Wu carefully dug out the pure white flower and put it into her storage bag.

The appearance of the wild rice flower is bound to cause conflict. Now, apart from the three of them, no one else knows about this, so she has decided to keep it a secret for the time being.

Ji Lingyue quietly watched her every move. When Lan Wu climbed up, she reached out to help her. Just as Lan Wu was about to put her hand on her, a commotion came from afar. A black figure escaped from the demon horde and flew away like the wind.

Before she could even see who it was, the person in front of her vanished in an instant: “Ji Xing!”

Ji Xing was already injured, and she hadn’t run far before being overtaken by the rapidly approaching gale. She instinctively turned to the side, and a demonic thorn as thick as a forearm grazed past her, leaving a bloody wound. Several more thorns followed closely behind, all aiming to pierce her limbs.

She conjured a longsword and hastily struck them away. Before she could catch her breath, she felt a chill in her back. She tried her best to turn and bend over, but she only managed to avoid a fatal blow.

The longsword pierced her shoulder with a whoosh and then emerged from behind her.

Ji Xing grabbed the sword blade, her pale face covered in cold sweat, but her eyes were full of confusion as she looked at the newcomer: “Who are you?”

Bai Zhi was taken aback, her eyes widened slightly, and she chuckled, “You don’t even… remember who I am at all.”

Ji Xing gasped, “Do I need to remember?”

She shattered the longsword in her palm with a sudden thud, and was about to shake off Bai Zhi and continue her escape when a tremendous force came from behind and slammed her to the ground.

“cough……”

Blood gushed from her lips. The woman coughed as she got up, squinting at the descending figure.

Dew-kissed blades of grass brushed against her white boots, dampening the soft, light hem of her dress. Ji Lingyue walked step by step to her, lowering her head: "Ji Xing," she said, pressing her black sword against the cat demon's throat: "Where do you think you're going?"

Ji Xing glanced at the cold blade, then casually wiped the blood from the corner of her lips. "You're still alive," she chuckled, giving up the struggle and plopping down. "As expected, you're always so relentless in your pursuit of me."

Ji Lingyue frowned: "Stop talking nonsense, where is Lan Zhichuan?"

"Why are you asking about Lan Zhichuan? What's your relationship with him?"

Ji Lingyue countered, "What is your relationship with Lan Zhichuan that you've been working for him all this time?"

After a moment of silence, Ji Xing lazily tilted her head and said, "You have really changed a lot. The last time we met, you wanted to kill me right away, but now you can speak to me in a nice tone."

The long sword pressed down on his neck, its chilling edge biting, and blood gushed down: "Speak? There's nothing to say between us. I'll ask you one more time, where is Lan Zhichuan?"

Why should I tell you?

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and scoffed, "As expected, I shouldn't have asked you." She said, word by word, "A monster like you, heartless and emotionless, eccentric and cruel, is just like Lan Zhichuan. No wonder the two of you can get together. Besides each other, is there anyone else willing to approach you?"

Ji Xing's voice deepened: "I am different from him."

"What's the difference?" Ji Lingyue blinked, feigning sudden realization: "Oh, I remember now, you're even more pitiful than him. His hypocritical mask once held a supreme position and the love of his subjects, while you, you have nothing. No one loves you, and no one cares about you. You're just a clown who follows his orders."

“shut up!”

A dense aura of demonic energy suddenly overflowed, almost pouncing on Ji Lingyue, but was quickly withdrawn. Ji Xing stared at her intently, her shoulders trembling slightly, and let out a burst of laughter: “Ha…you want to provoke me?” She shook her head: “Too bad, no matter how pitiful I am, I can’t compare to you.”

Ji Lingyue frowned and stared at her without blinking.

“Have you forgotten how your family and friends died?” The woman’s eyes crinkled into a smile. “It’s all because of you. I loved you so much back then, I cherished and protected you. If you hadn’t angered me, why would I have killed them? You were the one who took me in, you were the one who kept me by your side even after discovering I was a monster, you were the one who made me greedy and unsatisfied. If it weren’t for you, I wouldn’t have bothered to kill them…”

Ji Lingyue clenched her fist: “Shut up.”

“You don’t dare listen?” Ji Xing grinned, saying gleefully, “But that’s the truth! You brought this trouble upon yourself, you killed them, and you got what you deserved more than I did…”

The slender fingers gripped Ji Xing’s neck tightly. She groaned, her face flushed red, but her eyes remained fixed on Ji Lingyue: “Cough… You think being with Lan Wu will allow you to forget the past and live a good life? Don’t even think about it! As long as I’m alive, you can forget about escaping your past sins. Look at yourself now, a demon… How many people have you killed, how much blood is on your hands? How dare you call me cruel…”

Ji Lingyue’s face was icy cold, her upturned eyes gradually turning a thin red, and her demonic energy was stirring. Just when Ji Xing thought she was about to get angry, she suddenly let go of her hand: “That’s not my fault.”

Ji Xing knelt on the ground and coughed violently.

“It’s not my fault that I saved you, nor is it my fault that I treated you well,” Ji Lingyue closed her eyes and said in a hoarse voice, “I will no longer blame myself for other people’s mistakes, it’s not worth it.”

Ji Xing suddenly raised her head: “How can it not be your fault! If it weren’t for you…”

"Don't you think you're weird?" Ji Lingyue interrupted her. "Why are you so persistent, trying to make me your accomplice?"

Ji Xing was stunned for a moment, and the woman in front of her bent down and stared straight into her eyes: "You want me to live in guilt forever, you want me to suffer without relief. In the end, you want me to become like you, so that you, this poor wretch, won't be all alone."

The cat demon's pupils trembled slightly, gradually shrinking to a vertical line: "I'm not pitiful—"

"No matter what you say, I won't let myself sink into this again," she whispered. "You said you did those things because you liked me, but actually it was just what you wanted to do. I understand that feeling, using the guise of liking someone to do things that hurt the person you love. I used to be like that too, but later I realized that if you really like someone, you can't bear to hurt them. Otherwise, it will only be mutual torment."

Strands of demonic energy crept up the woman's fair neck, leaving behind streaks of bright red burns. Ji Lingyue said coldly, "I will keep moving forward. I will kill you and then forget you. My life will never be disturbed by you again. From now on, even my hatred will not be yours."

Ji Xing stared blankly at her, as if she couldn't feel the pain brought on by the demonic energy.

"You will be left alone in the past."

The sound of rustling footsteps rang out, and a silver-haired mermaid appeared behind Ji Lingyue without her noticing: "Ji Xing."

Ji Xing's long eyelashes trembled, as if she had suddenly come to her senses. She hurriedly lowered her head. Lan Yuan looked at the top of her dark hair and asked hesitantly, "Why did you get involved with Lan Zhichuan? What is your relationship with him?"

Ji Xing pursed her lips and remained silent. The next moment, another cold longsword was placed against her neck.

Lan Yuan said, "I told you last time we met that one day I would take your life."

The woman unconsciously clenched her fist: "Why?"

"Why do you ask? Have you forgotten what you did to Lan Wu?"

"Lan Wu?" Ji Xing scoffed. "Isn't she still alive?"

"When you killed her, you didn't expect her to be alive."

"I killed her?" Ji Xing slowly tilted her head, her blood-red eyes fixed on Lan Yuan. "Back then, it wasn't just me who wanted her dead. Lan Yueyao, Lan Zhichuan, and some merfolk all wanted Lan Wu dead! You love her so much, why don't you think about why your dear sister is so repulsive?!"

Lan Yuan was surprisingly calm: "Of course I know why they hate Lan Wu. Lan Yueyao blamed Lan Wu for her mother's death, and Lan Zhichuan feared the prophecy of dying at Lan Wu's hands. But I don't understand why you do this." She lowered her eyes and whispered, "You've never had any contact with her, you could even say you're complete strangers. Why do you hate her so much?"

As she finished speaking, a layer of mist covered the woman's bloodshot eyes. She raised the corners of her lips as if to smile, but it was more painful than crying: "Of course you don't understand. You only care about your incompetent sister. Everyone else is insignificant to you and not worth your attention. You don't understand what I hate or what I crave, because you've long forgotten everything. The words spoken and the deeds done are nothing but fleeting clouds to you… Only me, only me…"

"Ah Xing," suddenly, a woman's pleasant voice interrupted her emotions that were about to spiral out of control. Ji Xing froze, and after a long while, she looked at her in disbelief.

Lan Yuan frowned, her beautiful blue eyes filled with sorrow: "Are you A-Xing?"

181. Whereabouts

Lan Yuan sheathed her sword, knelt down in front of her, and carefully extended her hand.

Ji Xing trembled and instinctively shrank back, but the hand stubbornly remained in front of her until she stopped dodging, then continued to stroke her.

Lan Yuan lowered her eyes and gazed at her for a long time: "Are you… my sister?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback and looked at them with some surprise.

“The first time we met, I rescued you from the sea, and you told me that I looked a lot like your sister.” She unconsciously stroked the cat demon’s cheek and whispered, “Later, when we met in the demon realm, no matter how much I refused, you insisted on calling me ‘sister.’ Even on the night of the incident, when we fought, you said in a fit of anger that you were also my sister. Did you say that because you considered me your sister, or…” She pursed her lips and said in a hoarse voice, “I am indeed your sister?”

Ji Xing trembled, her long eyelashes fluttered, and suddenly a tear rolled down her cheek.

Merfolk are naturally cold-blooded, and when that tear fell onto her fingertip, it felt as hot as molten lava. Lan Yuan couldn’t help but curl her fingers, staring at her intently, her gaze blank: “So that’s how it is…”

Sunlight streamed down on the cat demon’s thin body. Lan Yuan sighed deeply and closed her eyes helplessly: “How did you end up like this?”

Ji Xing sobbed, trembling as she covered her face: “I didn’t want this, I didn’t want this. Mother is gone, Xiaoxue is gone too. We were going to find you, but she’s dead… She died on her birthday. I couldn’t save her. I have nothing left…”

Lan Yuan was taken aback: “Xiao Xue…? That rabbit?”

Ji Xing choked back tears as she laughed: “That rabbit? Look, in your eyes, she’s just an ordinary rabbit, but I lived with her for a hundred years. We depended on each other for survival. Even though we lived in poverty, we were peaceful and happy. We could have continued like this forever, but she wanted to see you. Even though she didn’t remember what you looked like, she always wanted to see you, and even… she died on her way to see you…”

Lan Yuan’s body grew cold, and she stared at her without blinking.

Ji Xing shook her head and said sadly, “I don’t understand why we’ve ended up like this when we did nothing wrong. Why do humans want to exterminate us when we treat them with kindness! After Xiaoxue was seriously injured, I wanted to find you. I had a chance to save her…”

Intermittent sobs reached their ears. Ji Xing clutched her chest, seemingly struggling to breathe, her bloodshot eyes already brimming with tears: “It’s all because of Lan Wu! I wanted to find you, but they said I was impersonating Lan Wu and called me shameless! I wanted to find the gourd fruit to save my life, but the last fruit was taken by two sea creatures. No matter how much I begged, they refused to give it to me, simply because they wanted to please Lan Wu!”

The cat demon’s voice grew increasingly mournful: “That fruit was of no importance to her, but it was Xiaoxue’s lifeline! Why is her life so worthless, even less valuable than Lan Wu’s pet!”

Lan Yuan subconsciously said, “But Lan Wu had no idea.”

“Does she mean she’s innocent just because she didn’t know?!” Ji Xing clenched her fists agitatedly. “She’s so spoiled, willful, and useless, yet she has everything without lifting a finger. What I desperately wanted, she discarded like trash; what I painstakingly pursued, she obtained with a flick of her finger! If it weren’t for her, Xiaoxue might still be alive; if it weren’t for her, what should have been mine wouldn’t have been taken away!” She trembled all over, her gaze gradually falling on Ji Lingyue, and she said sadly, “Not a single one of them would have been taken away.”

Their eyes met briefly, and Ji Lingyue’s long eyelashes trembled, her face suddenly darkening.

At that moment, she noticed a figure not far behind her.

Lan Wu arrived at some point, and it was unclear how long she had been listening. She stood quietly in place, her eyes red-rimmed, but her face showed no emotion.

Ji Lingyue was taken aback and was about to move closer when she heard Lan Yuan say, “Then you should hate Lan Zhichuan even more.”

She slowly pried open Ji Xing’s hand, which was almost bleeding from being pinched, and said, word by word, “It was Lan Zhichuan who abandoned you and your daughter, and it was also Lan Zhichuan who raised Lan Wu to be like that. The Sea Clan’s efforts to please Lan Wu were also to please Lan Zhichuan. You think Lan Wu is a princess who is high above and loved, but in reality, she has never truly possessed anything. Everything she has is under Lan Zhichuan’s control. What she can have is only what Lan Zhichuan wants her to have.”

“You just need someone to hate, so why don’t you go find the

culprit?” Lan Yuan said sadly, “She’s your sister too.”

Ji Xing opened her eyes wide and stared at her blankly.

Her thick, silver eyelashes were already damp with moisture. Lan Yuan frowned and said in a hoarse voice, “Don’t make the same mistake again. We didn’t have to torture each other like this, and we didn’t have to come to this point. Ah Xing, tell me where Lan Zhichuan is. We can end this suffering together. We can make him pay the price together.”

The woman blinked, and said in a daze, “Really?”

Lan Yuan pursed her lips, then suddenly leaned forward and pulled her into her arms: “Of course it’s true. Please, think carefully about who you should hate the most.”

Ji Xing’s body stiffened, and after a long while, she slowly raised her blood-stained hand and carefully placed it on Lan Yuan’s back.

“…Okay,” she whispered, “I’ll do as you say.”

A gentle breeze brushed her cheek, and the woman wearily closed her eyes, letting out a long sigh: “He is in Kunlun Sea.”

Lan Yuan was taken aback: “Kunlun Sea? Where is he hiding?”

“He didn’t hide it,” Ji Xing said. “From beginning to end, it was he who sat on the Sea Emperor’s throne.”

182. Destined

After leaving the dying Xi Bo behind, Yun Chuhe collected the body and led the remaining monsters away. Once the dense black shadows gradually disappeared on the horizon, Ji Lingyue used demonic energy to bind Ji Xing and Xi Bo, and returned to the barrier with Lan Wu.

Their friends stood anxiously on the other side. Yu Shanye stepped forward and pressed her hand urgently against the solid barrier: “This barrier is no longer under the control of the cultivators. We can’t open it, and we can’t get through. You…”

Before she could finish speaking, Lan Wu tentatively touched the barrier and walked over easily.

Yu Shanye: …

Ji Lingyue followed closely behind, but was firmly blocked. She blinked, looked at Lan Wu's back, and called out with a hint of grievance, "Lan Wu—"

Lan Wu turned around, puzzled, and asked, "Can't you get through?"

She stepped forward again, took Ji Lingyue's hand, and this time, the woman followed her smoothly.

After her, Lan Yuan also passed through the barrier with ease. The group looked at each other blankly for a moment before concluding, "It seems that Auntie left us a gift."

This new border will protect monsters and humans for many years to come, until the next person who can rival Blue Moon Invitation exhausts all his resources and destroys it.

But there probably won't be another person like that.

Lan Wu sighed, then reached out and touched it again. The fluorescent light flickered, and the azure barrier spread out from her fingertips like water.

At this moment, someone asked blankly, "Is it… completely over now?"

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then said in a low voice, "For you, perhaps this is the end."

"What do you mean by 'we'? What do you mean by 'consider'?" Qi Yueyao frowned. "Explain yourself clearly."

"The monsters have gone home, the war is over, you no longer need to live in fear, isn't this the end?" Lan Wu turned around and looked at the familiar or unfamiliar faces in front of her: "But the mastermind behind it all has not been caught yet. He designed all of this, which led to the disaster of the past ten years… no, the past decades. I don't know if you are still willing to help me complete this last task."

Qi Yueyao asked, "What is it?"

"Kill him."

"Isn't that obvious?" a voice shouted from the crowd. "Since he's the mastermind, he's got a grudge against us too. If you want to kill him, do you think we'll just stand by and do nothing?"

“yes!”

Lan Wu smiled slightly: “What if that person is the Sea Emperor?”

Those around him froze, exchanging bewildered glances. The woman continued, “From the very beginning, he ordered all the sea creatures to remain hidden from the world, avoiding conflict and absolving himself of all involvement. Even if he ultimately fails, he will still be an innocent Sea Emperor, and neither humans nor demons will suspect him. If you don’t take action, he will likely continue to lie low, and the human world will enjoy a period of peace. However, if you take the initiative, you will have to venture deep into the South Sea. There, you will not only lack advantages but will also encounter the most loyal and courageous tribes. Fighting them will be no easier than the fierce battles against the demons. If you want to kill him, be prepared for heavy losses. So… are you willing?”

At some point, the lively atmosphere became serious again. Lan Wu bowed and said sincerely, “I hope you all will think it over carefully, but whether you like it or not, I will definitely do this.”

Yu Shanye helped her up: “Are you sure the culprit is really the Sea Emperor?”

Lan Wu said, “I’m sure.”

“But isn’t he your brother?”

“He is not my brother,” Lan Wu said bitterly. “My brother seems to have died a long time ago.”

Yu Shanye was taken aback: “Then who is he…?”

“It’s Lan Zhichuan,” Lan Wu clenched her fist and said in a hoarse voice, “that… former Sea Emperor who is long gone.”

As night fell, Ji Lingyue returned from outside, pushed open the door, and found herself in complete darkness. There were no lights on inside. She conjured a ball of fireflies and walked along the boardwalk to each room, but seeing no one, she called out worriedly, “Lan Wu?”

Splash!

The sound of pattering water came from behind her. Ji Lingyue subconsciously turned around and saw a silver head emerge from the pool, clinging to the edge of the terrace, staring at her intently.

She came out as soon as she was called, her obedient appearance making Ji Lingyue's eyes crinkle with a smile as she walked over. Lan Wu remained still, only slightly raising her head to fix her gaze on her.

"How long have you been soaking in the water?"

She knelt down, casually lifting the mermaid's silky silver hair. With a drip, a drop of water fell from the hair, rolled over the woman's fair, bare shoulders, and slid down her chest into the water. Ji Lingyue subconsciously lowered her eyes, and through the shimmering water, she saw the beautiful, iridescent scales.

Ah…that's right, Lan Wu can transform into a mermaid again.

"Not long." Lan Wu turned her head, placed the cool cheek in her palm, and closed her eyes. "Have the people been delivered yet?"

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement: "Xi Bo has already been handed over to Sect Leader Ye. As for Ji Xing…" She paused, then hesitated, "Lan Yuan said that she will keep an eye on Ji Xing for the next few days."

Lan Wu's thick eyelashes seemed to tremble slightly. She exhaled and whispered, "A-Yue, I don't know what to do."

"What do you mean, what to do?"

"I don't know," Lan Wu frowned in distress, "I don't know why I'm sad, I shouldn't be sad, but… I'm sorry…"

Ji Lingyue frowned: "Why should I say sorry?"

Lan Wu pursed her lips and carefully raised her wet eyes: "She killed your family, I shouldn't pity her."

"So that's what it is," Ji Lingyue said after a moment of silence, then sighed softly, "It's alright, I feel sorry for her too."

She bent down and hugged the stunned merman into her arms: "But feeling sorry for her past doesn't mean I'll forgive her, Lan Wu. If it's all over, I'll still kill her. Will you stop me because she's your sister?"

Lan Wu blinked and put her arm around Lan Yuan's shoulder. "No." She said seriously, "She did do something wrong. I understand, and Lan Yuan understands too. No matter what you do, I will respect your

choice."

Ji Lingyue chuckled, "That's enough." She buried her face in Lan Wu's smooth shoulder, hugging her quietly for a long time before softly asking, "Do you think fate truly exists in this world?"

Why are you suddenly asking this?

"It's just a bit ironic," Ji Lingyue murmured. "If Lan Zhichuan hadn't tricked me into switching the stone tablets, Ji Xing wouldn't have gone to Penglai Island, and she wouldn't have been seriously injured and found by me. After that, if he hadn't been afraid of the prophecy and targeted you at every turn, your mother wouldn't have wanted to marry you off, and you wouldn't have run away from home because of it, and met me by some twist of fate."

"He fears you because of the prophecy, but it is precisely his actions that have led you down this path and brought you to where you are today." Ji Lingyue said blankly, "Think carefully, did you do these things first and were observed by the high priest of the past, or did she give this prophecy and then you did these things?"

This question is indeed quite profound. After thinking for a while, Lan Wu shook her head and said, "Who knows? Perhaps everything in this world is predetermined. No matter what choice you make, the ending will be the same."

Ji Lingyue blinked and then suddenly burst out laughing.

"why are you laughing?"

Ji Lingyue said happily, "I am laughing. If everything in this world is predetermined, then your falling in love with me is also destined."

Lan Wu said helplessly, "If that's the case, doesn't the reverse also hold true?"

"Of course," the woman turned her head and gently kissed Lan Wu's lips, "It was destiny that I fell in love with you."

183. Wishing you well.

When Ye Qingjun woke up, the sunlight outside the window was just right, and the chirping of birds was carried to her ears by the gentle breeze. Also reaching her ears were the sounds of two people arguing.

One of them was Yao Lao: “Senior Sister hasn’t woken up yet, you should go back.”

One of them was Yaozhu: “It’s been a whole day, why hasn’t she woken up yet? Are you kidding me?”

The old doctor said coldly, “She used up too much spiritual energy to save you, so she needs to recuperate properly. It would be normal for her to sleep for ten days or half a month, let alone a day.”

Yao Zhu pursed her lips, her arrogance subsiding slightly: “Is it that serious?”

“What do you think?” the old apothecary said displeasedly. “If there’s nothing else, hurry up and leave. If Qin Yu sees you, he’ll probably get angry again.”

Yao Zhu tilted her head and sized her up for a while, then asked in bewilderment, “I heard from Lan Wu that you are introverted and dislike interacting with strangers. How come you speak to me so fluently and with such barbs?” “What do you think?” Yao Lao grabbed a broom from the side. “Hurry up and leave. I get annoyed just looking at your fox-like face.”

Just then, a gentle female voice came from behind: “Junior Sister”.

The old herbalist was taken aback and turned around: “Senior Sister?” She put down the broom, and a hint of joy appeared in her dark eyes: “You’re awake. How are you feeling?”

Ye Qingjun shook her head. Although her face was still pale, she was in much better spirits than yesterday. “Your medical skills are superb, so I’m naturally fine.” As she spoke, she looked up at the woman standing not far away. “Miss Yaozhu, is there something you need from me?”

Yao Zhu said, “I’ve come to express my gratitude.”

Ye Qingjun chuckled lightly: “There’s nothing to thank me for. As a senior, it’s only right that I help a junior when I see them in danger.”

Yao Zhu hesitated for a moment, then said in a low voice, “I’m here to apologize too.”

Ye Qingjun was taken aback: “Apologize?”

Yao Zhu hummed in agreement and walked up to her: "Although I don't know if it's still meaningful, or if you're willing to accept it, I still want to say sorry on behalf of Lin Yao."

"I'm sorry for what I did back then."

A yellowed and worn piece of paper was handed over. Due to its age, the writing on the paper was somewhat blurred, but the general outline could still be discerned: "Haochen Mountain Ye Qingjun has arrived. Leave quickly."

Ye Qingjun asked blankly, "What is this?"

"This was found on her body back then," Yaozhu said. "She had already received the news and knew your whereabouts, but she never left. Instead, she stayed there… waiting for you to come and kill her."

Her thick eyelashes trembled slightly. Ye Qingjun slowly lowered her eyes, staring intently at the line of words. After a long while, she asked in a low voice, "Why did she do that? At that time, she clearly didn't show the slightest bit of remorse."

"Perhaps it's because I'm afraid you'll be soft-hearted," Yaozhu said. "If all you feel is hatred, killing her won't be so painful."

Ye Qingjun was stunned, staring at her blankly: "Is that what you think?" A sharp, stabbing pain suddenly welled up in her chest. Looking at the familiar face before her, she couldn't help but take a step forward: "You…do you even have…?"

Yao Zhu waited patiently for a while, but when she didn't continue, she tilted her head in confusion and asked, "Hmm?"

Ye Qingjun stared at her with red eyes, her fingertips digging into her palm, but in the end she swallowed those words back.

She is no longer Lin Yao.

Her question has long since been left unanswered.

"Never mind, it doesn't matter anymore." Ye Qingjun sighed wearily, as if finally relieved, and gave Yao Zhu a gentle smile: "I accept your apology."

Yao Zhu's eyes lit up: "Really?"

"real."

She immediately beamed, took a step forward, and hugged Ye Qingjun, patting her back in a mature manner: "Look at you, you've lived for so long, just forget about the past. You'll definitely have a better life in the future."

Ye Qingjun said gently, "Thank you for your kind words."

Yao Zhu finally let go of her: "Alright, I've said everything. You…you can go back and rest now."

"good."

Her beautiful fox-like eyes curved into a smile. The woman turned gracefully, her soft red skirt fluttering with each step. As she reached the courtyard gate, she suddenly seemed to remember something, exclaimed "Ah!", turned back, and waved brightly at Ye Qingjun: "Goodbye, Sect Leader Ye."

Ye Qingjun paused for a moment, then subconsciously said, "Goodbye…"

The butterfly-like figure disappeared outside the door. Ye Qingjun blinked and softly uttered the last two words: "Lin Yao".

As soon as Yaozhu stepped out of the courtyard, she noticed Xuanyu standing under the eaves of the wall not far away. She was dressed in a simple white dress, her arms crossed, gazing intently at the green shoots peeking out from the top of the wall. Warm sunlight streamed down, falling on the woman's delicate face and turning her eyes a pale, glassy color.

Yao Zhu was overjoyed and happily strolled over: "Why are you here?"

Upon hearing the voice, Xuan Yu replied matter-of-factly, "Of course I'm waiting for you."

As she spoke, she took the fox's hand: "Have you finished talking with Sect Leader Ye?"

Yao Zhu hummed in agreement. Xuan Yu's legs had not fully recovered, so she walked slowly. Yao Zhu accommodated her and slowed down, treating it as a stroll.

"Are we staying at the inn again tonight? Couldn't your father arrange a more comfortable place for us?"

"I'm leaving soon, I won't be staying for more than a few days, so please bear with it."

"I think he doesn't care about you at all. His sons live in big houses. Why don't we go find Lan Wu tonight? Her house has flowers, plants, and water. It's so beautiful."

"There must be quite a few people living there already."

"It won't hurt to have two more people stay."

Just then, two figures suddenly walked towards them from the other end of the alley. Yaozhu looked up and paused in her tracks.

Qin Yu maintained his perpetually cold expression. Upon seeing Yao Zhu, his brow twitched, but he said nothing. He simply turned his head and continued to ask Dan Bai, "Where is your second senior sister?"

Danbo said, "She should be with Miss Lan Yuan."

The man walked past Yaozhu with a displeased expression: "The mission is already completed, what is she still doing following that merman?"

Danbo honestly replied, "I don't know either."

"And you, you've been slacking off these days. Now that your injuries have healed, you should practice your skills properly and spend less time with that Danqing."

The sounds of their conversation gradually faded away. Yaozhu blinked and silently exhaled.

Xuan Yu looked at her amusedly: "What's wrong? Are you still afraid of him?"

Yao Zhu said with dissatisfaction, "It's easy for you to talk when you're not in the same boat. You can't understand how I feel. In this respect, Lan Wu and I are like brothers in misfortune… oh no, sisters in misfortune."

Xuan Yu said helplessly, "Alright, I know you're the most pitiful one. Go back and pack your things."

"You've agreed to go find Lan Wu?"

Xuan Yu said, “Since they are friends, it shouldn’t be a problem to bother them. Neither of them are petty people.”

Yao Zhu wholeheartedly agreed: “That’s true, those two are very generous.”

Meanwhile, the two people who were praised for their generosity were standing by the barrier. There was no longer anyone guarding the place. On one side was a bustling town, and on the other side was a vibrant oasis. Lan Wu passed through the barrier and was about to take Bai Zhi’s hand, but when she felt Ji Lingyue’s gaze, she instead grabbed the hem of her clothes.

The woman followed her without any trouble and said politely, “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” Lan Wu hesitated for a moment, then asked, “Aren’t you planning to stay in the demon realm?”

Bai Zhi shook her head: “No, I have no attachment to the demon realm. Besides, I want to find someone.”

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then looked over from the side: “Could it be… Lin Jingzhe?”

Bai Zhi did not answer, but smiled faintly and said, “Do you think that the reincarnation of a human should still be human?”

Ji Lingyue remained silent, while Bai Zhi seemed to have no expectation of getting any answers. She shook her head and said to herself, “It’s okay, I have plenty of time. I’ll find it eventually.”

She bowed to the two of them in farewell, her long black hair cascading down, now fully transformed into human form: “I also wish you all your dreams come true and that your wishes are fulfilled.”

184. Worried

On October 29th, the Minor Snow solar term arrived. All trees withered, and winter had truly arrived. Even on the shores of the South China Sea, where spring reigns all year round, it was much colder than usual.

Before dawn, footsteps echoed through the thick fog. A man in a gray coat walked to his shop, took the key hanging from his waist, and the sudden sound of unlocking startled several bluebirds, which fluttered

their wings and flew into the sky.

Today was a foggy day, the air was damp and cold, and you couldn't see a person more than three steps away. Even the vegetable vendors who came out early in the morning were much fewer.

In this kind of weather, his pearl shop probably won't have much business.

Thinking this, he pushed open the door, went inside, lit the oil lamp, and went to start a fire to brew tea. But just as he got the fire going, he heard unhurried footsteps behind him. Someone walked into the shop and lazily called out, "Is the shopkeeper here?"

"Yes, of course I'm here." He patted the charcoal ash off his hands, turned around with a big smile, and a familiar face suddenly came into view.

"Your Highness?!"

Lan Yuan hummed in agreement: "Long time no see, Changlin."

She casually glanced around and slowly walked over. Changlin realized what was happening and was about to kneel down in fear when she reached out and stopped him: "No need."

Lan Yuan turned her head and said, "Come in, everyone."

As soon as he finished speaking, more than a dozen cultivators filed in. Changlin was stunned, looking at them with surprise and doubt, and subconsciously took a step back: "Your Highness… what is this?"

The hand behind her back had quietly condensed into demonic power. Lan Yuan glanced at him, her fingertips twitching slightly, and a blue water rope quickly wrapped around his body, binding him firmly to the pillar.

He stared in astonishment, his eyes widening. "Your Highness, what are you doing?!"

"Never mind, just stay put."

As she spoke, Lan Yuan looked at Meng Changge standing beside her and said, "There are more than a dozen such outposts along the coast, similar to human scouts. They will immediately report back to Kunlun Sea if there is any disturbance."

"Your Highness!" Changlin exclaimed in a panic, "How could you tell humans this! What are you trying to do?"

"If you acknowledge me as His Highness, then trust me," Lan Yuan said coldly. "I will not do anything to threaten the sea tribe."

"But……"

"You're so long-winded," Lan Yuan said impatiently, sealing his mouth. "Just bear with it. I'll let you go after this is over."

Meng Changge ignored the unfortunate merman beside her, and only frowned as she asked, "Are you sure you want to go down by yourselves?"

Lan Yuan hummed in agreement: "Lan Zhichuan probably hasn't realized that something is wrong yet. My mother and the clansmen are still in the dark. Unless absolutely necessary, I don't want you to fight."

Meng Changge frowned and said, "Can't we just expose his true colors directly?"

"You don't understand," Lan Yuan shook her head. "My good father ruled the sea race for hundreds of years. It can be said that the younger generation of sea monsters grew up listening to his stories. Even though he has been dead for decades in name, everyone still holds him in high esteem. I cannot guarantee that the sea race will immediately stand on our side after we expose his true colors."

"In that case, wouldn't it be very dangerous for just a few of you to go down?"

"We should give it a try," Lan Yuan turned around. "He has been hiding his identity for so many years, and we don't know his true strength. If we can catch him off guard and kill him together, that would be best. If not, I'm afraid we'll need your help."

Just then, a small, round-headed fish swam in from outside. Lan Yuan was startled and reached out to catch it. "It seems Lan Wu is all better now. I'll go and meet up with them."

She left without hesitation, and as far as the eye could see, countless cultivators were moving through the thick fog, sneaking into various villages and towns along the coast like ghosts.

Watching her departing figure, Meng Changge couldn't help but say, "Wait."

Lan Yuan stopped and turned her head in confusion: "Hmm?"

The woman looked conflicted: "How about… we form a pact?"

Lan Yuan was stunned, staring at her as if she'd seen a ghost: "A contract?"

Meng Changge quickly explained, "In case, I mean in case, if you can't beat him, and you're too slow, I can summon you directly…"

Before she could finish speaking, a water balloon hit her in the face. Lan Yuan's eyebrows shot up, and she snapped, "Are you crazy?!"

She turned around and stormed off.

Meanwhile, Lan Wu was surrounded by several people. Wen Shiyu handed her a talisman with a serious expression and said, "If things change, tear it up. That way, we can get the news immediately."

Lan Wu carefully accepted it: "Okay."

Qi Yueyao clicked her tongue and said with dissatisfaction, "If you ask me, we might as well just charge in and catch him off guard. With so many of us, surely we can kill one of him?"

As soon as she finished speaking, Yaozhu raised her eyebrows and said with a smile, "You are quite interesting. You seem to be afraid that the two sides will not fight. If only a few of them go back, they might be able to persuade some of the sea creatures. But if you take them in directly, I'm afraid that no matter what you say afterward, those sea creatures will not believe you."

Qi Yueyao was taken aback, turned her head and looked at Yaozhu a few times, reluctantly admitting: "What you said makes some sense… Alright, you guys go in first. If you can kill him directly, that would be best. If not, come back and call us quickly."

"nature."

After Lan Wu finished speaking, she turned to look at the three figures not far away. Yu Shanye had a solemn expression and was talking to A Li with his head down. After a while, he patted Ji Lingyue on the shoulder.

As soon as she walked over, she heard Ji Lingyue say, "Don't worry, I won't let her get hurt even if I get hurt."

Yu Shanye quickly spat out, "What injury? You make it sound so terrible. What if all these years have passed and Lan Zhichuan has become a good-for-nothing, not as powerful as you think? Wouldn't we be able to resolve this matter smoothly?"

Although she felt the chances were slim, Ji Lingyue still seriously agreed, "Who knows? Maybe you're right."

Lan Wu laughed as she listened, and put her hand on A Li's shoulder: "Don't worry, A Li will definitely be fine with me."

"How dare you say that?" Yu Shanye said bluntly, "As her master, you haven't really taken care of her much. You've spent less time by her side than I have in all these years. Do you think you're reliable?"

Lan Wu blinked innocently: "Then what should we do? How about we have A Li call you master from now on?"

Ah Li couldn't help but draw out, "Master—"

"Alright, I won't tease you anymore." Lan Wu sighed, looking at the approaching blue figure, her smile fading: "Sister is here, we should go."

Yu Shanye was taken aback, then glanced at the blue kite flying in from a distance, pursed his lips, and still stepped forward to hug her: "Be careful in everything."

"Hmm," Lan Wu patted her back and whispered, "Don't worry, we'll be back soon."

185. Afterwards

With each step they took, ripples spread out beneath their feet. The group walked on the water, moving further and further away from the shore, until they finally disappeared into the vast white mist.

Yu Shanye stood there for a while before turning around, startled: "Master?"

Ye Qingjun nodded and asked, "They're gone?"

"yes."

"Don't worry," the woman comforted her. "No matter what, they are among the best in the world. They should be able to handle it. We'll just wait on the shore."

Yu Shanye obediently hummed in agreement and followed her back: "Master, do you think… this can all end smoothly?"

"It definitely will."

"How can you be so sure, Master?"

"It's probably just intuition."

Yu Shanye couldn't help but smile: "Master, you believe in this now too?"

Ye Qingjun remained noncommittal, then, remembering something, pulled a letter from her bosom: "By the way, this is a letter from Haochen Mountain. Someone sent it to you in the mountains."

"For me?" Yu Shanye asked curiously, "Who would write me a letter?"

She curiously unfolded it and read it quickly, but the smile on her face gradually disappeared, and she stopped walking.

Ye Qingjun turned around: "What's wrong?"

Yu Shanye was silent for a while, then looked at her blankly: "Master… I, my brother is dead."

Ye Qingjun blinked, but remained silent.

Unconsciously, she clenched the letter tightly and said in a daze, "Actually… it's normal. He's already an old man in his eighties, with a house full of children and grandchildren. In the mortal world, that's considered a long life."

Are you sad?

"Sad? No," Yu Shanye shook her head and whispered, "After so many years apart, I don't have much affection for my brother anymore, but for some reason, even though he's dead, I still… I still feel like I've lost something…" She murmured, "My last relative has also left this world."

Ye Qingjun looked down at her for a while, then sighed softly and turned around to walk over: "Once you embark on this path, you'll

always have to go through this. That's why the elders told you in the first lesson on Haochen Mountain that the first step in cultivation is to let go of the past. But how easy is it to let go of the past?"

"The cycle of birth, aging, sickness, and death is the natural order of the world. Yet we cultivators defy this order, transcending it to gain a longer life. However, there are no gifts without a reason in this world. The fading of kinship and the rootless existence of wandering are perhaps Heaven's punishment upon us." The woman stood before her, her expression filled with sorrow: "Shanye, you did not just lose them now. You lost them the moment you set foot on Haochen Mountain."

Yu Shanye's long eyelashes trembled, and he stared blankly at her.

"Seeking immortality and enlightenment is destined to be a lonely journey, so it is even more difficult to meet like-minded people. The past cannot be changed, but there is still a long road ahead. From now on, cherish the people around you more."

As she finished speaking, the woman's eyes were already red. She remained silent for a long time before finally pursing her lips and saying in a hoarse voice, "I understand."

Amidst the thick white fog, several figures continued to walk on the sea.

With the embankment long out of sight behind her and the sky obscured above, Ji Lingyue finally focused her gaze on the dark sea beneath her feet and murmured, "It seems that every time I come here, it's never for anything good."

Lan Wu was taken aback, recalling her last visit to the South China Sea, and suddenly stammered, "This…this is only my second time here."

Ji Lingyue glanced at her sideways: "What are you feeling guilty about?"

"No," she coughed lightly, instinctively straightening her back. "My house is still very beautiful. You can't dislike it just because of certain things."

"My home is also very beautiful…" Ji Lingyue's thoughts drifted, and she said absentmindedly, "After I left back then, I never went back. Lan Wu, after everything is over, would you be willing to come back with me to see it?"

"Of course," Lan Wu quickly perked up, smiling broadly, "Besides your hometown, we can also travel to other places. Doesn't the Yamaha family own a restaurant in the mortal realm? We can go and take a look. There are also the Three Rivers and Five Sacred Mountains, the Nine Provinces and Four Seas, we can…"

Lan Yuan suddenly coughed and asked, "What do you mean?"

Lan Wu was taken aback: "Huh? What do you mean?"

The woman glared at her irritably: "We haven't even finished what we were doing, and you're already talking about the future? Besides, even if we manage to get this over with smoothly, there'll still be a ton of messes to clean up afterward. Do you want to dump all of that on me?"

Lan Wu quickly replied, "How could that be? I'll definitely finish everything with you before I leave."

"Are you really not clear or just pretending?" Lan Yuan said, unable to bear it any longer. "The sea race cannot be without a king for a day. If we successfully kill Lan Zhichuan, someone will have to ascend to the throne and become the new Sea Emperor. Have you thought about that?"

Lan Wu said, "Oh, that's easy. Since ancient times, it has always been the eldest who succeeds…"

"What age difference is there between us?" Lan Yuan interrupted her, "We're twins, I'm not much older than you."

"Even a stick of incense is still considered 'big,' otherwise why would I call you 'sister'?"

As soon as she finished speaking, Lan Yuan frowned, looking like she was about to get angry. Lan Wu sighed helplessly and finally became serious: "Besides, I don't have the qualities to become the Sea Emperor. For so many years, the people have loved and supported you, and you've been the one who assisted the Sea Emperor in handling affairs. From childhood to adulthood, you've always been the most perfect princess in everyone's eyes. On the contrary, I've neither done anything for the people, nor have I spent much time with them over the years. If you don't succeed to the throne, do you expect me to?"

Lan Yuan pursed her lips and said softly, "But I never thought about

becoming the Sea Emperor. I used to think that it would be enough to protect the peace of the merfolk, protect the peace of the sea race, and be a qualified princess."

"I hadn't even thought about those things," Lan Wu smiled and said easily, "So, you are much better than me."

"Lan Wu…"

"I really don't want to," Lan Wu sighed, her smile fading. "I'm not a generous person. Even if they've been deceiving me and have been estranged from me for so many years, I can't possibly reconcile with them without any resentment. Sister, I… prefer the human world now."

Lan Yuan stared at her for a moment, then silently turned her head away: "We've arrived."

The blue demonic power beneath her feet dissipated instantly, and the woman silently fell into the water and disappeared. Lan Wu was startled, subconsciously stopped, and looked down.

The icy water was bottomless and pitch black, as if something was lurking within, ready to devour her.

She blinked, her heart pounding. She couldn't help but look at Ji Lingyue beside her. The woman met her gaze and took her hand, saying, "Let's go."

The warm touch quickly dispelled the chill, and she felt a little more at ease, nodding and saying, "Okay."

186. The Child

As soon as Lan Wu entered the Kunlun Sea, she sensed something unusual. Within her sight, the clam spirits shimmered with dazzling light, guiding her through a winding path. At the end of the path, a faint, ethereal song rose from the water. Whales and dolphins frolicked, sharks swam, and schools of colorful fish chased each other, weaving among vibrant corals. Even the white sand of the seabed was teeming with crustaceans.

This tranquil deep sea seems to be hosting some kind of lively grand event.

Lan Yuan looked around and saw a dolphin pass by. She casually

grabbed its tail fin and asked, “Excuse me…”

The dolphin was swimming happily when it was suddenly pulled back. Just as it was about to get angry, it froze when it turned around: “Second Prince? Third Prince?”

Lan Yuan hummed in agreement and continued, “What happened? Why is it so lively today?”

“Don’t you know?” He turned around excitedly and said, “Today is His Majesty’s 320th birthday. His Majesty is hosting a banquet for all the sea creatures and will give each sea creature who attends the gathering a Chaos Pearl.”

Lan Yuan was taken aback: “Such a grand gesture?”

“Yes, isn’t that why Your Highnesses returned?”

Lan Yuan exchanged a glance with Lan Wu without showing any emotion, and smiled, “Look at my memory, I almost forgot. Alright, we’re done here, you can go now.”

The dolphin grunted, flicked its tail, and swam away happily.

“Birthday?” Lan Wu crossed her arms and pondered, “That’s right… Today is indeed my elder brother’s 320th birthday.”

“How come it just so happens to be today?” Lan Yuan frowned. “I was thinking of secretly discussing it with Mother, but if we are hosting a banquet for all the tribes today, Mother will definitely accompany him to meet the tribal chiefs. In that case, we won’t be able to find a chance to be alone with Mother.”

Lan Wu pondered for a moment and said, “But this is also a good opportunity.”

“What good opportunity?”

“Most of the sea creatures are here today. If we can’t kill him together, they can help us.”

Lan Yuan narrowed her eyes: “Have you ever thought that their help is based on their belief in us and their acceptance that Lan Zhichuan is wrong? If we expose him in front of all the sea creatures, and they don’t believe us, or think that Lan Zhichuan’s actions are not wrong, what should we do then?”

Lan Wu said, "I've thought about it, but as long as the most important groups stop supporting him, the rest won't be able to cause any trouble."

Ji Lingyue asked instinctively, "Which ones are the most important?"

"Shark Clan, Dragon Clan, and Whale Clan."

In the end, the key to breaking the deadlock still comes back to Jiang Xi: "My elder brother has long been replaced by Lan Zhichuan, but my mother is completely unaware of this. She is a princess of the Jiao clan, with a noble status. Not to mention, the current patriarch of the Jiao clan is my mother's sister. So, as long as my mother believes in us and is willing to stand with us, the Jiao clan will believe in us and stand with us."

Lan Yuan clicked her tongue: "So, we still need to find a way to explain the truth to Mother before the banquet begins."

"Yes," Lan Wu nodded, "We also need to find the Floating Spirit. If the High Priest vouches for it, all the sea creatures will believe it to some extent."

Ji Lingyue quickly realized something: "In that case, should we split up?"

The group exchanged silent glances. Lan Yuan bit her lip and whispered, "My eldest brother is Mother's only biological son. I don't know how to tell Mother…"

"I'll go tell her," Lan Wu said. "You take A Li to find Fu You, and A Yue and I will go to find Mother."

Lan Yuan paused, then stared at her intently: "Lan Wu…"

"Alright," Lan Wu said with a smile, "Go ahead, see you at the banquet."

After discussing it, the group split into two groups. Lan Yuan and the white little dragon darted through the school of fish and swam towards the direction of the priest's temple. Lan Wu swayed her long tail, turned around gracefully, and cupped Ji Lingyue's face in her hands.

The woman paused, lifted her long eyelashes, and stared blankly at her with her narrow eyes.

“Sorry, I’ll have to change your appearance.”

A deep blue spiritual energy enveloped Ji Lingyue’s face, transforming it into the appearance of a blue-haired, blue-eyed merman. Ji Lingyue realized what was happening, and with a thought, her legs transformed into beautiful blue fishtails.

Lan Wu smiled and said softly, “You are truly gifted.”

Ji Lingyue wagged her tail awkwardly, then wobbled and fell into Lan Wu’s arms.

“Don’t worry,” the woman said, holding her wrist and helping her up. “It’s still your leg, it’s just temporarily stuck together and can’t move. You can control it.”

Ji Lingyue looked up: “Why did you have to become like this?”

“Of course it’s because you’re too famous,” Lan Wu said gently. “When they see you, they’ll know that I’m the one next to them. At times like this, I don’t want to waste time being pointed at and gossiped about by them. It’s more convenient to go over disguised as Lan Yuan.”

Ji Lingyue thrashed around in the water for a while before finally managing to stand upright. Trembling with fear, she placed her hand in Lan Wu’s palm: “I never knew a tail was so hard to use.”

“The first time is always uncomfortable. When I first transformed into a human, I also found my legs difficult to use.”

The deep, resonant calls of whales echoed from not far away. Lan Wu stretched out her body, merging into the pod of whales that blotted out the sky above her, and, holding onto their fins, swam with these beautiful creatures toward the Sea King’s Palace.

The water flowing over her body was soft and warm, like the touch of a feather. The small fish were scattered by the whales and left behind. Ji Lingyue glanced at the colorful fish swimming around her and subconsciously grabbed her hand: “Lan Wu”.

“Just relax,” Lan Wu said, her thick silver hair flowing behind her like seaweed. She held hands with Lan Wu and turned back with a smile, “I’m holding your hand.”

Before long, they entered the merfolk’s city. The magnificent and imposing Sea King’s Palace stood atop the sea cliffs at the far end,

radiating a warm, white glow. Lan Wu left the whale pod and had just landed on the cool jade steps when she heard someone call out, "Your Highness?"

She turned around and saw Lan Yuan's personal attendant, Feng Yi, holding a plate of Biyou fruit. She swam over with delight and asked, "When did you get back?"

Lan Wu said calmly, "I just got back."

"Are you back to celebrate His Majesty's birthday?" Feng Yi asked happily. "His Majesty asked about you a few days ago. He must be very happy that you suddenly came back."

Lan Wu remained noncommittal and asked, "Do you know where my mother is?"

"The Empress Dowager?" Feng Yi thought for a moment and said, "I just saw her in the Hundred Jade Cave, she shouldn't have left yet."

Lan Wu nodded and said, "Thank you."

She grabbed a fruit and hurriedly left with Ji Lingyue, while Feng Yi stood there, bewildered, blinking blankly: "Thank you?"

After a long pause, she frowned and looked at Lan Wu's departing figure, asking suspiciously, "Third Prince?"

Meanwhile, Lan Wu was feeding the fruit to Ji Lingyue. The woman took a bite without hesitation, immediately shuddering from the sourness, and tears welled up in her eyes. Lan Wu met her teary gaze, chuckled, and said, "This thing is only sour the first bite; it stimulates the appetite and refreshes the mind. Some are always prepared before the banquets in the sea. After that, it will be sweet." As she spoke, she handed over the remaining half: "If you don't believe me, try it."

Ji Lingyue shrank back and said warily, "You eat first, then I'll eat."

Lan Wu had no choice but to take a bite in front of her. Seeing that her expression was natural, Ji Lingyue leaned over with some doubt, took her hand, and ate the rest.

The sweet taste quickly filled her mouth, and her spirits lifted. Ji Lingyue couldn't help but widen her eyes and hummed in response to Lan Wu. Lan Wu curled her lips and looked ahead. The Hundred Emerald Cave was located on the rock wall next to the Sea King's

Palace. Its interior was covered with crystal-clear ice crystals, and the entrance was covered with gorgeous red coral. This place had always been where the Merfolk entertained their distinguished guests. She couldn't help but worry that if Jiang Xi was here, Lan Zhichuan was likely here as well.

Lan Wu pursed her lips, quickly swam to the cave entrance, and peered inside over the guard's shoulder.

Fortunately, Jiang Xi is the only one here.

"Your Highness?" the merman guard asked in surprise, "When did you return?"

Lan Wu didn't have time to speak, pushed them aside, and quickly swam in: "Mother!"

Jiang Xi was talking to someone when she heard the voice and paused for a moment. She turned around in surprise and said, "Ah, my darling daughter is back." She took a few steps and caught Lan Wu as she rushed over. With a big smile, she cupped Lan Wu's face in her hands and said, "Let me see. You've lost so much weight. You've been out for so long without even saying you were coming back. Where's your sister?"

Lan Wu was startled and hadn't reacted when another voice came from not far away: "Lan Wu?" A tall man slowly walked over and carefully looked her over: "Is this Lan Wu?"

Lan Wu looked up, feeling that he looked somewhat familiar: "Who are you?"

Jiang Xi laughed and said cheerfully, "You don't even recognize him? This is Sha Lang. When you were little, you two were always fighting, competing to see who could swim faster or who could catch more jellyfish. You were always getting into trouble. You even almost got engaged. You haven't forgotten all of that, have you?"

Lan Wu: …

She glanced furtively at Ji Lingyue, only to be caught red-handed. The woman, wearing the disguised face, gave her a half-smile.

Jiang Xi continued, "That's true, it's been a long time since you two have seen each other. While you were running around outside, Sha Lang was already the young patriarch of the Shark Clan. I wonder

when you'll finally settle down…"

Lan Wu couldn't help but interrupt her: "Mother, I have something urgent to tell you."

"What could be so urgent? Can't you wait until I finish talking with Shalang?"

"cannot!"

Shalang glanced at them and said gently, "If Lanwu's matter is really urgent, I can continue to talk to you later."

Jiang Xi sighed again, "Look at you, you were just like Lan Wu when you were little, a troublesome little devil who never made things easy. But now you're so mature. If Lan Wu had been with you back then, maybe she would be like this now…"

"Mother!"

Lan Wu, unable to bear it any longer, grabbed her sleeve and pulled her deeper into the cave. Ji Lingyue, however, kept her arms crossed and didn't move. Only after they had dragged each other inside did she turn her head and look at Sha Lang expressionlessly.

Thick-skinned, fierce, and large sharks.

The shark clan member who almost became Lan Wu's fiancé.

I hate it just looking at it.

Shalang stood silently for a while, but he still couldn't ignore her almost tangible gaze, so he could only lower his head and politely ask, "Miss, is there anything I can help you with?"

Ji Lingyue said, "No wonder Lan Wu doesn't like you."

Shalang's eyelashes trembled slightly as he stared at her intently: "What did you say?"

Ji Lingyue added, "You can't sleep in her seashell."

Sha Lang frowned, feeling confused by her. Ji Lingyue, however, showed no intention of arguing with him further. She withdrew her gaze and turned to swim inside. Sha Lang quickly stepped forward and grabbed her sleeve tightly: "Explain yourself clearly. Why doesn't Lan Wu like me?"

Ji Lingyue turned around casually: "If you don't like someone, you just don't like them. What reason is there?" After saying that, she curled up the corners of her lips and added flippantly: "Anyway, it's enough that she likes me."

Shalang was startled, his eyes widening in surprise and uncertainty. Just then, a sound of something breaking suddenly came from deep within the cave.

"Splash—"

His heart skipped a beat, and he was about to step forward when Ji Lingyue stopped him with a palm strike: "You're not allowed to go."

The man clenched his fists, as if he could no longer contain his emotions, and said angrily, "Who do you think you are, daring to stop me?"

"Of course I dare to stop you. In fact, I would kill you if you took even one step forward." Ji Lingyue's face gradually turned cold: "If you don't believe me, try me now."

In a room not far away, several fragments of a jade pot lay quietly on a surface of translucent ice crystals, reflecting a bewildered, swaying figure. Jiang Xi trembled, somewhat dazed, and steadied herself against the table beside her, murmuring, "What did you say?"

Lan Wu whispered, "Mother…"

Before she could finish speaking, Jiang Xi asked blankly, "If Lan Zhichuan never died, if the Sea Emperor has always been him, then what about Ji'er? What about my Ji'er?"

Lan Wu was silent for a while, then looked at her sadly: "Back then, when they went to Haiyuan, almost the entire army was wiped out. In the end, only Lan Zhichuan, who was impersonating the eldest brother, returned. He even… used the excuse of being severely injured and losing his memory to explain his drastic personality change. For so many years, he has successfully played the role of the eldest brother without any mistakes, and the eldest brother has never reappeared. This situation can only mean…" She pursed her lips and said in a hoarse voice, "The eldest brother has… has already…"

He died.

Jiang Xi's long eyelashes trembled, and her eyes gradually flushed

with a fragile red: "How could this be…" She shook her head and stepped back, stunned, "My child, how could he have died without my knowledge?"

187. Disturbance

"Mother," Lan Wu grabbed her wrist and said urgently, "I know it's hard for you to accept, but all the tribes are here today. This is a great opportunity for us to expose Lan Zhichuan. Please, cheer up. I need you to stand on my side and help me… help me resolve this matter."

Jiang Xi asked in a hoarse voice, "Do you have any evidence?"

Lan Wu was taken aback: "Do you really think I would lie to you?"

Jiang Xi shook her head helplessly, her body trembling slightly: "It's not that I don't believe you, but there has to be evidence for this kind of thing. You say he is Lan Zhichuan, but where did you get this information from? Are you really sure you haven't been deceived?"

The surroundings suddenly fell silent. Lan Wu stared at her without blinking for a while before whispering, "Not long ago, Fu You came to the human world to find me and told me… Lan Zhichuan might still be alive."

Jiang Xi paused, then looked up in surprise: "High Priest?"

Lan Wu continued, "Even if you stay in Kunlun Sea in seclusion, you should have heard about the great war between humans and demons. But this was a decision made by your aunt after being deceived. This deception even started a hundred years ago, and the only one with the reason and ability to do such a thing is Lan Zhichuan."

"Aunt?" Jiang Xi was even more surprised, and subconsciously asked, "Which aunt?"

Lan Wu froze, blinked, and finally realized something: "You don't know?"

"What do I know?"

The woman's long eyelashes trembled slightly as she murmured, "I always thought that you…"

Halfway through her sentence, Lan Wu quickly shook her head and asked with renewed focus, "You've always known he wanted to kill

me, and you know he imprisoned my biological mother and even drove her to her death. Do you know about the other things he did? Do you know how he ascended to the throne of the Sea Emperor?"

Jiang Xi said blankly, "Doesn't everyone know about this? His sister died at the hands of the Sea Demon Clan, and the old Sea Emperor only had him as his child. So, he succeeded to the throne and became the new Sea Emperor."

"Yes, that's how it's recorded in the annals of the sea people," Lan Wu frowned, "but that's not the truth."

"What did you say?"

Lan Wu pursed her lips and looked at her seriously: "Since that's the case, I'll tell you the truth."

Inside the cave hall of Bai Cui Cave, the two figures remained locked in a stalemate.

Perhaps sensing the danger emanating from Ji Lingyue, Sha Lang truly didn't take another step forward. He crossed his arms, his face tense, and swam to the cave entrance. On the other side, Ji Lingyue also didn't intend to go in. She circled around for a while before finally standing guard at the entrance of the passageway, closing her eyes to rest.

Soon, she heard a rustling sound, as if groups of sea creatures were approaching. As soon as Ji Lingyue opened her eyes, she saw the guards standing at the cave entrance bow their heads and respectfully say, "Your Majesty."

Her long eyelashes trembled, and she slowly raised her eyes to meet that handsome and dignified face.

The last time I met Lan Zhichuan was when Lan Wu was seriously injured and unconscious. However, at that time, he pretended to be angry and questioned me under the guise of being a loving brother to his sister.

No, maybe he wasn't faking it; maybe he really was angry at the time.

After all, the person he thought was definitely dead was still alive.

Thinking about it carefully, could it be that Lan Zhichuan only began to truly fear Lan Wu from that time onwards, and became determined

to kill her? That's why he immediately asked Chu Chen to kill them after learning that they had arrived in Shiling City.

Hearing the guard's greeting, Lan Ji gave a faint "hmm," dismissed his attendants, and leisurely swam into the Hundred Emerald Cave. As soon as he entered, he saw Sha Lang floating at the cave entrance and raised his lips to say, "Young Clan Leader."

Shalang quickly cupped his hands in greeting: "Greetings, Your Majesty."

Lan Ji helped him up, putting on a polite smile: "I heard from others that the Empress Dowager was here, and I wondered who she was seeing. It turns out she's with you, Young Clan Leader?"

Shalang shook his head: "It was indeed me just now, but the Empress Dowager is talking to the Third Prince right now."

Lan Ji was taken aback: "Third Prince? Lan Wu?"

"Exactly."

He frowned, subconsciously glancing deeper into the cave, where he noticed the unfamiliar merman standing not far away. Lan Ji scrutinized her, his gaze almost tangible, as if he could see through the illusion. After a moment, he frowned and said, "…Ji Lingyue?"

Ji Lingyue was startled, realizing that Lan Zhichuan's cultivation was even more unfathomable than she had imagined. She simply dropped her pretense and said with pursed lips, "It's me."

Lan Ji's expression darkened slightly as he slowly swam over: "What are you doing here? And why have you changed into this state?"

Ji Lingyue looked up at him and said calmly, "I came back with Lan Wu to celebrate your birthday. As for why I look like this, it's because I'm a demon. If I stayed the same, I would definitely be pointed at and gossiped about. I just came to attend the banquet and don't want to be the center of attention."

Lan Ji narrowed his eyes, seemingly accepting her statement, and then asked, "Fine, is Lan Wu inside?"

Just as Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, Lan Ji was about to step inside when she quickly turned around to stop him, saying loudly, "Lan Wu has some private matters to discuss with the Empress

Dowager, and it is not convenient for outsiders to disturb her. Your Majesty, it would be best if you did not go in."

Lan Ji said coldly, "I'm her brother, so why shouldn't I be considered an outsider?"

Ji Lingyue replied, "Even if you are her brother, you cannot interfere in matters of marriage."

Lan Ji was taken aback: "What?"

"Haven't you thought about it?" Ji Lingyue said matter-of-factly, "Lan Wu is a princess of the Sea Clan. If she wants to be with me for a long time in the future, she will naturally have to consider her status, whether to sign a contract, and whether to hold a wedding banquet. These are things that need to be discussed with Mother. To be honest, we also have this purpose in coming back this time."

Lan Ji was silent for a moment, then asked, "Are you serious?"

"Of course," Ji Lingyue looked at him, "One heart, one mind, and a lifetime of devotion. If there is a chance, Your Majesty should also experience it."

188. Go do layuz h aiw ux yz

Lan Ji's expression turned slightly cold. He finally gave up on going in to look for Jiang Xi and Lan Wu. He swam to the cave entrance, then remembered something and turned back, saying, "I heard… that you and Lan Wu did some important things for the cultivators in Shiling City during this time?"

Ji Lingyue said, "It's nothing serious, not worth mentioning."

"Is that so?" Lan Ji put his hands behind his back and stared at her intently. "But someone told me that what you did was a good deed of ending war and pacifying the country. If it is a good deed, why are you hiding it?"

"Your Majesty's information network is truly impressive," Ji Lingyue smiled slightly. "We did indeed help the cultivators a great deal, and we even found the culprit and worked together to kill him. Now everything is over. The demon race has retreated, and the cultivators have returned to their respective sects to recuperate. I'm sure the mortal realm will soon enjoy a period of peace." "Retreat?" Lan Ji asked. "They retreated so easily?"

"The Demon King is dead. If they don't retreat, what else can they do?"

"The Demon King is dead?" Lan Ji seemed very surprised and asked, "How did he die? When did he die?"

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and looked up at him: "Does Your Majesty care so much about her life or death?"

Lan Ji was taken aback. When he met the woman's gaze, the emotions on his face disappeared like the receding tide, and he returned to his original calm and composed demeanor: "After all, she was the lord of all demons. Logically speaking, even I should submit to her. I heard that her cultivation was extremely profound. How could such a powerful character die so easily?"

"But apart from her, there aren't many powerful figures left in the demon race," Ji Lingyue said without changing her expression. "No matter how powerful she is, she can't fight against so many opponents. Although the losses were heavy, the cultivators still won."

"The losses were heavy…" Lan Ji pondered for a moment, then hesitated and asked, "Has nothing else happened?"

What does Your Majesty mean?

"Didn't give birth…" Lan Ji uttered a few words, then remained silent for a while, shook his head, and swallowed the rest: "Never mind, it's nothing."

Ji Lingyue's gaze fell on his solemn face, and she suddenly asked, "Your Majesty has been staying in the Kunlun Sea, yet you know where we went. Surely someone must have passed a message to Your Majesty. Did that person not tell Your Majesty what happened afterward?"

Lan Ji did not answer her question, but lowered his eyes and said unhappily, "Aren't you being a little too presumptuous? Even if you and Lan Wu are close, some manners are still necessary. I am both Lan Wu's brother and the lord of the sea tribe. You should show some respect when you speak to me."

"Is that so?" Ji Lingyue frowned as if troubled. "But Lan Wu told me before that you siblings are close and don't care about seniority or hierarchy. I thought that if I became family with Lan Wu, I could treat His Majesty as an elder brother. It seems that I was just being

presumptuous."

Lan Ji clearly hadn't expected her to pull this stunt. He raised an eyebrow and snorted with a half-smile, "I never realized you little devil were so sharp-tongued."

Ji Lingyue smiled and said, "If it were anyone else, I wouldn't bother to say a word."

"In that case, it's my honor." Lan Ji turned around casually. "How long are you going to stay this time?"

"Not long," Ji Lingyue said, "If Your Majesty misses Lan Wu, you can have a good chat with her after the banquet. After all, once we return to the human realm, it will be difficult for you to see her again."

"How difficult could it be?" Lan Ji glanced at her and said indifferently, "You will still have to come back after the marriage contract is finalized. Tell Mother that the banquet is about to begin. Lan Wu's private matters can be discussed later. I will wait for her at Chihu Palace to take her seat together."

"good."

Lan Ji nodded and swam out of the Jade Cave, his white figure quickly disappearing from sight.

After he left, Ji Lingyue secretly breathed a sigh of relief and turned her head to look at Sha Lang, who had been ignored for a long time. The man had been standing quietly in the corner and had heard their conversation clearly. Now he was looking at her expressionlessly.

Ji Lingyue blinked, dismissively looking away. She had just turned and swam a short distance into the depths of the cave when she heard him say coldly, "You're a demon, with neither a distinguished family background nor a noble status. How could you possibly be worthy of Lan Wu?"

Ji Lingyue paused, turned around, and asked, "Are you jealous of me?"

"You!" Shalang's eyes widened, and he gritted his teeth, saying, "With such a despicable character, how could Lan Wu have fallen for you?"

"I know my own character." Ji Lingyue said seriously, "Indeed, I was born into a hunter family and was originally just an illiterate ordinary

human. I was not as good as you humans or demons of noble status. But I still got to where I am today and stand on the same side as you. So I don't think I am inferior to others, nor do I think I am unworthy of Lan Wu."

After a few serious remarks, she couldn't help but curl the corners of her lips and boast, "Besides, Lan Wu isn't a monster who cares about these things. She likes me, and she's happy when she sees me. Whether you admit it or not, we're a match made in heaven, and no matter how angry you are, you can't change that."

As soon as she finished speaking, a laugh suddenly came from behind her. Ji Lingyue froze and quickly turned around to meet Lan Wu's gentle eyes.

Her eyes widened, and a blush gradually spread across her cheeks, reaching all the way to her ears.

"That was a good point, why did you stop?"

Lan Wu smiled and extended her hand to her. Ji Lingyue subconsciously took her hand, then blushed and returned to her side: "You, you've finished talking to Mother?"

"That's all."

"Then she..." Ji Lingyue was still embarrassed, but she was very worried about Jiang Xi. She carefully whispered in Lan Wu's ear, "How is she?"

Lan Wu glanced at Sha Lang, but did not answer her question. She only said politely, "The banquet is about to begin. If the young clan leader has anything else to say to the Empress Dowager, please wait until after the banquet."

"What else could it be?" Shalang gritted his teeth, deciding to throw caution to the wind, and said, "Lan Wu, I came to see the Empress Dowager to ask you something..."

Lan Wu suddenly interrupted him: "Young clan leader, be careful what you say."

She rarely appeared so aloof. Beneath her long, silver eyelashes, her cold eyes narrowed slightly, and she exuded an aura that kept people at a distance: "I was just about to say that the young clan leader and I are at most childhood playmates. We're probably not close enough to

call each other by our first names, are we?"

Shalang was stunned, staring blankly at her: "But back then, we…"

"If you want to talk about that engagement, wouldn't my attitude be even clearer?" Lan Wu parted her lips slightly and said sarcastically, "I ran away."

A sudden, deathly silence fell around them. The man stared at her intently for a long while before finally saying in a hoarse voice, "I understand."

He lowered his head and swam out of the Hundred Jade Cave in a daze. Ji Lingyue glanced at his disheveled figure, her expression changed slightly, and she stared at Lan Wu with amazement.

Lan Wu raised an eyebrow in confusion: "What's wrong?"

"So this is how you scare people," Ji Lingyue said, her eyes sparkling. "It's much scarier than when you get angry at me."

"How many times have I ever lost my temper with you?" Lan Wu raised her chin, not without pride: "Now you know I'm not someone to mess with, right?"

Ji Lingyue nodded obediently: "In that case, it's completely over between you and him, right?"

"What are you saying? I never even started anything with him, so how can I talk about ending it?" Lan Wu chuckled and poked her. "Why are you so petty? You get jealous over everything?"

"I'm not jealous for no reason. This time it's perfectly reasonable," Ji Lingyue emphasized with dissatisfaction. "It's not that I'm petty."

Lan Wu chuckled at this and wanted to tease her some more, but then she heard a rustling sound behind her and quickly turned around.

Jiang Xi slowly swam out, her pale face showing only a faint blush around her eyes.

"Mother…"

"No need to say anything more." She shook her head, sighed deeply, and said in a hoarse voice, "Go ahead and do it, for everyone's sake, to end all of this."

——

Xiaoyue: From now on, no one can manipulate me.

Little Fish: You're the best! ?)*??

Xiaoyue: I'm the best! (`∇′)/

189. Trust

Ji Lingyue remembered something and said, "Oh right, he said he would wait for you at the Crimson Coral Palace to enter together. Are you going there now?"

Jiang Xi hummed in agreement, silently exhaled, and lowered her eyes to smooth out the wrinkles on her sleeves: "Wanxing."

A gentle female voice responded from outside the cave. Soon, the person swam into the Hundred Emerald Cave, bowed, and asked, "Your Highness, what are your orders?"

Jiang Xi said, "Tell Jiang Luan to be prepared and pay attention to Lan Wu's every move."

Wanxing paused for a moment, then looked up and asked, "Your Highness, what preparations are we making?"

"It's hard to explain in a short time," Jiang Xi shook her head and said, "The situation is urgent. You just need to tell her that if things get heated later, you must fully support Lan Wu."

Wanxing frowned in surprise and doubt, as if she wanted to ask more, but Jiang Xi raised her eyes and waved her hand solemnly: "Go quickly, we can't afford to waste time."

Wanxing pursed her lips, lowered her head, and said, "Yes."

The woman's figure hurried away. Jiang Xi turned back to look at Lan Wu and whispered, "I'm going."

Lan Wu hesitated, "I'm sorry, I just found out about these things, and now I need you to stay by his side…"

"It's not your fault." Jiang Xi secretly clenched her hand hidden under her wide sleeve and said in a hoarse voice, "Don't worry, I've lived for so many years, and I'm not just getting older. I can control myself."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then nodded and said, "Thank you."

"Why thank your own mother?" Jiang Xi smiled faintly, then glanced at Ji Lingyue: "The little girl reacted quite quickly just now, and her words were also quite good. I used to worry that you would be bullied by Lan Wu, but now it seems that you have become much more clever."

Ji Lingyue was momentarily unsure whether she was praising or mocking her, and subconsciously put on the obedient smile that elders liked best: "I was being presumptuous."

"It's not exactly nonsense." Jiang Xi shook her head, turned around, and slowly walked away, her flowing robes trailing behind her. Ji Lingyue blinked, and only after she could no longer see Jiang Xi's back did she look at Lan Wu blankly: "What does Mother mean?"

As Lan Wu led her toward the banquet hall, she chuckled and said, "Why are you pretending to be confused? You've already called her 'Mother Empress,' how could you not know what she means?"

Ji Lingyue's face flushed: "I just… I just blurted it out…"

She hesitated, but Lan Wu's eyes crinkled into a smile. She stopped and gently smoothed her slightly disheveled hair. "Would you like to form a pact with me?"

The woman froze, looked up, and stared at her intently: "What contract?"

"It's the kind you're most familiar with," Lan Wu said softly. "There might be danger later. If we form a pact, you can summon me to your side at any time. That way, I can protect you, and you can protect me."

"You…" She hesitated for a moment, then whispered, "Aren't you afraid that once the knot is tied, I won't want to untie it, or… or that I'll force you, humiliate you, and make you do things you don't like, just like before?"

Can you?

Ji Lingyue gazed into her beautiful, clear blue eyes, speechless for a moment. Lan Wu, however, smiled easily and said, "I don't believe that after all this time, you are still afraid, nor do I believe that you still doubt my sincerity. Ah Yue, I am willing to entrust you with my

complete trust and will not resist in any way. As for whether to form a contract or not, and whether to break it later, the decision is entirely up to you."

She closed her eyes, put her hands behind her back, and bent down: "Whatever you want to do, I will accept it all."

Ji Lingyue stared blankly at the curled eyelashes in front of her. The mermaid's face was serene, and her smooth forehead was within reach. There, she had once made a pact and left a scar. Now, this wounded demon obediently lowered her head and gave her her whole body and soul.

She stood motionless until Lan Wu slightly turned her head and hummed in confusion, then suddenly blinked and leaned in to hug her neck.

Soft lips sealed Lan Wu's lips in the same spot. Her body swayed slightly, and after regaining her balance, she subconsciously supported the woman's waist. Her eyes reopened, and Ji Lingyue impatiently cupped her face, passionately sucking on her lips, making soft moaning sounds in her throat. Lan Wu couldn't help but chuckle, feeling as if she were being licked and bitten by a small animal. She relaxed, gently rubbing the back of the woman's head, and opened her lips to welcome her invasion.

After the kiss ended, Ji Lingyue was panting heavily as she clung to Lan Wu. She lifted her long, wet eyelashes and, seeing that Lan Wu wasn't breathing much, she angrily bit her cheek.

Lan Wu covered her face in surprise, and said aggrievedly, "What's wrong? It's not normal for you to be so agitated."

Ji Lingyue: "You, you're a blockhead!"

"This is the first time someone has called me a blockhead," Lan Wu pondered. "If you're this happy just from forming a beast contract, then there's no need to form any more heart-to-heart contracts in the future."

The Pact of Unity, also known as the Marriage Pact, startled Ji Lingyue, who raised her voice and exclaimed, "No!"

Lan Wu chuckled: "Just kidding."

When Jiang Xi arrived at Chihu Palace, Lan Ji seemed to have been

waiting for a long time. He was talking to the ministers behind him with an impatient expression. When he saw her, a smile appeared on his gloomy face: "Mother Empress."

The surrounding maids rushed forward to tidy her appearance and put on her jeweled crown, but Jiang Xi felt a chill run down her spine and stared at him intently: "Mother?"

Lan Ji frowned slightly: "Mother, is there something wrong?"

Jiang Xi paused for a moment, realizing she had lost her composure. She forced a smile and jokingly complained, "I was talking about you. You make me angry all the time, and you still call me 'Mother Empress'?"

Lan Ji responded with an "oh," and asked with interest, "What did I do to upset Mother?"

"There are many," Jiang Xi said abruptly. "After all these years, you, as the Sea Emperor, are still not settled down and have a family. You may not be in a hurry, but I am."

"I knew it," Lan Ji shook his head and said easily, "Mother, there's no need to urge me. After Father passed away, as the eldest son, I should have observed a hundred years of mourning. I also inherited the throne and handled all kinds of affairs, big and small, in the seas. Naturally, I couldn't afford to be sentimental. But now, the clan is stable and the world is at peace. That's why these guys behind me are urging me to establish an empress every day. I'm so tired of hearing it. Fortunately, this banquet is a gathering of all the clans. I will take this opportunity to resolve this matter completely and stop worrying Mother."

Jiang Xi froze, staring at him with surprise and uncertainty: "What did you say?"

Lan Ji said, "To be honest, at today's banquet, I will announce the selection of an empress for all the tribes. However, since I have neither a concubine nor a beloved with whom I have spent a long time, I will choose the most outstanding daughter of the sea tribe from among all the tribes to be my empress. My empress will surely be the one everyone hopes for." As he spoke, he smiled slightly and said affectionately, "Mother, can you finally rest assured now?"

190. Blessings

The Sea King's Palace is perfectly square, with nine meridians and nine parallels. The King's Hall sits at the highest point in the north, with an altar in the center separating the dwellings of thousands of merfolk. At this moment, this spacious altar has become a place for ordinary sea creatures to hold banquets. The Lotus Jade Hall, which is near the altar, is where the chieftains of various tribes gather. Even the chieftain of the largest whale tribe has transformed into human form and is sitting comfortably in the first position below the white jade steps.

Above the white jade steps was a long table made of coral. Behind the table were spacious chairs that could comfortably seat three people. Slightly lower to the side was where the princesses would sit.

When Lan Wu and Ji Lingyue found their seats, they happened to run into Lan Yuan and A Li returning. Not seeing Fu You, she frowned and asked in a low voice, "Why are there only the two of you?"

Lan Yuan said, "Fu You said she needs to get something and will be here soon. She told us to be patient and careful."

Lan Wu responded with an "oh," but her body remained tense, and she couldn't help but rub her knees with her hands, nervous about what was about to happen. Lan Yuan continued, "However, after I told Fu You the truth just now, she wasn't very surprised and even told me some other things."

"What?"

"Back when you were lying unconscious in the temple, some people tried to sneak in, but they were all stopped by the temple's barrier."

Lan Wu paused, then realized something: "Is it him?"

"Now it seems that it can only be him," Lan Yuan said. "The Temple of the High Priests and the Sea King's Palace are set up separately. The high priests' unique prestige and status also give them the right not to completely obey the Sea King. Even Lan Zhichuan has to go through the main gate to enter the Temple of the High Priests. In that case, he can't…can't kill you silently."

Lan Wu couldn't help but clench her fists and look at the empty seat at the top: "He really is cold-hearted and heartless, leaving no trace of past affection."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback and looked at her indifferent profile. Just

as she was starting to feel worried, she heard her say, word by word, “It just so happens that it happens to be me too.”

At this moment, a group of red sharks suddenly swam out from both sides of the throne, transformed into legs, and knelt on both sides of the stone steps. Accompanied by a melodious conch shell horn sound, the originally noisy Lotus Jade Palace suddenly quieted down. Countless eyes turned to the colorful passage surrounded by the fish. Two figures wearing exquisite pearl crowns, silver ornaments, and neat clothes slowly walked in from outside the palace.

Tap, tap…

The rhythmic footsteps echoed in the quiet hall. The clan leaders, who had been chatting amicably just moments before, silently stepped aside, leaving a path to the jade steps. They knelt on one knee, and as they approached, Lan Wu also stood up from her seat and bowed in greeting.

Footsteps drew closer, and two pairs of boots embroidered with silver thread passed before her, their accessories jingling. They finally stopped on the highest throne, and soon a clear voice resounded throughout the hall: “Gentlemen, you may rise.”

Lan Wu straightened up and glanced at Lan Ji’s face. The man had a slight upturn at the corner of his lips, but his smile was faint. After the clan leaders of each clan in the hall had returned to their seats, he said, “You have all come from afar to celebrate my birthday. It must have been hard work. Today, you may do as you please without any restraint. As for the gifts, you can present them at the end.”

As he spoke, he clapped his hands, and instantly a dazzling array of food appeared on all the tables, dishes arranged according to the customs of each tribe. A burst of enthusiastic cheers erupted from the sacrificial altar outside the hall, surging into the hall like a tidal wave. The tribal chiefs laughed heartily, raising their cups with exhilaration: “May the Sea God protect Your Majesty!”

A melodious song rang out, and dozens of red-haired merfolk dressed in beautiful gowns danced gracefully on the central circular platform. Led by Feng Yi, the Blue Iris Guards strolled around the tables of various races with specially made wines, their faces beaming with smiles, looking quite happy.

Lan Yuan withdrew her gaze and clicked her tongue: “I was only gone for a short time, and look at them, what have they become?”

Lan Ji turned his head and teased, "Isn't it because you left with Lan Wu without saying a word? I saw that they were listless, so I arranged some things for them to keep them busy. You won't blame me for meddling, will you?"

Lan Yuan forced a smile: "How could that be? It's an honor for them to be assigned tasks by His Majesty."

"I know you well enough," Lan Ji said. "I'm afraid you're cursing me in your heart for wasting your talents by making you, these elite soldiers, serve dishes. Don't worry, it's just that we're short-handed this time. I'm not using them for nothing. After the banquet, I will give them generous rewards."

Lan Yuan chuckled dryly, took a sip of her wine, and then heard him ask, "I didn't even ask you what you did on this trip? Why didn't you take them with you?"

Lan Yuan blinked, and as soon as she looked up, she caught Ji Lingyue winking at her. For the first time, she felt that she and Ji Lingyue were on the same wavelength, and she instantly guessed what the woman meant.

Lan Zhichuan was trying to get information out of him.

If what she said differed from Ji Lingyue's, it would likely arouse suspicion. But receiving a hint was one thing; she wasn't a mind reader, how could she know what Ji Lingyue and Lan Zhichuan had just discussed?!

After a moment of silence, Lan Ji frowned: "What? Is there something you can't say?"

Lan Yuan hesitated and said, "There's nothing I can't say, it's just… I did some trivial things with Lan Wu…"

Lan Ji narrowed his eyes and laughed, "You guys are quite in sync, both thinking it's a small matter. Even the Demon King was killed by you, yet you're still so humble."

Lan Yuan was taken aback and didn't know how to react for a moment, but fortunately Jiang Xi spoke up: "Ji'er."

Lan Ji paused for a moment, then turned his head: "Mother?"

"Since you want to establish an empress, I have a few good candidates

here. What do you think of that girl Rui'er from the whale tribe outside?"

Lan Ji glanced casually outside: "Why did Mother choose me now? I think it would be better to gather all the sea tribe daughters first and then select the best one from among them…"

"You want to appoint an empress?"

A question suddenly came from beside him. Lan Ji raised an eyebrow and turned to meet Lan Wu's focused gaze. The woman's face was calm, her eyes devoid of any emotion, as if she were simply asking a question. Lan Ji relaxed his brow and gave a light "hmm": "It's about time. If we don't produce an heir soon, those old guys will probably be worried to death."

"Descendants?" Lan Wu tilted her head, slowly raised her lips, and said with a smile, "Indeed, Your Majesty has been on the throne for many years and it is time for you to have your own children. As your younger sister, I wish Your Majesty's children good health and all their wishes come true. I also wish Your Majesty a loving father and a filial son, and that you will raise a Sea Emperor as powerful as yourself in the future."

Lan Ji couldn't help but purse his lips, his gaze darkening, but under everyone's watchful eyes, he had no choice but to force a smile and reply, "Thank you for your kind words, I certainly will."

191. Rebellion po18c k.co m

While the surroundings were filled with singing and dancing, the atmosphere on the throne became strange. Lan Ji drank sake with a displeased expression, Jiang Xi lowered her eyes and placed food on the plate, while Lan Wu smiled and took the sake from Ji Lingyue's hand, replacing it with hot tea: "The sake from the sea is stronger. If you don't like it, drink less."

Ji Lingyue glanced at her and nodded obediently, "Okay."

Looking down, the swirling skirt was at its most graceful, and the accompanying music grew increasingly loud, striking everyone's hearts like drumbeats. At that moment, a dark figure gradually appeared amidst the vibrant colors.

Because she spends most of her time in the cool, shady priest's temple, the woman in the black robe has a pale complexion. Her red eyes

seem to see the cycle of life and death of all things in the world. She walks silently, like a ghost, into this magnificent palace, the exquisite lantern she carries swaying slightly with her movements.

With a thud, the drumming stopped, and the dancing mermaids froze in their final pose. Enthusiastic applause erupted all around. Floating amidst the chaotic laughter, they stopped and looked towards Lan Ji on the throne: “Your Majesty.”

Lan Ji’s eyebrows twitched slightly, and he leaned forward: “High Priest, what brings you here?”

Only then did the sea monsters notice the high priest’s arrival. They instinctively lowered their voices, and under everyone’s watchful eyes, Fuyou calmly raised the lamp in his hand and said, “Your Majesty, your soul lamp is about to go out.”

The words had barely left her lips when the demons erupted in commotion. Even Lan Wu raised an eyebrow in surprise, looking at the lantern in Fu You’s hand. (Original post: rouwuwu.com)

Indeed, although the exquisite lantern was still emitting light, it was not as bright as the other mermaids’ soul lanterns. It looked as if it were dying and could be extinguished at any moment.

Lan Ji was taken aback: “What?”

He stood up instinctively, his tone slightly urgent: “Let me see it.”

Floating obediently walked towards him. Sure enough, the closer it got, the brighter the lamp became, but it still didn’t shine very brightly. Lan Ji’s face was extremely pale. He gripped the lamp tightly and muttered to himself, “How could this be…”

The floating creature inquired, “Has Your Majesty been feeling unwell lately?”

Lan Ji looked up: “…No, I’ve always been healthy, there’s nothing wrong with me.”

“That’s strange,” Fuyou said. “Would Your Majesty be willing to let me perform a divination on the spot?”

Lan Ji fell silent for a moment, seemingly wanting to refuse, but Jiang Xi said, “Why would the soul lamp suddenly go dark for no reason?” As she spoke, she turned and grabbed Lan Ji’s arm, advising, “This is

no small matter. Since the high priest wants to cast a divination for you, you should accept it quickly."

Lan Ji shook his head: "Mother, today is my birthday banquet. It's rare for everyone to gather together. Wouldn't it spoil their fun to have divination done now?"

"How could it spoil the fun?" Lan Wu put down her teacup and said, "Your Majesty is underestimating yourself. Your health is what we care about more. Now that the Soul Lamp has become like this, everyone has seen it. If we don't put everyone at ease, I'm afraid we won't be able to eat at the banquet."

"Yes," Jiang Luan, the patriarch of the Jiao clan, chimed in from below, "This matter is of great importance and cannot be delayed. Your Majesty need not worry about us; your health is the most important thing."

Countless eyes stared at him with concern. After thinking it over, Lan Ji slowly nodded and compromised: "Alright, let's do a divination then."

Aside from major sacrificial ceremonies, few sea creatures ever see the High Priest. Therefore, upon hearing the news that the High Priest was going to perform divination on the spot, countless ordinary sea creatures crowded to the temple entrance, vying to peek inside.

With a soft thud, dozens of hard bone skewer were scattered by Fuyou and fell onto the flat ground. Fuyou cut his fingertip, dab the blood on his pale forehead, and then stretched out his arm, letting the blood drip into the bone skewer on the ground.

Intricate patterns gradually appeared beneath my feet, and ancient characters shimmered with golden light. The bone slips that had been casually scattered earlier perfectly matched every empty space, emitting the same pale golden glow.

Lan Wu whispered to Ji Lingyue, "The High Priest's divination is mainly divided into two types: one is called 'Asking the Gods,' and the other is called 'Peering into the Heavens.' Usually, the one that can see through time and space and damage one's fate is 'Peering into the Heavens,' while the safer one is 'Asking the Gods.'"

Ji Lingyue seemed to understand but not quite, and asked in a low voice, "So, does that mean she can really hear the voice of God?"

“No, it’s just that I received instructions from God.”

The golden light grew brighter, and the demons subconsciously held their breath, staring intently at the woman standing in the center of the hall. At that moment, a bone slip suddenly flew up from the ground and floated in mid-air. Fuyou opened his eyes, reached out and caught it, looking down at the contents on it.

After a moment of silence, Fuyou slowly raised his eyes and looked at the man sitting upright on the throne.

Lan Ji suddenly had a bad feeling and stared at her intently.

“His Majesty’s fate is,” she said calmly, “death.”

Before the demons could react, she reached out and threw the bone skewer into the air. Dazzling golden light flowed from it, forming several dazzling characters in the air.

The handwriting was so clear that every sea creature who saw it subconsciously murmured, “Wang E died because of three women.”

Lan Ji froze, his facial muscles twitching. At that moment, Lan Wu suddenly drew her sword, and the others attacked simultaneously, their cold blades flashing as they stabbed towards Lan Ji.

Lan Ji’s eyes twitched, and he reacted quickly. He first shattered Lan Wu’s Water Condensation Sword, then clamped Lan Yuan’s sword blade. His whole body also burst out with powerful demonic energy, stopping Ji Lingyue’s demonic thorn at the position of a palm in her chest.

With a soft thud, a silver hairpin pierced Lan Ji’s back. Lan Ji jerked violently, slowly turning his head. His bloodshot eyes stared at Jiang Xi in disbelief: “Mother?”

The rapidly changing situation on the throne seemed to have stunned the other sea creatures present, not to mention that they had just witnessed such an astonishing divination, and they were all frozen in place.

Jiang Xi preemptively struck, shouting sternly, “His Majesty has no sons or daughters, so where are these three daughters? When did you, imposter, take his place? Where is the real Ji’er?!”

Lan Ji gritted his teeth and said in a trembling voice, “Mother, I am

Ji'er, it must be… it must be that the High Priest made a mistake in his divination…"

"Nonsense!"

In front of everyone, Lan Wu raised her voice and said, "My brother is upright and kind, how could he have such a fate? You are not Lan Ji, how dare you impersonate him!"

Lan Ji's eyelashes trembled slightly as his gaze swept across the faces of the demons in the palace, and sure enough, he saw expressions of shock and doubt on them.

He pursed his lips, and the demonic aura surging forth became even more violent.

"…"

Suddenly, a powerful force shattered the long table laden with food in front of them and knocked them off the jade steps. Lan Yuan put her left arm around A Li and helped Jiang Xi down to Fu You's side with her right. Ji Lingyue stretched out her arm and conjured a black longsword, staring intently at the man on the throne.

"I understand, I understand," Lan Ji pulled out the silver hairpin from his back, clenched his fist, and chuckled, "You all conspired to set this up, even the High Priest is in cahoots with you, what, are you planning a rebellion!"

Then, he looked around at the demons in the palace and said angrily, "You wouldn't believe their lies so easily, would you? They want to rebel and usurp the throne, can't you see that!"

After a moment of silence, Jiang Luan rose from her seat and stood beside Jiang Xi: "The High Priest's prophecies are never wrong, and the High Priest never lies. She has no reason to do this."

Lan Ji was taken aback: "What do you mean? Are you saying you believe the priest more than me?"

"If you are truly His Majesty, then I will naturally believe you," Jiang Luan said. "But my sister said that you are not Lan Ji. In this world, is there any mother who wouldn't recognize her own child?"

192. Kill

More and more sirens materialized their weapons, warily staring at the man sitting on the throne. Lan Ji silently watched them, his furious expression gradually fading from his face, leaving him stiff and expressionless, as if he were wearing a pale blue stone mask.

"Oh……"

After a moment, he chuckled, shook his head, and slowly stood up: "I am indeed not Lan Ji."

Jiang Luan frowned in surprise: "Do you know what you're saying? Are you admitting that you impersonated His Majesty and committed a heinous crime?"

"A heinous crime?" The man sneered. "Even if I'm not Lan Ji, it's perfectly reasonable for me to be in this position." He wiped his face with his hand and said coldly, "Open your eyes and see who I really am!"

A handsome yet sinister face appeared before the demons, immediately causing an unusual commotion.

That was the noble face engraved on jade slips and books, and also the face sculpted into jade carvings, standing day and night on the high altar of the Sea King's Palace, watching over the comings and goings of all his subjects.

The old merman minister knelt down with a thud, exclaiming, "Your Majesty, it's Your Majesty!"

"His Majesty is back! His Majesty is not dead!"

Unlike the other sea creatures who were agitated, Lan Wu stared intently at that long-unseen face and said hatefully, "Lan, Zhi, Chuan."

"After all this time, the first thing you say to your biological father is to call him by his name?" Lan Zhichuan sneered, surveying the countless terrified sea creatures inside and outside the hall. His majestic voice pierced through the water, reaching the ears of every sea monster present: "Kneel down before me, Your Majesty!"

At his command, the sea creatures, trembling with fear, instinctively knelt down. In the crowded hall, only Jiang Xi and a few others remained motionless, staring intently at him.

Lan Zhichuan lowered his eyes, his gaze sweeping over the prostrate

bodies, landing on them, but there was no emotion in his eyes.

The woman in gorgeous clothes stepped forward, clenching her fists, her eyes already red-rimmed: “Is it really you, Lan Zhichuan? Where is Ji’er? What did you do to Ji’er?!”

“Ji’er?” Lan Zhichuan frowned and said, “Ji’er is dead.”

Jiang Xi was taken aback by his quick and uncompromising reply, and froze on the spot, staring at him in a daze.

Lan Zhichuan sighed and put on a worried look: “I pretended to be him because I knew you couldn’t accept it, so you could pretend that he was still alive and well by your side. But I didn’t expect you to do something like this today. You really took my good intentions for granted.”

“What did you say?” Jiang Xi’s long eyelashes trembled slightly as she stared at him in disbelief. “You disguised yourself as Ji’er for my sake?”

“Yes,” Lan Zhichuan said matter-of-factly, “If I hadn’t done this, you would have been devastated when you heard the news of his death.”

“You, you…” Jiang Xi trembled all over and said sharply, “Then tell me, how did Ji’er die!”

“You thought he died the same way I did.” Lan Zhichuan narrowed his eyes, his cold gaze falling on Lan Wu. “Have you forgotten that Xiao Wu was unruly back then, always running away from home? One day, news came that she had run off to the Sea Abyss, so I led my troops to search for her. Unfortunately… we encountered the Sea Demon Clan, and in the end, I was the only one who came back alive.”

Lan Wu’s brows furrowed deeper as she listened. She couldn’t believe that he would so readily shirk responsibility and lie so openly to her face, even to her own eyes. She couldn’t help but sneer and ask, “Is that so? What kind of sea demon clan is that so powerful that even Father Emperor leading the army couldn’t defeat them?”

Lan Zhichuan, however, took the initiative: “I haven’t even asked you yet, what’s the point of making such a big fuss? If you suspected someone was impersonating Lan Ji, now that the facts have been made clear, it’s just a misunderstanding, so why don’t you put down your sword?”

"Misunderstanding? That's a load of bull!" Lan Yuan couldn't hold back any longer and shouted angrily, "Back in the Abyss, you led them to their deaths, you killed your own son, and you even tried to kill your own daughter! You are heartless, cruel, and inhumane, treating your own people as pawns to be discarded at will. What kind of Sea Emperor are you! Ah, I almost forgot, you really don't deserve to be the Sea Emperor. After all, your throne was stolen. You betrayed your own family and your own kind. To achieve your goals, you made deals with humans and even gave them away to them. How can you be worthy of the title of Sea Emperor!"

The angry voices echoed in the hall. Even for the sea creatures who had been shocked countless times today, these words were like a thunderclap, triggering a series of reactions. Lan Zhichuan's expression changed slightly, and he scolded, "Shut up! You've really gone too far! How dare you spout such nonsense!"

Lan Yuan smirked and arrogantly raised her head: "I'm talking nonsense? Ha! I swear on my life to the Sea God that I have never told a lie. And you? Do you dare to swear to all the sea creatures that your throne is rightfully yours? Do you dare to swear to all the merfolk that you have never harmed a single one of your kind?!"

A moment of silence fell over the surroundings as countless eyes stared intently at Lan Zhichuan. The man chuckled and said casually, "In the end, the issue still comes down to this throne. Yuan'er, if you want the throne, just say so. Why resort to such despicable means to humiliate your own father?"

Lan Yuan was taken aback: "Don't try to change the subject…"

Lan Zhichuan interrupted her with a cold laugh, shouting, "Guards, seize these two unfilial daughters!"

Lan Wu gripped her sword tightly: "What right do you have to arrest us?"

"For your treasonous intentions and your instigation of the High Priest and Queen to participate in a rebellion, you deserve death!" The smile gradually disappeared, and Lan Zhichuan's face hardened as he coldly said, "In the name of the Sea Emperor, I order the stripping of Lan Wu and Lan Yuan of their royal titles. Guards! Arrest them and this fiend and throw them all into the Water Prison!"

As soon as she finished speaking, the merman guards outside the hall sprang into action. Jiang Xi turned around and angrily said, "Let's see

who dares!"

Lan Zhichuan gritted his teeth: "The Empress is delirious, lock her up in the Red Coral Palace as well!"

Merfolk wielding halberds gradually surged into the hall. With a whoosh, Jiang Luan drew her longsword, her emerald eyes burning with fury: "Anyone who dares to touch her, just try it!"

Lan Zhichuan clenched his fist and said in a deep voice, "Jiang Luan, are you going to rebel too?"

"Rebellion?" Jiang Luan turned around and stared at him coldly. "I'll only obey you if you respect Jiang Xi. What if you rebel if you don't?" As she spoke, she looked at Lan Wu not far away and said bluntly, "Little Fish, have you thought it through? What do you want to do?"

Lan Wu temporarily ignored her form of address: "I've already thought it through."

She twirled her sword, exchanged a glance with Ji Lingyue, as if making a promise: "Kill Lan Zhichuan."

Jiang Luan raised an eyebrow, quickly smiled, and announced loudly, "Moon Rock Dragon Clan."

Immediately, a clear and resounding voice rang out from outside the hall: "Present!"

"Come with me and kill Lan Zhichuan!"

193. Memory

The situation was on the verge of erupting. Surrounded by the crowd, Fuyou listened to the noisy and chaotic footsteps and sighed silently.

"clang—"

The cane struck the ground with a crisp sound, instantly attracting everyone's attention. Fuyou raised his left hand, a silver halo floating in his palm: "This is the memory left behind by my master, the former high priest. Once released, it will completely dissipate, meaning it can only be seen once. Since everyone is here today, let's all come and see what's inside."

Before anyone could react, she crushed the halo of light, and the scattered fragments filled the hall. Then, the illusory light and shadow

spread out like mist, enveloping everyone.

"Your Highness, His Majesty has summoned you on urgent business."

"good."

A deep male voice rang out, and then the scenery in their field of vision began to change as their master moved. The sirens, who were suddenly pulled into the illusion, were first confused, and then gradually came to their senses.

This memory doesn't seem to belong to the former High Priest, but to the true High Prince, Lan Ji.

Lan Ji quickly swam into Dinghai Palace and saw Lan Zhichuan holding a jade slip. Before he could greet him, the man turned his head, frowned and said, "Ji'er, I received a message from Xiao Wu. It seems she went to Haiyuan."

"The Abyss?!" Lan Ji exclaimed in astonishment, "That's the dwelling place of the Sea Demon Clan. What is Xiao Wu doing there?"

"Who knows? She's always been unruly and fearless. Is there anywhere in this world she wouldn't dare to go?" With that, Lan Zhichuan sighed. "Alright, go and gather the most elite soldiers of our clan. We have to go to Haiyuan."

"Okay, I'll go right away."

The scene shifted, and the surrounding light suddenly dimmed, revealing a landscape of black reefs. Heavy, rapid breathing echoed in everyone's ears. Lan Ji seemed extremely tense, his long sword pointing at a figure in the center. Beside him, the other merfolk were also on high alert. However, a look of panic appeared on the faces of the older generals: "Your Highness?!"

The woman trapped in the middle twitched her shoulders slightly, tilted her head, and chuckled, "Yuan Heng, you still remember me?"

The merman named Yuan Heng exclaimed in surprise, "It really is you, Your Highness! You…you're not dead? What's going on? How did you get here? If you're not dead, why haven't you come back all these years?"

"Back?" The woman raised her head, her exquisite face illuminated by the dim light. Her deep blue eyes coldly stared at the motionless Lan

Zhichuan: “Our esteemed Sea Emperor, do you welcome me back?”

“How could Your Majesty be unwilling? You and Your Majesty are siblings from the same mother, grew up together, and are the closest of brothers!” Yuan Heng turned his head in surprise: “Your Majesty, isn’t that right?”

Lan Zhichuan remained silent, while Yuan Heng’s expression changed slightly, and he asked blankly, “Your Majesty?”

Lan Ji blinked frantically, his mind buzzing from the overwhelming amount of information. He looked at his father’s profile and asked in a trembling voice, “Father, what did General Yuan Heng mean? Could this person be… could it be Aunt? Didn’t you say she had already…”

Before he could finish speaking, Lan Zhichuan said coldly, “Lan Yueyao is long dead.”

The man raised his longsword and said, word by word, “This person secretly infiltrated the Kunlun Sea with the intention of overthrowing our clan’s regime. This is a capital offense! All generals, heed my command: she must be beheaded here to protect the peace of our clan!”

Yuan Heng was shocked: “Your Majesty!”

“Anyone who disobeys will be punished the same way!”

Lan Ji shook his head and exclaimed, “Father, didn’t we come here to find Xiao Wu?!”

“Xiao Wu?” It was his aunt, whom he was meeting for the first time, who spoke: “How stupid! Even now, you still haven’t seen through your good father’s true intentions?”

Lan Yueyao sneered, “From beginning to end, he was coming at me.”

“…”

The scene changed again, and everything in sight seemed to be covered with a layer of blood. Lan Ji coughed a few times, and blood seeped out of his body in strands. He supported himself against the rock wall, half dragging and half carrying the seriously injured Lan Zhichuan, and stumbled into a cave.

There were no other merfolk around. Recalling the bloody massacre

just now, Lan Ji still felt a chill run down his spine. When they reached the depths of the cave, he carefully put Lan Zhichuan down and whispered, "Father, Father…"

Lan Zhichuan's face was pale, and his body was covered in blood. After being called by Lan Ji several times, he finally managed to open his eyelashes with some difficulty: "Ji'er…"

"Father!" Lan Ji exclaimed with joy, his words tumbling out incoherently, "It's good that you're alright. I thought you… you…"

Lan Zhichuan weakly interrupted him: "Where is Lan Yue's invitation?"

Lan Ji froze, unable to help but purse his lips, and said in a hoarse voice, "I don't know. Just now, Tingzhen and the others bought us time so that I could take you away, but… they shouldn't be able to hold out for much longer."

Lan Zhichuan was silent for a moment, then asked, "Ji'er, do you resent me?"

Lan Ji quickly shook his head: "Resentment? No, of course not. I grew up under my father's care and know his character. You must have your own reasons for doing this…"

"Even after losing so many members of our tribe?"

"They…they won't blame Father. As subjects, it is an honor to give one's life for the Sea Emperor. Even General Yuan Heng was just now risking his life to protect Father." As if he had made up his mind, Lan Ji clenched his fist and gritted his teeth, saying, "Father, if Aunt comes looking for me later, even if it costs me my life…I will do my best to send you away."

"Is that so?" The man smiled faintly, then asked, "What if I told you that I knew all along that coming to Haiyuan was just sending them to their deaths?"

Lan Ji was taken aback: "Father… what do you mean?"

Suddenly, a faint blue light pierced into his brow, and Lan Ji's body stiffened, unable to move.

Puppetry.

He was terrified, but he was powerless to resist. He could only stare at Lan Zhichuan with wide eyes.

The man's expression remained calm: "Only after paying such a heavy price will she believe that she really killed me."

"!" The young merman's long eyelashes trembled, and his eyes turned bloodshot. Under his incredulous gaze, Lan Zhichuan touched his face with his icy palm. At such close range, he could even see his own face reflected in Lan Zhichuan's eyes.

No, that's no longer his face. The face that belonged to him was gradually becoming exactly like Lan Zhichuan's.

The man looked him over and slowly curled his lips into a smile: "My good son, you don't need to go to such lengths to protect me with your life."

"Just die in my place."

"After all, this is an honor."

A tear of blood fell, and Lan Ji stood up uncontrollably, numbly swimming towards the cave entrance. He swam farther and faster until a shadow silently blocked his path, and the thick stench of blood instantly overwhelmed him.

Lan Ji raised his eyes with trembling hands and saw that cold face that looked like the Grim Reaper.

The screen went completely dark.

"…"

No one spoke in the main hall; everyone seemed to be still in a daze, and it was so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

At that moment, a gentle female voice suddenly rang out: "Floating."

Fuyou was taken aback, then suddenly looked up: "Master?"

"Floating Wanderer, by the time you hear these words, you must have grown up." The woman said gently, "I once glimpsed the future and saw the bloody chaos of the human world, and the countless innocent demons who died. I traded my lifespan with the gods, hoping to find a way to break the deadlock. But later I realized that fate is unstoppable, and so-called prophecies are nothing more than the

inevitable outcome of cause and effect. But when I understood this, my lifespan was already running out."

As she spoke, she chuckled softly, her voice becoming much gentler: "I know you've always been intelligent, and you'll definitely find everything I left behind. This memory is the last bit of divine consciousness of the First Prince that I found. Although the ending cannot be changed, the process and time to reach that ending are ever-changing. So I hope that you will use it at the right time. No, you will definitely use it at the right time. After all, you are my only and most capable student."

Suddenly, another voice rang out from afar, it was the young Fuyou: "Master, what are you talking to yourself about?"

"Ah, it's nothing?" The woman seemed to turn around and respond, then paused and said gently, "Well then, goodbye, Floating."

194. Wang Jian

After a long silence, someone finally broke it: "Lan Zhichuan!"

Jiang Xi, her eyes filled with tears, shouted angrily, "How could you do this? How could you do this?!"

She staggered forward, her body swelling up to become a gigantic white dragon, roaring as she charged toward the man.

"Jiang Xi!"

Jiang Luan was startled and quickly followed with dozens of Jiao Clan members. Lan Wu pursed her lips, glanced at the merfolk behind her, and said angrily, "Even now, do you still want to listen to him?!"

Unlike their earlier aggressive demeanor, the group of merfolk now stood frozen in place, their faces still showing shock and bewilderment.

"He even made Lan Ji die in his place, that's his son, the Crown Prince you all watched grow up! He doesn't even care about his own flesh and blood, so how could he care about you? Wake up, he doesn't deserve your loyalty at all!"

"No…" A merman shook his head, helplessly saying, "Your Majesty, Your Majesty has protected us for hundreds of years. He wouldn't do such a thing without a reason. He must have his own reasons…"

"idiot!"

Lan Yuan interrupted him angrily, her eyebrows furrowed, staring straight to the other side: "Feng Yi, are you also going to listen to Lan Zhichuan and attack me?"

"No," Feng Yi quickly shook his head, drew his sword and swam to her side: "I am His Highness's personal guard, I belong only to His Highness, and I will never betray His Highness!"

"Very well," Lan Yuan drew her longsword and said, word by word, "You are my kin. Unless absolutely necessary, I do not wish to fight you with swords drawn. Those who are of sound mind, stay away from us or stand on our side. Those who are not of sound mind… do not blame me for being ruthless!"

The merfolk fell silent, exchanging bewildered glances. Lan Yuan had already turned and followed Lan Wu and Ji Lingyue, flying towards the throne together. At that moment, demonic energy surged there, creating powerful waves. With a loud bang, several white dragons were violently thrown out, rolling on the ground and vomiting blood.

On the exquisitely carved throne, Lan Zhichuan's long hair swayed like grass in the wind, and his exposed cheek was covered with silver scales. He held Jiang Luan's long sword with one hand, while the other hand tightly gripped Jiang Xi's throat. His narrow, vertical pupils stared intently at the woman's flushed face, as if he were considering whether to break her neck.

"Jiang Xi," he said coldly, "you shouldn't have betrayed me. Believe it or not, after so many years of marriage, you are the only person I've never thought of hurting."

Jiang Xi's long eyelashes trembled slightly, and she squeezed out a hoarse voice from her throat: "You… go to hell…"

Several black butterflies quietly appeared in sight. Ji Lingyue's figure was like mist. She pulled out a black longsword out of thin air and slashed it fiercely at his arm with rolling demonic energy. Lan Zhichuan's eyes twitched. He threw Jiang Xi and her sister aside and retreated.

With a loud bang, the longsword cleaved through the water, and the scattered demonic energy slammed into Lan Zhichuan. Before he could catch his breath, arrow-like demonic spikes appeared in front of him again. Ji Lingyue kicked them hard, and they flew towards him

with a whoosh.

Lan Zhichuan took a step back, steadying himself as he released his demonic power to envelop the demonic thorns, turning them around and sending them flying toward Jiang Xi, who was lying on the ground.

Ji Lingyue was startled: “Lan Wu!”

Lan Wu reacted quickly, nimbly darting to Jiang Xi’s side, grabbing her waist and rolling to the side. As soon as they left, several demonic thorns were deeply embedded in their original positions, shattering the jade and penetrating three-tenths of an inch into the ground.

“You bastard!” Lan Yuan was completely enraged by him. Silver scales, which were faintly visible on her beautiful face, also appeared. Her vertical pupils lost all rationality and became crazy and violent: “Go!”

Several long dragons emerged in response, breaking through the mist surrounding her and opening their ferocious maws toward Lan Zhichuan.

“You want to kill me with the magic I taught you?” He sneered, and an even larger dragon appeared behind him, letting out a deafening roar: “Overestimating yourself!”

With a deafening roar, the water beasts from both sides collided, unleashing a dazzling blue light. The intense energy that rippled outwards also sent out sharp water blades, forcing all the demons in the hall back several steps.

On the high platform, Lan Zhichuan’s smile faded slightly.

He thought he could easily defeat Lan Yuan’s water-coated beasts, but when the two clashed, the smaller water dragons suddenly grew larger and were able to hold their own against him.

He frowned, glancing at Lan Yuan with suspicion, and sure enough, he saw a faint magic circle at the bottom of her feet.

A Spirit Gathering Array? No, a Spirit Gathering Array gathers spiritual energy, but this array can gather demonic energy, greatly increasing Lan Yuan’s power in a short period of time.

He raised his eyes and quickly noticed Lan Wu standing in the center

of the hall, her expression indifferent, one hand forming a hand seal. She looked so much like Chu Chunhan, and now she had even mastered her unpredictable array formations perfectly.

They're really difficult to deal with.

Lan Zhichuan's expression turned solemn as he gritted his teeth and said, "Back then, I should have just killed you."

"You wish."

As they spoke, Ji Lingyue and Lan Yuan launched a joint attack. Although their two swords, one black and one blue, were firmly blocked in front of Lan Zhichuan, they still managed to knock him back a step.

She looked up and saw the fine sweat on the man's forehead. She suddenly chuckled and said sarcastically, "After all these years, your skill is still no match for Lan Yueyao."

Lan Zhichuan froze, his bloodshot eyes staring intently at her.

Lan Yuan sneered in agreement: "If she were still alive, she could crush you with a single finger."

These words seemed to touch the man's sore spot. He roared and his powerful demonic energy suddenly burst forth. The two sensed something was wrong and hurriedly drew their swords and retreated, but they were still thrown far away by the aftershocks.

Lan Wu instinctively stepped forward and caught Ji Lingyue as she fell from the sky, asking anxiously, "A-Yue?"

Ji Lingyue coughed and wiped the blood from the corner of her lips. As she stood up from her embrace, she whispered, "I've figured it out. It can kill."

At this moment, Lan Zhichuan chuckled softly. The demons were taken aback and looked at him. They saw him raise his right hand, and a silver longsword inlaid with blue gemstones gradually materialized in his palm.

Lan Wu opened her eyes wide and murmured, "Sea King Sword."

Ji Lingyue asked instinctively, "What is that?"

Lan Yuan approached cautiously and said, "Legend has it that millions

of years ago, a divine dragon fell from the sky, slaughtering the sea creatures and committing all sorts of evil deeds. When the sea creatures were driven to desperation, a merman named Lan Yin single-handedly slew the evil dragon, unified the four seas, and became the first Sea Emperor. From then on, all the sea creatures revered the mermen, and the position of Sea Emperor was passed down from generation to generation to the mermen."

"What does this have to do with the Sea King's Sword?"

"The Sea King Sword is the sword our ancestor used to slay the dragon." Lan Wu lowered her voice, her expression becoming serious. "But now, it is no longer just a weapon, but a symbol of imperial power. When the Sea King Sword is drawn, the emperor will be replaced."

As expected, under everyone's gaze, Lan Zhichuan raised his longsword with both hands and said loudly, "Since you no longer believe in me, it is no longer meaningful for me to be the Sea Emperor."

"However, Lan Yuan and Lan Wu betrayed their master and ancestors, and attempted to kill their father. This is outrageous and unforgivable, and they are not worthy of becoming the next Sea Emperor! Since that is the case, today I will break the rule that merfolk are superior!"

Lan Yuan was startled, then suddenly realized something and looked at him in astonishment.

A smile played on the man's lips as he said, word by word, "No matter who it is, as long as they kill Lan Wu, I will willingly give them the Sea King Sword. Regardless of their identity, they will become the new King of the Four Seas!"

——

Sorry, I fell asleep while writing last night and just woke up _(:3 」∠)_

New Year's Extra

Upon receiving the message, Ji Lingyue quickly packed her bag and left the library.

The familiar car was parked outside the school gate. She quickened her pace, excitedly opened the passenger door, and was about to call Lan Wu's name when she was met with an unexpected face.

The person whose face it was pulled down their sunglasses and looked at her with a half-smile: “Support.”

She paused for a moment, then raised her head expressionlessly to look at the woman sitting in the driver’s seat.

Despite the frigid weather, Lan Yuan was still wearing a rather thin coat, with the collar of her sweater pulled up to her fair and slender neck. She frowned, her fingertips unconsciously tapping the steering wheel as she spoke to the person on the other end of the headset with an unhappy expression.

Ji Lingyue shifted her gaze to the back seat and finally saw the person she wanted to see.

Lan Wu still had her long brown hair, which she had dyed for an event not long ago, on her head. She was sleeping soundly, completely unguarded. Her slender body was wrapped in an oversized down jacket, and she sank into the leather seat, looking like a tiny ball.

Ji Lingyue closed the passenger door, turned around, and climbed into the back seat.

Ji Xing turned her head, gripping the chair as she asked, “I heard you’ve been attracting attention again lately, male or female?”

“rumor.”

“Oh? But I heard that this guy called you all night, made a scene, and even threatened to hang himself. He almost dropped out of work and came back to find you.”

“Misunderstand.”

Ji Xing clicked her tongue: “Is your mouth made of gold? You charge for more than two words?”

Ji Lingyue helped Lan Wu straighten her clothes, then finally gave her a cold look and said, “I have nothing to say to you.”

Ji Xing raised an eyebrow and said with a smile, “Really? You’re still angry? I just acted as a couple with Lan Wu, it wasn’t real! Why are you so… ouch!”

She covered her head, staring in astonishment at Lan Yuan’s stern face: “Sister?”

Lan Yuan said bluntly, “Keep your voice down, Lan Wu is sleeping, don’t wake her up.”

Ji Xing pursed her lips and said aggrievedly, “You only care about her.”

“How come I only care about her?”

Ji Xing immediately perked up: “Just last month, you personally came to deliver flowers to her when she finished filming, but when I finished filming, you only sent your assistant to deliver flowers.”

Lan Yuan patiently explained, “When Lan Wu finished filming, I happened to be near the film set. When you finished filming, I was on a business trip abroad. Didn’t I tell you then?”

“You’re just being biased.”

Lan Yuan sighed, feeling a bit of a headache, and tried her best to be fair: “Next time, next time I’ll give you an extra bouquet, okay?”

Will you be there in person?

“certainly.”

The vehicle slowly started moving, and the two people in front deliberately lowered their voices. When Ji Xing met Lan Yuan, she put on a well-behaved look and even her voice became unusually sweet. Ji Lingyue couldn’t stand it anymore, so she simply lifted a corner of her down jacket and carefully crawled inside.

The sounds outside suddenly became muffled, and a faint fragrance wafted into her nose. It was a scent she knew best. Ji Lingyue relaxed, let out a soft sigh, and her cool fingers reached to the woman’s waist, embracing her through her clothes.

Just then, a hand gently rubbed her head. Ji Lingyue was startled, looked up, and found the woman who had been sleeping soundly just moments before half-closing her eyes and looking at her lazily.

She was overjoyed and opened her mouth to call her, but Lan Wu put her index finger to her lips and wrapped her other arm around her waist, pulling her into her embrace.

The distance suddenly shortened, and Ji Lingyue blinked in a panic. When she came to her senses, she realized that the two of them were

almost nose to nose. Warm breaths filled the dim and cramped space, and all she could hear was the sound of soft breathing.

Lan Wu smiled and kissed the corner of her lips affectionately: “How’s your studies lately?”

“It’s alright.” After saying that, Ji Lingyue whispered, “Why are you like Aunt Chu, always asking about my studies first?”

“Hmm…” Lan Wu chuckled lightly, saying lazily, “Otherwise, what should I ask?”

Ji Lingyue didn’t answer, but instead asked, “Ji Xing said you cry, make a scene, and threaten to hang yourself, is that true?”

“What do you think? Someone as mature as me, would I do that kind of thing…” She stopped mid-sentence, met Ji Lingyue’s clear eyes, and suddenly had a flash of inspiration, changing the subject: “Of course, after finding out that someone had given you a love letter, I was heartbroken and cried through a whole pack of tissues.”

Ji Lingyue: “Where is that exaggerated?”

Although she knew Lan Wu was teasing her, she still smiled broadly and relaxed, leaning on the woman’s shoulder: “Will you stay home a little longer this time?”

“Um.”

“Won’t this interfere with your work?”

“I’ve arranged everything.”

As she spoke, Lan Wu gently brushed away her messy hair and said softly, “I’ll spend the New Year with you this time.”

Tonight is New Year’s Eve, and the supermarket closest to my home is having a promotion. Lan Yue pushed her shopping cart, her eyes darting from side to side of the shelves, itching to buy something.

“You are not allowed to take it.”

Chu Chunhan, who was walking ahead, didn’t even turn his head and said indifferently, “Eat less puffed food.”

“I didn’t take it,” Lan Yueyao replied subconsciously, then added stubbornly, “It’s okay to eat it once in a while. Besides, they’re all

back today, and kids love these snacks."

"Only Lan Wu likes it, and besides, Lan Wu isn't a child."

Lan Yue clicked her tongue and said, "Fine, it's just my own preference. But tonight is New Year's Eve, can't you be a little more accommodating?"

Seeing Chu Chunhan pick up another bottle from the shelf to check the ingredients, she cautiously nudged the woman's lower back with the shopping cart: "Chu Chunhan? Dr. Chu? Chunhan?"

Chu Chunhan finally turned around and glanced at her, saying helplessly, "Alright, go get it."

Lan Yue smiled and turned around happily. Chu Chunhan pursed her lips and couldn't help but remind her, "Take less."

"knew."

When they arrived home, a familiar car was already parked in the parking space in front of the door. The two of them carried large and small bags and had just stepped into the yard when the gate opened.

Lan Wu opened her arms wide, beaming with a smile: "Mom…"

Chu Chunhan said calmly, "Lan Wu, put on your shoes."

Lan Wu was taken aback, obediently put on her slippers, and reached out again: “Mom…”

The heavy shopping bags were slung over her arm. Chu Chunhan said calmly, “Don’t block the door. Take the things to the kitchen.”

As she spoke, she passed by Lan Wu, changed her shoes, and hugged the three people behind her in turn. Lan Wu looked at her in a daze, then turned to look at Lan Yueyao. The woman raised an eyebrow and hung the bag she was carrying on her hand as well: “Hurry up and take it to the kitchen.”

The superstar’s fragile body was almost crushed by the shopping bags. Ji Lingyue quickly noticed her miserable state, ran over, and rescued her from danger.

“Sigh,” Lan Wu sighed, and after sorting the items into the refrigerator, she listened to the laughter coming from the living room and wondered, “Did I do something to make people angry again?”

Ji Lingyue glanced at her and muttered under her breath, “Does having a girlfriend and still spreading rumors count?”

“Ah, that’s all nonsense!” Lan Wu jumped up, clenching her fists, wishing she could punch those unscrupulous paparazzi a few times: “We just live in the same neighborhood, I live at the west end and Yu Shanye lives at the east end, how does that mean we left from the same unit? Fine, we went out to eat together as a group, and Teacher Ye gave me a ride back, how does that mean we had a secret rendezvous?”

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became, her bright face turning bright red. Then she looked at Ji Lingyue and saw that she looked guilty. She immediately realized, “So, you’re partly to blame for her being angry with me?”

Ji Lingyue coughed lightly and put her hands behind her back: “I know it’s not your fault, but changing your rumored boyfriend every few days, nineteen of them, makes me… makes me a little sad. When Aunt Chu asked me about my studies, I… mentioned it briefly.”

Lan Wu blinked, reached out and pinched her cheek, and said with a forced smile, “It’s been a few months, and you’ve started tattling now?”

“You know it’s been months since we last met,” Ji Lingyue said, her words muffled as she let her massage her, “I’m sorry, it won’t happen again.”

“That won’t do. If you’re unhappy, you should say it,” Lan Wu sighed and said seriously, “Okay, I really didn’t handle these things well, so I should apologize.”

Seeing Ji Lingyue relax, she snorted again: “But you absolutely mustn’t tell on me to Mom. You know her temperament. She always dotes on you. If you tattle on me, I’ll be in trouble.”

Ji Lingyue’s face turned red from being rubbed, and she suddenly grabbed her wrist. Lan Wu was startled and just as she hummed in confusion, the girl turned her head and gently kissed her wrist: “I’m sorry,” she said softly, “I was wrong.”

Lan Wu froze, feeling the spot where she had been kissed instantly burn up. She and Ji Lingyue stared at each other for a few seconds, then she couldn’t help but grab her wrist, pin her against the wall, and lower her head.

“clang—”

A crisp sound rang in her ears, startling Lan Wu. Looking in the direction of the sound, she saw Lan Yuan holding a fruit plate in one hand and a spoon in the other, rolling her eyes at her without any politeness: “Fighting with your mouth is prohibited in the kitchen.”

A few minutes later, the two lingered out of the kitchen. The living room was bathed in warm yellow light, and a popular soap opera was playing on the TV. Lights were twinkling outside the windows, making it seem like an ordinary night. Lan Wu walked to the sofa and saw Lan Yuan sitting on the carpet, chatting idly with Ji Xing. She took off her shoes and squeezed next to her.

Lan Yuan glanced at her, then generously shifted her position to make room for her.

Chu Chunhan, who had changed into her pajamas, was sitting on the sofa behind her. After Lan Wu sat down, she secretly glanced at her a few times. Seeing that Chu Chunhan didn’t care about her, she carefully reached out her paws to hug Chu Chunhan’s legs and rested her head on Chu Chunhan’s knees.

After a long pause, Chu Chunhan sighed and gently shook the chair:

"You're so heavy, come up and sit down."

Lan Wu beamed and happily climbed up. Chu Chunhan pinched her ear with his left hand, put his right arm around Ji Lingyue, and said gently, "You've made up?"

Lan Wu muttered, "We've never even argued, so why do we have to make up..." Halfway through her sentence, she felt the grip on her ear tighten, and she immediately lowered her head and obediently said, "We've made up."

"Bang—"

A golden firework exploded outside the window, and bursts of laughter came from downstairs, but Lan Wu had no time to look. She lowered her head and called out, "A-Yue."

Ji Lingyue narrowed her eyes and asked softly, "What's wrong?"

Lan Wu chuckled: "It's nothing."

She pinched the girl's waist, then slipped her hands inside the loose bathrobe and grasped her full breasts.

"Um......"

Ji Lingyue subconsciously straightened her chest, and the thin fabric on her body slowly slid down to her elbows, revealing a large expanse of snow-white skin. Although she had just taken a shower, she was covered in sweat again, and she felt slippery like a fish when held in my arms.

"Lan Wu..." she groaned, panting as she clung to the woman's shoulders, tilting her head back to bite her lips.

Lan Wu lowered her eyes, opened her lips and took her tongue in her mouth. The puppy, which had just tried to bite her, immediately went limp and whimpered as it kissed her. Its rosy lips were covered with a layer of moisture and glistened.

Lan Wu couldn't help but smile, casually ruffling Ji Lingyue's fluffy head. The strands of hair tangled between her fingers were still damp. Recalling the scene in the bathroom just now, she released the girl's swollen lips and asked mischievously, "Aren't you tired?"

Ji Lingyue was still panting, her flushed face filled with confusion,

seemingly not understanding what she was saying. Lan Wu smiled, her hand sliding down, parting the two soft, wet labia, and slowly squeezing into the entrance: “Didn’t you just say you were tired and didn’t want it anymore?”

Ji Lingyue suddenly gripped her shoulders tightly, letting out a weak sob: “Mmm, gently, gently…”

Does it hurt?

Ji Lingyue shook her head, then nodded, looking very aggrieved: “A little.”

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then lightly kissed away the tears on her face: “I’m sorry, I was too hasty just now.”

Hearing her say that, Ji Lingyue felt embarrassed and took the initiative to hug Lan Wu’s neck, whispering, “It’s okay, be gentle… just be gentle.”

Lan Wu chuckled, shook her head, and sighed, “Why are you so obedient?”

But at times like these, the more obedient and well-behaved she is, the more people want to bully her until she cries.

She gently touched the girl’s moist eyes, and her fingers, which were inserted into the tight acupoint, began to move again. Ji Lingyue let out a soft moan, tightened her arms, and curled her legs around Lan Wu’s waist. This person’s body was usually as hot as a small furnace, but now it was even hotter. Lan Wu was covered in sweat from being wrapped around her, and couldn’t help but pat her buttocks: “Loosen up a bit.”

Ji Lingyue: “No.”

“I was just praising you for being obedient.” Lan Wu looked at her amusedly. Seeing that she was unwilling to let go, she pinched one of her calves and put it on her shoulder, then looked down at her exposed private parts.

The scenery there was indeed beautiful; the ravaged, bright red orifice was tightly gripping her fingers, constantly revealing tender flesh and oozing wet, lustful fluid with each thrust.

Lan Wu said gently, “We’ll have to change the sheets again tonight.”

Ji Lingyue blushed with embarrassment. Just as she was about to struggle, her clitoris was pressed and rubbed. She suddenly arched her back, kicked her legs wildly in the air, and trembled as she ejaculated.

Her palms were covered in sticky fluid. Lan Wu sat up, holding her waist, and while sucking on her nipples, she squeezed open the still spasming and contracting orifice, continuing to fuck her with the gushing fluid.

“Ah! Wait, wait a minute…”

Ji Lingyue fell into her arms, panting a few times, and trembling as she cried out, “Lan Wu…”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, then looked up and kissed her sweaty temple: “What’s wrong?”

Tears streamed down Ji Lingyue’s face as she choked out, “Slow down…”

Seeing her crying so pitifully, Lan Wu sighed and said helplessly, “You were the one who started it tonight.”

Ji Lingyue pretended not to hear, humming and lowering her head to kiss Lan Wu’s cheek like a chick pecking at rice. Lan Wu closed her eyes and whispered, “Okay, one last time.”

She withdrew her hand, pressed Ji Lingyue down again, crawled forward on her knees, pressed the already aroused petals tightly against her, and slowly swayed her waist.

“Mmm… Hah…”

Wet, sticky fluid kept gushing out from their point of contact, and soon a gurgling sound could be heard.

Suddenly, a burst of brilliant fireworks erupted outside the window, followed by muffled laughter from downstairs. Ji Lingyue rolled over, taking the initiative and nestling into Lan Wu’s arms, sobbing as she bit her shoulder. Beneath her, a more mature woman lay supple on the dark sheets, half her face completely obscured by thick, curly hair, revealing only her alluring, full red lips.

“Lan Wu, Lan Wu…” She frowned, tears welling in her reddened eyes, and sighed coquettishly, “So comfortable…”

The shadows cast on the wall flickered, four bare legs intertwined. Ji Lingyue gradually gained the upper hand, pressing harder and harder against Lan Wu's waist as she thrust into her, emitting soft, seductive moans. The window was illuminated by fireworks again. She groaned softly and carefully kissed Lan Wu's lips. Lan Wu instinctively closed her eyes, but heard the girl mumble something.

She paused for a moment, opened her eyes and met her gaze. Ji Lingyue's eyes were as clean and pure as ever, and they looked even brighter when they were filled with tears. Lan Wu chuckled, put her arms around the girl's neck, and pressed her down.

"Ah Yue".

The gentle voice was broken between the lips and teeth, yet it could still be heard clearly by the person in front of her.

"I love you too."

"Also, Happy New Year."

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"If that's the case, why don't we just kill you?"

Jiang Luan stood in front of Jiang Xi and said warily, "In that case, no matter who gets the King's Sword, it will be more convincing."

Lan Zhichuan scoffed, "Can you kill me?"

He looked around, his gaze falling on the hesitant faces of the merfolk, and said, word by word, "Or do you want to completely erase my contributions of protecting the four seas for hundreds of years, without showing any sympathy?"

As soon as he finished speaking, the sea creature that met his gaze trembled and hastily looked away. Lan Zhichuan sneered, turned his head, and looked at the whale and shark clan chiefs who had been watching from the sidelines: "Jing Chi, you once swore that you would be loyal to me no matter what happened. Does that omit your promise?"

The woman named Jing Chi was taken aback and hesitated before saying, "…His Majesty once saved my daughter in Haiyuan. I will remember His Majesty's kindness for the rest of my life."

Lan Yuan sensed something was wrong and exclaimed in surprise, "Aunt Jing!"

Jing Chi avoided her gaze: "Yuan'er, I'm sorry, but I can't break my vow." "You..." Lan Yuan clenched her fists, her voice hoarse, "But Lan Wu is also Jing Lan's childhood friend. Are you going to kill her friend now?"

Jing Chi pursed his lips and turned his head away without saying a word.

In the silent stillness, everyone present understood her meaning. Lan Zhichuan's lips curled slightly as he looked at the man sitting on the far side.

"Shalang".

As the old patriarch of the Shark Clan was dying, Shalang had defeated his elder brother and, although nominally the young patriarch, had actually seized control of the clan. Lan Zhichuan was well aware of all this.

He slowly took a step down, as if he were not facing a life-or-death situation, but a casual conversation: "If we were to ask who the best among the younger generation is, everyone would choose you, Shalang. You have always been ambitious and enterprising. Don't you want this sword?"

Shalang stroked the teacup in his hand and said in a deep voice, "Your Majesty, it's not that I'm unwilling to help you, but the person you want to kill is..."

Lan Zhichuan suddenly laughed: "So that's how it is, it was my oversight." He took another step down, shaking his head, and said: "You're quite the infatuated one, still thinking of Lan Wu at a time like this, but does my precious daughter... have feelings for you?"

Lan Wu paused, staring intently at him. Sure enough, Lan Zhichuan said with a playful tone, "Have you considered that if you help Lan Wu kill me, after it's done, Lan Wu's power will only grow stronger, and she won't even glance at you? But if you stand on my side, I can spare her life." He narrowed his eyes, gently uttering words as venomous as a snake, "I will give her to you. Then, the throne will be yours, and Lan Wu will be yours too. Isn't that better?"

As he spoke, he stood in the main hall, and the powerful demonic

energy emanating from him pressed heavily on the demons. Lan Zhichuan smiled and put his hands behind his back, saying, "Whether it's easier to kill me or capture Lan Wu, I don't think anyone can't figure it out, right?"

Suddenly, a voice rang out from among the demons: "Does His Majesty keep his word?"

"Of course," Lan Zhichuan said, raising his head. "I swear to the Sea God that if I break anything I just said, may I die a horrible death!"

After a moment of silence, Shalang stood up and called out from afar, "Lanwu."

Lan Wu frowned as she looked at him, her face as cold as ice.

"I'll help you whenever you need it."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then asked, "What's the price?"

Shalang stretched out his hand: "Come over here."

Ji Lingyue's long eyelashes trembled, and she unconsciously tensed up. That long-standing, suffocating dizziness suddenly surged into her heart.

She closed her eyes with a headache, raised her right hand, and tried to grab Lan Wu, but froze in mid-air.

No, you shouldn't have done that…

At times like this, having more people means having more help, and even if Lan Wu agrees, it's only a temporary measure.

It's a compromise, but it's just a compromise, not a real compromise.

But……

Her fingertips dug deep into her palm, Ji Lingyue's breathing quickened, and her chest heaved unnaturally.

But……

Even if it's fake…

"Thank you for your kindness."

A cool hand slid into her palm, patiently unfolding her stiff fingers and interlocking them: “But I don’t want to.”

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, looking at the woman beside her with some surprise. Lan Wu was amused by her gaze and said sarcastically, “You didn’t expect that, did you? Even if I die, I’ll drag you down with me.”

Ji Lingyue blinked: “But we are already facing life and death…”

Lan Wu covered her mouth expressionlessly.

Suddenly, Lan Zhichuan let out an unexpected laugh and breathed a sigh of relief: “Shalang, what did I tell you?”

After a long silence, Shalang finally lowered his hand and said indifferently, “Your Majesty, I agree to your proposal.”

As soon as he finished speaking, Lan Zhichuan’s figure suddenly moved, turning into a phantom and rushing towards Lan Wu. Lan Yuan reacted extremely quickly, stretching out her arms, and a bright blue dome appeared out of thin air, blocking Lan Zhichuan’s flying figure.

Lan Wu took a step back in surprise: “How could you…”

Lan Yuan said irritably, “I knew you’d choose this, so I started secretly forming hand seals a long time ago!”

Although they had temporarily blocked Lan Zhichuan, a large number of sea creatures were gradually surging in from other directions. Jiang Xi looked around and said nervously, “Jiang Luan!”

Jiang Luan understood immediately. She joined the other dragons in a circle, protecting Lan Wu and the others in the middle, while shouting, “There are too many of them! We can’t hold out for long!”

“Then let’s fight our way out!”

The sounds of clashing weapons echoed from all directions. Many sea creatures fled the main hall, not wanting to get involved, but many more joined the melee, drawing their weapons and charging into the center. Lan Wu glanced at the ferocious faces of those shouting and killing, and even though she was prepared, she still felt a chill in her heart. She bit her lip, exchanged a glance with Ji Lingyue, and suddenly pushed A Li and Lan Yuan forcefully towards her: “Run!”

Ji Lingyue grabbed the two men by the collar, darted out of the demon horde, and swam away from the palace without looking back.

Lan Yuan was shocked. Turning her head, she found the main hall completely packed, and outside, countless sea monsters were swimming in from afar: "Ji Lingyue!" Her eyes widened, and she struggled in disbelief: "What are you doing? How could you leave Lan Wu behind?!"

Ji Lingyue explained, "Their target is not us. It will be easier for the three of us to escape. With the Empress Dowager and the others protecting us, Lan Wu can hold out for a while."

Upon hearing this, Lan Yuan's eyes practically spit fire: "You actually had such a plan, you scoundrel! I really misjudged you! I thought your love for Lan Wu was as strong as gold, but it turns out you're just a coward who fears death. Let me go!"

Ah Li seemed to realize something and looked up, saying, "Sister Ah Yue, could it be that you and Master..."

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement. Seeing that they were far enough away from Heyu Palace, she released her hands, hesitated for a moment, and then uttered the ancient incantation that was once so familiar yet now felt so strange.

In the main hall, Lan Wu dodged the thrusting sword to the side, and the silver thread flying from her wrist wrapped around the spear opposite her, piercing through the approaching shadow behind her.

She moved nimbly, her clothes fluttering, like a graceful crane weaving through the shadowy swords. Her powerful demonic energy condensed into countless water spikes that shot out in all directions, while vines that snaked out from the ground silently wrapped around the ankles of the demons, imbuing them with spiritual energy that burned their flesh and bones.

A series of screams rang in her ears. Lan Wu looked up and saw that the blue dome was covered with cracks and was about to shatter completely. She couldn't help but take a step back.

Suddenly, a burning heat came from my forehead.

She subconsciously touched it and looked at Jiang Xi beside her: "Mother."

Jiang Xi turned around, her gaze falling on her face, then quickly drawn to the strange feature on her forehead. A black lotus was slowly blooming there. It should have been a pure and dignified flower, but now it appeared eerie and alluring. She blinked, gradually realizing what it was, and looked surprised: "Xiao Wu?"

"Mother," Lan Wu grasped her hand, her expression serious, "Take good care of yourself."

As soon as she finished speaking, the woman vanished instantly, leaving only empty ripples on the water.

Meanwhile, Ji Lingyue looked at Lan Wu, who had suddenly appeared beside her, and nervously grabbed her arm: "Do you… do you feel uncomfortable anywhere?"

Lan Wu shook her head: "No, don't worry."

She glanced in the direction of the Sea King's Palace, knowing it was only a matter of time before they realized what was happening, and said, "It seems that relying solely on the Sea Clan won't work. We need to inform our Master and the others."

Ji Lingyue nodded: "Okay."

Lan Yuan looked hesitant, as if she wanted to say something but couldn't. Lan Wu was taken aback and couldn't help but ask, "What's wrong?"

"You," Lan Yuan opened her mouth, hesitated for a long time, and then closed it again: "Forget it, one is willing to hit and the other is willing to be hit, it's none of my business."

Lan Wu was completely baffled. She looked at her for a few moments, then took out the talisman that Wen Shiyu had given her and tore it in half.

The large golden characters on the talisman lit up for a moment, then turned to dust and disappeared into the water. Lan Yuan tilted her head, raised an eyebrow, and asked, "That's it? Just by tearing off a talisman, they can understand what's happening down there?"

Lan Wu hesitated and said, "Since it was given by Miss Wen, it must have a purpose."

As soon as he finished speaking, Ah Li exclaimed in surprise. The

three of them were stunned and looked over. They saw red patterns appear on Ah Li's forehead, and in the blink of an eye, she disappeared.

After a moment of silence, Lan Yuan hissed and crossed her arms in disbelief: "Is there something wrong with me?"

On the shore, as soon as Ah Li appeared, she was surrounded by several people.

The talisman Wen Shiyu was holding was still emitting a piercing scream, and Qi Yueyao complained that she should throw it away. Yu Shanye looked at her anxiously and asked, "What's wrong? What happened? Are you hurt? Where are Lan Wu and the others?"

Ah Li snapped out of her daze and grabbed her sleeve: "Master, Master, they need help. We have to hurry down and help them!"

Is this really true?

She had barely finished speaking when Ye Qingjun appeared beside her and asked seriously, "This is no small matter. Are you sure Lan Wu needs us?"

"Of course!" Ah Li said anxiously, her face pale as she composed herself and stammered out what had happened in the sea. Ye Qingjun's expression grew increasingly somber, and as she listened, she looked out at the calm and vast blue sea.

Ah Li also looked over, her eyes flickering slightly.

It turned out that the thick fog that had covered the sea when they left in the morning had completely dissipated. Now the sky was clear and the breeze was gentle. The soft waves gently washed over the sand, creating a tranquil and beautiful scene.

"Master," Yu Shanye turned around and said nervously, "we..."

"No need to say anything more," Ye Qingjun shook his head, drew his long sword, and turned to walk towards the boundless sea: "Notify everyone to enter the sea."

Finally, I've gotten to the book title! Haha (* ` ▽′*)

196. The Sword is Drawn

Warm sunlight spilled onto the calm and peaceful sea, the water was clear and blue, and the gentle breeze created ripples. But far below the sunlit surface, the sea quickly fell silent, and endless darkness filled the air. The deeper you went, the darker it became, and even the bubbling bubbles disappeared.

Suddenly, a faint, shimmering blue light burst forth from the dark seabed, trailing a long shadow behind it, as if a colossal, ink-black beast was relentlessly pursuing it, drawing ever closer.

The turbulent currents startled the fish that were searching for food. Ji Lingyue glanced back at the countless sea creatures trailing behind her, and then released a swarm of black butterflies with a flick of her sleeve.

The dark depths of the sea provide the perfect disguise for demonic energy. Even when slowed down by the seawater, the tiny butterfly can still silently approach those murderous sea creatures, transforming into wisps of smoke and entering their mouths and noses.

This move was extremely insidious, capable of completely destroying the victim's internal organs, causing them excruciating pain and death from bleeding from all seven orifices. However, given the circumstances, Ji Lingyue had no intention of showing mercy. Even Lan Yuan didn't say much, only pursing her lips and urging, "Go quickly!"

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, turned around and took Lan Wu's hand. The woman, now fully transformed into a mermaid, swam incredibly fast. With a flick of her tail, she darted far away, her silver hair being completely washed away by the water, splashing wildly behind her like seaweed.

Just then, a distant whale cry came from behind them, and colorful sea serpents shot out of the demon horde like arrows, viciously biting at the group.

Lan Wu formed the array without turning her head, chanting incantations: "Burning Heaven, Destroying Earth, Yin Yang Fire…"

With a few swishes, intricate magic arrays imprinted with different runes appeared behind her, and black flames suddenly burst into flames, burning the first few sea serpents that charged forward to dust. The warm sunlight was within reach. Ji Lingyue emerged from the water, stepped onto her longsword, and her white robes fluttered in the wind, without a single drop of water on them.

She turned around and pulled Lan Wu up, but caught a glimpse of a silver light quickly emerging from underwater and flying straight behind Lan Wu.

Ji Lingyue's heart clenched, and she abruptly threw her behind her, reaching out a palm to strike the fluorescent light. However, she did not expect that the thing was invisible, passing through her arm and suddenly drilling into her forehead.

Lan Wu exclaimed in surprise, "A-Yue!"

The woman slumped down, and Lan Wu quickly caught her, holding her protectively in her arms: "A-Yue, A-Yue, what's wrong?"

Ji Lingyue had her eyes closed and her face was calm, as if she were just asleep. Lan Yuan flew over upon hearing the sound, frowned and observed her for a moment, then comforted her, "Don't worry, you have a life-and-death contract. If you are alright, it means that her life is not in danger either."

"But…" Lan Wu bit her lip, but felt that this scene was extremely familiar, just like: "Nightmare Beast."

She remembered something and turned around in astonishment: "It's the Nightmare Lamp."

With a splash, a figure emerged from the water. Lan Zhichuan, holding a black lamp, clicked his tongue after seeing the unconscious Ji Lingyue: "Getting in the way."

The Nightmare Lamp traps the souls of countless fused Nightmare Beasts, whose ability to create nightmares is even stronger than that of living Nightmare Beasts.

Back then, a single Nightmare Beast caused Ji Lingyue immense pain, forcing her to commit suicide in her dream before finally waking up. Now, with a Nightmare Lamp several times stronger, how can she possibly wake up?

Amidst the white mist, Ji Lingyue opened her eyes, looked around hesitantly, and tentatively took a step forward.

The fog instantly dissipated like swirling clouds, revealing a figure hidden behind it. Ji Lingyue was stunned for a moment and subconsciously walked towards her, but stopped when she saw the person's face clearly.

That was her, but she was from a distant memory.

A girl of thirteen or fourteen knelt in the desolate grass and covered the grave with the last mound of yellow earth. A few crows that had been perched on the withered tree fluttered away. The last rays of the setting sun poured down, landing on dozens of graves of various sizes.

After a long while, she curled up, her small, thin body lying alone beside the grave mound: “Mother.”

Ji Lingyue blinked and gazed at her quietly.

“Don’t worry,” the girl whispered, “I can take care of myself. The person who saved me is a cultivator from Haochen Mountain. After I spend the New Year with you, I will go to Haochen Mountain to become his disciple.”

She closed her eyes and solemnly said, “I will definitely avenge you.”

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, silently stepped forward, and gently placed her warm palm on her head.

Why do you cultivate swordsmanship?

Suddenly, a stern voice came from behind. Ji Lingyue turned around and saw an older girl standing in the wind and snow. Even though she was shivering from the cold, she gripped the iron sword tightly and tirelessly repeated the thrusting motion.

Upon hearing her master’s question, she stammered, “Subdue, subdue demons and eliminate evil.”

The voice continued, “If you can’t even last three hours, what kind of demons are you slaying or monsters to exorcise?” With a snap, a wooden stick appeared out of thin air and knocked the longsword out of the girl’s hand: “If your posture is wrong, practicing a hundred times will be a waste of time.”

The girl’s eyes reddened, and without a word, she picked up the iron sword and readjusted her sword-wielding stance.

“Say it again, why do you cultivate swordsmanship?”

“To subdue demons and eliminate evil spirits.”

“What?”

"Exterminate demons and monsters!"

"Is that so?" the voice said. "Then why don't you kill the demon beside you?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, but the girl turned her head and stared at her with her dark eyes without blinking, and thrust her sword forward without hesitation.

With lightning speed, she gripped the sword blade, and demonic energy surged forth, easily halting the girl's attack. The young Ji Lingyue glared at her hatefully and hissed, "You demon, why don't you die!"

Ji Lingyue frowned: "Look carefully, I am you."

"You're not!" the girl denied excitedly, her long eyelashes fluttering and glistening with moisture. "I would never become like that! Never!"

"How can you be so sure?" Ji Lingyue said indifferently, "The world is ever-changing, and people's hearts are unpredictable. When we are young, we are naive and impulsive, and it is easy for us to make vows that will never change. But the truth is, nothing in this world is ever-changing, not even you."

The girl's eyes widened in shock as she looked at the woman opposite her with tears in her eyes. She said in a mournful voice, "But I joined Haochen Mountain to seek immortality and ask questions, all for the purpose of slaying demons and monsters. If I myself become a demon, then what has been the point of cultivating this sword all these years?"

significance……

Ji Lingyue closed her eyes and sighed, "A-Yue, you became a demon only to protect those who are important to you. Besides, even a demon can still cultivate the sword…"

"Yeah?"

A familiar voice interrupted her. Ji Lingyue paused, looking at the third figure emerging from the thick fog.

That was another Ji Lingyue, exactly like her: "If you can cultivate swordsmanship, why not wield a sword?"

Ji Lingyue frowned: “What did you say?”

The other party remained silent, but suddenly lunged forward, thrusting his silver sword at her with unstoppable force. Ji Lingyue instinctively retreated, using demonic energy to entangle the blade. In that moment of distraction, the sword pierced through the demonic energy and struck her shoulder hard.

She groaned softly, her breathing slightly disordered, and looked up at the familiar face so close to hers.

That was her, someone with the same cultivation level as her; if she relaxed even slightly, she would be cut down by his sword.

Ji Lingyue gritted her teeth, flicked her wrist, and conjured a jet-black longsword. The two figures quickly clashed. Before long, a crisp sound rang out in the whistling wind as the black sword clattered to the ground. The cold light from the other side pierced straight towards her heart. Ji Lingyue’s pupils shrank slightly, and she spun back, narrowly avoiding the attack.

The woman said coldly, “You can’t even hold the sword correctly, how are you going to repair it?”

Ji Lingyue’s face turned pale: “I don’t understand what you’re talking about.”

“Don’t understand?” The woman stood still and sneered, “Do you really not understand, or do you think this is just a dream, and that you can wake up by killing yourself? Ji Lingyue, this is not the same as before. The only way to get out of here is to kill me.”

Ji Lingyue froze abruptly, and asked in a hoarse voice, “Why?”

“I want to ask you why, why you have a much greater power, yet you have always avoided using it.”

“I did,” Ji Lingyue retorted. “Even as a demon, I have killed many people with my sword.”

“Yes, you have killed many people, but your sword is just a handy tool that cannot unleash its true power. Ask yourself honestly, do you still remember your way of the sword?”

How could she not remember?

Ji Lingyue's long eyelashes trembled, and she subconsciously clenched her fists. Those years of leaving early and returning late, practicing swordsmanship again and again in the frost and snow of the cold mountains under the starry sky, were always etched deep in her memory. Only when you have the way of the sword in your heart can you unleash the power of the sword. But her original Dao heart was just a stubborn desire to subdue demons and monsters.

If she herself became a demon, then what was the point of her cultivating the sword all these years?

It turns out that the girl's painful and helpless question not long ago was actually her own true thoughts.

"You finally admit it," the woman slowly smiled, pointing her sword at her. "Over the years, you haven't been completely unconcerned about your demonic possession, and you've also been reluctant to wield a sword."

"So what if it is?" Ji Lingyue sighed, looking at the face that was exactly the same as her own, and reached out to recall her longsword: "Since the Dao heart has been destroyed, then I will just create another one."

With a splash, thick, long red tentacles emerged from the water and tightly wrapped around Lan Wu's ankle. Just as she severed one, another wrapped around her wrist and pulled her downwards. Lan Wu was holding Ji Lingyue and couldn't free her hands to cut it off. Just as she was about to be pulled into the shadowy sea, a red light flew from afar and pierced through the sticky tentacles.

At the same time, a clear whistling sound came from the clouds, and a slender white dragon leaped down, with a woman riding on its back in red robes, her longbow still burning with intense flames.

Lan Wu looked up and exclaimed in surprise, "Yamaha!"

Yu Shanye sighed, bent down, and scooped her up: "See? You still need me when it matters."

Lan Wu chuckled and turned to look at Lan Yuan, only to see her and another person riding on Dan Bai's back. They were too far away for her to see who it was before she heard a familiar chattering voice: "Master, Master!"

"Painting?"

The snow-white gyrfalcon, panting heavily, flapped its wings angrily and said, “Why didn’t you call me? I’m exhausted from flying so far!”

Lan Wu was about to ask what she was doing here when she realized that saying such a thing would hurt the little bird’s self-esteem, so she quickly shut her mouth and reached out to catch her.

Danqing squatted on her hand, finally catching her breath, then lowered her head and struggled to bite off the ring from her paw. Lanwu took the ring and asked in confusion, “Why did you give me a storage ring?”

“They’re not storage rings,” Danqing bounced in her palm. “Oh dear, I can’t explain it. You should release them quickly!”

“Them?” Lan Wu was taken aback for a moment. After a slight hesitation, she used a spell to open the ring. In an instant, countless birds flew out and swooped down on the sea monster.

The wings stirred up a cool sea breeze, scattering Lan Wu’s long hair. Dan Qing raised her chest proudly and said, “These are all my good friends. The sect leader specially made me a ring that can hold living creatures, and I brought them all here to help!”

Lan Wu paused for a moment, glanced at the magnificent scene of thousands of birds flying together, then looked at the little gyrfalcon crouching in her palm, and subconsciously called out, “Danqing.”

“Hmm?” Danqing fluttered its wings, waiting for her praise.

She smiled brightly, her eyes crinkling, and said, “It is my honor to be your master.”

The sound of flying swords slicing through the sky grew louder and louder, and more and more cultivators appeared from afar. Lan Zhichuan looked up and glanced around, finally realizing that something was wrong. He said sternly, “Call the humans to help! Lan Yuan, you still say you have no intention of rebelling!”

Lan Yuan was too lazy to waste words with him anymore, and simply raised her head and said, “Listen to me, everyone, that silver-haired guy in a white robe who looks flashy is Lan Zhichuan. He’s the one who orchestrated everything and made the two clans run around in circles. As long as we kill him, everything will be over!”

The crowd responded enthusiastically, “Great!”

Countless dragons burst forth from the water and floated in the air. Lan Yuan was taken aback, then shouted, "Don't hurt the dragons! They're our own people!"

Unfortunately, the surrounding environment was noisy and quickly drowned out her voice.

Seeing her so eager to jump off Danbai, Meng Changge coughed and covered her mouth with her hands: "Listen to me!"

The spiritual power amplified the sound to great distances, reaching the ears of every person and demon: "Don't hurt the dragon, it's one of us!"

This trick worked. Lan Yuan looked her up and down a few times, raised an eyebrow and said, "You can be quite useful sometimes."

Meng Changge couldn't help but retort: "I have many good points, can't you just face them…"

Before she could finish speaking, Lan Yuan leaped into the air and flew towards Lan Wu's direction.

She sighed habitually, but before she could even complain, Danbai beneath her suddenly changed direction and flew towards Lan Wu. Meng Changge was startled and subconsciously asked, "Danbai, what's wrong?"

Danbo said anxiously, "A-Yue, something has happened to A-Yue."

On the white dragon's back, Ji Lingyue, who had been unconscious, floated up at some point, and gusts of cold wind swirled around her. Lan Wu gripped her clothes tightly, looked up, and asked anxiously, "A-Yue?"

Yu Shanye grabbed the other side of her dress: "What's wrong with her? Why is she so scary?!"

"How would I know?!"

Ah Li dodged and weaved through the air, dodging the sharks that flew out of the water, while glancing at the people on her back: "Master, is Sister Ah Yue alright?"

Lan Wu was completely flustered and was about to repeat herself when she saw the air behind Ji Lingyue twist and turn, as if it were

being burned by fire.

She paused, then hesitated before asking, “A-Yue?”

Her long, ink-black hair danced in the wind, and the woman in white, as white as snow, quietly closed her eyes. Behind her, rings of crimson light gradually emerged. Lan Wu’s long eyelashes trembled, and she looked over Lan Wu’s shoulder at the jet-black longswords emerging from the light rings, her face showing surprise.

This is……

With a splash, several dark figures broke through the water. Almost simultaneously, the woman opened her eyes, parted her red lips, and her face, bathed in an eerie glow, remained calm and indifferent: “Sword out.”

A brilliant crimson light erupted, and hundreds of sword blades hummed as they suddenly flew out from behind her. The sword light rained down, piercing flesh and blood, plunging into the sea, and flying unstoppably towards the dense horde of demons. Amidst screams of terror and pain, Ji Lingyue leaped downwards, her hands also conjuring a jet-black longsword, which she thrust towards a certain figure with immense sword intent.

After the loud bang, a narrow trench was cleaved in the sea by the sword energy. The strong wind, which was covered with water vapor, almost made Lan Wu unable to open her eyes. She gritted her teeth and barely managed to look down, only to see that the person confronting Ji Lingyue in the whirlpool was none other than Lan Zhichuan.

The seawater beneath their feet had turned red. Lan Zhichuan, holding his sword in front of him, looked grim: “A demon using a cultivator’s swordsmanship? Don’t you find that laughable?”

“What’s so funny?” Ji Lingyue said, her face pale, as she withstood the howling wind and pressed herself in front of him. “In this world, there is no sword technique that cultivators can master but others cannot. As long as I can protect the people I want to protect, it is meaningful for me to wield this sword.”

“That sounds nice!” Lan Zhichuan frowned, forcefully knocked away Ji Lingyue’s blade, then leaned forward and stabbed upwards towards her throat.

At this moment, Lan Wu appeared out of thin air beside them. She and Ji Lingyue were connected by mind. After being summoned, she did not hesitate to pull out a silver thread and wrap it around Lan Zhichuan's wrist, tightening it sharply.

Caught off guard, Lan Zhichuan channeled all his demonic power into his hands as a defense, but he was still a step too slow. With a soft "plop," the man's right hand was cleanly severed at the wrist, and blood gushed out.

A cold sweat broke out on his brow. He swayed, staggering backward as he tried to stop the bleeding from his severed wrist. His eyes quickly filled with bloodshot veins: "You, you all…"

Lan Wu wrapped her arms around Ji Lingyue's waist, spun around and stepped back, then burned the severed hand to ashes, and said mockingly, "Oh dear, this is really bad, Father Emperor can't take it back now."

197. Plan

The whirlpool stirred up waves, and the white spray shot towards Lan Wu like arrows. She gently pushed Ji Lingyue and used the momentum to flip backward. The spray seemed to have a mind of its own, passing under her waist and then turning around and flying upward.

Her brows furrowed, and she conjured a longsword to block in front of her. The waves merged into the blade without any hindrance, and the eerie blue demonic power rushed towards her sword-wielding hand.

"release!"

Lan Yuan appeared beside her just in time, her slender fingers suddenly gripping her wrist. As soon as she instinctively let go, she transformed into a surging stream of water that enveloped the splash, and flew back towards Lan Zhichuan: "Here you go!"

Lan Wu blinked, realizing something: "He's being too petty."

"That's right," Lan Yuan smiled, her long, smooth hair dancing in the wind. "Lan Wu, do you remember how we used to catch jellyfish together when we were little?"

Lan Wu paused for a moment: "Of course…"

“Alright,” she said, conjuring a silver longsword and curling her lips into a smile. Her usually stern and beautiful face suddenly seemed unrestrained and flamboyant. “I hope your swordsmanship has improved over the years.”

With a splash, a giant dragon formed from water vapor burst through the water’s surface. Lan Yuan leaped down gracefully, half-kneeling on the dragon’s head, and charged towards the center of the whirlpool against the howling wind.

Lan Wu reacted quickly and followed closely behind, landing on the sea surface and forming her most familiar teleportation array.

“clang!”

In the eye of the storm, Ji Lingyue had already exchanged several blows with the man. Lan Zhichuan had lost his right hand and was initially a bit flustered, but he had become increasingly agile and was now able to steadily block her sword.

The sounds of clashing weapons echoed all around them. In the sea and in the air, almost everywhere, there were figures of sea creatures and cultivators locked in combat. Ji Lingyue frowned as she looked at him and said coldly, “Things have come to this, do you still think you can win?!”

Until the very end, who can determine the winner?

“Is that so?” Ji Lingyue said sarcastically, “Do half of the sea tribes have come to help you now? Even the merfolk are unwilling to help you. You used your power to lure other tribes, but you have completely lost the support of the merfolk. Don’t you find that ridiculous?”

Lan Zhichuan gritted his teeth: “Ji Lingyue, aren’t you being too happy too soon?”

“I don’t think it’s too early,” Ji Lingyue sneered. “You went to great lengths to get to this position, but now no one is willing to honor you as emperor. Don’t you understand? All these years, everything you’ve done has been in vain.”

Lan Zhichuan’s temples throbbed with veins. He suddenly roared, and several water jets shot out from under his feet, attacking her. Ji Lingyue’s long eyelashes trembled. She raised her sword to block one of the jets, but the shock made her hands go numb, and she staggered

backward. She finally managed to stop.

She looked up, and Lan Zhichuan's swift figure was already upon her.

call……

At close range, Lan Zhichuan could almost see Ji Lingyue's slightly constricted pupils. He felt an immense surge of pleasure, and just as the thick ice spikes he conjured in his palm were about to be inserted into her body, he suddenly sensed something.

The man's mind sharpened, and he hurriedly looked up, only to be met with a gigantic dragon head descending from the sky.

On the dragon's head, Lan Yuan held swords in both hands, her eyes burning, and a murderous sword light was falling towards his head.

He opened his eyes wide, but before he could circulate his demonic power, he could only grip the sword blade with his bare hands, and blood gushed out immediately.

"Lan Wu!" the woman shouted sharply, "Now!"

"Pfft—"

A silver light pierced through Lan Zhichuan's back and then emerged from his chest. Lan Wu appeared behind him like a ghost, thrusting her long sword forward until it hit his back and stopped.

A moment of silence fell over the surroundings, with only Lan Wu's rapid breathing being particularly clear. After a while, she slowly loosened her stiff hand and swayed as she backed away from him.

Ji Lingyue blinked and stepped forward: "Lan Wu, it's done…"

Before he could finish speaking, the pale-faced man suddenly vomited blood, but his palm gripped Lan Yuan's sword tightly and he grabbed her throat.

Before anyone could react, Lan Wu exclaimed, "Sister!"

Lan Yuan was lifted into the air by him, her eyes wide with horror, her face flushed red: "You, you…"

Lan Wu looked alarmed and hurriedly stepped forward, but was stopped by the man's hoarse voice: "Don't move!"

She froze on the spot, staring intently at Lan Zhichuan.

Under their unwavering gaze, the man breathed heavily as he slowly forced out the long sword that had pierced his body, and blood quickly stained the fabric of his chest.

Ji Lingyue said in disbelief, "How could you…"

"How come I'm not dead? Is that so?" Lan Zhichuan raised his lips, revealing a strange smile, his eyes already bloodshot: "Over the years, I've searched everywhere for the best medicine, and I've long since become like a medicine man… Even my heart is a fusion of flesh and bone."

"Bone Jade…" Lan Wu said subconsciously, "Isn't it a medicine that only people who are about to die take?"

"That's right," Lan Zhichuan said, still smiling, but his voice gradually turned cold, as if he were gritting his teeth: "You owe all of this to your good mother."

Thinking of that person, he felt a chill run through him, and involuntarily tightened his grip. Lan Yuan let out a muffled groan and struggled to grab his hand. Lan Wu hurriedly said, "No…"

"I told you not to move!" Lan Zhichuan said viciously, "Otherwise, I'll crush her throat right now!"

Lan Wu gritted her teeth: "How can you release her?! Lan Zhichuan, even with the Bone Jade in your body, that sword strike just now might still have caused some damage. You have no chance of winning. As long as you release Lan Yuan, I can… I can agree to any condition you set!"

"Any conditions?" He loosened his grip slightly, giving Lan Yuan some breathing space, and sneered, "I want you dead, do you agree?"

Lan Wu froze for a moment, then remained silent.

Lan Zhichuan clicked his tongue and shook his head: "As expected, you and your good mother are the same kind of people. You say I'm selfish, cold-blooded and ruthless, but how are you any better?"

Lan Wu couldn't help but clench her fists: "Don't mention my mother!"

"Why can't I mention it? She ruined me like this, can't I even speak of it?" Lan Zhichuan swayed, saying hatefully, "I treated her so well. She wanted to read books from the human realm, so I gave her books from the human realm. She liked pear blossoms, so I planted an everlasting pear tree for her at the bottom of the sea. And what did she do? She didn't even remember our past affection, and without hesitation, she destroyed her golden core to try and kill me! And you, you say I'm cold-blooded and heartless, but all these years I've been raising you! On the contrary, she abandoned you long ago. Tell me, what is there about her that you respect, and what is there that you love?!"

"Shameless!" Lan Wu trembled with anger. "My mother raised and nurtured me. What have you ever done to have anything to do with these things! Yet you have the audacity to claim it as your own achievement!"

"What does all this have to do with your mother! Did she ever love you? Why would you go to such lengths for a dead person!"

Lan Wu was taken aback, then suddenly laughed weakly: "You're wrong. I killed you not just for my mother, and I never asked her to love me." She blinked and whispered, "Chu Chunhan has her own life. She doesn't need me in her life, and she doesn't have to love me. I love her… that's enough."

Lan Zhichuan's face was grim, and he gritted his teeth, saying, "This is utter nonsense…"

Lan Wu raised her head and said, "I understand."

Before Lan Zhichuan could react, she continued, "I always thought that when Chu Chunhan self-destructed his golden core, you were only seriously injured and would recover after a period of rest. But actually… you were not only seriously injured at that time, were you?"

She said calmly, "You're almost dead."

After a long silence, Lan Zhichuan chuckled and shook his head, sighing, "This world is truly unfair. When humans are about to die, they can seek the blood of merfolk to save their lives, but when merfolk are about to die, they cannot save themselves…"

Lan Wu frowned: "But the bone jade can only solve the immediate problem and cannot last long, so you want the wild rice flower."

"This is killing two birds with one stone," Lan Zhichuan said with a sneer. "My sister, who has been praised by the clan since childhood, has been completely manipulated by me. Without losing a single soldier or taking any risks, I can obtain that flower of immortality. At that time, no matter what the outcome is, both the human and demon races will suffer heavy casualties and their strength will be greatly reduced. And I can take their place."

Everything was proceeding smoothly according to plan.

"Until you, you lot ruined my plans," Lan Zhichuan said. "My good father always hoped that Lan Yueyao could bring the sea race back to the near seas, but he was wrong. Lan Yueyao couldn't do it; only I could. I was about to prove to my ancestors that I could avenge the suffering the merfolk had endured for thousands of years on humanity. At that time, not only the near seas, but even the land could be ours! But you, you jumped in and interfered! If it weren't for you, I could have achieved all of this. I could have become the true King of the Four Seas, revered by all!"

198. Three Women

"But it's too late to say all this now," he whispered. "Just as the prophecy foretold, you destroyed it all."

Lan Wu scoffed, "You're the one who created this situation."

The long sword in her hand gradually dissipated. She lowered her hands and walked slowly forward on the sea: "You fear the prophecy and use all sorts of methods to prevent it from happening, but ironically, it is your actions that have pushed me onto this path."

"If you had simply laughed off the prophecy, if you had truly raised me properly, I might still be here today, and I would never have met those humans and demons who taught me how to grow…"

Lan Zhichuan gritted his teeth and said, "Have you forgotten again? I said don't move!"

Lan Wu stopped and smiled faintly: "Are you afraid of me?"

Lan Zhichuan pursed his lips and remained silent, but the force in his palm grew heavier and heavier. Lan Wu glanced at Lan Yuan quickly and suddenly said, "The king died because of three women. Lan Zhichuan, have you ever thought that perhaps the prophecy was never about me?"

Lan Zhichuan was taken aback, a bulge forming between his brows: "What did you say?"

"The third daughter could be the third princess, but it could also be…" she sighed softly, "the third daughter."

As soon as he finished speaking, a dark shadow appeared out of thin air, its sharp claws, gleaming with cold light, mercilessly grabbing at the man's head.

Lan Zhichuan was startled and quickly gathered his demonic power to snap Lan Yuan's neck, but a red light suddenly shot out from underwater, slashing sharply at his wrist. In an instant, the man's eyes flashed, and he finally released Lan Yuan, instead striking the black cat with his palm.

The black cat shrunk its body and transformed into human form. Without dodging or avoiding, it struck him with a palm. After a loud bang, the woman's lungs churned, and a trickle of blood spilled from the corner of her lips. She was covered in cold sweat, and her body trembled uncontrollably from the intense pressure. Her bones seemed to be creaking. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Meng Changge carrying Lan Yuan away. She relaxed and staggered backward, only to be slapped hard in the chest.

Ji Xing suddenly spat out a mouthful of blood, her slender body falling backward like a kite with a broken string. Lan Zhichuan, however, summoned his water sword with a fierce expression and flew aggressively towards her body: "No wonder they came to our door so quickly, it turns out you betrayed me!"

The sword's edge was aimed straight at her face. At the critical moment, a green vine suddenly wrapped around her lower abdomen, pulling her backward into someone's arms. Blood dripped down, and Ji Xing coughed softly, barely raising her eyes to meet Lan Wu's tense profile.

She paused for a moment, then didn't say anything, but covered her mouth and coughed again.

A deafening clap of thunder came from somewhere, accompanied by gusts of wind, thick clouds, and a dark mass of birds covering the sky, preventing sunlight from penetrating and plunging the sea into gloom.

Countless sea monsters surged out from the water, rushing towards Lan Wu, only to be blocked by an equal number of cultivators. By

now, they were bloodthirsty, their spiritual and demonic powers clashing, creating deafening roars and howls. Countless figures overlapped, turning the once azure sea into a blood-red color. The mutilated corpses rose and fell with the waves, making it look like a living hell.

Only in the eye of the storm, within this ceaselessly swirling vortex, is there still a sliver of breathing space.

After the group retreated to one side, Lan Wu put Ji Xing down and looked around worriedly: “They are buying us time…”

The sea creatures already outnumbered the cultivators far more, and the longer this went on, the more disadvantageous their situation became.

Beside her, Lan Yuan helped Meng Changge to her feet, her eyes still brimming with tears: “Who told you to bring her here?”

She was naturally referring to Ji Xing. Meng Changge was about to reply when she met Ji Xing’s tearful face and was taken aback.

Although she knew that this stubborn merman had no intention of crying, seeing such a vulnerable expression on his face still gave her a fright.

She lowered her eyes, looking at the horrific bruises on Lan Yuan’s neck, and said slowly, “Don’t worry, I’ve formed a beast contract with Ji Xing, she won’t cause trouble.”

Lan Yuan was stunned, her eyes red as she looked at her: “You… you…”

She felt a little angry, but she knew she shouldn’t be, since this person had indeed risked his life to save her from Lan Zhichuan. However, the matter of forming a contract was really infuriating. After struggling with this for a long time, she not only had a sore throat, but also a headache: “Ji Xing.”

Ji Xing quickly came closer: “Sister…” She grabbed Lan Yuan’s sleeve and said in a hoarse voice: “I did it voluntarily, otherwise, they wouldn’t have let me come along.”

Lan Yuan pursed her lips and subconsciously looked at Ji Lingyue. The person who had been staring coldly at Ji Xing seemed to have noticed something and raised her eyes to meet her gaze.

After a moment of silence, Ji Lingyue turned to ask, “Lan Wu, what should we do now?”

Lan Wu gazed at the man’s figure from afar and said in a deep voice, “He possesses the Bone Jade, which can not only heal flesh and bones but also repair the heart and blood vessels at any time. There is only one way to kill him.”

“What method?”

Lan Wu clenched her fist: “Dig out his mermaid pearl, destroy his soul, and make him disappear from this world completely, without even the chance of reincarnation.”

Ji Lingyue nodded: “Let’s do it that way.”

Lan Wu said again, “Sister…”

“Don’t worry,” Lan Yuan interrupted her, forcing a smile, “As long as my hand is okay, I can keep fighting.”

As soon as she finished speaking, Meng Changge frowned and handed her a pill without any room for argument: “You should eat this first.”

Lan Yuan was taken aback: “What is that?”

“You’ll know once you eat it,” Meng Changge said, drawing his two red swords and staring intently at the looming figure. “To have a truly exhilarating fight, even if I die, it’ll be worth it.”

“What nonsense are you talking about?” Lan Yuan coughed a few times and said hoarsely, “None of us will die. If anyone is to die, it will be Lan Zhichuan.”

——

Sorry, my updates have been a bit irregular these past few days. I’ll resume daily updates starting tomorrow (but I feel like there’s not much left, since I’ll be able to kill the boss tomorrow, and the finale won’t be far off after that).

199. Teaching yeh ua6 .co m

The salty sea breeze carried the smell of blood to his nose. Lan Zhichuan raised his eyes and looked at the several menacing figures approaching.

His twin daughters, wielding silver swords, flanked him from both sides, while a swarm of butterflies, like clouds and mist, attacked from the center. He took a step back and quickly glanced around, but could not see Ji Xing's figure.

Over the years, he had discovered that this little cat demon was extremely adept at concealing its presence before silently approaching its prey and launching a surprise attack. Therefore, he had to remain vigilant at all times.

Suddenly, Lan Wu's question from earlier echoed in his mind.

"Have you ever considered that perhaps the prophecy was never about me?"

Three women…鮕續zнàńg擳嘁至リ：yehua5 .c om

Is she the third princess, the third daughter, or… all three daughters?

Lan Zhichuan was greatly shocked. He slapped his left palm at the blade that Lan Yuan was thrusting at him, while simultaneously tilting his head to the side to dodge another longsword.

The sword's wind swept past his earlobe, and warm blood instantly flowed down.

He gritted his teeth, grabbed Lan Yuan's sword blade with his backhand, and hurled her toward the swarm of black butterflies that were attacking her. The butterflies scattered with a whoosh, avoiding the woman's body, and instead, like the wind, wrapped around Lan Wu's waist and her sword-wielding arm.

Lan Wu paused for a moment, letting the swarm of butterflies pull her back with her sword. As soon as she left, a sharp, long thorn burst out of the water from where she had just stood. She reacted, glanced at the black butterflies surrounding her, and once again spun around and retreated, dodging the thick tentacles that burst out of the water.

"Ah Yue".

A figure, shrouded in mist, emerged from the swarm of butterflies. With a shift in her steps, her left arm still around Lan Wu's waist, her right hand conjured a long blade, severing the tentacles in a swift motion. Blood splattered down. Ji Lingyue exchanged a glance with her through her disheveled hair, smiled sweetly, and transformed back into a black butterfly, skimming the sea surface towards Lan

Zhichuan.

At the same time, Meng Changge appeared in mid-air, holding two long swords with sharp blades and smooth curves, and a bright and dazzling golden halo emanated from behind her.

"Junior Sister!" she shouted, "Ninth Form!"

Ji Lingyue understood immediately. As the black butterfly took flight from the sea, several long swords also flew out. Lan Zhichuan dodged, and a thick column of water shot out from behind him towards Meng Changge. The woman suddenly disappeared, but in the blink of an eye, she reappeared behind him, her two swords clashing as she slashed at the back of his neck.

A cold wind swept by, and the sharp blade energy had already cut into his flesh. Lan Zhichuan gritted his teeth, trying to move forward, but a figure emerged from among the black butterflies rushing towards him, its eyes burning, holding a long sword and thrusting it towards his abdomen.

He was startled and unable to move. In desperation, he could only force out all his demonic power to shake off the two. Having fought many times, Ji Lingyue was already familiar with his brutal moves. Instead, she used the force to flip backward, kicked off the green vines that appeared out of thin air with her toes, and then quickly pounced back.

Lan Zhichuan's pupils contracted slightly as he barely managed to grip her longsword. His palm was instantly sliced open like tofu, the cut so deep that bone was visible.

"Hmm!"

Suddenly, another thorny vine shot out and tightly wrapped around his throat. Ji Xing, who had disappeared for a long time, also appeared out of thin air and slapped his face with a palm.

Under the heavy blow, crimson demonic power surged into his forehead instantly, and Lan Zhichuan suddenly opened his scarlet eyes wide, letting out a shrill scream.

Lan Wu frowned and pulled the green vine back hard, stopping the scream abruptly. The man's face turned red, and he was drenched in sweat. A white light gradually appeared on his forehead, which was the mermaid pearl that had been forcibly pulled out of his sea of

consciousness.

Everyone’s spirits lifted, and just when success seemed imminent, Lan Zhichuan roared and unleashed a burst of powerful demonic energy. This sudden surge of power stirred up giant waves, whipped up a gale, and even blasted a deep crater in the sea beneath their feet.

Ji Lingyue and Ji Xing were closest to each other and were immediately blasted away. Lan Wu used her green vines to entangle the cat demon, then leaped upwards, braving the howling wind to catch the woman’s falling body, and retreated to a distance.

“Ah Yue?”

She called out in a panic. The woman, lying in her arms, was pale and coughed up blood, her body trembling uncontrollably. Lan Wu quickly placed her hand on her chest, her spiritual energy surging out to protect her heart: “It’s alright, it’s alright…”

Ji Lingyue coughed up another mouthful of blood, mumbling, “Why… why…”

Lan Wu was taken aback, looking at the blurry figure standing in the center of the storm, her long eyelashes trembling slightly: “He is… refining his own mermaid pearl…”

Ji Lingyue barely managed to raise her eyes: “What?”

“By refining the mermaid pearl, he can gain extremely powerful strength in a short period of time, but after that period, he will not survive…” Lan Wu subconsciously hugged her tightly, finally understanding what was going on: “He wants to perish together with us.”

Sure enough, no sooner had the words left his mouth than Lan Zhichuan’s figure, sword in hand, instantly closed in. Beneath his wildly flowing hair, blood was already streaming from his seven orifices: “Lan Wu, if I don’t live, neither will you!”

With a clang, Lan Yuan stepped in front of them just in time, gritting her teeth to block the cold glint: “Lan Wu, run!”

Lan Zhichuan instantly froze her longsword, then mercilessly slapped her chest: “You think I’ll let you go!”

After a muffled thud, the woman’s body crashed into the sea,

splashing up a huge wave. Meng Changge suddenly opened her eyes wide and exclaimed, “Lan Yuan!”

She ran a few steps, leaped into the sea, and disappeared into the churning waves. Lan Zhichuan sneered, turned around, and stared unblinkingly at Lan Wu with his scarlet eyes.

Lan Wu met his gaze and immediately felt a cold sweat break out on her back. She quickly retreated with Ji Lingyue on her back, and a cyan talisman plate materialized in her palm. With a click of her fingertips, a dense array of formations appeared around her in an instant, spreading towards Lan Zhichuan like a tidal wave.

Dark clouds gathered, snow raged and wind howled, the sea was frozen solid, and a rain of lightning accompanied by thunder fell, flashing briefly in the sunlight.

She spun the talisman disc extremely quickly, and the dark blue spiritual power fell into the nine palaces, setting up an endless array of binding formations.

Lan Zhichuan glanced at it and said sarcastically, “What’s the point of setting up so many things?”

He leaped forward, his powerful strength gathering in his palm, easily destroying the fragile array blocking his way. As he rapidly approached, the explosions of the shattering array grew louder and louder. Lan Wu was covered in sweat, and by the time she finished forming the last array, Lan Zhichuan was already upon her.

Her pupils contracted, and she quickly used vines to pull Ji Lingyue away. The next moment, a long sword pierced through her chest with a hiss and emerged from her back.

Lan Zhichuan’s smile was sinister as he hissed, “Didn’t your good mother teach you that if your strength is insufficient, even possessing a thousand ever-changing formations is useless!”

Lan Wu stared at him in a daze, and as soon as she opened her mouth, blood gushed out: “You…”

“Lan Wu!”

A piercing cry came from below. Lan Yuan, who had been dragged out of the water, turned pale and cried out in panic, “No!”

Lan Zhichuan snorted and drew his longsword without any mercy. Lan Wu trembled suddenly, and the gushing blood stained her thin clothes, her silver hair dancing in the wind.

She fell headfirst from the sky and plunged into the sea.

"Lan Wu!" Lan Yuan screamed, looking at Ji Lingyue in panic. The vines on that person's body had disappeared, and she also vomited blood and fell lifelessly to the ground.

She opened her eyes wide, but could no longer see them, and she almost cried blood: "No, no, don't!"

She struggled to swim towards the direction where the two had fallen into the sea, but she didn't notice that Lan Zhichuan was flying towards her, his sword light almost hitting her head.

"Hmm!"

Suddenly, red liquid fell in front of her. Lan Yuan froze, slowly raised her head, and saw a familiar tall figure blocking her way.

Snap…

Another drop of blood fell onto her face. Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled, and she murmured in a daze, "Meng Changge?"

Meng Changge gripped the longsword piercing her right shoulder tightly, her breathing rapid, and she replied in a hoarse voice, "Lan, Lan Yuan, run…"

If we can just hold on for a while, and wait until he has refined all his mermaid pearls, then everything will be over.

Lan Yuan naturally understood this principle, but an indescribable anger and grief gradually welled up in her heart, making her tremble all over, almost as if her liver and intestines were being torn apart. She let out a painful cry, tearing out her heart, "Lan Zhichuan!"

The woman leaped out of the water, a long sword materializing in her hand, and recklessly thrust it at him.

"Blue Iris!"

Meng Changge tried to grab her, but his fingertips only brushed against the hem of her clothes. Lan Yuan was heartbroken and used more force than she could muster, forcing Lan Zhichuan to stagger

backward. He barely managed to stop, but soon he shattered Lan Yuan's sword again and grabbed her by the throat.

The pungent smell of blood filled his nostrils. He stared at the woman in his hand and said in a hoarse voice, "I can forgive Lan Wu, but I have never wronged you. I even carefully nurtured you to become an outstanding successor. Why did you have to come to this?!"

Lan Yuan laughed, tears welling in her crimson eyes, and managed to squeeze out a few words: "You…go to hell…"

Lan Zhichuan paused for a moment, his fingers tightening, a twisted smile returning to his blood-covered face: "Fine, with the two of you dying with me, the three of us, father and daughters, won't be so lonely on the road to the Yellow Springs…"

Meng Changge clutched her wound and scrambled to her feet, staggering as she flew towards them: "Blue Kite!"

Lan Zhichuan's smile widened as he watched Lan Yuan's face gradually flush red. Just then, a voice whispered behind him, "Who wants to die with you?"

He froze abruptly, and before he could turn around, a long sword pierced his chest, and churning demonic energy entered the back of his head, enveloping the now dim mermaid pearl.

"Lan Zhichuan," Lan Wu said coldly, "someone as arrogant as you wouldn't have noticed that the last one was an illusion when you easily destroyed all the formations I set up."

She gripped the hilt of the sword tightly, stirring it slowly inside the man's heart: "This is what my mother taught me."

Two hundred. Gift

The dull pearl was suddenly peeled out, and the man's eyes instantly lost their luster. Blood flowed from his mouth and nose, and he fell to his knees with a thud.

Lan Yuan also fell down, coughing violently. After the dramatic fall, her whole body was weak and sore. She could only barely lift her head, her tear-filled eyes filled with joy: "Lan Wu…"

Lan Wu gritted her teeth and drew her sword again. With a splatter, scalding blood gushed out, soaking her clothes. Lan Zhichuan lowered

his head, his face ashen, and looked at the hole in his chest before collapsing heavily to the ground.

Strands of dark red slowly merged into the seawater beneath him. Everyone held their breath, staring intently at his bloodied and mangled body, their minds still on edge.

Is it over? Is he still alive?

Lan Wu gripped the hilt of her sword tightly, her heart pounding. She swung the sword down again, piercing the back of his neck.

Splash—

A wave crashed in, and the man's lifeless body sank into the seawater, rising and falling with the waves.

At that moment, a white light suddenly shot out from his head and fled into the sky. Ji Lingyue was prepared; she slightly raised her fingertip, and cloud-like demonic energy followed closely behind, enveloping the white light within it.

For demons, the cultivation and souls of others are the most delicious food. Now that they have the souls in their hands, Ji Lingyue's demonic energy is even more restless, wanting to devour him completely.

Faced with such dangerous demonic energy, the white light flickered weakly a few times, rushing left and right, seemingly trying to break through the encirclement, but it was burned smaller and smaller, and finally could only shrink into a ball the size of a walnut. Ji Lingyue breathed a sigh of exhaustion, barely managed to withdraw it, and staggered a step, swaying and falling into Lan Wu's arms.

Lan Wu quickly hugged her and whispered, "A-Yue?"

Ji Lingyue gave a soft hum, then raised her lips and gave her a pale smile: "Gotcha…"

She opened her arms and presented the ball of light in her palm to Lan Wu as if it were a treasure. Lan Wu couldn't help but purse her lips and hug her even tighter: "Thank you for your hard work."

At this moment, Lan Yuan, who had been helped to her feet, stumbled over to her side, bursting into tears and laughter as she opened her arms and hugged them both tightly: "You two really scared me to

death…"

She rarely lost control of her emotions like this, and Lan Wu's heart softened. She apologized softly, "I'm sorry."

Meng Changge stood behind them, watching their embracing figures, and slowly smiled. After a while, she seemed to remember something, reached out and formed a hand seal, and recited a summoning incantation.

With a thud, Ji Xing, covered in blood, appeared, her eyes still glazed over: "Lan, Lan Zhichuan…"

"He's dead."

Lan Wu turned around, kicked Lan Zhichuan's cold body, and opened her palm: "But his soul is still here."

Under the watchful eyes of several people, the small halo seemed to understand its fate and suddenly became agitated, trying to escape from Lan Wu's palm. However, Lan Wu enveloped it with her spiritual power and said indifferently, "The final step is to completely destroy his soul, so that he will be reduced to ashes and never be reincarnated."

"Then what are you waiting for?"

Lan Wu said, "Let's do this last step together."

Lan Yuan was taken aback, but quickly understood what she meant and said seriously, "Okay."

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, then looked at Ji Xing. Ji Xing pursed her lips and reluctantly raised her hand: "Then I'll listen to you this time…"

Lan Wu didn't speak, but carefully took Ji Lingyue's hand and placed it on the ball of light. Soon, demonic and magical power flowed out, slowly enveloping Lan Zhichuan's soul. He suddenly burst out with intense light, and under the scorching flames, a hideous face gradually emerged from the white light, letting out a shrill scream: "No!!"

Her fragile soul was being devoured bit by bit. In her final moments, Lan Wu revealed a joyful smile and said in a hoarse voice, "Lan Zhichuan, there's something I haven't told you: the Gu Ling flower… has indeed sprouted."

The light had almost disappeared, but she knew that the person's last remaining consciousness could still hear it, and a sense of vengeful pleasure welled up in her heart: "Also, from beginning to end, you are no match for Lan Yueyao."

As the sound faded, the white light flashed one last time before completely annihilating into ashes, leaving only a wisp of faint blue smoke.

A gentle breeze swept away the wisps of smoke, but everyone remained motionless. After a long while, Lan Yuan blinked in a daze and asked in a hoarse voice, "Is it over?"

Lan Wu said, "It's over."

She stared blankly at Lan Zhichuan's corpse, her body swayed, as if all her strength had been suddenly drained, and she knelt down limply.

"ha……"

She closed her eyes, let out a long sigh, and hugged the person in her arms tightly, trembling: "It's really over…"

At this moment, ripples appeared on the sea again. Before Lan Wu could react, a silver longsword inlaid with azure gemstones burst out of the water and stopped in front of them.

The Neptune Sword hung in mid-air, casting a bright silver glow, seemingly awaiting a new master.

Lan Wu subconsciously looked at Lan Yuan and found that she was also looking at her. After a brief silence, she sighed helplessly, smiled and nodded at Lan Yuan: "Go ahead, sister."

Lan Yuan pursed her lips, and after a long while, she stood up and limped toward the Sea King Sword.

Ripples spread with each step. As the woman raised her hand, just as it touched the cold hilt of the sword, a sudden change occurred. A dark figure suddenly darted out from underwater. The person was fully clothed, gripped the Sea King Sword, and twisted their wrist to stab at Blue Kite.

Caught off guard, Lan Yuan opened her eyes wide in astonishment, meeting Sha Lang's fierce gaze.

“elder sister!”

Lan Wu scrambled to her feet in horror, but was still several feet away from her.

“stop!”

“Pfft—”

The sword pierced through flesh, and the scalding blood that splattered out covered half of the woman’s face. Her long eyelashes trembled, and in her blood-red vision, a sharp sword tip emerged from the cat demon’s thin back.

Lan Yuan exclaimed, “Ji Xing!”

Ji Xing laughed tremulously, “Ha, I’m faster than… than Lan Wu, right…”

Lan Yuan’s eyes widened: “What are you talking about!”

Shalang gritted his teeth, trying to pull back his sword, but Ji Xing gripped his wrist tightly, her scarlet eyes staring at him unblinkingly: “This isn’t… your sword…”

She suddenly stepped forward, the sword’s edge piercing deeper into her body, her two sharp claws gripping the man’s neck tightly: “Give it back!”

Shalang’s eyes turned red with rage, and he slapped Ji Xing, yelling, “Get out of my way!”

Ji Xing let out a muffled groan and flew out of the air, but was caught steadily by Lan Yuan. She hurriedly covered the woman’s wound and said in a trembling voice, “Are you crazy?!”

Ji Xing coughed up blood, and before she could answer, the sound of clashing weapons rang out from not far away: “Shalang! Lan Zhichuan is dead, and all his promises are null and void! Have you lost your mind! You actually want to kill Lan Yuan!”

Shalang said sternly, “It is precisely because Lan Zhichuan is dead that I must do this! If I do not seize the Sea King Sword, will Lan Yuan let me go after inheriting the throne!” As he spoke, he looked at the retreating cultivators around him and revealed a confident smile: “They will not be able to hold out for long. By then, as traitors who

led the human race to attack the sea race, who will still be willing to stand on your side?!"

Lan Wu's heart was burning with rage, and she gritted her teeth, saying, "You bastard!"

She charged forward with her sword, but the previous battle had already exhausted most of her spiritual and demonic power. She barely managed to exchange two blows before Sha Lang detected her weakness and struck her with a palm.

He was even more excited, his eyes widened, and he laughed loudly, "Heaven is helping me! Heaven is helping me!"

Lan Wu wiped the blood from her lips, her breathing rapid. She had just managed to get up, leaning on her sword, when a dark shadow flashed before her eyes. Her pupils contracted, and she exclaimed, "A-Yue!"

Ji Lingyue suppressed the rising blood in her throat, raised her hands, and several demonic thorns flew towards the man at the same time. Sha Lang snorted coldly and easily dispersed them with the hilt of his sword. He then turned his hand and created dozens of water blades to slash at Ji Lingyue.

Ji Lingyue's long eyelashes trembled, and she tried to dodge, but a sudden sharp pain shot through her chest, causing her to break out in a cold sweat and freeze, unable to move. Just then, Lan Wu pounced from behind, grabbing her waist with one hand and pressing her head down with the other, rolling over and narrowly avoiding all the deadly attacks.

Her face was pale. She looked down into her arms and saw the woman coughing violently again. She hurriedly channeled her already limited spiritual energy into Ji Lingyue's heart and said in a panic, "Don't move, don't move… You can't hit her anymore…"

"But……"

"No buts!" Lan Wu suddenly interrupted her, her body trembling, tears involuntarily streaming down her face.

The stench of blood grew stronger, and the cultivators who were fighting the sea creatures were too busy to help themselves and fell one by one. Now, only by obtaining the Sea King Sword could they order the sea creatures to stop, but the Sea King Sword was in Sha

Lang's hands.

It just so happens to be at this time…

It just so happens to be at this time…

They had finally managed to kill Lan Zhichuan…

Amidst the raging wind, Shalang's laughter grew increasingly maniacal. Meng Changge vomited blood and collapsed heavily in front of Lan Yuan, his clothes completely stained red with blood.

Lan Yuan still held Ji Xing tightly, her silver hair dancing wildly in the wind. She looked up at Sha Lang, who was approaching step by step, and said in a trembling voice, "You can kill me, but let them go."

Shalang stared at her for a moment, then curled his lips into a smile: "Why would I do this?"

He lifted Lan Yuan up with one hand, holding the King's Sword in the other, its sharp edge pointed at her forehead: "Except for Lan Wu, I will kill everyone else, one by one, especially that detestable demon…"

Blue Iris's eyes were bloodshot: "You bastard…"

Shalang snorted, his eyes darkening, and he thrust forward without hesitation. At that moment, a dark figure suddenly pounced on him, frantically scratching at his face.

"Meow!"

Shalang retreated in a panic, reaching out to grab the cat on his face. But the cat transformed into human form, its sharp claws plunging deep into the man's eye sockets, causing blood to gush out and him to scream in agony.

A hand brimming with immense demonic power slammed repeatedly against Ji Xing's body. The woman's fair chin was already stained with blood, yet she stubbornly refused to let go: "Quick! Kill him!"

Lan Yuan subconsciously conjured a long sword, but the two people in front of her were already entangled. After hearing Ji Xing's words, Sha Lang hid behind her without showing his face at all.

"No, no…"

She shook her head helplessly and said sternly, “Ji Xing, come back!”

“Kill me—!”

Lan Yuan was suddenly taken aback: “What?”

“Sister…” The woman’s eyelashes were wet, and thick blood spilled from the corner of her lips: “That sword just now… pierced through my heart…”

“No,” Lan Yuan said in a trembling voice, “Your heart meridian wasn’t damaged, you were just… just injured…”

“I… I couldn’t hold on much longer anyway, kill… kill me…”

“shut up!”

“Do you want us to die here?!” Ji Xing gasped for breath, then suddenly shouted, “Ji Lingyue!!”

The man’s fingers dug deep into her shoulders, trying to pull her away, but she gripped his neck tightly, doing everything in her power to stop him.

Even as her vision blurred, she grinned, a maniacal laugh spreading across her face: “That winter, when you brought me back, I thought of killing you! But you were so stupid, how could anyone be so stupid! Afraid the kitten would freeze to death in the winter night, I kept her wrapped in my clothes until spring came, it’s all your fault! If it weren’t for you, I would have left long ago, I wouldn’t have cared about the people in your wretched village! Their blood is no different from anyone else’s, their hearts are no different from anyone else’s, only your sister, your sister…”

“Ji Xing,” a hoarse voice interrupted her. Ji Lingyue stood alone on the boundless sea, her lips pale: “Even if you didn’t say that, I would still kill you.”

Ji Xing laughed and said, “Then what are you waiting for… cough…?”

“No…” Lan Yuan’s eyes widened, and she staggered forward: “No…”

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, swallowed the blood in her throat, and a faint red halo gradually emerged behind her.

“Ah Yue!” Lan Wu’s anxious voice came from afar. The woman, looking disheveled, rushed over: “Come back! You can’t use sword

moves anymore!"

Ji Lingyue stubbornly turned her head away, unusually ignoring her words: "Ji Xing," she said, raising her longsword, the sword shadow appearing in the crimson sun: "I will give you my most powerful sword move."

201. Rest and Recuperation

After the sword rang out, the sky, which had been illuminated by the crimson light, darkened again, and several bodies fell heavily to the ground.

Lan Wu knelt down beside Ji Lingyue, picked up her limp body, and brushed the messy hair sticking to her face: "A-Yue, A-Yue..."

Ji Lingyue whimpered, and blood gushed from her mouth and nose, quickly staining one side of her cheek. Lan Wu quickly lifted her head, took out a hemostatic pill from her storage ring, and fed it to her. The woman trembled as she opened her lips, and just as she swallowed it whole, her stomach felt like it was on fire, forcing her to gasp for breath.

"Hmm..."

It felt as if thousands of needles were piercing her heart. Ji Lingyue convulsed in pain, and tears streamed uncontrollably down her cheeks. Even so, she struggled to turn her head and look at another figure not far away.

Lan Wu followed her gaze and froze.

The silver-haired merman knelt alone on the water, her spine protruding, her shoulders trembling, blood flowing down her arms and splashing into the cold seawater.

Lan Wu pursed her lips, carefully picked up Ji Lingyue, and walked over step by step.

As they approached, the person lying in Lan Yuan's arms gradually came into view: Ji Xing, her face covered in blood, had already lost all breath.

Lan Wu stopped and stared at her without blinking.

"She said..."

Lan Yuan said in a hoarse voice, “She’s very happy… to be my sister…”

Lan Wu remained silent.

“She also said, ‘I’m sorry…’” The woman slowly raised her eyes, her reddened gaze unfocused as she looked at the two people in front of her: “For everything…”

“sorry.”

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, her gaze lingering on Ji Xing’s face for a second, before turning her head and burying herself in Lan Wu’s arms.

After an unknown amount of time, Lan Wu sighed softly and knelt down opposite Lan Yuan: “Sister,” she lowered her fingertips, picked up the blood-stained longsword, and presented it to the woman: “It’s time.”

Lan Yuan’s long eyelashes trembled, and she subconsciously tightened her arms. Her red eyes stared fixedly at the woman in her arms. After a long while, she trembled and exhaled, and tears fell down with a patter.

She carefully cleaned away the bloodstains, revealing her delicate face once more. Ji Xing’s eyes were closed peacefully, her brows relaxed, as if she were simply asleep.

Lan Yuan lowered her head, carefully put her down, and, supporting herself on her knees, shakily stood up.

The sword came into her hand. The merman turned around and walked forward into the damp sea breeze, using her last bit of demonic power to unleash her voice: “All demons, heed my command—!”

A sharp voice carried on the wind in all directions. The crowd, who had been fighting to the point of bloodlust, paused and looked at her in unison. Lan Yuan slowly raised the long sword in her hand, her silver hair dancing in the wind: “Sha Lang is dead, Lan Zhichuan is dead, the King’s Sword is here!”

Her body trembled as she cried out, “In the name of the Sea Emperor, I command all sea creatures—retreat!”

A few days later.

The warm, bright sunlight streamed down as a girl, her arms wrapped up like dumplings, ran briskly through the crowded alley, calling out joyfully, “Danbo!”

The girl who came out of the medicine shop paused for a moment, then turned her head: “Danqing?”

As they spoke, Danqing’s energetic figure rushed in front of her. Danbai’s heart tightened, and she prepared herself for Danqing to pounce on her and knock over the medicine bowl in her hand. But she didn’t expect that Danqing would stop in time and raise a big smile: “Master asked me to come and get the medicine!”

Danbo paused for a moment: “Medicine? But didn’t you send all the medicine from your place over there?”

Danbo nodded and added, “But we need to add one more person today.”

“Whose?”

“From Senior Sister Meng.”

“Senior sister?” Danbo understood: “She’s moving into your courtyard.”

“Really?” Danqing’s eyes widened in surprise. “But she said she just came to sit for a while.”

Danber snorted, “You’re such an idiot.”

Before Danqing could get angry, she asked again, “How are you going to take the medicine back looking like this?”

Danqing was taken aback. She looked at her two arms, which were tightly wrapped up, and nodded a few times in distress. Suddenly, her eyes lit up, and she raised her head and said, “You can hang it around my neck!”

Danbo sighed helplessly, “Fine, after I deliver this bowl of medicine, I’ll go back with you.”

Danqing said happily, “You’re so kind.” !”

“I went to see A-Yue, not to help you.”

"That's fine too!"

Soon, the two girls walked side by side on the road leading to the edge of the town. There weren't many vacant rooms available in this small town, so they could only arrange for everyone to stay together as much as possible. To make it easier for Lan Yuan to receive guests, Ye Qingjun and the others stayed in a courtyard by the sea. Although the location was remote, the environment was quiet and very suitable for recuperation.

Upon hearing this, Danbo couldn't help but ask, "It's been three days already, is the Sea Emperor still receiving guests?"

"There are so many," Danqing muttered. "They never stop all day long. This is the first time I've realized that there are so many kinds of sea monsters. There are fish, shrimp, turtles… and all sorts of strange-looking ones that I can't name. They're so ugly."

Danbo couldn't help but laugh. Looking into the distance, the outline of the courtyard was already faintly visible, and a group of dark figures were kneeling outside the gate.

"What is that?"

"They are the elders of the Shark Clan, Whale Clan, and Mermaid Clan," Danqing explained. "The Shark Clan and Whale Clan have come to apologize. As for the Mermaid Clan, I heard from my master that they wanted to take Sister Lan Yuan back to the sea to recuperate, but Sister Lan Yuan refused, so they have been kneeling here."

Danbo gave an "oh," glanced at them briefly as he approached, and then turned and stepped into the courtyard.

As soon as she entered, she saw her senior sister holding a broom, angrily yelling at an octopus head: "I told you we don't receive guests! Why don't you all listen? Don't you know that His Majesty is injured and needs to rest properly?"

"Can……"

"But what? Do you want to work your Emperor to death?"

"No, no, no, of course not—"

Danqing walked past them as if it were nothing out of the ordinary, but Danbai looked Meng Changge up and down before saying a beat

late, “Senior sister… I put your medicine in the room.”

Meng Changge was taken aback, and quickly put down the broom, a faint blush rising on her face: “Oh, thank you for your hard work… thank you for making this extra trip.”

“It’s not hard work.”

She followed Danqing into the room and bowed respectfully: “Sect Leader.”

Ye Qingjun, holding a bowl of hot tea, said gently, “Danbai is here. Is the medicine shop not busy anymore?”

“I’m busy, I have to go back in a bit.”

The woman hummed in agreement: “Thank you for helping my junior sister these past few days. Once we return to the sect, if you need any spiritual herbs, just ask her.”

Danbo quickly shook his head: “Everyone is injured, but I’m still quite mobile. I’ll help in whatever way I can. It’s Elder Yao who has worked so hard.”

“No need to be so polite,” Ye Qingjun said, her eyes crinkling into a smile. “You’ve come to see A-Yue, haven’t you? She just took her medicine and is in the inner room.”

“Then I’ll go take a look.”

After Danbai finished speaking, he turned and walked towards the west wing. Passing through the archway, he came into view a narrow corridor with three bedrooms arranged along it. Yu Shanye lived on the outermost floor, Xuan Yu and Yao Zhu lived in the middle floor, and Lan Wu and Ji Lingyue lived in the innermost floor.

As she walked along the corridor, a fiery red fox lying under the eaves, basking in the sun, noticed her and lazily raised its head: “Aren’t you that little Taoist cultivator from the medicine hut? Have you seen my Xuanyu?”

Danbo glanced at her and said, “She’s busy brewing medicine.”

The fox sighed and slumped down limply: “I’m going to be busy until midnight again.”

Danbo ignored her and walked to the innermost room, gently

knocking on the door.

No one answered.

She frowned, hesitated for a moment, and then carefully pushed open the door.

Sunlight slid into the room through the cracks, leaving a narrow streak of light on the floor. Danbo looked up and saw Lanwu lying in a wicker rocking chair, covered with a thin blanket, fast asleep. Another furry head rested on her shoulder, the other person also with their eyes closed, one hand curled up on Lanwu's chest, their body rising and falling gently with their breathing.

Danber blinked, instinctively held his breath, then quietly closed the door and turned to leave.

The fox raised an eyebrow: "You're leaving already?"

Danbo hummed in agreement: "They're asleep, so I won't disturb them."

As they reached the gate, a familiar voice suddenly came from the other side of the courtyard: "Yu Shanye, Yu Shanye, the fire is about to go out!"

The other person replied, "Coming, coming! You little bird, how can you be so disrespectful? Since you've been accepted as a disciple by Master, you should at least call me Senior Sister."

Danqing immediately changed her tune: "Senior sister, you promised to make me sweet and sour fish today."

Yu Shanye lowered his voice: "I haven't forgotten. Keep your voice down, don't let Lan Wu and the others hear…"

"Hurry up," Danqing hummed softly, "Danbai is leaving soon, and I want her to try it too."

Danbo paused for a moment, withdrew his foot from the threshold, and turned back.

Well then, staying an extra hour shouldn't be a problem.

202. Teasing

At night, the woman lying in bed slowly opened her eyes.

She turned over and gazed at the outline of Lan Wu's eyebrows and eyes in the blurry halo. After a while, she quietly got up, put on a thin outer robe, and walked out silently.

Pushing open the courtyard gate, one is greeted by the shimmering sea. Under the cool moonlight, a slender figure sits alone on the soft sand, hugging his knees. The person has a head full of silver hair, and his bare feet are immersed in the water, being gently washed by the waves.

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and walked over step by step.

"It's so late, why aren't you asleep yet?"

Ji Lingyue said, "You didn't sleep either."

Lan Yuan glanced at her sideways, then turned her head away again: "You'd better go back quickly, or Lan Wu will get angry again if she sees you."

"I've been lying in bed for too many days. It won't hurt to move around a bit." As she spoke, Ji Lingyue sat down next to her. "It's just that Lan Wu is worried and confused."

Lan Yuan scoffed, gazing at the boundless sea, and said casually, "She rarely looks this nervous. You're clearly very happy inside, aren't you?"

Ji Lingyue remained noncommittal, looking at the calm sea as well, and asked in a low voice, "Where do you want to bury her?"

"Penglai".

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: "Penglai?"

Lan Yuan nodded: "The details of the contract with the human race can only be discussed after I officially ascend the throne, but Penglai, perhaps because they are in the wrong, has agreed to let me handle it. This island… will belong to the merfolk from now on."

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement.

Lan Yuan tilted her head to look at her: "You came out in the middle of the night just to ask me this?"

"Yes…and no."

She hesitated for a moment, then asked in a low voice, “I killed her, do you hate me?”

Lan Yuan was slightly taken aback. After a moment, she sighed and called out helplessly, “Ji Lingyue.”

Ji Lingyue blinked and turned to look into her eyes.

“It wasn’t you who killed her,” Lan Yuan said with a look of melancholy. “It was the sins she carried that killed her. It was all just… karma and retribution.”

“Is that what you think?”

Lan Yuan pursed her lips, then turned her head back, her fingertips unconsciously digging into the damp sand: “Sometimes, I just think, if only I had spent more time with her back then.”

After rescuing that lonely little black cat that had fallen into the sea, she should have asked it one more question.

“Perhaps if I ask one more question, she will reveal her true identity. Even if Lan Zhichuan doesn’t acknowledge her then, at least I will know,” she paused, then murmured softly, “I know… she is my sister.”

A breeze swept by, and the distant sea rippled with a faint sound. Behind her, the sound of rustling footsteps gradually rose. The newcomer sat down next to Ji Lingyue, and with a flick of her arm, wrapped her tightly in a blanket. Ji Lingyue was startled and instinctively turned her head: “Lan Wu…”

Lan Wu said calmly, “Since you want to come out, wear something warm. You haven’t caught a cold since you were seventeen. Do you want to experience it again?”

Ji Lingyue gripped the edge of the blanket tightly, feeling guilty, and said, “I…I forgot.”

Lan Wu crossed her arms, gave her a cold glare, and then slowly asked, “Sister, how did you persuade the elders to go back?”

“I didn’t try to persuade them. I just gave them a piece of my mind and told them that if they kept hanging around in front of me, I would just give the Sea King Sword to some random sea tribe.” As she spoke, she sneered, “That scared them. They were more afraid that I would actually pass the throne to another tribe than that I would stay on the

shore for the time being. However, I also promised them that I would go back within two months and start preparing for the coronation ceremony."

"Then these two months…"

"Let's go to Penglai, and then to the Demon Realm," Lan Yuan said. "There are some things I need to discuss with the new Demon King."

Lan Wu hummed in agreement: "I'll stay with you. The rest of Mother's soul… is still in Aunt's palace."

"Then let's go together." Lan Yuan propped herself up on her knees and slowly stood up. "Alright, don't sit here anymore, go back and rest."

Lan Wu nodded in agreement: "Yes, Your Majesty."

Lan Yuan paused, giving her a cold, indifferent glance: "Don't even try."

She patted her clothes, turned around and walked back. Lan Wu turned back with a smile and saw that Ji Lingyue also had a smile she couldn't help but smile on her face. She immediately turned stern and said coldly, "You still have the nerve to laugh?"

Ji Lingyue's smile froze, and she stared blankly at her, her eyes wide open.

"Who told you to come out at night?"

Ji Lingyue blinked and mumbled, "I… I can't sleep."

"Even if you can't sleep, you should still lie down," Lan Wu said seriously, poking her chest. "The old doctor already said that you have internal injuries and cannot get out of bed recently. You should rest and recuperate. Have you been ignoring him?"

Ji Lingyue stammered in rebuttal: "You said it's for the main purpose, so occasionally…occasionally moving around, taking a walk, is fine…"

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then narrowed her eyes: "Have you been deliberately going against me these past few days? Just trying to annoy me?"

"No."

"No?" Lan Wu snorted, bringing up old grievances: "I told you not to use sword techniques back then, but you insisted on using them, and the most physically taxing kind at that. That's fine, but these past few days, you haven't been cooperating with your medicine either. Feeding you a bowl of medicine is harder than getting Danqing to eat a bowl of carrots. Look at you, almost eighty years old, still acting like a child who's afraid of bitterness…"

Ji Lingyue couldn't help but protest: "That's no ordinary suffering."

Lan Wu raised her chin: "How bitter can it be? Back in Haochen Mountain, I drank so many bowls of medicine from Elder Yao to replenish my Danxin, and I could endure it. Can't you endure it?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback and looked up: "You clearly poured the medicine away secretly back then!"

"Nonsense, I didn't."

"You did," Ji Lingyue accused, "you secretly dumped it outside the window, and as a result, all the flowers and plants outside withered. I was the one who discovered it!"

"…"

This is truly a case of shooting oneself in the foot. Lan Wu awkwardly rolled her eyes and coughed lightly, "Don't change the subject. We're talking about you sneaking out of bed."

Unable to argue with her, Ji Lingyue felt even more aggrieved and said defiantly, "I like to be active, so I'm going to be active. Otherwise, if I lie in bed without moving, my body will rust!"

Lan Wu raised an eyebrow: "You like getting out of bed and moving around?"

Ji Lingyue replied with a straight face, "Hmm."

"Why didn't you tell me sooner?" Lan Wu smiled slightly: "We clearly have other ways to do things."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback. When she turned to look at her, the beautiful mermaid had already leaned forward and gently kissed her lips.

"Splash…"

The damp sea breeze ruffled the hair at her temples, the woman's long eyelashes trembled, her breathing gradually quickened, she closed her eyes, and carefully sucked on the merman's rosy lips.

"Hmm…"

A cool hand rubbed against her neck, caressing it affectionately for a few moments before sliding into her thick, black hair, gently cradling her head. Their soft, wet tongues intertwined intimately, their lips stained with a wanton moisture. Ji Lingyue's eyelashes were wet, and just as she was about to raise her arms to embrace Lan Wu's neck, she felt a sharp pain in her chest, and her body trembled.

The fragrant scent quickly faded away, and she instinctively grabbed Lan Wu's clothes, whimpering and tilting her head back, wanting to stick close and kiss her again, but a finger pressed against her lips.

The woman's eyes smiled: "Does it hurt again?"

Ji Lingyue blinked, then nodded a beat late: "Yes…"

Lan Wu's smile widened, and she clapped her hands: "You see, if you don't recover from your injury, you can't even do a simple kiss, let alone anything else. So, do you want to listen to me and take good care of your injury and try to recover as soon as possible? That way, we can do other things sooner."

"…"

Ji Lingyue looked at her silently for a long while before reluctantly saying, "You're right."

Lan Wu smugly hummed and picked her up in her arms: "Of course I'm right. After all, I've lived so many more years than you, and I haven't lived for nothing."

She walked briskly into the courtyard, but halfway there, Ji Lingyue hugged her shoulders and leaned her head against hers, saying softly, "Then should I call you… sister?"

Lan Wu stopped abruptly, looked down at her in astonishment, and said, "You, how could you…"

Ji Lingyue lowered her head, and Lan Wu could only see the slightly upturned corners of her lips: "Can't I call you that, sister?"

Lan Wu panicked, her palms sweated, and she stammered, completely flustered, “No… I, you…”

“Hmm?” The woman looked up, the spring fever from the kiss still lingering. Her eyes were moist and affectionate as she looked at her with a half-smile: “Sister?”

Lan Wu: …

She couldn’t help but clench her fingers, and just as she made up her mind, she blushed and lowered her head. Ji Lingyue blinked quickly and covered her mouth to yawn.

Their eyes met, and Ji Lingyue slowly lowered her hand, her jade-like face returning to its original serious expression: “I’m sleepy.”

She said, “Let’s go back and rest, Lanwu.”

203. Go home (hehuan3.com)

At the end of the month, every household in the west of the town put up bright red Spring Festival couplets. Farmers pushed carts and carts full of New Year’s goods back and forth in the market. Occasionally, Lan Wu could hear the crackling sound of firecrackers coming from the other side.

Ji Lingyue looked out the window and said, “The New Year is coming.”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, carefully straightened her collar, and then wrapped her in the fluffy cloak: “Let’s go.”

“good.”

In the past few days, the cultivators whose injuries were gradually healing left one after another. Before leaving, Qi Yueyao came to visit them, saying that she must come to the Golden Hall to play. Yaozhu and Xuanyu set off for Burning Sound Valley. Everyone either returned to their sects or went back to their hometowns. Before long, the town was empty. The demon had no feelings about the human New Year and did not understand the human’s longing for family and friends to reunite on this day. However, after Yu Shanye mentioned it casually, she decided to accompany Ji Lingyue home.

Stepping out of the room, they saw a woman in a scarlet dress dozing under a tree. Hearing the noise, she lifted her long eyelashes and gave

them a lazy glance: "Gone?"

Lan Wu nodded: "Has Ali not returned yet?"

"No," Yu Shanye yawned and said helplessly, "I should have known better than to let her perform so well. Now she's constantly being called back to the sea by Jiang Luan to help out, she's so busy she barely has time to breathe. I'm not worried about tiring her out."

Lan Wu chuckled: "Aren't you happy that she's been accepted by her tribe?"

"Why should I be happy?" Yu Shanye curled his lips: "She used to look down on her mixed-race identity, but now she's all over me. If it weren't for seeing Ali happy, I would have given them a good scolding long ago."

Lan Wu couldn't help but chuckle and shook her head: "Alright, I'll talk to Mother and ask Aunt to let her come back soon."

"That's great," Yu Shanye stretched and yawned. "By the way, I'm taking Ali home to see my nieces and grandnieces whom I've never met before. After that, I'll go back to Haochen Mountain. What about you? Are you going back?"

Lan Wu paused, then exchanged a glance with Ji Lingyue: "This…"

Yu Shanye saw through her thoughts at a glance and chuckled, "Don't worry, with Master here, there will always be a place for the two of you in the mountain. Besides, you two are now famous heroes, who wouldn't welcome you?"

Lan Wu curled her lips and said gently, "A Yue and I will be going to a few other places later. Maybe we'll go back when we have some free time."

"Then it's settled," Yu Shanye said, her eyes crinkling into a smile. "I will clean the Jianzhi Courtyard spotless and wait for you to come back."

Lan Wu hummed in agreement. After parting ways with her, she went to say goodbye to Ye Qingjun. The woman stood in the courtyard with one hand behind her back and the other holding a cup of tea, casually instructing Danqing on her practice.

Upon seeing her, Danqing exclaimed joyfully, as if she had found a

savior, “Master…”

Ye Qingjun coughed lightly: “Get into a proper horse stance.”

The girl immediately shut her mouth, but her round eyes secretly watched Lan Wu. Ye Qingjun narrowed her eyes, conjured a board with her right hand, and pushed her little head to the other side: “Looking at her won’t help. You are not allowed to rest until an hour has passed.”

Danqing groaned, “But… I’m so tired…”

“That’s tiring. Danbai has to squat in a horse stance for three hours every day. Do you want to be left behind by her?”

Danqing fell silent, pouting aggrievedly, and kept quiet. Only then did Ye Qingjun turn her head and say with a smile, “She is exactly like you back then, afraid of hardship and fatigue, and very delicate.”

“Really?” Lan Wu chuckled dryly, changing the subject: “Master, A-Yue and I are going to Jingzhou.”

“Leaving today?”

“I’m leaving today.”

Ye Qingjun thought for a moment and nodded: “There’s really nothing to do here. Are you two going alone?”

“Yes, my sister has things to do. We’ll meet in Penglai after the New Year and then go to the Demon Realm together.”

Danqing, who had been eavesdropping nearby, was startled and hurriedly turned around: “Master, why didn’t you take me with you again?!”

Lan Wu smiled and said, “Why would I bring you along? Now that you’ve been accepted as a disciple by your master, you should stay by his side and cultivate properly, instead of running around with me.”

“But, but…” The girl stammered for a long time, then stopped practicing her horse stance and ran over to grab her hem: “But you are the master, and the contracted beast must always follow its master.”

Lan Wu was silent for a moment, then squatted down and looked at her gently: “Danqing, there’s something I’ve wanted to ask you for a long time.”

Danqing stared at her expectantly: "What?"

"Are you willing to terminate the contract with me?"

The girl was stunned, a look of confusion quickly replaced by surprise: "Cancel the contract? Why?" She instinctively raised her voice, panicking, "You, you don't want me anymore?!"

"Danqing, there's no such thing as wanting or not wanting," she said patiently. "The contract binds you to my side and makes you see me as your master. You are a spirit beast, and I am a demon beast. There was originally no difference between us, but with this contract, I can hurt you and oppress you at will, making you do the things you least want to do…"

Danqing interrupted her: "But you didn't do that, you've been very good to me!"

"Whether I did it or not, it doesn't change the fact that it exists as it is." Lan Wu said gently, "Danqing, I formed a contract with you when you first gained your intelligence and earned your trust and love. I am grateful to be your master, but this is not fair to you."

Danqing pursed her lips, her eyes gradually reddening: "I don't think so…"

Lan Wu smiled helplessly and gently wiped away the moisture from the corners of her eyes: "You're still young, you'll understand later."

"I don't want to understand," Danqing sobbed, her eyelashes trembling and large tears falling down her cheeks. "From the moment I gained sentience, I was your contracted beast. How could you… how could you abandon me?"

The carefree little gyrfalcon cried so sadly for the first time. Lan Wu felt a pang of sadness and hugged her, rubbing her head: "There is no contract, it doesn't mean we are cut off. Master is still my master. Even if I am not your master, I am still your senior sister."

Danqing clutched her clothes tightly: "No…"

Lan Wu was at her wit's end: "Why do you insist on making me the master?"

The girl choked back a sob, her tears falling intermittently: "Senior sisters, there are many senior sisters, but… there's only one master…"

Lan Wu was taken aback, and holding her back, she didn't know what to say.

Ji Lingyue, who was standing next to her, looked down for a long time, sighed, and squatted down, lifting her clothes: "Forget it, there's no rush."

She patted the girl's head and coaxed her softly, "Since you don't understand, let's wait until you do before we untangle the knot, okay?"

Danqing nodded, her eyes still blurry with tears: "Okay."

Lan Wu turned to look at her: "A-Yue…"

Ji Lingyue added, "However, you still need to cultivate diligently. Lan Wu is now a renowned demon. As her only contracted beast, do you want to hold her back?"

Danqing quickly shook her head: "No."

"So, are you still going to come with us?"

Danqing hesitated for a moment, then shook her head again, tears still glistening in the corners of her eyes: "I will diligently follow Master in my cultivation."

Ji Lingyue smiled and said, "That's more like it."

She smiled gently and said, "When you become strong and travel the world, encountering more people and things, you will understand what Lan Wu said today. I hope that by then, you will be able to make the right choice."

204. New Students

A few days later, a young couple, weary from their journey, arrived in a small town southwest of Jingzhou.

As New Year's Eve approached, festive red lanterns hung from the eaves of the houses along the street, and the streets were bustling with people. Lan Wu looked around curiously for a while before turning to ask the woman sitting on horseback, "Is this the place?"

Ji Lingyue nodded and pointed to the city gate not far away: "Back then, I left the city along this road and headed north."

However, back then, this was just a dilapidated town with a dirt road running from south to north, and low-rise tiled houses scattered along the roadside. The most impressive one was a two-story inn in the west of the town.

She raised her eyes and looked at the rolling mountains not far outside the city, saying, “Our village is deep in Meishan. The mountain roads are difficult to travel, and it takes a whole day to get out.”

Lan Wu nodded, walked out of the city gate, leaving the bustling fireworks behind, and continued leading her horse into the mountains.

The winter was bitterly cold, and the mountains and forests were silent. Occasionally, a bird would flit across the sky, startling the snow that had accumulated on the branches. Lan Wu walked along the winding path, her breath turning into puffs of white mist. Apart from the crunching sound of her footsteps on the snow, the only other companions were the crisp sound of the bells hanging on her saddle.

Ji Lingyue couldn’t help but call out, “Lan Wu.”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, turning her head to the side. Her slender neck was encircled by the fluffy collar of her dress, and her dark eyes were as gentle as autumn water: “What’s wrong?”

“If we’re tired, let’s just fly up.”

“What are you talking about?” Lan Wu turned her head back again: “You can’t use magic for the time being, and I also need to recuperate properly. I’ll avoid using it if I can. This is what Elder Yao said.”

“But……”

“Alright, I’m not tired,” Lan Wu said gently. “It’s not difficult to walk step by step like a human once in a while. When we went to Haochen Mountain together, didn’t we walk all the way there?”

Ji Lingyue paused slightly, then said nostalgically, “Yes.”

“Don’t worry, if we don’t make it before dark, I’ll fly you there.” The woman smiled and said, “It’ll be interesting for me to walk the same path you walked back then.”

Ji Lingyue was silent for a while, then looked up at the continuous snow-capped peaks and said wistfully, “I wonder if Ji Family Village… is still there.”

Several hours later, the two climbed the mountain path and, amidst the rosy sunset, gazed at the peaceful village with its rising smoke, both of them frozen in place.

Ji Lingyue's long eyelashes trembled slightly as she murmured, "This is…"

The village, which I thought should have gradually fallen into disrepair or disappeared completely over the long years, suddenly came into view. There were roosters crowing and dogs barking. Children wearing thick coats were chasing and playing among the neatly arranged houses. Not far away, by the stream, several women were also smiling, chatting and washing clothes on a stone anvil.

Lan Wu blinked, took the reins, and slowly walked into the village.

Soon, the two unfamiliar faces attracted the attention of the villagers. Several children ran up to them curiously, looking them up and down, but didn't say a word. Lan Wu smiled at them, took out a handful of candy, and was immediately surrounded and devoured.

"Hey, you guys…"

An older girl ran over, put her arm around the children eating candy, and said apologetically, "Please excuse us, the children are greedy. If you want to go to the city, you'll have to walk down the mountain again."

"We're from the city," Lan Wu turned around and helped Ji Lingyue dismount. "Excuse me, is this Ji Family Village?"

"Yes, are you looking for someone?"

"No," Ji Lingyue shook her head, hesitated for a moment, and said, "My ancestors were from Jijia Village. They left and never came back. She always missed her hometown, so I came back to visit and pay respects to my ancestors."

"Really?" The girl's gaze immediately softened. "When did your ancestors leave?"

Ji Lingyue said, "About… sixty years ago."

"Sixty years ago?" She paused, looked Ji Lingyue up and down, and said, "That was even earlier than the reconstruction of Ji Family Village. Fortunately, your ancestors left, otherwise, you probably

would not have escaped the calamity either."

"Oh?" Lan Wu raised an eyebrow and asked, "What makes you say that?"

"You don't know, do you? Sixty years ago, a tragedy occurred in Jijia Village. Almost all the villagers died and were buried in the cemetery at the north end of the village. I heard that their deaths were horrific and that it was the work of evil spirits."

"Almost?" Lan Wu tilted her head. "Are there other people still alive?"

"Of course," the girl said. "Since someone buried them all properly, there must still be some people alive. But until Grandma Ji's family rebuilt Ji Family Village and they all grew old and died, they never saw that person."

Ji Lingyue frowned: "Grandma Ji?"

"They are the people who rebuilt Jijia Village. Back then, her family went out to do business, and when they returned two years later, they found that Jijia Village had become a dead village, with no one left. Now, the people in the village are all descendants and relatives of Grandma Ji, as well as people who moved over from neighboring villages."

Lan Wu pursed her lips and subconsciously looked at Ji Lingyue beside her. The woman's expression was calm as she asked in a low voice, "What is Grandma Ji's name?"

"Ji Yan".

"Ji Yan," Ji Lingyue murmured softly, her brows and eyes relaxing, "It's her."

Do you know Grandma Ji?

"I guess you could say we know each other," Ji Lingyue said. "My ancestors were childhood friends with her."

"Is that so?" The girl's eyes widened, and she said happily, "Grandma Ji will be very happy to see you. I'll go tell her right away."

"No rush," Ji Lingyue said, "I want to pay my respects to my ancestors first. My ancestors and relatives… should have died in that disaster back then."

“Okay, then I’ll lead the way for you.”

“No need,” Ji Lingyue shook her head: “I know where it is.”

The girl was taken aback: “How did you know…?”

Before she could finish speaking, the woman slowly walked away towards the cemetery.

When she left, this place was just a wasteland overgrown with weeds, but now it is surrounded by blue brick walls and even thoughtfully paved with tiles. Ji Lingyue walked into the cemetery through the main gate and found that it had also been renovated and cleaned up, with neat stone tablets standing in front of each grave.

It turns out that in the long time since she left, new shoots have sprouted from her withered grave, and the abandoned village has been revitalized. The world changes, things transform, and everything is constantly moving forward in the torrent of time; nothing remains in the past forever except her memories.

She lowered her eyes, her gaze sweeping over the tombstones she passed. Ashes from burning were scattered in front of each tombstone, and even the few in the corners seemed to have been commemorated.

Ji Lingyue stopped and stared at the name engraved on the stone tablet. After a long silence, she knelt down, lifting the hem of her robe.

Lan Wu took out the various offerings she had bought in town, examined them for a while, but still couldn’t understand why these things had such profound meanings, so she obediently handed them to her.

Ji Lingyue glanced at her helplessly, turned her head, carefully lit the incense and offered it, and said in a low voice, “I’m sorry, Mother, it’s been so long since I came to see you.”

“I used to be very scared, scared of returning to you with nothing to show for it, scared of facing you, but now I’m not scared anymore.”

A faint flame suddenly leaped up, burning away the thin paper money that had been thrown inside: “I have friends, I have a lover, I have learned many skills, and I have experienced many things. Don’t worry, I am doing very well now…”

The woman knelt before the grave, recounting her experiences over the years as if chatting casually. As the paper money burned out, darkness fell, and countless stars appeared in the dark blue sky, their silvery light spilling onto the cold tombstone.

Ji Lingyue sighed softly, then gently stroked the three familiar names before slowly standing up.

Lan Wu naturally took her hand: “Are you done talking?”

Ji Lingyue nodded and walked out with her: “Didn’t you hear me?”

Lan Wu’s eyes widened, and she quickly said, “I won’t eavesdrop on your private conversations with your family without your permission.”

“What’s there to be nervous about? It’s okay if you eavesdrop,” she said softly, leaning against Lan Wu. “You’re my family.”

Lan Wu pursed her lips, turned her head with her ears red, and a light smile danced in her eyes and brows. The two walked side by side to the entrance of the cemetery, where they saw an old lady with gray hair leaning on a cane, standing quietly outside.

When Ji Lingyue saw her, she was startled and slowed down.

Hearing footsteps, the old lady raised her head and carefully examined the two of them. After a while, her gaze was fixed on Ji Lingyue’s face.

This is……

Her withered hand gripping the cane trembled involuntarily. She slightly opened her cloudy eyes, staggered forward, and uttered the familiar address from the past in her aged voice: “A-Yue?”

Ji Lingyue blinked, her mind filled with countless thoughts, and finally gave a soft “Mmm,” saying gently, “Long time no see, Ayan.”

——

Haha, the next chapter is about preparing for bed.

205. Sleeping

“The house has been empty and untouched since you left. I come here occasionally to clean it. It’s still quite tidy, just a bit old.”

The old woman walked ahead with one hand behind her back and her back hunched over, rambling on and on: "When we erected the monument for them, only your body was not found. I felt that the one who survived… and buried everyone else, was you." As she spoke, she couldn't help but smile and sighed softly: "Indeed, you are still alive, and you have become an immortal."

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and slowed her pace to follow beside her.

"Ah…we've arrived," the old man said as he walked up the stone steps, shakily took out the key from his pocket, and unlocked the lock hanging on the door.

Pushing open the creaking gate, a stone table stands on the west side of the courtyard, with rusty knives on it. In front of the stone table is an apricot tree, whose leaves have all fallen due to the winter, leaving only dry and twisted branches.

Ji Lingyue looked around. The low, old, and drab houses were completely different from the renovated and rebuilt houses in the surrounding villages.

Ji Yan coughed and looked concerned: "Why don't you stay at my place? This place has been empty for too long and there's no one here. It must be uncomfortable to stay here."

"It's alright, we're not afraid of the cold."

The old man nodded and said with a smile, "Indeed, you two are immortals, I was overthinking it."

As she spoke, she heard rustling footsteps outside again. Lan Wu turned her head and saw a little girl carrying a quilt that was taller than herself. She wobbled over and shouted, "Grandma, Grandma, I brought the thickest and softest quilt!"

Ji Yan smiled and said to Ji Lingyue, "This is my Lian'er. She usually studies with her teacher in the city, but she came back with her parents for the New Year."

Seeing this, Lan Wu took a few steps out and helped carry the bedding: "Thank you, I can do it."

Ji Lingyue glanced at her and said, "It seems you're doing quite well."

"Maybe so, anyway, that's how my life will go."

As she spoke, Ji Yan reached out her hand and looked at her gently. Ji Lingyue was taken aback, placed her hand in Ji Yan's palm, and was gently held by her.

The old woman's skin was wrinkled, dry, and warm, with thick calluses on her fingertips, but her palms remained fair, clean, and youthful, as if they had never been weathered by the elements.

"It's been so long, and I still haven't asked you how you've been."

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and said softly, "Of course, I'm doing very well."

"Then why are you only coming back now?"

"I…" She blinked, speechless for a moment.

Ji Yan sighed softly and said helplessly, "I know you've always been a stubborn person. I remember when you were little, you chased a deer and didn't come home for a whole day and night. Everyone was so worried that they went into the mountains to look for you. When they finally found you, you were lying in a snowdrift with your head on the deer's carcass."

Ji Lingyue: "Really? I don't remember…"

Ji Yan smiled and said, "Over the years, you must have experienced a lot and suffered a lot."

"It's not much suffering," she said, her lips moving. After a long pause, she finally said in a trembling voice, "Ayan, the monster that killed everyone back then is dead."

"Really?" The old man was taken aback, his eyes widening slightly. "You… avenged everyone?"

Ji Lingyue nodded, her eyes suddenly becoming misty: "I'm sorry, I came back too late."

"It's not late, how could it be late?" Ji Yan's eyes reddened as she raised her hand and gently wiped away the tears from the corners of the woman's eyes. "As long as you've finally come back, that's all that matters."

A faint smell of cooking wafted on the evening breeze, and Lian'er's troubled voice came from inside the house: "Oh dear, are you really

an adult? How can you be so clumsy? You can't even make a bed?"

Another female voice replied gently, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I haven't done this kind of thing much before, thank you for your help."

"You talk strangely."

What's strange about it?

"None of the other adults will apologize to me…"

Ji Yan gradually revealed a smile: "A-Yue".

Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes and quietly looked at her.

"In the past, we would always hang out with Aying and Alin, staying at someone's house at night, squeezing onto one bed, whispering secrets behind our parents' backs. Back then, you were the only one who said you didn't have anyone you liked," she raised her gray head and asked softly, "Do you have someone now?"

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then subconsciously looked at the busy figure inside the house. When she turned back, the old man's eyes were full of smiles.

She blinked, suddenly feeling a little embarrassed, as if she had returned to her childhood and blushed when her closest friend had caught her in her girlish secret: “Yes,” she whispered, “I’ve had it for a long time.”

“Ha!” After successfully getting the fire going, Lan Wu proudly held up the charcoal in her hand: “I’m a genius!”

As soon as she finished speaking, she inhaled a few puffs of smoke and began to cough violently.

Ji Lingyue chuckled and patted her back. Seeing that she was coughing badly, she suspiciously lifted her face. Lan Wu sniffled, her eyes brimming with tears, looking like she was about to shed small pearls.

Hmm… it probably won’t fall off now.

Ji Lingyue pulled her into the courtyard, dampened a handkerchief, and carefully applied it to her reddened eyes: “How could you be so careless?”

Lan Wu closed her eyes and hummed, “I’ve never started a fire before, and besides…”

Ji Lingyue looked at her parting lips and leaned in to kiss them.

Lan Wu paused, and her hands, which had been hanging by her sides, couldn’t help but rise and place on the woman’s waist: “Didn’t your friend find it strange?”

“What’s strange?”

“You like me,” she whispered. “Although it’s not uncommon in the cultivation world, isn’t female-female union still quite rare in the mortal realm?”

Ji Lingyue said “Oh,” and then added, “She did find it a bit strange, but she’s getting old, and some things aren’t important to her anymore. As long as I’m happy, that’s all that matters.” Then, she changed the subject, raising an eyebrow, and asked, “Why were you eavesdropping?”

Lan Wu blinked nervously: “I wasn’t eavesdropping. I was making the bed, and the sound just got into my ears by itself.”

Feeling the trembling of her eyelashes under the handkerchief, Ji Lingyue chuckled and kissed her again: "Are you hungry? Ayan also brought us some New Year's goods. I'll make you a bowl of hot porridge to warm you up."

"Okay," Lan Wu said, "I'll draw some more water from the well, and after we finish the porridge, we can take a hot bath."

After the two finished their tasks, they got busy. Ji Lingyue hadn't cooked for many years. After wandering around the kitchen a few times, she gradually regained her sense of style. She quickly started a fire, washed the rice, heated the iron wok, poured in soybean oil, and stir-fried a plate of light-tasting winter bamboo shoots with pork with simple seasonings.

In the courtyard, Lan Wu finally finished fetching water and spent a long time rummaging through her storage ring before finally accepting an unfortunate truth.

She didn't bring the Fire Pearl.

"Then let's use the stove in the kitchen to boil water," Ji Lingyue said, placing the dishes on the table. "Come and eat first."

Lan Wu obediently went over: "Coming."

After finishing their meal, they boiled a large pot of water and went out for a walk, strolling around the edge of the village a few times.

"That's the Big Dipper, that's Venus..." Ji Lingyue walked along, pointing to the twinkling stars in the night sky with great interest, and smiled, "When I was a child, I would get lost in the mountains and I would always find my way home by following the stars."

Lan Wu looked up and asked, "What if it's during the day?"

"Just look at the sun during the day," Ji Lingyue glanced at her and muttered, "But if it's you, looking at anything won't help. You just need to follow me obediently." After a pause, she added, "Or just take me with you obediently."

Lan Wu couldn't help but chuckle: "Is it an essential item for your travels?"

Ji Lingyue snorted and said arrogantly, "No one else can take me along."

Seeing that Lan Wu didn't answer and was still walking briskly, she blinked, deliberately slowed down, and then jogged up behind her and jumped on. Lan Wu swayed slightly, steadily supporting her thigh, and laughed, "How childish!"

Ji Lingyue rested her chin on her shoulder and said lazily, "Master Yao said that I have suffered internal injuries and need to rest properly. I cannot move around casually."

"Now you're pulling this stunt," Lan Wu clicked her tongue helplessly and bounced her up a bit. "The latest thing they're saying is that it's okay to exercise in moderation."

Ji Lingyue quickly hugged her neck tightly and said coquettishly, "But I'm tired, and I've already walked enough today."

Lan Wu smiled slightly, then carried her slowly home.

Suddenly, something lightly landed on the tip of her nose and quickly melted. Ji Lingyue's long eyelashes fluttered, and she tilted her head up to catch it: "It's snowing."

She lay down again, lifted the hood of her outer robe and covered her head, also to shield the woman beneath her from some of the chill: "Lan Wu."

Lan Wu gently hummed in agreement.

"Go back now," she said softly. "I want to sleep."

——

At this point, it's simply a matter of sleeping.

206. Send…

Looking at the silent snow falling outside the window, Ji Lingyue sat cross-legged on the bed and casually said, "Tomorrow is New Year's Eve."

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, her movements gentle and tender as she dried her long hair: "Do you want to buy some firecrackers? I saw a lot of people have bought them?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, and couldn't help but glance back at her, a slight smile playing on her lips.

“What are you laughing at?” Lan Wu asked, puzzled. “Did I say something wrong?”

Ji Lingyue shook her head, turned around, placed her arms on either side of Lan Wu’s waist, and looked up at her: “Lan Wu.”

“Um?”

Do you know why humans set off firecrackers during the New Year?

“Isn’t it because it’s lively?”

Ji Lingyue smiled and said, “It wasn’t originally for fun, but to drive away the ghosts and monsters that came to the mortal world, um... like you, a terrible and evil monster.”

Lan Wu realized what was happening, raised her eyebrows, and raised both hands in a fierce manner: “Then I, this terrible and evil great monster, will devour you, this delicate little devil, in one bite!”

Ji Lingyue chuckled and pretended to back away, but the two hands that reached into her arms only grabbed her thin collar and pulled her in, completely covering up her barely visible front.

She was taken aback, then met Lan Wu’s gentle gaze: “Leaving it so open, aren’t you afraid of catching a cold?”

Ji Lingyue was silent for a moment, then muttered softly, “I’m not that fragile.”

Lan Wu hummed indifferently, then closed the window, blew out the candle, and the room suddenly darkened. She lifted the thick quilt, looked at Ji Lingyue with a smile, her eyes still bright: “Come.”

Ji Lingyue hesitated for a moment, then obediently crawled over: “You...you mermaids, do you have...that kind of thing that other monsters have, um, something...”

Lan Wu tilted her head: “Send what?”

She pursed her lips, hesitated for a long time, and finally swallowed the embarrassing question: “It’s nothing.”

Lan Wu glanced at her curiously, rolled over in the quilt, pulled her into her arms, and quickly felt warm and cozy: “I knew I shouldn’t have lit the fire pit,” she said comfortably, squinting her eyes, “You’re just a little stove.”

Ji Lingyue opened her mouth: “If it weren’t for me…”

“Without you, I can’t move an inch.” Lan Wu quickly chimed in, amused, “Alright, alright, you’re the most important. Go to sleep, weren’t you sleepy just now?”

Ji Lingyue opened her eyes and said, “I was indeed sleepy just now, but after taking a bath, I’m not sleepy anymore.”

“Really?” Lan Wu placed her hand on her waist, patting her body gently as if soothing a child to sleep. “Then what should we do? Do you want me to sing you a song?”

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and said seriously, “I’m not a child.”

After much deliberation, she finally made up her mind, rolled over and lay down in Lan Wu’s arms, pinching her wrist and pressing her onto the bed.

Lan Wu looked at her suspiciously: “Hmm?”

Ji Lingyue gazed at the beautiful face so close to hers and whispered, “You can’t even figure out what I’m thinking.”

Before Lan Wu could answer, she lowered her head and her soft lips somewhat recklessly pressed against the merman’s rosy lips.

Lan Wu’s long eyelashes trembled, and she could only see Ji Lingyue’s relaxed eyebrows and eyes. As soon as she opened her lips, the woman’s wet and hot tongue slipped in and passionately kissed her.

“Um……”

She unconsciously curled her fingers, her breathing became more and more rapid, and the weight of the person pressing down on her increased. Ji Lingyue was only wearing a loose undergarment after her bath, and now the collar was wide open, revealing a large area of smooth skin. Her bare legs were also slightly raised and straddled Lan Wu’s waist.

Her lips gradually became wet with saliva. Lan Wu let out a muffled groan, turned her head away, and called out breathlessly, “A-Yue…”

Ji Lingyue responded, released her wrist, and instead pushed down to open her clothes, placing her warm palm on the woman’s graceful waist: “So cool,” she said, then pinched it: “So soft.”

Lan Wu gasped softly, looking at her with teary eyes, and said irritably, “Go touch it yourself.”

“No,” Ji Lingyue said matter-of-factly, “I don’t like touching it.”

“You…you just want to say that I’m not as strong as you.”

“I didn’t…”

Before she could finish speaking, Lan Wu rolled over and pinned her down, her blue eyes fixed on her, her fingertips brushing against the corner of her rosy lips: “Don’t you want to sleep?”

Ji Lingyue lay obediently, but spoke with a fierce tone: “You just realized that?” Seeing Lan Wu looking at her in confusion, she added: “I’ve hinted at it to you many times tonight.”

Lan Wu blinked and said, “Oh, I know.”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: “You know?”

“Of course, I’m not stupid,” Lan Wu said slowly. “You weren’t well-behaved when I was helping you bathe. After I dried you off and we got into bed, you wouldn’t get dressed properly and kept snuggling into my arms. By the way, were you just about to ask me… if I have a heat cycle like other monsters?”

Ji Lingyue: …

She bit her lip, glaring at Lan Wu with a mixture of shame and anger, and stammered, “Then you…you, you still…”

Lan Wu chuckled softly and touched her bright red ears: “Why are you in such a hurry?”

Ji Lingyue subconsciously closed her eyes, her face burning hot, almost steaming: “I’m not in a hurry, it’s just… it’s been a long time.” She slowly grabbed Lan Wu’s disheveled clothes: “Besides, Master Yao said that I can do some exercise.”

Lan Wu teased, “So, you’re remembering what Elder Yao said now?”

Ji Lingyue didn’t respond to her teasing, but simply reached out and hugged her shoulders, lifted her head, and carefully left a kiss on her neck.

Lan Wu shuddered: “Wait, you…”

"Lan Wu…" she murmured softly as she kissed her way down the woman's slender neck, "Sister…"

Lan Wu blinked nervously: "You're doing this again…"

Ji Lingyue raised her lips, untied the knot tied around her waist, and the thin fabric immediately cascaded down. She grasped one of her full breasts, lowered her head, and opened her lips to suckle the erect red nipple, just as she wished to hear the mermaid's soft and seductive moan.

Lan Wu frowned slightly, her face flushed, and her arms, which were supporting her on the bed, trembled slightly: "A-Yue…"

Before she could recover, the two switched places again. Ji Lingyue sat in her lap, her only covering garment long since thrown to the ground. Her face flushed with desire, she proactively cupped her breasts and offered them to the mermaid's luscious lips: "Suck on them…"

Lan Wu's eyes were red, and she obediently sucked on her sensitive nipple, while her palm slid down the woman's supple waist and kneaded her full buttocks.

Perhaps she was kneading too hard, because after a while, Ji Lingyue started to moan softly, twisting her waist as if trying to escape: "Gently, gently…"

Lan Wu released her swollen and hard nipple, raised her head and bit her lips: "What do you mean by 'gently'?" She breathed softly, her fingertips tracing the cleft of her buttocks, her hands covered in sticky fluid: "You clearly like it."

Ji Lingyue shrugged, looking at her with teary eyes, her thigh trembling slightly as it pressed against Lan Wu's waist.

"Playing the victim again," Lan Wu kissed the corner of her eye affectionately and whispered, "You asked me before if I had a heat cycle like other monsters… Of course not."

My fingertips gently slid between the labia, parting them and making a squelching sound.

"That's a weakness that lower beasts can't overcome. They lose their minds, their minds filled only with the thought of mating. They're crude and crazy, able to mate without restraint no matter where they

are. We merfolk are not so savage." She paused, then asked softly, "Or do you like this kind of savagery?"

Ji Lingyue shuddered again, her knees on the bed tensed, and she eagerly rubbed her wet clitoris against Lan Wu's fingertips.

"Ah, um… Lan Wu…"

Lustful fluids kept flowing into her palm. Lan Wu blinked and stared at her flushed cheeks: "Why are you so excited?"

She tentatively raised her fingertips and roughly rubbed the clitoris deep inside. The woman immediately moaned, her waist trembling, and the arms around her neck tightened. Lan Wu pursed her lips, suddenly stopped, and pinched the delicate clitoris hard. Ji Lingyue froze, her eyes blurry, but her wet vulva kept opening and closing, releasing streams of fluid.

After a long while, she whimpered in shame, curled her toes, and slumped into Lan Wu's arms as if boneless.

Lan Wu chuckled softly, "It seems you really like it."

——

Those eager to see a counterattack shouldn't rush; it's all brewing in the future.

207. Help me.

"ha……"

Thick black hair cascaded down, clinging to her fair back with sweat. Ji Lingyue frowned slightly, kneeling in Lan Wu's arms with her knees apart, her wet buttocks pressed tightly against the woman's cool thighs.

"Lan Wu…"

"What's wrong?" Lan Wu moved away from her neck, tilted her head back, and gently pecked the lips in front of her face: "Are you feeling unwell?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head, her moist eyelashes narrowing slightly: "Comfortable…"

Lan Wu chuckled, pressed the back of her head, and kissed her

affectionately. When their lips met, Ji Lingyue subconsciously closed her eyes, her sweaty body sliding closer to Lan Wu's embrace, her slightly hardened nipples sinking into the mermaid's soft chest, gently rubbing against it.

Her breathing quickened as she sensed something wet and warm licking her lips. She obediently opened her mouth, and a soft tongue deftly slipped inside. Lan Wu stroked her cheek, deepening the kiss, while a colorless tentacle extended from behind her waist.

In the midst of continuous pleasure, Ji Lingyue had no time to pay attention to the cool tentacles that were wrapping around her thighs, letting them slowly crawl inside and merge with the sticky fluid between her legs. In that shadow, another soft tentacle was slowly wriggling against her vulva, its finger-thick tip already pushing open the wet, soft labia and disappearing into the crimson opening, making gurgling sounds with each thrust.

The woman in his arms swayed slightly as he was being fucked. Lan Wu stroked her smooth back a few times before sliding down again, kneading her buttocks. Ji Lingyue's body was fair, and with a little force, pink finger marks were left on her buttocks. Her dripping vaginal opening was pulled and stretched repeatedly, which only made the tendrils bite even tighter. She couldn't help but grab Lan Wu's shoulders, and saliva overflowed from the corners of her lips during the intense kiss. Although she was in a superior position, Lan Wu pressed her back, and her chest heaved rapidly.

"Um……"

Gradually, Ji Lingyue trembled more and more violently, and her face turned red. Seeing that she had difficulty breathing, Lan Wu took the initiative to release her red lips, and casually lifted the silver strands that had fallen on her chest. Just as she was about to speak, Ji Lingyue hooked her neck and leaned in again.

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then wrapped her arms around her waist and continued kissing her as she wished. Soon, Ji Lingyue was breathless from the kisses again, but as soon as Lan Wu tried to pull away, she would whine and rub against her, sticking to her chest. Even when she was still out of breath, she would stick out her tongue and let her suck on it, her eyes filled with tears.

Lan Wu chuckled and gently rubbed the corner of her lips, saying softly, "Do you like kissing that much?"

Ji Lingyue's gaze was hazy, as if she had not yet come to her senses, when suddenly the wet tentacles plunged deep inside, squeezing out gushing honey.

“ah!”

Water splashed everywhere. Lan Wu seemed to have abandoned her usual gentleness, her tentacles thrusting rapidly according to her master's will, fucking her until her tender flesh turned inside out. The lewd juices were also frothed into white foam, sticky and sticky on the rounded entrance of her vagina. Ji Lingyue arched her back, moaning and groaning a few times, saying indistinctly, “Sister, it's so full…so deep…”

Lan Wu blinked, then used her tentacles to curl her legs apart, spreading them wider. A water ball materialized in her palm and she pressed it between the woman's disheveled legs.

“Um……”

The sensitive clitoris was tightly enveloped by the water sphere, the touch icy cold, like being licked by a snake's tongue. Ji Lingyue shuddered, shrugging uneasily and snuggling into Lan Wu's arms, pleading, “No, no, I don't want this…”

“Don't want to?” Lan Wu said softly, “Really?”

Before Ji Lingyue could answer, the water ball covering her clitoris began to suckle like a living thing. A sharp pleasure instantly shot up to her lower back. Ji Lingyue suddenly curled her toes, trembled, and cried out. Her swollen vagina once again gushed out honey-like fluid, which dripped onto Lan Wu's fair abdomen as if she had lost control of her bladder.

“I didn't want to use magic,” Lan Wu touched her wet opening, her hands covered in sticky honey, “but you kept provoking me and pretending to be innocent.”

She pondered for a moment, then tilted her head and said, “Sometimes, you're even more cunning than a fox.”

Ji Lingyue choked up: “No…”

“Playing the victim again.”

Lan Wu saw right through her little scheme and helplessly reached out

to pinch her cheek. Ji Lingyue turned her head and nuzzled against her, opening her lips to take her fingers in her mouth. Her soft, smooth tongue swept between her fingers, and she looked at her with teary eyes.

"…"

Lan Wu sighed: "You still won't admit it…"

Before she could finish her exclamation, Ji Lingyue withdrew from her cleansed fingers and lightly bit her neck. Then she lowered her head to kiss her collarbone and chest. Lan Wu gasped for breath and was slowly pressed down to lie down. Her waist and abdomen were also covered with hot kisses. She couldn't help but gasp and looked down to see the woman sticking out her little tongue, licking the wet liquid on her lower abdomen.

Ah, that's not…

She immediately looked away, her face burning, the skin where she had been licked feeling like it was on fire, a faint blush rising to her cheeks. After what seemed like an eternity, Ji Lingyue climbed back on top of her, showering her face with kisses like a puppy, then pressing her lips together in a sticky, affectionate way. Lan Wu let out a soft gasp, and after being kissed and cupped in her hands, she said reproachfully, "You, you have to let me taste your own things too…"

Ji Lingyue smiled, her usually aloof eyes now tinged with desire, making her appear exceptionally beautiful. She slowly straightened up, knelt before Lan Wu's chest, and softly called out, "Lan Wu…"

Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled, and with just a glance, she could see the magnificent scenery right in front of her.

Those tentacles were even completely stuffed inside the hole.

So close, they could slowly wriggle within her soft, slippery flesh, drawing out abundant juices that dripped onto her body and slid down her heaving breasts and neck.

Perhaps excited by being stared at so intently, Ji Lingyue's legs trembled, her flower core wriggled and bit the tendril, releasing a small stream of clear fluid.

She gave a soft, seductive hum, reached down and grasped it, pulling it out little by little.

“Mmm, mmm…” The tentacle rubbed against the sensitive flesh, Ji Lingyue’s body tensed, and the faint lines of her muscles emerged from her thighs. Her breathing quickened, her eyes welled with tears, and she trembled as she pulled it out of the alluring opening: “Ah…”

The tentacles, covered in lustful fluid, swiftly retracted back to Lan Wu’s waist, while her small mouth, still unable to close, continued to open and close, oozing sweet juices.

Ji Lingyue’s chest heaved as she called out again, “Lan Wu…”

Lan Wu lay motionless on the spot, her face flushed: “Wh-what’s wrong?”

Ji Lingyue crawled forward on her knees, her ten fingers sliding into Lan Wu’s smooth silver hair, and slowly lowered her waist: “I just licked you clean, can you help me too… okay?”

208. Ominous

Lan Wu raised her hand and gently kneaded her pert buttocks, then turned her head to kiss the inside of her wet thighs.

Ji Lingyue let out a soft moan, lowering her damp eyelashes. Mermaids are always a little colder than humans. Even after a passionate kiss, their tongues are still cool. This coolness licks her skin little by little, making her tremble involuntarily.

“Lan Wu…”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, her hand stroking her buttocks sliding down, peeling back the slippery flesh, and casually kneading the opening.

Ji Lingyue’s breathing became heavier, and she swayed her buttocks slightly, trying to swallow the finger that was teasing her at the entrance of her vagina. However, Lan Wu teased her with a teasing tone, and only slowly inserted a finger after hearing her moan in dissatisfaction.

“Hmm…”

The petals were swollen and soft, and a little squeeze could release slippery fluid. Lan Wu slowly thrust in and out while raising her head to take the swollen and erect clitoris into her mouth.

Ji Lingyue shuddered and instinctively tried to shrink back, but Lan Wu held her firmly down: “Why are you hiding? Didn’t you want me to lick you?”

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and whispered, “Cool…”

“There’s nothing I can do,” Lan Wu said, turning her over while holding her knees. “After all, I’m a fish.”

She curved her eyes, a dark light appearing in them, and faint silver scales emerged on her cheeks.

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, tilted her head, and stared at her intently, as if curious about her next move. Lan Wu, however, felt uncomfortable under her gaze. She slightly raised her fingertips and sent out a white veil to cover her eyes.

Ji Lingyue was startled: “Lan Wu?”

“Um?”

Suddenly, the window was blown open by a cold wind and slammed against the wall. Ji Lingyue shivered, and goosebumps rose on her bare skin as the wind blew through her. Before she could say she was cold, Lan Wu pulled the blanket over the two of them and slid down to the woman’s legs like a fish, his tongue licking the wet, soft crevice.

Ji Lingyue trembled suddenly, and involuntarily grabbed Lan Wu’s hair, letting out a satisfied sigh. Lan Wu spread her legs wider and inserted her tongue into the tight acupoint, soon licking out a wet smacking sound.

“Ah, um… Lan Wu…”

Ji Lingyue squinted uncomfortably. The dampness quickly soaked the white gauze covering her eyes. After she could not see, her other senses became even more acute. Her supple tongue swept across her wet vulva. She could even feel the shape of that thing, which was longer than usual, as it burrowed into the entrance and skillfully licked the folds of flesh.

She was excited by this realization and twisted to meet Lan Wu’s movements, but her mind was also wandering to other things.

When Lan Wu transforms into a demon, she seems to become… more slender than in human form.

The fish's tail is also very strong; if fully extended, it might be twice as long as hers.

Can the tongue grow longer?

The soft flesh inside the vagina gradually contracted. Lan Wu raised her head, took the swollen clitoris into her mouth, and sucked on it with her tongue. Ji Lingyue immediately pressed Lan Wu's head down, trembling as she poured honey into her mouth, and a hoarse sob came from her throat.

After a while, Lan Wu finally crawled out from under the covers, pinched her chin, and kissed her.

Ji Lingyue obediently opened her mouth, breathless from the kiss, and began to moan softly. Unexpectedly, Lan Wu did not let her go this time. Instead, she reached her other hand into the quilt and lifted her buttocks up, the cold, smooth scales pressing tightly against the inside of her thighs.

Ji Lingyue trembled and subconsciously hugged her back, but touched cold scales that were different from before. If she could see her lover at this moment, she would find that Lan Wu was full of demonic aura, with two wavy silver lines on her fair back, and her vertical pupils were full of beastly nature.

"Hmm…"

With less and less air in her lungs, Ji Lingyue weakly pushed her shoulder, her eyelashes trembling beneath the white veil, tears welling up. Lan Wu lowered her eyes to look at the woman's boneless appearance, her hand gently stroking her neck, seemingly hesitant.

Finally, she ended the long kiss. Ji Lingyue suddenly gasped, coughing as she called out in a wronged tone, "Lan, Lan Wu…"

At this moment, the hand on her neck suddenly tightened. Before Ji Lingyue could react, her passage was filled again, and the flesh of her vagina eagerly sucked on the wet tentacles, releasing abundant juice.

"Haa…"

She gasped for breath, tilting her head back, her feet kicking involuntarily on the bed. At that moment, several tentacles emerged from behind Lan Wu's waist. Some coiled around her legs and burrowed into her opening and closing orifice, while others coiled

around her chest and abdomen, binding her arms behind her back and forcing her to thrust her chest high. The last few tentacles took Lan Wu's hands, lifting her wet buttocks and rubbing them against the mermaid's lower abdomen.

There, smooth scales grew, their hard edges scraping harshly against the erect clitoris, causing the woman to jerk: "No, uh…don't…"

Several tentacles alternately penetrated the woman's vagina, making a splashing sound. Ji Lingyue's legs were placed on Lan Wu's shoulders, and her two feet kicked wildly in the air a few times before she trembled and released a stream of honey-like fluid.

"Ah Yue," Lan Wu said in a hoarse voice, her eyes narrowing comfortably, "you've soaked the bedding that Ji Yan brought…"

Ji Lingyue trembled, shook her head, and said in a tearful voice, "No, ah…"

Inside the already stretched-out orifice, besides the smooth tentacles, another finger was inserted. Ji Lingyue cried and gasped, her buttocks trembling slightly, but she gripped the thing that was tormenting her even tighter, stroking it with passion and longing.

Lan Wu casually inserted the needle a few times, her hands covered in honey-like fluid, then pulled it out and pinched the slippery clitoris not far away.

Ji Lingyue suddenly arched her back and twisted her buttocks, trying to get rid of her, but was kneaded even more unscrupulously. The technique was almost devoid of gentleness, but her body trembled uncontrollably. Her vaginal muscles clenched tightly around the tendrils, and she spurted out lewd juices wantonly.

"Uh-huh……"

Ji Lingyue was panting heavily, the white gauze covering her eyes was completely soaked. The extreme pleasure made her whole body weak and powerless, and she didn't even want to move her fingers. Lan Wu turned her over and made her lie face down on the bed, rubbed her bright red vulva, and then squeezed in again, fucking her hard.

Ji Lingyue groaned and fell down, but her waist and hips were lifted up. Her round little mouth tried to swallow the fingers that kept going in and out, and her nipples rubbed against the rough sheets again and again with the swaying of her body.

Without gentle caresses, she felt wronged and said in a trembling voice, “Lan, Lan Wu…”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement: “What’s wrong?”

“Touch it,” she lifted her buttocks, slowly extending her long, slender fingers, then hummed and lowered her back, rubbing her sensitive clitoris against her palm: “Touch here…”

Lan Wu chuckled and pressed herself against her back, kneading her body as she pleased. Soon, the woman’s breathing became heavier and heavier, her body softened, and she let out a soft moan of pleasure.

“Heavier, mmm…so good…”

Her fingertips kneaded, producing a wet, lascivious sound. Soon after, Ji Lingyue hugged Lan Wu’s arm, which was wrapped around her chest, and reached climax, panting heavily.

“Feeling better now?”

Ji Lingyue lay limply on the bed, her gaze unfocused, and obediently hummed in agreement.

“Then let’s continue.”

The liquid dripped down her wrist, and Lan Wu kissed her beautiful back a few times before parting her buttocks and sliding in along the cleft, squelching into her opening.

A familiar wave of pleasure washed over her, and Ji Lingyue clutched the sheets, choking back sobs, “Lan Wu…”

“What’s wrong now?”

“It’s too much,” she said, curling up pitifully, “I don’t want any more…”

“no.”

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then said aggrievedly, “You’re so fierce.”

As she spoke, she groped her way closer, first tentatively rubbing her lips against Lan Wu’s face, then sticking out her tongue to lick it, like a cat confirming its owner’s scent: “You weren’t like this before, are you still in your demonic form…?”

"exist."

Ji Lingyue raised her head: "I want to see you."

Lan Wu pondered for a moment, then reached out to help her remove the white veil. Ji Lingyue's long eyelashes trembled slightly, and her eyes were still red, indicating that she had been crying for quite a while. She stared at Lan Wu for a while and couldn't help but ask, "Even if you are half-demon, will you still grow taller?"

"Of course," Lan Wu said, pulling her onto her lap. "You've seen it before."

In the past, she was half a head taller than Lan Wu in this position, but now the two were at eye level. Ji Lingyue muttered, "I've seen it before, but never in bed."

Lan Wu chuckled, leaned in and gently kissed her lips. Ji Lingyue blinked, then extended her tongue, enticing Lan Wu to entwine with it. After they parted, panting, Lan Wu said with bright eyes, "It really has gotten longer."

Lan Wu was initially confused, but after realizing what was going on, she deliberately asked, "Really? Did you already notice?"

"Um."

"How was it discovered?"

"I..." Ji Lingyue paused, looked at her for a moment, and her face grew redder and redder: "I just found out."

Lan Wu chuckled and rubbed her cheek: "What's there to be embarrassed about? I just discovered it when I was licking you, didn't I?" As she spoke, she gently pushed Ji Lingyue's chest and pressed her down to lie down: "If you've forgotten, I can demonstrate again."

Ji Lingyue blinked, her heart pounding. She didn't flinch when Ji Lingyue spread her legs apart; instead, she was filled with anticipation.

Lan Wu lowered her head, her breath almost splashing onto her wet crotch, but then stopped: "Didn't you just say that it was too much and you didn't want it anymore?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, then said shyly, "That was just now, but

now… I've changed my mind."

"You haven't changed your mind," Lan Wu glanced at her, turned her head and kissed her inner thigh, and said helplessly, "You just like this one more."

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209. Old Things

When I woke up in the morning, there was a thick layer of snow in the yard.

Ji Lingyue pushed open the crooked window, took a deep breath, and felt the dry, cold air that entered her nostrils invigorate her and clear her mind. She turned her head, glanced at Lan Wu who was still fast asleep, and then carefully closed the window and went back inside.

After lying in the warm, cozy bed all night, Lan Wu's body felt especially warm. She found a comfortable spot and lay quietly for a while. She inadvertently noticed the hickeys on the woman's fair neck, so she raised her head and lightly touched them with her lips.

Lan Wu gave a soft hum, draped her arm over her waist, and mumbled, "Aren't you tired?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head, and seeing that her eyes were closed, she said, "I'm not tired."

Lan Wu chuckled: "Of course you're not tired, I'm the one doing all the moving."

She finally opened her eyes, rolled over to lie flat, and casually pulled Ji Lingyue into her arms: "You spoiled brat."

This person speaks boldly, but if you actually do something a little rough or use a harsh tone, they'll look aggrieved and pitifully shed tears. You can't be too gentle or too fierce; they're very difficult to please.

She squinted and pondered for a moment, then pinched her butt: "You even asked me if I'm in heat. If I really am, you'll be the first one who can't stand it." She commented: "Like Lord Ye who loved dragons but was terrified of them."

Ji Lingyue denied it: "I wasn't feeling well last night."

Seeing Lan Wu give a perfunctory "hmm" twice, she frowned and said anxiously, "I… I haven't fully recovered yet. Once I'm better, I can take whatever you do."

Lan Wu snorted, "What can I do? Would I disregard your wishes and force you to stay there and bully you?"

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and remained silent, but a blush gradually appeared on her stern face.

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then burst out laughing: "What are you thinking? You really like it?"

Ji Lingyue quickly denied it: "No!"

"Yeah?"

The fingertips that were gently kneading the buttocks slid down and touched deeper: "It's early in the morning, and this place is quite lively."

Ji Lingyue shuddered, instinctively burying her face in Lan Wu's shoulder, her hot breath falling on Lan Wu's neck, followed by a wet kiss: "Gently, last night… you bit me so hard…"

"Do you resent me?" Lan Wu stroked the messy back of her head and whispered, "It was you who insisted that I keep… um…"

Ji Lingyue, embarrassed and annoyed, blocked her lips, but Lan Wu smiled and cupped her face, turning over and pressing her down: "Relax," she said, rubbing her tender clitoris with her fingertips. Soon, she made the person beneath her moan: "Don't clench so tightly."

Ji Lingyue's face turned red. She slowly opened her legs and hugged her neck: "It's already very wet. Okay, you can go in now."

Lan Wu kissed the tip of her nose in a good mood: "Okay."

After the New Year, Ji Lingyue bid farewell to Ji Yan one afternoon, led her horse down the mountain, and headed east with Lan Wu.

During the day, they passed through town after town, strolled through the moss-covered streets and alleys of the water towns, and stopped to admire the lights of the city. At night, they would stay in an inn like ordinary travelers. If they arrived at a deserted place, they would take out the courtyard that could be expanded and contracted at will and

stay in the desolate wilderness.

Dark clouds loomed, mountains were covered in snow, and amidst the raging wind and snow, only this isolated spot shone with a dim, yellow light.

With a splash, a soaking wet arm emerged from the water and draped over the dry terrace. Ji Lingyue breathed heavily, her moist eyes narrowed, and she gazed blankly at the sky.

The snowflakes, like goose feathers, swept across the barrier above the rooftops, and above the dim clouds, there still seemed to be a hazy glow.

"Um……"

After a soft moan, the merman lifted his face from between her legs, his deep blue eyes fixed on her, though the lower half of his face remained submerged in the water. The woman's crimson vulva released sticky nectar, but also absorbed the cool pool water with each contraction. Ji Lingyue trembled and groaned for a while, then, recovering, rubbed her heel against Lan Wu's back: "More…"

Lan Wu's eyes curved into a smile, then rose slightly, revealing a pair of rosy lips: "But my hands still need to hold your legs, so I can't lick inside. What should I do?"

Ji Lingyue's face flushed even redder. She knew Lan Wu was teasing her again, wanting her to do something wanton. But the hint only excited her more. After a slight hesitation, she slowly reached between her legs and awkwardly parted her soft, wet labia: "Is…is it okay…"

Seemingly surprised by her directness, Lan Wu paused for a moment, her long tail fin swaying unconsciously underwater.

Ji Lingyue suppressed her embarrassment, rubbed her thigh against her face, and urged, "Yes, you can, you can go a little harder…"

Lan Wu pursed her lips and glanced at Ji Lingyue. Her gaze seemed to conceal some danger signal, but Ji Lingyue, caught up in the tide of passion, hadn't figured it out yet when the merman silently sank into the water.

A moment later, she tensed her waist, leaned back weakly, and let out a sweet moan.

The wind and snow outside intensified, pattering against the barrier. After some time, a splashing sound came from the courtyard. The woman was pulled out and made to kneel on the terrace. Water droplets dripped down her body onto the hard, rough wooden planks. She coughed and tried to crawl forward, but was pulled back by her ankle.

“Uh, um…”

Her flushed, throbbing vagina swallowed two more fingers, thrusting them in quickly a few times before shuddering and gushing out a torrent of fluid. Lan Wu emerged from the water, her fishtail transforming into long, slender legs that pressed against Ji Lingyue’s back.

This person was like a ripe fruit; with the slightest squeeze, juice would overflow. Lan Wu rotated her wrist, her fingertips grinding against the fleshy walls. Ji Lingyue suddenly whimpered, her legs trembling uncontrollably: “Lan, Lan Wu, ah…”

“What’s wrong?”

Ji Lingyue said aggrievedly, “My knees hurt…”

“Really?” She lowered her head and kissed the woman’s beautiful shoulder blades, murmuring, “I thought you really liked this position, you were so tight the night before last.”

Ji Lingyue recalled the previous night with a slight delay, her body stiffened, and she bit down even harder.

Lan Wu chuckled: “What did I tell you?”

“No, no…” Ji Lingyue choked back tears as she protested, “The night before last… um, the night before last… someone…”

The night before last, a thief came to the inn to steal things. When he sneaked into their room, Lan Wu had just stretched out her tentacles. The merman was very wicked. Knowing that there was someone under the bed just a few steps away, he still forced his way into the naked woman’s hole from behind. Ji Lingyue was so afraid to breathe, but her little hole was as watery as if it were made of water. It would spurt out with the slightest insertion.

“Really?” Lan Wu said softly, “But that person is just a thirteen or fourteen-year-old girl, and I even set up a barrier. Why are you still so

excited?"

With tears in her eyes, Ji Lingyue accused, "You… ah, you… didn't say… you set up a barrier…"

Lan Wu remained noncommittal, her eyes crinkling as she hugged Ji Lingyue and lay down on her side. Ji Lingyue took a breath and turned her head to ask Lan Wu for a kiss. As the woman kissed her, she placed her legs between Ji Lingyue's legs and used her free hand to grasp her soft breasts.

The fingers inserted into her vagina made soft, wet sounds as they penetrated her. Soon after, Ji Lingyue convulsed, arched her back, and ejaculated with trembling movements.

Having experienced too many orgasms, her body felt sore and weak, and her mind was filled with a wave of weariness. She didn't react much when Lan Wu turned her over, and she let Lan Wu do whatever she wanted to her.

Lan Wu touched her muddy vulva, parted her soft labia, and slowly lowered her waist to press against it.

"Um……"

She squinted, sighed contentedly, and casually swept her sweat-dampened silver hair behind her head, looking languid. Ji Lingyue's long eyelashes trembled, and she stared at her blankly, her heart pounding like a drum.

Lan Wu lay down, gently swaying her hips as she kissed her cheek: "What are you daydreaming about? Sleepy again?"

Ji Lingyue subconsciously shook her head, then nodded, and put her arms around the merman's shoulders: "You're so beautiful."

Lan Wu hummed in agreement: "Thank you, you're very pretty too."

The conversation sounded more like mutual flattery. Ji Lingyue chuckled, then trembled and moaned softly from the pleasure of being ground against her: "Uh…so good…"

Lan Wu asked, "Is this more comfortable, or is being licked more comfortable?"

Ji Lingyue said drowsily, "It's all comfortable."

"If I have to choose one?"

Her clitoris was rubbed hard, and Ji Lingyue suddenly gripped her back tightly, choking back tears as she replied, "Lick…I like it…"

Lan Wu smiled slightly, increasing the pressure of her grinding motion, and let out a soft, seductive sigh: "Hmm… if, if you bother me again early tomorrow morning, then… I won't let you lick me anymore…"

"Uh-huh……"

The next day, before dawn, Lan Wu was shaken awake. The person shaking her kept calling out, as if calling her soul, "Lan Wu, Lan Wu, Lan Wu…"

Lan Wu let out a soft moan and turned over, burying her face in the pillow.

"Lan Wu, the sunrise is almost here," Ji Lingyue emphasized, pulling her arm forcefully outward. "This is the sunrise over the Kunlun Mountains."

Lan Wu muttered in a low voice, "They're both snow-capped peaks, so what's the difference between their sunrises and those at Haochen Mountain?"

"Of course they're different," Ji Lingyue said. "We've seen the sunrise at Haochen Mountain together, but not at Kunlun Mountain. I want to see it with you."

After a long silence, Lan Wu took a deep breath and struggled to pull herself out of the pillow: "Okay, let's watch together!"

She was dressed neatly and led out of the warm courtyard by Ji Lingyue. She couldn't help but shiver. When Ji Lingyue noticed, she squeezed into her arms and acted as a human heater.

The two embraced, waiting for the sunrise under a sky full of stars.

Soon, a cold snowflake landed on the tip of her nose. Lan Wu was startled, looked up, and found that snowflakes had started falling again. Ji Lingyue also noticed this and frowned in disappointment: "It's cleared up, why is it snowing again?"

It seemed we wouldn't be able to see the sunrise, so Lan Wu

comforted her, “It’s alright. Even if the weather isn’t cooperating this time, we can come back another time, and we’ll definitely be able to see it eventually.”

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and gave a listless “hmm”.

Lan Wu exclaimed, cupped her face and rubbed it: “What’s the big deal? Isn’t it said that Kunlun Mountain is snowy for half the year and sunny for the other half? Even though we didn’t see the sunrise, we were lucky to catch the snow.”

After being thoroughly tormented by her, Ji Lingyue’s disappointment gradually faded, and she smiled, “Well, then I’ll come again later.”

Lan Wu nodded and happily led her back.

Ji Lingyue asked instinctively, “Should we pack our things and get going?”

“No,” Lan Wu replied, “I need to take a nap.”

Half a month later, they finally arrived at the shore of the East Sea and sailed towards Penglai. Standing on the shore to greet them was Lan Yuan. With her arms crossed, she said with dissatisfaction as soon as she saw them, “You two are really moving at a snail’s pace. You took so long to travel such a short distance. Do you know how many days I’ve been waiting here!”

From a distance, Lan Wu could only hear his voice, but she still felt guilty: “What’s the rush? We’re here now.”

Lan Yuan snorted, and seeing their small boat dock, she still reached out to help the people who had jumped off: “Of course you’re not in a hurry, but I only have one month left before I have to go back to the South China Sea, and I won’t have the freedom you have.”

Lan Wu pursed her lips, glanced behind her, and asked with some surprise, “Didn’t Senior Sister Meng come with you?”

“She went back to Haochen Mountain for some business,” Lan Yuan said, then looked at her with a puzzled expression. “But why are you asking her? And why did she come with me?”

Lan Wu hesitated for a moment and then nodded, saying, “I was just asking.”

"Speaking of this," Lan Yuan said, taking out a paper crane from her bosom. "She gave me this before she left, saying that as long as I tore it up, she could come in time."

Ji Lingyue blinked and said at the right moment, "Senior sister is so thoughtful."

Lan Yuan turned to look at her, even more puzzled: "Intentional? Hmm, although we are indeed sworn brothers after this battle, there's no need to be so intimate, is there? Besides, could I possibly encounter any dangerous situation that requires her to come to my aid in time?"

Ji Lingyue was silent for a moment, then hesitantly hummed in agreement: "You, what you said makes sense."

Lan Wu chuckled and changed the subject, saying, "Alright, since you arrived a few days earlier, do you know anything about the situation of the other disciples of Penglai?"

Lan Yuan nodded and led them inside: "The elders of Penglai and those disciples who knew the truth have been escorted to Zhongzhou and will soon undergo the Trial of the Three Sects and be sent to the Execution Platform. As for those truly innocent disciples, they have been taken in by the three major immortal sects. From now on, the Penglai sect will cease to exist."

"Then… do you have any news about Chu Jiao?"

Lan Yuan was taken aback. Remembering that this person was a member of the Chu family who had betrayed them and helped them in Shiling City, she said, "Yes, although she also made a big mistake, she redeemed herself. After discussing it, the sect leaders decided to let her go and ordered her to guard Shiling City for a hundred years, during which time she was not allowed to leave."

Lan Wu pursed her lips and said, "It can be considered a good ending."

Just then, a figure suddenly came running from afar: "Your Highness…Your Majesty!"

Lan Wu narrowed her eyes and examined him: "Feng Yi?"

Lan Yuan hummed in agreement: "Although there are not many people left on this island, there is still a lot of clutter left behind. I asked Feng Yi to bring some merfolk to clean it up and throw out the

things that belong to the Chu family. We have already done several rounds of throwing them out in the past few days."

As she spoke, she looked up and asked, "What's wrong?"

Feng Yi jogged over: "I found a painting in the Chu family ancestral hall."

"Ancestral hall?" Lan Yuan frowned, annoyed. "Didn't I tell you to smash it?"

"Yes, it was discovered when it was being smashed. The painting was in the corner, and we wouldn't have noticed it if the shelf hadn't fallen over. Your Majesty, would you like to take a look?"

Lan Yuan refused: "What's so interesting about the Chu family's paintings?"

Lan Wu listened with curiosity: "What painting? Let me see."

Feng Yi paused for a moment, then handed the scroll to her: "I think this painting must be quite important."

Lan Wu gave a dismissive "oh" and slowly unfurled the scroll. Her casual gaze fell upon it, but she was taken aback. Seeing her reaction, Lan Yuan became interested and stepped closer.

It was an old painting, the paper yellowed with age, yet the woman in the painting remained lifelike, dressed in white as snow, her smiling eyes gazing tenderly at the person outside the painting.

Even though it was the first time they had met, she instantly realized who this person was.

They look so similar, yet their temperaments are completely different.

Lan Wu was silent for a moment, then handed the painting to Lan Yuan: "You take it."

Lan Yuan stared at the painting without blinking for a long time before finally looking up with a sad smile: "So… this is what she looks like."

Two hundred and ten. Willing.

After carefully putting the scroll away, Lan Yuan continued up the mountain, with Lan Wu following behind her. Suddenly remembering

something, Lan Wu asked, “Do you have a way to get into the underground palace beneath this island?”

Lan Yuan shook her head: “When I came here a few days ago, I sent people to look for the entrance to the underground palace, but unfortunately we couldn’t find it. The pool you fell into back then is also buried tightly. Although it should be possible to break it open by force, I think… there’s no need for that.”

“That’s true,” Lan Wu sighed softly, “Let them sleep peacefully and don’t disturb them.”

Lan Yuan nodded and casually asked, “However, I haven’t figured out how to use this island yet. Do you have any ideas?”

Lan Wu pondered for a moment: “Living here is definitely not an option, the sea creatures probably wouldn’t want to come. However, the climate here is pleasant and the place is blessed with beautiful scenery, so it’s quite suitable for growing medicinal herbs. How about we turn it into a medicinal herb garden in the future?”

“Such a big island, used as a medicinal herb garden?” Lan Yuan rolled her eyes at her without any politeness: “What a waste.”

“I think it could be used as a training ground,” Ji Lingyue suggested, looking around. “This place is rich in spiritual energy and sparse in demonic energy. It’s not very useful to the sea race, but it’s a rare cultivation treasure for cultivators. You could set aside an area and lend it to the major immortal sects, collecting generous rewards in return. Or you could propose more favorable conditions for the sea race in future talks, and then plant spiritual herbs in other areas. Wouldn’t that kill two birds with one stone?”

Lan Yuan turned her head and looked at her with surprise and uncertainty: “I really didn’t expect you to be so clever.”

Ji Lingyue was stunned for a moment, and only after she had walked away did she turn around and ask, “Was she praising me?”

Lan Wu affirmed, “Of course.”

Ji Lingyue frowned: “Why do I feel like she’s insulting me?”

“What did I say to you?”

“They called me stupid before.”

Lan Wu chuckled: "Isn't that because I'm not stupid?"

Ji Lingyue was confused by her. After a long while, she opened her eyes wide and said, "So she really was cursing at me…"

Lan Wu quickly coughed and took her hand, leading her forward: "Alright, that's just her personality. She might say hurtful things sometimes, but she really likes you."

Lan Yuan called out from afar, "I didn't!"

"Look, she's being stubborn again."

Lan Yuan, unable to bear it any longer, turned around and said, "Hurry up, it's only a few steps and you're still dawdling, are you a tortoise spirit?"

"They're here, they're here."

After walking up a section of stone steps leading up the mountain, Lan Yuan pointed out the courtyard where they would be staying that night, and added, "We won't be staying for too long. After A-Xing Qi-Qi, we'll go to the Demon Realm."

Lan Wu was taken aback and turned to look at her. The woman's face was very calm, and she said casually, "I heard that the soul of a demon will stay in the mortal world for forty-nine days before leaving her relatives and friends and peacefully entering the Yellow Springs. Since that's the case, I'll stay with her until the last day."

Lan Wu pursed her lips and asked, "Where did you hear that from?"

"I forgot." Lan Yuan lowered her eyes and said softly, "Perhaps it was just a memory of mine."

A silent stillness fell over the surroundings until Ji Lingyue broke the silence and said, "Alright, then we'll wait until after the Seventh Day of the Seventh Month before we leave."

Splash—

The gentle sea breeze caressed her ankles. Lan Wu brushed aside the strands of hair that were blowing in front of her eyes and looked at Ji Lingyue, who was squatting in the damp sand, groping for something.

"Ah…" Ji Lingyue stood up and presented her hand to Lan Wu like a treasure, with a tender pink seashell lying quietly in her palm: "This is

quite pretty."

"Yes, it's very pretty." Lan Wu took it and put it into the small cloth bag she was carrying in her other hand. "Your trouser legs are all wet, aren't you cold?"

"It's not cold."

She turned around, her gaze falling on the beach repeatedly washed by the sea, as if she wanted to continue searching for these pretty little trinkets. Lan Wu hesitated for a moment, then finally called out, "A-Yue."

Ji Lingyue turned around: "Hmm?"

Lan Wu asked in a low voice, "Will you be unhappy?"

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then turned to face her and said, "No."

"She's dead, and I've avenged myself. That's enough. Besides, even if I hate her and despise her, I have no right to stop others from remembering her and sending her off on her final journey." As she spoke, she took a step closer to Lan Wu and said earnestly, "To me, Ji Xing is just an enemy, but to Lan Yuan and you, her identity is much more complicated. It can't be simply summarized as liking or disliking… So, I can understand Lan Yuan's thoughts and I won't stop her from doing what she wants to do."

Lan Wu blinked: "Sorry…"

Ji Lingyue chuckled and said helplessly, "Lan Wu, you always empathize with others so easily, so many things that aren't your fault still make you sad. But in fact, it's not your fault, so why do you feel sorry?"

Lan Wu was taken aback and looked at her speechlessly, but Ji Lingyue took another step forward and gently cupped her face: "However, this is probably why I fell in love with you."

Despite being a fragile and delicate little demon, she accompanied a human she had only recently met to a place that was considered a den of dragons and tigers by demons, out of concern for her.

"If you weren't this kind of person, perhaps we would just be strangers who met by chance, traveled together briefly, and then parted ways,

never to appear in each other's lives again."

Lan Wu pursed her lips and lowered her eyes uneasily: "Actually… actually, back then, I almost ran away."

"Since it was almost, there's no need to talk about it." Ji Lingyue shook her head and smiled. "After all, you came back in the end."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, her eyes slightly moist: "Then I won't say anything."

She stretched out her arms and pulled the woman into her embrace, letting out a long sigh: "Ah Yue, would you be willing to form a bond of love with me?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: "A Pact of Shared Hearts?"

"It's…it's a marriage contract…"

"Of course I know!" Ji Lingyue suddenly raised her voice, astonished, "Were you just proposing to me?"

Lan Wu was stunned for a moment: "Um… um? Really? I…"

Ji Lingyue grabbed her shoulders tightly and pushed her back a little, looking anxious: "No, this doesn't count. You have to say it again, at least… at least it has to be more formal, not so casual!"

Lan Wu opened her mouth, flustered by her words: "Ah, okay, okay, I…you're willing…"

She stammered, several times more nervous than the first time. Not only were her eyes watery, but her cheeks were also as red as peaches. When Ji Lingyue saw her like this, her previous dissatisfaction and eagerness miraculously vanished. Before Lan Wu could finish speaking, she beamed and threw herself into her arms: "I do!"

———

Miscalculation. Looks like the long chapter will have to wait until tomorrow. (????)

Yuebao: In my mind, a marriage proposal should be a formal and romantic occasion. How could you propose barefoot in the water? ＼(`Δ')/

Yuebao: I need to say yes right away! O(≧▽≦)O

211. Discuss

The door slammed open with a loud crack. Lan Wu glanced at it, relieved that the place was secluded. The person pressed against her grumbled in dissatisfaction, biting her tongue and mumbling, “Don’t get distracted…”

She closed the door behind her, then swayed and pressed Lan Wu against the wall, her breath hot: “Touch me.”

Lan Wu kissed her lips, her cool fingertips probing inside her thin clothes, sliding up her waist, and grasping her full, soft breasts.

“Um……”

Rapid breathing echoed in the cramped room. The woman pressed almost her entire weight against her. Lan Wu raised her head and pinned her against the wall, asking in a hoarse voice, “Has it been a bit more frequent lately?”

Ji Lingyue loosened her belt: “Not frequently.”

“But…it’s not dark yet.”

Ji Lingyue pulled her clothes down to her shoulders, leaned in, and lightly bit her fair neck: “It’s not like we haven’t done it during the day before.”

“Ugh…” Lan Wu shrank back. The kiss marks left from last night were still visible on her shoulders and chest, which were covered by her clothes. Ji Lingyue noticed the marks, put her palm on Lan Wu’s back, hugged her, and stumbled towards the bed.

One by one, the thin clothes fell to the ground, and as she sank into the soft bed, Lan Wu was already completely naked. The person on top of her was also naked. As she leaned down to kiss him, she murmured, “If you are tired, I will take over.”

“It’s not a matter of being tired or not,” Lan Wu groaned, glancing at the faint sunlight streaming through the window. “If Lan Yuan sends someone over…”

Before she could finish speaking, the window slammed shut. Lan Wu fell silent, shut her mouth, and looked at Ji Lingyue in silence.

The woman tilted her head, a smug smile in her eyes, as if waiting for

her to continue making excuses.

Lan Wu reached out and gently stroked her eyebrows and the corners of her eyes: “Have your eyes changed back?”

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then shook her head and said, “According to Elder Yao, once I fully recover and my demonic energy is abundant, I will turn red again.” She then asked sensitively, “What, you don’t like it?”

“No way,” Lan Wu quickly denied, and took the initiative to cup her face and kiss her: “Red eyes are so majestic, like pomegranate seeds, very beautiful.”

Ji Lingyue was delighted to hear this and couldn’t help but curl up her lips. Before she knew it, Lan Wu pressed her down. The merman stroked her waist, pinched her soft buttocks, and then slid into the wet black bush. She shuddered and curled up her legs.

“At any other time, I’ll do as you please.” Lan Wu hugged her, parted her soft, wet labia, and gently massaged the clitoris inside. “But my sister said she’s going to have a get-together with us and the other merfolk tonight. We can’t be late and keep them waiting.”

Ji Lingyue murmured, “It’s…it’s still early, we won’t be late.”

“Do you even believe it yourself?” Lan Wu kissed her squinting eyes and said helplessly, “If we let you do whatever you want, it’ll be past midnight again.”

The person in her arms gradually began to moan as she was being caressed, her head resting on her shoulder as she softly groaned. Lan Wu lowered her head and took her lips and tongue into her mouth. Once her fingertips were covered in sticky honey, she squeezed open the tender flesh of her opening and thrust inside, making soft, wet sounds.

Before long, Ji Lingyue hunched her shoulders and let out a soft moan.

Her damp hands then cupped her rounded buttocks, and Lan Wu touched her slightly sweaty back, asking, “Are you thirsty?”

Ji Lingyue caught her breath and said in a hoarse voice, “A little.”

Lan Wu then pulled one of her legs around her waist and patted her bottom: “Hold on tight.”

The woman understood and tightened her grip around her waist. Lan Wu got off the bed barefoot, supporting the person who was clinging to her like a koala, and walked step by step to the table to pour her a cup of tea.

Ji Lingyue held her teacup, gulped down the water, and then suddenly asked, “Where are my seashells?”

Lan Wu was a little confused by her jumping thoughts and asked in confusion, “I put it in my storage bag, what’s wrong?”

Ji Lingyue said “Oh,” and then added, “Those seashells can be thrown into the pond at home later, along with your big seashell…” She blinked and asked seriously, “When are you going to bring your big seashell home?”

Lan Wu had almost forgotten about this, and only when she heard her ask did she remember that she had indeed promised to do so, so she said, “I’ll move it when I go back to the South China Sea in a while.” After saying that, she asked curiously, “But why do you like that seashell so much? You’ve never even seen it before.”

Ji Lingyue gave her a meaningful look: “You’ll know once you move back.”

“You’re still keeping me in suspense,” Lan Wu said, amused, tickling her. When she couldn’t stand it and tried to pull away, Lan Wu pressed her down onto the table, propped herself up on her waist, and kissed her.

“Hmm…” Ji Lingyue pinched her shoulders, struggling to pull her buttocks up: “So cold…”

“It won’t be cold in a little while.” Lan Wu parted her knees, her fingertips squeezing into the opening, while her thumb pressed on the erect clitoris and rubbed it vigorously.

Ji Lingyue gasped for breath, her buttocks clenched, and her red lips uttered moans of “uh-huh.” Soon after, she trembled and released her vaginal fluids. Lan Wu did not stop, but withdrew her fingers and continued to rub her sensitive, swollen clitoris with her palm.

“Mmm!” She shuddered, her legs kicking in the air as she tried to back away, unable to bear it any longer: “No more… Ah, Lan Wu…”

The wet, lustful fluid dripped down her thighs, gradually piling up on

the table. Lan Wu gently pulled, and she slid back, inserting two fingers as well.

Ji Lingyue suddenly let out a long moan, her toes curling up from the stimulation, and a gush of fluid spurted from her anus. Each time it was inserted, a small stream of fluid continued to emerge. Lan Wu glanced down at her and smiled, "A-Yue…"

Ji Lingyue blushed and said in embarrassment and anger, "No, you're not allowed to say it!"

"So domineering," Lan Wu smiled and leaned in to kiss her lips, which were emitting sobs. "Then I won't say it."

The clouds dispersed and the rain stopped. The two of them lay back down on the bed. Ji Lingyue finally calmed down from the excitement after being proposed to. She lay drowsily in her arms, looking listless.

Lan Wu gently patted her back. Seeing that she was extremely sleepy but was still trying not to close her eyes, she couldn't help but ask, "Why aren't you sleeping?"

Ji Lingyue lifted her eyelids to glance at her, and said haltingly, "Aren't we supposed to get together tonight…?"

Lan Wu chuckled: "There's still an hour left, go to sleep, I'll wake you up then."

Ji Lingyue blinked, then said a beat late, "Okay."

She closed her eyes peacefully, and soon her breathing became steady. Lan Wu gently stroked her relaxed brows, patiently tidied her messy hair, and whispered, "A-Yue."

Ji Lingyue remained silent, presumably fast asleep.

Lan Wu smiled, pulled the blanket over the two of them, and then casually took out a storybook to pass the time.

After watching for a while, she slowly frowned and muttered to herself, "Does human marriage have to be this complicated?"

Turn the page: "Ten miles of red bridal procession?"

Turning the page again: "Phoenix coronet and embroidered robe?"

She frowned, looking troubled: "Could it be…"

“Isn’t it enough for you to personally craft the most beautiful coral crown and then place it on her head during the wedding ceremony?” Lan Yuan asked疑惑地, “Then what is this ‘red makeup’ thing?”

Lan Wu whispered, “It’s something that humans need to get married.”

“She’s not human anymore, why would she need human red makeup? Let’s do it the way our merfolk do.”

Lan Wu shook her head: “No, although A Yue is a demon now, she grew up as a human and her bond with the human race cannot be severed. Even if we are to get married, we cannot only consider our local customs.”

Lan Yuan clicked her tongue: “Don’t forget, you’re not only a princess of the Merfolk, but also the only sister of the current Sea Emperor. Do you really want to hold a human wedding banquet in front of the entire sea race?”

Lan Wu hesitated for a moment, then said hesitantly, “How about… we hold two events?”

Under Lan Yuan’s shocked gaze, she pondered, “I think it would be great to hold it on the day of your coronation ceremony. The sea tribe will all be there to celebrate your coronation that day, and there will be a palace already decorated. You can be enthroned there in the morning, and we can get married there in the evening. This way, they won’t have to make two trips, and it will save us some money…”

Lan Yuan interrupted her: “Don’t you think you’re being a bit perfunctory?”

“No way,” Lan Wu said, “There’s a second round. We’ll find a good location on land, like Xuan Yu’s Burning Sound Valley, which would be nice. I’ll also invite Master, Shan Ye, and other friends…”

Before she could finish speaking, she felt uneasy under Lan Yuan’s scrutinizing gaze, and her voice trailed off: “What’s wrong?”

Lan Yuan narrowed her eyes: “So, you mean you want to make the sea tribe’s wedding banquet a bit perfunctory, but make the human tribe’s wedding banquet a proper one? Is that what you mean?”

Lan Wu: “…Oh? Is that so?”

“You’re asking me again?” Lan Yuan suddenly reached out and

grabbed her ear: "Look at you, always siding with outsiders! What kind of merman are you? You should just be called a mermaid!"

Lan Wu quickly covered her ears, and after being chased by Ji Lingyue for a few steps, she bumped into Ji Lingyue's arms. The woman had been drinking with Feng Yi and the others for a while, and her face was now covered with powder, but her eyes were still bright: "What's wrong? Did you make her angry again?"

Lan Wu quickly hid behind her and shook her head: "No."

"No?" Lan Yuan's eyebrows shot up. "She wants to hold two wedding banquets. The one with the sea tribe will just be a formality, while the one with the human tribe will be held properly. Is that what you call not making me angry?!"

After her angry rebuke, she noticed Lan Wu shaking her head nervously at her, and was taken aback: "What?" She looked at Ji Lingyue's astonished face and said, "Didn't you two discuss this?"

Ji Lingyue blinked and turned to look at Lan Wu: "What wedding banquet?"

Lan Wu knew her surprise was over, so she pouted and said dejectedly, "That's right, just like in the storybooks, very lively, with a ten-mile-long red bridal procession and a wedding banquet with phoenix coronet and embroidered robes. Isn't that how human weddings are?"

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then slowly smiled and said, "Lan Wu, I don't need that."

Lan Wu looked at her suspiciously: "Really?"

"Yes," she nodded, "You know my personality. I can't handle overly lively scenes. I just want to form a bond with you, become your partner, and have a meal with my closest friends. That would be enough for me."

Lan Wu was silent for a moment, then pursed her lips and said, "I understand."

Lan Yuan interjected, "What about the sea tribe's wedding banquet…"

"I can cooperate," Ji Lingyue turned her head and smiled. "I understand. As a princess of the sea tribe, Lan Wu represents the face

of the sea tribe. It's just a formality, nothing difficult."

Lan Yuan touched her chin in disbelief: "Am I the only one in this family who wants to throw a grand sea tribe wedding banquet?"

"Of course," Lan Wu said, "Holding the coronation ceremony is troublesome enough. Making them prepare a wedding ceremony on top of that would be too much of a waste of resources and manpower."

Lan Yuan sighed and said helplessly, "Forget it, I'm just worrying about things that don't concern me. If you like it, then so be it."

212. Rules

On the day she left the island, Lan Wu came to Ji Xing's tomb alone.

The sun shines brightly here, the trees are lush and green, and in the distance you can see the vast, shimmering sea. She squinted, looked up at the cloudless sky, and murmured to herself, "Sister has chosen a good place for you."

The sea breeze gently caressed her face. After standing quietly for a while, she took out a white chrysanthemum from behind her back, bent down and placed it down.

"Ji Xing, may you have a peaceful and prosperous next life."

Not far away, Ji Lingyue was basking in the warm sunlight, waiting for her. When Lan Wu walked over, she opened her eyes and calmly asked, "Have you finished speaking?"

Lan Wu nodded: "I'm done talking, let's go."

They traveled day and night toward the demon realm, and a few days later, they arrived at Stone Ridge City once again.

After the great battle, the cultivators who had gathered here went their separate ways. Although there were not many people left behind, they managed to keep the town in good order. Lan Wu and her companions entered from the east gate and headed west along the central avenue. All they saw were peaceful and harmonious streets and houses. But just a line away from the barrier, there was a clear distinction between the yellow sand and the oasis.

A demon envoy was already waiting at the other end. Upon seeing

them, he bowed and said, “You have finally arrived. His Majesty has been waiting for you for a long time.”

Lan Yuan hummed in agreement, then turned to look at Lan Wu: “Are you going to see Yun Chuhe with me, or would you like to go to Yandu first?”

“Let’s go to Yandu,” Lan Wu said. “The new royal palace is probably not in Yandu anymore.”

“Indeed,” the demon envoy replied, “Your Majesty was originally the Demon Lord of Yundu, and now the new royal palace is naturally located in Yundu.”

Lan Yuan nodded: “Alright, I’ll take Feng Yi and the others to Yundu. After you’ve finished your business, come find me in Yundu too.”

“good.”

After discussing it, Lan Wu and Ji Lingyue accepted the jade tokens handed to them by the demon envoy, left the group, and flew towards Yandu. Along the way, birds sang and flowers bloomed everywhere, and as far as the eye could see, there were fertile fields stretching for thousands of miles. Ji Lingyue couldn’t help but admire it and said, “This place is even more beautiful than Zhongzhou.”

“Yes,” Lan Wu glanced at the green grass at her feet and said softly, “It’s all thanks to Auntie.”

The towering walls were now partially visible. For the last stretch, they landed on the ground and followed the bustling horde of demons into the city. A vibrant, lively street came into view; a casual glance revealed all sorts of monsters. Ji Lingyue carefully avoided a tall, strong woman. As she turned, she inadvertently glanced at the woman’s trailing tail, only to be rudely rebuked: “What are you looking at?”

She paused for a moment, but before she could speak, the woman stormed off in a huff.

Lan Wu pulled her to her side and said with a smile, “Tails are very important to demons, even somewhat private. Some demons like others to see them, while others don’t. So, if you’re not familiar with a demon, it’s best not to stare at their tails.”

Ji Lingyue retorted, “I wasn’t watching it either.”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement: "I know, but that's just how monsters are. You'll get used to it."

"And what about you? Do you like being looked at, or don't you like being looked at?"

"I'm a merman, of course I like it." Lan Wu curled her lips and said, "When we're in the sea, we often compare whose tail is stronger and whose scales are shinier."

"And then what happened?"

"Of course it's me," Lan Wu said proudly. "I dare say that no one's tail is prettier than Lan Yuan's, well… maybe Lan Yuan's is slightly inferior."

Ji Lingyue smiled and pursed her lips: "I think they're about the same."

"How are they similar? Our scales are clearly different in shape, size, and color. When my scales are ground into powder, they emit a brighter light in the dark than hers."

"Why do we have to compare these?" Ji Lingyue had never heard of this before. Seeing that she was about to explain the differences between the scales in detail, she changed the subject and said, "I heard Lan Yuan say that when merfolk get married, they will personally forge a coral crown for their lover. Should I make one for you too?"

Lan Wu blinked and shook her head: "No need, I can do it myself."

What kind of person do you want to be?

"I won't tell you," she said, turning her hands behind her back, then becoming smug again. "But before that, I need to choose the most beautiful pearl for the crown."

"With your own pearls?"

"Otherwise what?" Lan Wu glanced at her sideways, displeased. "Do you want someone else's pearls?"

"Of course not," Ji Lingyue said, "It's just, it's just…"

The thought of Lan Wu shedding tears while making this crown was both touching and funny.

“Don’t worry,” Lan Wu said firmly, “I will definitely cry out the most beautiful pearls.”

As they spoke, the two gradually entered Wanxiang Gate, climbed the stone steps, and walked towards the towering palace. Unlike the bustling scene behind them, there was only silent stillness here, with only the occasional startled bird flying from the branches, making a rustling sound. When Lan Wu reached the palace gate, she saw that there were still a few guards stationed there, so she showed them the jade token that the demon envoy had given her earlier.

The guard glanced at it, then respectfully returned the jade token to her and made way for her. As Lan Wu stepped across the threshold, she felt a chilling coldness rush towards her, and the hall was even darker.

She hesitated and asked, “There aren’t any windows here?”

The guard replied, “There used to be, but the late king disliked light, so he sealed them all off.”

“Is that so?” Lan Wu hesitated for a moment, then continued to walk deeper into the hall. Her light footsteps echoed in the empty hall. The further she went in, the darker it became. Finally, at the end, she saw the only light in the dim darkness.

That was the light of the souls of the dead.

“So this is what it feels like, Aunt?” she murmured softly, stepping forward and carefully picking up the lamp. “In this boundless bitter cold, only this little light can accompany you through the long night.”

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and stayed by her side without saying a word.

After a long while, Lan Wu sighed and was about to undo the spell on the lamp when the person beside her suddenly turned around and asked warily, “Who’s there!”

She was startled and quickly turned around, only to find a figure slowly emerging from the darkness not far away, strolling leisurely towards them.

Ji Lingyue conjured a long sword from the ground: “Stop.”

The man stood still and didn’t come forward: “Don’t worry, I mean no

harm."

Lan Wu frowned and sized her up. The woman had delicate features and a tall figure. Although she wore a plain black robe, the sleeves were embroidered with complex and strange patterns in gold thread, indicating that she was no ordinary person.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" Lan Wu asked suspiciously. "I don't sense any demonic aura or spiritual energy on you. Are you a demon?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head: "She doesn't have any demonic energy on her, she's not a demon."

That's strange.

Lan Wu raised an eyebrow: "Are you human?"

The woman smiled slightly: "You don't need to know my identity. I'm here simply to make a deal with you."

"What deal?"

"I want your wild rice flowers, and for that, I can grant you one request."

Lan Wu suddenly tensed up: "What did you say? What about wild rice flower?"

"There's no need for that. I know it's with you." The woman sighed. "Everyone knows that the wild rice flower grows in chaotic times and is made from the blood and flesh of countless beings. Eating it can grant immortality. But this kind of immortality is actually taking the lifespan of those countless dead beings and transferring it to oneself. This kind of immortality technique breaks the laws of life and death and is not tolerated by the Heavenly Dao."

What do you mean by saying all this?

"What I mean is that the order of life and death needs to be restored, and the wild rice flower should not exist in this world."

Lan Wu frowned even more deeply: "This realm?"

The woman pursed her lips and asked, "Have you ever wondered why, among all the people who have ascended to immortality over the millennia, none of them have returned?"

Ji Lingyue said, "Because after transcending the tribulation and becoming an immortal, one can no longer interfere in the affairs of the mortal world."

"Indeed, the three realms do not interfere with each other; this is the law of Heaven." The woman said, "When you were alive, we should not have had any interaction. Unfortunately, the reappearance of the wild rice flower forced me to come."

Lan Wu asked sharply, "Again?"

The woman glanced at her and said slowly, "The soul of the deceased and the blood of loved ones enter the ghost realm, are soaked in the waters of the River of Oblivion for forty-nine days, and then possess a living body, thus being resurrected." She paused, then said calmly, "How do you think Zisangchu obtained the waters of the River of Oblivion while in the mortal realm?"

213. Encounter

Long ago, the Qing family of Ximo welcomed twin daughters. The elder sister was named Qinghe, and the younger sister was named Qingmiao. They were born and raised in Wangliang City. They were inseparable and very close. At that time, Wangliang City was just an ordinary small town in the vast yellow sand.

Qinghe was gentle and dignified, while her younger sister was unrestrained and fearless. She dared to travel the world and uphold justice as soon as she reached the Foundation Establishment stage. Several years later, her troublesome younger sister returned home with another woman by her side.

At first, Qinghe didn't know the woman's identity. She only thought that the woman was arrogant and always put on airs. She would only smile when she was with Qingmiao. Later, she learned that the woman's name was Zisangchu and that she was the crown princess of the Zisang Kingdom on the border.

She had heard of the Zisang Kingdom. Although its territory was small, its people were brave and skilled in battle. They worshipped the white wolf as their totem and revered women. The Zisang clan had been ordinary mortals for generations, but only Zisang Chu embarked on the path of seeking immortality.

But embarking on this path means leaving the mortal world behind. When Qinghe asked, she replied, "Even without me, there is my sister.

Zisang will never lack an heir."

After saying that, she smiled slightly at Qinghe: "I had never left Zisang before, and I didn't know that the world was so vast. Now, I want to see all kinds of scenery and spend countless seasons with Qingmiao. In short, I have so many things I want to do with her."

Unfortunately, the beautiful scenery was fleeting. Wangliang City was the town closest to the demon realm. Since Qinghe was born, it had experienced many conflicts with the demon race, large and small. That particular conflict was especially tragic. She and Zisang had higher cultivation levels and went outside the city to fight the demon race. However, nearly a hundred earth demons had already infiltrated the town behind them. By the time they rushed back, Wangliang City had become a dead city.

Her lover and sister died in the disaster.

In the years that followed, she rebuilt the City of Demons, transforming it into the most impregnable city, standing tall in the vast western desert as the first line of defense against the demon race.

During these long years, she would occasionally hear news of Zi Sang Chu. She heard that Zi Sang Chu had never given up and was searching everywhere for a way to be resurrected. She heard that there was an internal strife in Zi Sang Kingdom, and the king and his successor were killed by the rebels. At the critical moment, Zi Sang Chu rushed back to his homeland, quelled the rebellion, and became the new king. After that, she entrusted the city of Wangliang to a branch of the Qing family, took her lover and went far away to a foreign land. She entered the body of the ancient beast Tuntian and remained forever in the frozen time.

"After Zisang became the ruler, she took over a country beset by internal and external troubles. Although she was determined to find a way to revive her lover, she could not abandon her subjects. Unfortunately, with the surrounding countries eyeing her covetously and attacking her together, even with her powerful cultivation, she could not save the country from destruction." Zhong Heng said calmly, "The building was about to collapse, and she was powerless to stop it."

Lan Wu paused for a moment: "But I heard that the history books record that she took the initiative to start the war. After the war, she was pushed off the throne by her angry subjects. She was also

seriously injured and disappeared without a trace."

"History books?" Zhong Heng chuckled. "Aren't human history books all written by the victors?"

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then remained silent.

"Zisang tried to save her country and people, but she failed. Countless corpses watered a wild rice flower. She was also seriously wounded on the battlefield. When the country was destroyed, her loyal general Chu Qingchan took her away to escape."

"On the run, she was on the verge of death, but Chu Qingchan fed her that flower in order to save her."

Lan Wu asked in astonishment, "That flower was used on Zi Sang Chu?"

"Indeed, after Zisang Chu ate that flower, she came back to life. They traveled eastward, crossing the entire continent, and finally stopped on an unnamed island in the vast ocean."

Lan Wu blinked and murmured, "Penglai."

Zhong Heng hummed in agreement: "Speaking of which, Chu Qingchan can be considered your ancestor."

"…If, as you say, Zisang Chu ate that flower and gained immortality, then who is buried in the underground palace?"

It's her.

Before Lan Wu could question her, she continued, "As I said before, the Gu Ling flower should not exist in this world, nor should anyone gain immortality through it. So, I found Zi Sang Chu and told her that I could grant her one condition, but she would have to give up her endless lifespan."

"She agreed?"

"Yes," Zhong Heng said, "She wanted me to resurrect Qingmiao, so I resurrected Qingmiao."

"Is that resurrection?" Ji Lingyue said coldly, "What you resurrected is nothing but an empty shell."

Zhong Heng said frankly, "But Zi Sang Chu didn't say he wanted to be

resurrected to his original state."

"You!" Ji Lingyue clenched her fists involuntarily: "You're just making excuses! You're simply deceiving her."

"I think she had foreseen this all along." Zhong Heng glanced at her indifferently: "After seeing that resurrected body, she asked me why Qingmiao hadn't returned. I told her the method of resurrection and that only if the soul is still intact and still lingers in this world can it be resurrected in its original form. As for Qingmiao, he has already entered the Yellow Springs for reincarnation."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then said, "She…"

"You might think she would be sad and angry, but actually, after hearing it, she smiled at me and thanked me for telling her the news." Zhong Heng shook her head and said, "After the transaction was completed, I took away her lifespan as agreed. That empty shell had no rationality, only the instinct to kill. In order to prevent it from harming the world, Zi Sangchu buried it with herself in the underground palace and ordered Chu Qingchan to guard it for generations."

"Why did 'Qingmiao' turn into a vine demon?"

"You'll have to ask your aunt about that. Back then, she led her demons into Penglai, leaving behind too many corpses in the underground palace. That empty shell had been starving for too long, nearly devouring all the demon cores, and thus became that grotesque creature." After saying this, Zhong Heng narrowed her eyes and hesitated, "However… there is something that did surprise me. After Lan Yueyao broke through the entrance to the underground palace, that empty shell could have easily taken the opportunity to leave, but it never seemed to have that thought. Even though it had lost its soul, its body still retained the instinct to protect Zi Sangchu. Isn't that amazing?"

Lan Wu pursed her lips, frowned, and asked, "Who exactly are you?"

"Can't you guess yet?" Zhong Heng stepped forward slowly, her body illuminated by the long spirit lamp in Lan Wu's hand, but her feet were still empty.

Ji Lingyue glanced at it quickly, her gaze slightly narrowed.

There was no shadow.

“I was once a human, but I died a long, long time ago,” the woman said calmly. “I am the master of the ghost realm, the guide of souls, the Ghost King, Zhong Heng.”

Lan Wu was taken aback: “Ghost King?”

Zhong Heng extended her hand: “Now, do you want to make this deal with me?”

Lan Wu stared at her intently for a long while, then asked in a low voice, “Can you agree to any condition?”

“If I can do it.”

“Can you bring my mother and aunt back to life?”

“I’m sorry,” Zhong Heng said, “Lan Yueyao’s soul has already entered the Ghost Realm. As for your mother, her soul is now incomplete, and even if she were to be resurrected, she wouldn’t be the same as before. But if you insist, I can…”

“Never mind.” Lan Wu shook her head and asked, “What will happen if I insist on not making this deal with you?”

Zhong Heng narrowed her eyes: “You wouldn’t want to know.”

“I guess it’s you who will be punished, right?” Lan Wu hugged the lamp in her arms and said thoughtfully, “If, as you say, you broke the law of life and death by using the wild rice flower to gain immortality and was not tolerated by the Heavenly Dao, then the Ghost King, who should be maintaining the order of life and death, would be the first person to be punished.”

A sudden, silent stillness fell over the surroundings. After a long while, Zhong Heng raised her eyes, her gaze no longer gentle as before: “You are very smart.”

Lan Wu nodded and continued, “Moreover, because of the law that the three realms cannot interfere with each other, you cannot directly attack me. I can only give you the flower on my own initiative.”

Zhong Heng pursed her lips and remained silent.

“Looks like I was right,” Lan Wu said, her eyes crinkling into a smile. “I can give you the flowers.”

Zhong Heng was taken aback and asked suspiciously, “Really?”

"But you can't just grant me one request; I want two."

"…What are the conditions?"

Lan Wu asked, "Can a fragmented soul be restored?"

"You want to replenish your mother's soul?" Zhong Heng shook her head: "The soul cannot be replenished, it can only grow slowly. After several reincarnations, it will probably be able to give birth to a complete soul."

"Okay," Lan Wu said earnestly, "I hope that in every reincarnation of my mother, she will be safe and well and have all her wishes fulfilled. I also hope that in every reincarnation, she will be able to meet my aunt."

Zhong Heng couldn't help but frown: "I'm not the matchmaker, I can't tie their red thread."

"There's no need to tie them down; just let them meet," Lan Wu said gently. "They will make their own choices."

Zhong Heng was silent for a moment: "These are your conditions?"

"yes."

"I agree," the woman raised her hand, and a black scroll bearing golden characters appeared out of thin air: "Then, let's sign the contract."

She had been waiting for a long time by this blood-red river.

The figures passing by seemed never to stop, some weeping loudly, some joyfully celebrating, and some like her, wandering aimlessly, waiting by the Bridge of Helplessness, yet reluctant to cross.

Most of those ghosts don't want to forget their past lives, but she wasn't like that; she was just waiting for someone.

With a clatter, the shackles on her feet made a crisp sound. The ghost guards not far away immediately turned their heads, but seeing that she had only changed her sitting posture, they turned their heads back to chat with the other ghost guards.

After a while, a short ghost messenger dressed in all black came over and said, "Today is over. Go back now."

"Then we'll finish this and go back," she said lazily. "It won't make a difference if we go back a little later."

The ghost messenger clicked his tongue and said, "The crimes you committed mean you have to do thirty years of hard labor in Yama's Hell before you can be reincarnated. Tomorrow is the deadline. Whether you can wait for the person you want to see or not, you must set off for Yama's Hell. Do you understand?"

She hummed in agreement.

After saying that, he sighed softly and muttered to himself, "I still couldn't handle the last thing properly. Little Fish is really unreliable."

At this moment, the ghost guard beside him suddenly jumped up and stammered, "Your Majesty, Your Majesty, I didn't slack off!"

Lan Yueyao paused for a moment, then turned to look. The woman in black was walking slowly towards her. She recognized her. When she was being judged in the Ghost King's Palace, this woman sat on the high throne, resting her chin on her hand, listening to the judge judge her merits and demerits.

She pursed her lips and was about to turn her head when she caught a glimpse of a white hem of clothing behind the woman.

"…"

Suddenly, her eyes widened, and her body involuntarily rose from the ground. She took two steps forward, then stopped, staring intently at the figure following the Ghost King. That familiar face gradually came into her sight; the woman's expression was indifferent, her eyes vacant, and her snow-white dress seemed to be the only bright spot in this dim ghost realm.

Lan Yueyao pursed her lips and waited until she stopped in front of her before reaching out her hand: "Chunhan?" Her fingertips touched the warm skin, and she suddenly let out a soft laugh. With tears in her eyes, she stepped forward and hugged her tightly: "Chunhan."

The person in my arms was motionless, but they were real and could be touched.

Lan Yue hurriedly wiped away her tears and only released her after a while. Chu Chunhan blinked and looked at her quietly, without a trace of emotion in her eyes, as innocent and harmless as a newborn child.

Lan Yueyao pursed her lips and forced a smile: "It's alright, I just wanted to see you, just one look is enough." As she spoke, she took a step back, and her anklet made a crisp sound again: "Alright, go and reincarnate, I won't stop you."

Zhong Heng glanced at her and continued forward, but Lan Yueyao suddenly remembered something: "Oh right, she…"

"She has lived an upright life and has never done anything evil. She is destined for great wealth and honor." Zhong Heng saw what she wanted to ask and said, "Don't worry, she will live a good life."

"That's good." Lan Yueyao smiled and saw that Chu Chunhan was still looking at her, so she waved to her: "Let's go, I should go too." She turned around, wanting to return to the ghost messenger's side, but her sleeve was pulled.

"Spring chill?" Lan Yueyao paused, turned around, and asked softly, "What's wrong?"

Chu Chunhan remained silent, but gripped her hand even tighter.

"Spring chill," Lan Yueyao tried to pull out her sleeve, "You should go reincarnate, let me go." As she spoke, she took a step back, but unexpectedly, the person who had been standing still also lifted his foot and took a step with her.

Zhong Heng narrowed her eyes, looking at the two of them thoughtfully. A ghost messenger cautiously approached and reminded her, "Your Majesty, if you don't take her there soon, there won't be any Meng Po soup for today."

"I know," she thought for a moment, then asked, "Are there any vacant houses in Ghost City?"

"Of course." After saying that, the ghost messenger asked in surprise, "Does Your Majesty intend to keep her?"

"Is it not allowed?"

"It's possible. People who have committed no crimes and do not want to be reincarnated can stay in Ghost City and become residents of the ghost realm. But… but this person's soul is incomplete and his mind is not sharp. He can't work in Ghost City."

"She won't stay long. After thirty years, she'll go to be reincarnated

with Lan Yueyao." Zhong Heng looked at the surprised merman: "What do you think?"

Lan Yueyao pursed her lips and shook her head, saying, "No, let her reincarnate."

"That's not up to you," Zhong Heng said lazily, pointing at Chu Chunhan's hand. "She doesn't seem to want to reincarnate right now."

Lan Yueyao paused, then turned to look at Chu Chunhan's clear eyes: "Why? Doesn't she remember nothing?"

"Yes, I also find it strange," Zhong Heng murmured. "A body that has lost its soul still retains the instinct to protect its loved one, and a soul that has lost its memory still possesses the instinct to be close to its loved one. I probably… cannot understand the reason behind this for the time being."

"But I still have to go to the Underworld…"

"Don't worry, you can leave Yama's Prison on the third day and the twenty-first day of every month and go back to the City of Ghosts to see her."

Lan Yueyao remained silent for a while, then finally stopped trying to pull out her sleeve and gently took Chu Chunhan's hand: "Thank you."

Zhong Heng blinked and snorted, "You should thank your good niece instead."

"Lan Wu?"

The woman hummed in agreement, then said unhappily, "She's such a cunning fish; she managed to bargain with me and get a lot of promises out of me."

214. Her

The moment she stepped out of the main hall, golden sunlight streamed down. Lan Wu squinted and turned to call out, "A-Yue."

Ji Lingyue subconsciously looked at her, her gaze falling on the outstretched hand. That hand, too, was bathed in sunlight, the lines on the palm clearly visible, warm and pure. She stepped forward, intertwined her fingers with Lan Wu's, and walked side by side toward the Wanxiang Gate.

On the way, Ji Lingyue said seriously, “Lan Wu, you need to cultivate diligently.”

Hearing this again after so many years, Lan Wu was taken aback: “Why are you suddenly bringing this up?”

“Because in the future, we will ascend to the upper realm together.”

Lan Wu smiled and said, “It’s too early to talk about this. Besides, after transcending the tribulation and becoming an immortal, you will truly live forever and have endless time. At that time, won’t you get tired of spending every day with me?”

Ji Lingyue turned to look at her: “Won’t you get tired of it?”

A gentle breeze suddenly swept through the woods, causing a rustling sound. The dappled sunlight falling on the woman’s shoulders trembled slightly. Lan Wu stopped and gazed at her gentle features shrouded in the shadows of the trees. After a moment, she said softly, “Who knows?”

Ji Lingyue frowned: “What kind of answer is this?”

Lan Wu raised her lips and continued walking down: “What kind of answer do you want?”

“Of course not,” the woman said discontentedly, “Can’t you… can’t you say anything sweet to me?”

Lan Wu chuckled and tightened her grip on her hand: “No.”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: “What do you mean you can’t? You can’t get tired of sweet talk, or you can’t say sweet words?”

What do you think?

“You’re doing this again!”

Seeing that no one was around, she recklessly reached out her claws at Lan Wu. Amidst the laughter and playfulness, a muffled clap of thunder sounded in the sky, and a light drizzle began to fall.

Lan Wu conjured a paper umbrella and pulled her to her side: “After we finish celebrating my sister’s coronation ceremony, we can travel the world freely. Is there anywhere you’d like to go?”

“Yes,” Ji Lingyue nodded and said, “I have been to many places and

seen many beautiful landscapes. At that time, I thought, it would be great if you could see them with me."

Lan Wu was taken aback: "When?"

"Those were the forty years you ran away," she said now, no longer feeling pain, and even smiled with her eyes crinkling. "During those years I walked alone in the world, I met many people and experienced many things. Perhaps my experience is richer than that of you, a fish that has always stayed in the sea."

"Is that so?" Lan Wu pursed her lips and said gently, "Then I'll have to rely on you to take me around."

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, took two quick steps forward, reached out to catch the damp raindrops, and twirled around with a smile.

"Ah Yue, don't catch a cold."

Ji Lingyue turned around, walking backwards as she smiled and said, "Come closer, I'll tell you a secret."

Lan Wu smiled helplessly and handed the umbrella towards her: "What?"

The woman reached out and hugged her neck, quickly kissing her on the lips: "I like you so much."

"What kind of secret is that?"

Even so, she couldn't help but smile broadly. She lowered her paper umbrella to shield herself from the drizzling spring rain and the prying eyes of the outside world, and leaned closer. Ji Lingyue obediently closed her eyes, and as the fragrant scent drew near, she slightly raised her chin to receive this tender and lingering kiss.

The rain intensified, pattering down on the umbrella. Her breathing became increasingly erratic. She tightened her grip on his thin shoulder, feeling an unprecedented sense of security.

It was her Lan Wu.

—End of main text

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Extra (1)

“Clatter”.

A pearl fell and landed in the wooden basin that Yu Shanye was holding. She felt the weight in her hands, shook it gently, and immediately there was a clattering sound: “I think it’s ready.”

Lan Wu said, “I don’t think so.”

She held the halved scallion close to her eyes, and after a moment—

“Pat-pat-pat-pat”.

The mermaid’s eyelashes were damp, and the corners of her eyes were already flushed. Crystal-clear tears fell one by one, instantly turning into white and round pearls, which fell into the basin as if they were free.

Yu Shanye stared in disbelief, then gasped, “You’re really going to cry yourself blind.” She then glanced at the pile of white pearls again, “Hey? This one’s pretty big.”

Lan Wu immediately lowered her head: “Which one?”

“this.”

“This? Hmm… it’s alright, I think I could cry even more.”

“I’m telling you, even if you’re not afraid of crying your eyes out, you should at least consider me. I’ve been sitting here watching you cry for an hour…”

Just then, a voice called out from outside the door: “Lan Wu?”

Footsteps approached quickly, and Ji Lingyue pushed open the door and entered. Looking at Yu Shanye sitting alone in the room, she frowned and asked, “Have you seen Lan Wu?”

Yu Shanye paused for a moment, then shook his head: “No.”

Ji Lingyue looked her over suspiciously for a few moments: “What are you doing here by yourself?”

The woman made an “uh” sound and picked up a porcelain cup from the table: “Let’s have some tea.”

"…" Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and glanced around the room again: "Lan Wu really didn't come looking for you?"

"Haha, what does she want from me? Isn't she busy making a coral crown?"

"That's because you're her best friend."

"Was that me?" Another voice cut in, and a charming woman leaned against the doorframe, smiling as she said, "I think I heard someone mention 'fair-weather friends'."

Ji Lingyue said expressionlessly, "You misheard."

Yao Zhu said "Oh," and then said, "Someone from the sea has come to deliver a message, saying that Lan Yuan is looking for you and wants you to go there quickly."

"Looking for me? Not Lan Wu?"

"I'm looking for you."

"Alright," Ji Lingyue turned to leave, but then turned back and said, "If I see…"

"I understand, I understand," Yu Shanye interrupted her, "If you see Lan Wu, be sure to tell her you're looking for her."

The woman hummed in agreement, left the courtyard, and walked towards the shore not far away. Once she was out of sight, Yu Shanye breathed a sigh of relief and carefully looked at the cup in his hand. Seeing this, Yaozhu also curiously came over and discovered that a small fish the size of a fist was curled up inside, bubbling away.

She tilted her head, looking incredulous, and asked, "What are you doing?"

A gentle breeze blew by, and the woman in the light blue dress reappeared in the room. As soon as Yaozhu saw her face clearly, she was shocked: "You were beaten up?"

Lan Wu said irritably, "You're the one who got beaten up." As she spoke, she bent down, pulled a wooden basin out from under the bed, and shoved it into Yu Shanye's arms: "Continue."

Yu Shanye looked bitter and tried to persuade her, "I think we should listen to A Yue and use natural pearls for the coronary. Look at you,

it's supposed to be a joyous occasion, but you keep crying. It's bad for your health."

"No," Lan Wu snorted, "I came to find you precisely because I was afraid she would stop me. Aren't you still my good friend?"

Yao Zhu understood what was going on, sat down on another chair next to her, and praised, "Well done, I support you."

Yu Shanye was taken aback: "What?"

Lan Wu was greatly encouraged: "Right? I had already decided to make a unique coral crown for A Yue. How could I use ordinary pearls? No matter what they say, I will give her the best."

"I see, no wonder the little devil is so attached to you." Yao Zhu said thoughtfully, "If I made a scarf out of my best-maintained tail fur and gave it to Xuan Yu, she would be very touched, and wouldn't she be even more attached to me?"

Yu Shanye frowned: "Huh?"

Lan Wu was also stunned: "This… I don't know."

However, Yaozhu had already made up her mind. She jumped up and left with great interest. The two watched her leave, looked at each other, and after a moment, Yu Shanye shook his head and said, "Indeed, they are just a bunch of bad friends."

Late at night, Lan Wu and Yu Shanye returned from the city. They agreed to meet again at the crossroads the next day and then went back to their respective residences.

However, the door was locked from the inside.

Lan Wu paused, took two steps back, and finding that the courtyard's barrier wasn't activated, she lightly flew onto the wall, her toes barely touching the ground before she silently landed on the terrace by the pond. Looking back, all the rooms were shrouded in dim darkness, and the surroundings were quiet and peaceful. Lan Wu tiptoed back into the house, and just as she was about to pour herself a glass of water, a voice softly asked, "What have you been doing?"

She was startled and instinctively took a few steps back, bumping into the chair next to her with a thud. A rustling sound came from the darkness, and then a figure stood up from the bedside and slowly

walked towards her.

Thanks to the merman's powerful night vision, she could see Ji Lingyue clearly even in complete darkness.

The woman appeared to have just bathed; her thick, slightly damp black hair cascaded down her back, and her clothes were loose, revealing large expanses of fair skin. She quickly stopped a short distance from Lan Wu, crossed her arms, and looked at her with a half-smile: "Hmm?"

Lan Wu rarely felt guilty towards her, but now she dared not meet her gaze, feigning composure as she looked around: "I didn't do anything, I just…" Before she could finish speaking, she suddenly noticed Ji Lingyue's bare feet, paused for a moment, and then went over to pick her up: "How could you step directly on the ground? It's so cold, and you're not like me…"

Ji Lingyue reached out and touched her clothes. They were icy cold, and it was obvious that she had just come back from being out in the wind. Not only that, but there was also a strange smell about them.

She frowned and asked again, "Where did you go?"

Lan Wu put her on the bed and said innocently, "I went for a walk on the beach."

"But I haven't seen you all day. Have you been taking a walk the whole time?"

"Didn't you go to the sea? Of course you haven't seen me," Lan Wu said, then asked curiously, "What does my sister want with you?"

"It's to have clothes tailored to my measurements, saying it's for the wedding banquet later… Don't change the subject, where did you go today? Why do you smell so strongly of sweat?"

Seeing that she couldn't fool her this time, Lan Wu bit her lip in distress: "I'm going… um, to the city with Shan Ye for dinner."

Ji Lingyue tilted her head, staring at her intently: "Eat?"

Lan Wu affirmed, "Yes, we'll eat. I'd be a dog if I lied to you."

"No," Ji Lingyue shook her finger, "If you're lying to me, all the scales on your tail will fall off."

"…" After a long while, Lan Wu opened her eyes wide and stammered, "You, how could you do this? It's so cruel to lose all your scales."

Ji Lingyue sneered: "Isn't it all because you always lie to me? This little dog thing isn't a punishment for you. I'll never fall for it again."

Before Lan Wu could continue her excuses, she snorted, grabbed the merman's shoulders, flipped her over, and straddled her waist: "Today, besides making clothes, I encountered something very interesting in the sea. Do you want to know?"

Lan Wu asked instinctively, "What?"

"A few merfolk, after hearing that you were looking for the finest pearls to make your crown, gave me some."

"For you?" Lan Wu asked, puzzled. "I appreciate their kindness, but I don't know how to use other people's pearls."

"Yes," Ji Lingyue said with a smile, "so what they gave me were all your pearls."

Lan Wu was taken aback: "How do they have my pearls?"

"I also found it strange, so I asked." Ji Lingyue gently stroked her cheek and said softly, "Guess what? They all said that it was a gift you gave them when you were little."

Lan Wu blinked blankly: "Really?"

"Moreover, even what they said was almost the same," Ji Lingyue recalled. "It was something like—the Third Princess was so sweet-talking when she was little, saying that I was the most beautiful older sister, so she wanted to give me the most beautiful pearls."

"…"

Lan Wu closed her eyes silently, and after a long while, she tried to justify herself: "Children speak without thinking."

Ji Lingyue chuckled: "Before this afternoon, I thought ordinary pearls would be fine, but now… I think we should use your pearls."

Lan Wu quickly opened her eyes: "I told you so…"

Ji Lingyue interrupted her, "However, I don't like your method of making pearls." She lowered her head, gently kissed Lan Wu's lips,

and said softly, “We clearly have a better way, don’t we?”

Extra (2)

Suddenly, Ji Lingyue stopped what she was doing, frowned, and sneezed.

Lan Wu shrank back a little, and said shyly, “How about I wash first…”

Before she could finish speaking, the woman’s hand pressed against her chest, and her clothes vanished completely, leaving her feeling cool as if she had been soaked in water. Ji Lingyue glanced at her, slipped one hand between her fingers that were resting on her head, and used the other hand to pinch her chin and kiss her: “You always make me angry.”

Their bare skin rubbed against the rough fabric. Lan Wu frowned slightly, unable to speak as she was being kissed. She reached out her free hand and tried to pull off Ji Lingyue’s clothes, but after a few tries, she couldn’t get them off. Instead, she was bitten because she was distracted.

“Hmm…”

She frowned, looking at Ji Lingyue with teary eyes. Soon, the spot where she had been bitten was again captured by warm, wet lips and tongue. Ji Lingyue placed her hand on her chest and mumbled, “Idiot, don’t you know how to use magic?”

Lan Wu blinked, obediently removing her undergarment. Her palm easily cupped the soft, white flesh of Ji Lingyue’s breasts. Ji Lingyue exhaled, pressing her waist between Lan Wu’s legs and snuggling forward. Sure enough, she felt a dampness. She smiled and pressed her lips against Lan Wu’s neck, continuing to kiss it, whispering, “It’s so unfair…”

“What, what’s unfair?”

“Of course it’s you. So many people surround you and like you, but I’m the only one who’s jealous and sulking. You never feel that way.”

His fingertips traced the sparse silver hairs, moving them between the damp folds of flesh. Lan Wu shuddered, gasping for breath as she stammered, “I…I have…”

Ji Lingyue looked up at her. The woman's delicate brows were slightly furrowed, and her thick, long eyelashes were already damp with tears, pitifully clumped together: "Back in Haochen Mountain, you were already popular. Not to mention Qing Zibai, your junior brother and Xuan Yu all got to know you while I was away… And later, in Yan Realm, you also met many new people, and they spent more time with you than I did…"

"Whose fault is this?" Ji Lingyue parted her soft, wet labia, her knuckles coated in sticky nectar, and slowly pushed her fingers into the passage: "It's all because you ran away."

"Hmm…" Lan Wu groaned, trying to close her legs, but the woman pinched her knees and spread them apart. Ji Lingyue's bright eyes swept over her and she said indifferently, "Lan Wu, although I like peace and quiet, I don't like being alone forever. If you're not by my side and I don't make any friends, it would be too pitiful."

As she spoke, the woman's fingers were inserted into her crotch, stirring and grinding. Lan Wu trembled and took a breath, raising her legs to wrap around the woman's waist: "No, it's okay."

"What do you mean it's okay?"

She hooked her arm around the woman's neck and kissed her cheek: "It's okay, from now on I'll spend more time with you than they do."

Ji Lingyue blinked and tilted her head: "Are you saying these sweet words because you're afraid I'll make things difficult for you?"

Lan Wu paused, then smiled and asked, "Do you like it?"

"I like it," Ji Lingyue kissed her soft pink earlobe so close to hers and whispered, "but I won't change my mind."

She lifted one of Lan Wu's legs and inserted another finger. The smooth, tender flesh of her vulva tightly held the base of her finger, and with each thrust, it released gushing, sticky nectar. Lan Wu squinted her eyes with tears in her eyes, bracing herself on the bed and trying to pull back, but the person on top of her pressed down tightly. Ji Lingyue bit the skin on her neck, kneading and squeezing her full, alabaster-like breasts while forcefully fucking her wet vagina.

"Hmm…" she murmured, realizing that Ji Lingyue was probably quite jealous. In the past, when she was unhappy, she would just keep quiet and not say anything, but now she could talk to her with a smile while

touching her all over and doing whatever she wanted.

In this way, she couldn't figure out Ji Lingyue's thoughts at all, let alone make her happy.

The squelching sounds beneath her grew clearer, and even her buttocks seemed to be soaked. Lan Wu blushed deeply, burying herself in Ji Lingyue's arms and kissing her: "Slower, slower… A-Yue…"

Ji Lingyue glanced at her and, sure enough, slowed down her movements. Her thumb pressed against her erect clitoris and began to rub it. Lan Wu immediately let out a whimper and twisted her buttocks to try to escape, but Ji Lingyue pressed down on her waist and pinched the swollen clitoris hard with her fingertips.

"No…no, ah…" Lan Wu arched her back and cried out, "A-Yue, um—"

The vaginal muscles that had been gripping her knuckles tightened again, releasing a shuddering flow. Ji Lingyue caught a handful of the fluid and slowly smeared it on Lan Wu's chest, then began to lick it. Lan Wu was still panting heavily when, in her daze, her sensitive nipples were being sucked into a warm, wet mouth. She let out a muffled groan and weakly tilted her head back, where several large and small pearls were scattered on the pillow.

"Ah Yue…"

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, casually fiddling with her other nipple. The rosy nipple stood erect, trembling, and when pressed down by her fingertips, it would stubbornly push against her palm.

Lan Wu said in a hoarse voice, "Stop playing around."

Ji Lingyue blinked and leaned over: "No, I'm not playing anymore." She kissed Lan Wu's reddened eye corner: "Let's continue."

Black demonic energy emanated from behind her. Lan Wu caught a glimpse of it and her alarm bells rang: "What, what are you going to do?"

"I'll be you," Ji Lingyue scoffed. "You used so many tricks on me when you tormented me, can't I return the favor?"

"No…" Before she could finish speaking, the demonic mist surged into her body, scalding hot, leaving red marks on her fair skin almost instantly. The temperature wasn't enough to hurt her, but it quickly

made her sweat profusely. Ji Lingyue hugged her slippery body, and the honey-like fluid on her fingers was quickly swallowed up by the demonic energy. After smelling the source of this lewd aura, she couldn't wait to crawl between Lan Wu's legs.

"Hmm!"

Lan Wu shrank back, looking down in panic. Her legs were already bound and spread apart by demonic energy: "A-Yue…"

"It's alright," Ji Lingyue cupped her face and kissed her, her hand sliding down her waist and abdomen, massaging the wet opening before squeezing inside. Lan Wu trembled, instinctively gripping Ji Lingyue's shoulders, silver threads hanging down, sticking to her sweaty back: "Ah… umm…"

Her slender body throbbed as she was fucked, her knuckles digging out sticky honey-like fluid that trickled down her buttocks, leaving a damp stain on the sheets. Ji Lingyue glanced at it and chuckled, "Is it because you're a fish that you're so wet?"

Lan Wu subconsciously said, "You're not a fish, and there's too much water…"

Ji Lingyue: …

In the strange silence, she blinked, then realized what she meant: "Ah, I didn't… I didn't mean that, I…"

Ji Lingyue was too lazy to listen to her explanation. She leaned forward and pried open Lan Wu's lips. Lan Wu made a few muffled noises, her beautiful eyes narrowing as she haphazardly sucked on Ji Lingyue's soft tongue. Her lips gradually became wet with moisture, making smacking sounds as she kissed. After a while, Ji Lingyue raised her flushed face, panting, and asked, "Why, why aren't you crying?"

The woman lay limply beneath her, and upon hearing this, her eyes crinkled into a smile as she rasped, "Not everyone is like you, crying at the slightest touch."

"You," Ji Lingyue frowned in anger, her eyes quickly becoming moist with embarrassment and annoyance. She leaned down and thrust her fingers, which were buried in the mermaid's hole, in and out forcefully again. Lan Wu's body swayed as she was thrust into her, and she couldn't help but let out a comfortable gasp: "Mmm…slower, slower."

Ji Lingyue bit her lower lip and mumbled, "I won't let you feel comfortable."

The demonic energy that had been coiling around her thighs surged towards her wet, opening, causing the woman to tremble and stammer, "No…"

Her body was abruptly flipped over, and she lay face down on the bed. She frantically tried to get up, but Ji Lingyue pressed her down, his demonic fingers rubbing against her wet, fleshy opening before sliding in with a soft, squelching sound. Lan Wu immediately went limp, her legs trembling uncontrollably: "A-Yue, um…no…"

Ji Lingyue remained silent, simply placing a pillow under Lan Wu's lower back. A wisp of ethereal, cloud-like demonic energy emerged and enveloped Lan Wu's swollen clitoris. Lan Wu's waist trembled, her sweat-drenched back undulating with her shoulder blades, and pearls splattered down her cheeks: "No, ah… ah… so hot…"

The woman lowered her head and kissed her shoulder, her other hand reaching around to the merman's chest, kneading her full breasts. Lan Wu was completely trapped in her arms, her eyes gradually filling with tears, her vision blurring: "You, you're so petty…"

Ji Lingyue snorted, her fingers not reaching the depths of the acupoint, slowly rotating, and when she withdrew, the tender red flesh was exposed again. Lan Wu struggled and kicked on the bed, but when the back of her neck was grabbed, her body stiffened as if her life was being choked by a dangerous beast. Her hot, melting acupoint contracted violently, trembling and spurting out a stream of honey water.

"Ha…ha…" She lay limply on the bed, her face buried in her wet hair, making it impossible to see her expression. Only her lips were still panting rapidly. Ji Lingyue turned her chin and kissed her, casually kneading her soft buttocks before inserting his penis into her wet vagina again, squeezing out a stream of fluid.

Lan Wu whimpered, her eyes half-closed. She had been fucked dozens of times, and the splattered semen stained their fair lower abdomens, dripping down. Her consciousness became increasingly hazy. After the woman finished the lingering deep kiss, she fainted and fell down. Ji Lingyue, however, picked her up and pressed her against the wall. Her vagina, which had just been fucked, was not yet closed. The pink petals were slightly open, revealing the bright red flesh inside. Ji

Lingyue casually rubbed the entrance of her vagina, and soon the sound of dripping water came out.

“Um……”

Lan Wu closed her eyes and weakly pressed her forehead against the cold wall. The woman pressed against her from behind, her erect nipples against her back, her warm thighs against her wet buttocks, trapping her in a hot embrace.

“Lan Wu,” she wrapped her arms around the merman’s waist, her fingertips stirring inside the fleshy opening a few times, and immediately sticky fluid gushed out, flowing down her fair thighs. Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes, smearing the fluid evenly on Lan Wu’s body, then slid into the muddy crotch, kneading the swollen clitoris: “Do you like it?”

Lan Wu curled up, trembling: “Petty.”

Ji Lingyue narrowed her eyes, pinched the poor clitoris hard, and soon the person in her arms slid down limply, pearls and vaginal fluids dripping down together. She supported Lan Wu with her thighs, and tirelessly sucked one kiss mark after another on her neck, whispering, “Even if I’m petty, you still have to like me.”

After saying that, he added, “You are not allowed to use magic to remove them.”

Lan Wu whimpered, “But I… I have to see Shan Ye tomorrow…”

“It’s not like she hasn’t seen us before,” Ji Lingyue kissed down her back, “Back in Haochen Mountain, she lived next door… and you still insisted on bullying me, have you forgotten all that?”

Lan Wu thought for a while, still a little dazed: “But I didn’t let her see it.”

“I let her see it.”

“…” Lan Wu blinked, then suddenly realized something: “When!”

“It was right when we first got together.” She pursed her lips and said awkwardly, “Who told you two… to be so close back then, like you were one person.”

Lan Wu’s eyes widened: “No wonder…”

Before she could finish speaking, she was pushed back onto the bed. Ji Lingyue lifted her thigh and kissed it. Glancing inside, she saw that her reddened labia were still slightly parted, and glistening fluid was slowly flowing from her clenched opening.

She lowered her eyes, cupped the woman's soft buttocks, and kissed her.

Lan Wu suddenly shuddered, instinctively clamping her furry head between her fingers, tears streaming down her face like broken beads. A moment later, she cried out pitifully, "A-Yue, A-Yue…"

Ji Lingyue sighed, licked her wet lips, climbed up to him, and asked, "What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell?"

Lan Wu shook her head: "It's comfortable, but… it's uncomfortable."

The woman was taken aback: "What's uncomfortable?"

Lan Wu bit her lip and gave her a reproachful look: "Pearls are everywhere, they're so uncomfortable."

Extra (3)

The early spring rain was drizzling down, forming a misty curtain of water under the eaves. Lan Wu felt a slight chill in her sleep, subconsciously tucking her arms under the covers and muttering something.

"Hmm?" Ji Lingyue thought she was awake, so she sat up and found that only her fluffy head was showing. She leaned over and hugged her from behind. She could smell the woman's rich scent. Not far away, dozens of pearls were neatly stacked in a box on the bedside table. The candlelight crackled in the room. Ji Lingyue squinted her eyes contentedly, feeling her body languid and relaxed.

Soon, Lan Wu rolled over, frowning as she nuzzled against Ji Lingyue's shoulder, her soft breath tickling her neck. She pursed her lips, wanting to back away, but the woman grumbled in dissatisfaction, her arms around Ji Lingyue's waist and her legs tightly wrapped around hers, like a clingy octopus. Ji Lingyue exhaled, ceasing to move, her mind drifting, wondering if Lan Wu was using her as a heater in her dreams.

At this moment, the legs that were intertwined with hers suddenly curled up and rubbed lightly against her private parts.

“Hmm…” she groaned softly, looking at Lan Wu in surprise. She found that Lan Wu’s eyes were lowered, her breathing was even, and she was still sleeping soundly.

Lan Wu shouldn’t be so malicious as to pretend to be asleep to tease her, right?

Ji Lingyue hesitated for a moment, then carefully rolled onto Lan Wu, pressing her slightly damp inner thigh against one of the woman’s thighs. Then, she lowered her head and gently kissed the corner of Lan Wu’s lips.

“Mmm…” Her long silver eyelashes fluttered restlessly. Lan Wu frowned, breathless from the kiss. Finally, she groggily opened her eyes and saw the gentle eyes and brows bathed in the dim candlelight.

“Awake?” Ji Lingyue propped herself up, looking down at her. Her fingertips gently brushed against the corner of her eye. Lan Wu subconsciously closed her eyes, but reached up and hooked her neck, giving her a soft kiss.

Such initiative is quite rare.

Ji Lingyue blinked, prying open Lan Wu’s lips and teeth, pressing her into her warm mouth, while grabbing her wrist and pinning her to the bed. Lan Wu breathed heavily, her chest heaving, and mumbled indistinctly, “A-Yue, A-Yue…”

“There are no pearls this time,” Ji Lingyue whispered in her ear, “We can’t stop now.”

In the chaos, the blanket gradually slipped down to her waist. Ji Lingyue lowered her head and kissed the woman’s neck and collarbone, gently taking her breast into her mouth, and finally heard her soft moan.

It seems like they really like it.

Ji Lingyue closed her eyes and used her tongue to tease Lan Wu’s nipples with all her might, causing Lan Wu’s hips to rise and fall, creating a wave on the sheets. Lan Wu’s head was spinning, and her eyes were misty. She breathed heavily, and her long legs involuntarily wrapped around Ji Lingyue’s waist. With a slight lift, she pressed the burning hot spot against Lan Wu’s lower abdomen, rubbing it against her.

Soon, that skin was completely soaked, and the soft, wet flesh pressed against it, making a subtle squelching sound. She looked down at the woman, who was lost in lust, half-awake and half-asleep, and her heart pounded. Her fingertips slid down her waist and into the muddy, hot swamp, pressing down on that small clitoris.

“Haa…”

A bolt of lightning struck, and in the brief, daylight-like light, Ji Lingyue saw Lan Wumi’s beautiful and alluring eyes. On a whim, she squeezed two fingers into the hot liquid.

Lan Wu let out a muffled groan, her long eyelashes narrowed, and the pale blue veins on her fair neck were faintly visible. She gripped the sheets beside her ears with both hands and mumbled a few syllables.

Ji Lingyue couldn’t help but lean closer to listen and discovered that the girl was calling her name in a daze.

“Ah Yue… Ah Yue…”

“I’m here.” Ji Lingyue gently kissed the corner of her moist lips, her hands moving without stopping, causing her to slide slightly upwards. Lan Wu’s cries were intermittent, hoarse and weak. Ji Lingyue pressed her thumb against her swollen clitoris, which, as expected, made her tremble.

“Ah, Yue… umm…”

The most sensitive and vulnerable part of her inner thigh was being vigorously kneaded, and Lan Wu’s reaction became stronger and stronger. She almost couldn’t help but curl up and shrink into Ji Lingyue’s arms. She whimpered a few times, her legs spasmed, and gushing honey-like fluid leaked from her contracting opening, flowing down her thighs.

The pearls fell with a thud, sinking into the soft mattress. Ji Lingyue leaned down and hugged her, kissing her lips soothingly. After a while, Lan Wu stopped trembling, her body softened again, and she breathed heavily as she wrapped her arms around Ji Lingyue’s waist.

“Ah Yue…”

Although the voice was still hoarse, it sounded much more awake. Ji Lingyue felt inexplicably guilty, kissed her cheek, and whispered, “What’s wrong?”

Lan Wu pursed her lips, feeling her mouth dry and her head spinning: "What time is it now?"

She felt even more guilty: "…Yin hour (3-5 AM)."

“Yin Shi (3-5 AM),” Lan Wu read softly, her hand on her waist slowly sliding down to gently pinch her buttocks. “I just slept for an hour. Is there anything you want to say?”

Ji Lingyue didn’t dare to struggle and stammered, “I didn’t mean to make trouble for you, and… and you were the one who took the initiative just now. Besides, you were the one who was in the wrong first. You made me angry first and said sweet words to others.” The more she spoke, the more she felt that she was in the right, and her voice became louder and louder: “Yes, you should listen to me tonight. You have to accept whatever I want to do.”

Seeing her so self-righteous, Lan Wu couldn’t help but grind her teeth. Feeling the sticky wetness on her thigh, she gave a sinister smile: “I took the initiative?”

Ji Lingyue, unaware of the impending danger, nodded with a stern face: “Yes.”

Before she could finish speaking, a pair of hands grabbed her waist, flipped her over, and pressed her onto the bed. Ji Lingyue was startled and was about to struggle to get up when a leg came from behind and pushed her forward between her legs: “Since that’s the case, I’ll take the initiative to serve you and make you happy.”

“Ugh!” She shuddered, her lower body being pressed and ground against her knee, and soon her legs went weak with pleasure, but she said, “No, I…I don’t want it…”

“Why?” Lan Wu pressed down on her waist to prevent her from escaping. “Are you uncomfortable?”

Ji Lingyue stubbornly replied, “I’m not comfortable, I… I’ll only… ah!”

Long, slender fingers had somehow slipped between her legs, pressing against her clitoris, which was trembling between her labia. Lan Wu leaned down and pressed against her back, asking in a low voice, “Are you still uncomfortable?”

Her fingertips merely parted the petals and gently rubbed against the crevice, and nectar gushed out from the opening, wetting her fingers.

Ji Lingyue trembled violently, her face flushed as she began to moan.

Lan Wu raised her lips, supporting Ji Lingyue's lower abdomen with one hand while the other continued to tease her clitoris in a mischievous manner. After a while, she lowered her head and gently kissed Ji Lingyue's earlobe, coaxing, "Be good, spread your legs."

Ji Lingyue blinked her wet eyes, still trying to struggle: "You… ah… aren't you going to see Shan Ye tomorrow? You should… you should go to sleep early…"

"I can see her even if I don't sleep," Lan Wu said in a low voice, "but if you don't listen, we'll stay here and wait for Shan Ye to come looking for me, and she'll see me bullying you."

Ji Lingyue froze, then shook her head after a moment: "You, you wouldn't… you're too shy…"

"See if I can do it," she said, swinging her thigh and slowly rubbing the woman's crotch, "and she doesn't have to see it. Just when she comes to the door looking for me, I'll stand on the other side and pin you against the door…"

Before she could finish speaking, she felt a sticky, hot liquid flow down her thigh. Lan Wu chuckled and patted her pert buttocks in front of her: "I know you like it. Come on, spread your legs."

Ji Lingyue blushed deeply and trembled for a long time before finally parting her legs, giving Lan Wu space to do as she pleased. Her movements became even more rough; she casually rubbed two fingers between her thighs, coating them with nectar, before hastily finding the wet opening and inserting them with a squelching sound.

Ji Lingyue groaned, tightening her lower abdomen and involuntarily clenching her body. After being forcefully fucked a dozen times, she released even more honey-like fluid. Gradually, the sound of the pattering rain outside the window seemed to merge with the sounds from the bed. She squinted, her body swaying as she lay down on the damp pillow, her red lips occasionally letting out unbearable moans.

"Mmm…mmm! Ah…Lan Wu…"

Sap dripped from her palm. Lan Wu, noticing Ji Lingyue's flushed face and dazed expression, suddenly stopped her actions with a mischievous glint in her eye. Ji Lingyue shuddered, rubbing uncomfortably against the soft body behind her, and instinctively said, "Don't stop…"

She turned her face to kiss Lan Wu ingratiatingly. Lan Wu blinked, lowered her head and took her lips and tongue into her mouth, but the fingers buried deep inside her wet and hot orifice remained motionless. The woman narrowed her eyes impatiently, actively twisting her waist to manipulate the foreign object inside her, humming coquettishly in a nasal voice: "Lan… um, Lan Wu, I want it…"

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, her fingers suddenly swirling inside her vagina. Her other hand slid down her lower abdomen, rubbing her clitoris. Ji Lingyue's eyes were red, and she let out a hoarse moan. Her moist vaginal muscles sucked and wrapped around the knuckles inside her. Just as she was about to reach her climax, Lan Wu stopped again.

"Ugh…" She let out a groan, collapsing limply onto the bed, panting as if trying to release the heat within her body. Lan Wu, a slight smile playing on her lips, was about to tease her a little more when she heard her choke out, "Sister…"

"Hmm… Sister, I feel unwell…"

Lan Wu froze for a moment, blinked hurriedly, and said in a fierce but weak voice, "Calling me sister won't work. I, I won't fall for your act again."

Ji Lingyue sobbed twice, and said aggrievedly, "You only know how to bully me. You even said you wanted to give the most beautiful pearl to, um… to the most beautiful sister…"

Lan Wu's voice softened: "Why are we bringing this up again…"

"I'm going to say it," Ji Lingyue turned her head and looked at her with teary eyes, "You only like the older sister and not the younger sister?"

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then said softly, "How could that be? I don't like older sisters or younger sisters, I only like you."

"Nonsense," she sniffed, her eyelashes wet and stuck together, looking utterly pitiful. "You bullied me, and you still say you only like me."

"I…" Lan Wu was speechless, stammering for a moment before helplessly lowering her head and affectionately kissing her bare shoulder: "I'm sorry, I was a little angry just now…"

The fingers buried inside her began to move in and out again, as if to

cheer her up. Lan Wu held her and turned her over to lie on her side. Looking down, she could see the woman's furrowed brows and hear her moaning with a sob in her voice.

It seemed the man had found a way to manipulate her. After hearing the apology, he whimpered softly, "Mmm… Sister… It feels so good…"

Lan Wu felt her ears burning and lowered her head to kiss the back of her neck. She then stared blankly at a point in the air, panting, "Sister… mmm, it's so full…"

Fingertips darted between her fleshy openings, bringing forth a glistening spray of fluid. Lan Wu used her free hand to touch the muddy juncture, pinching and playing with the clitoris. Ji Lingyue immediately flinched, seemingly wanting to struggle, but instead pressed her thighs against Lan Wu's hand, her back pressing closer and closer, almost snuggling into Lan Wu's arms.

A moment later, she let out a long moan, gripping Lan Wu's arm. Her clitoris, now bright red from being fucked, trembled as it sucked on the base of Lan Wu's fingers, releasing gushing streams of lustful fluid. Lan Wu soothingly rubbed her lower abdomen, and once she had slowly relaxed, she turned her over and affectionately kissed her forehead: "Are you still angry?"

Ji Lingyue closed her eyes, her face still flushed: "A little." After saying that, she pursed her lips and said awkwardly, "Could you say what you just said again?"

Which sentence?

"That's it, that's the line!"

Which sentence is that?

Ji Lingyue suddenly opened her eyes and angrily bit her chin: "You're teasing me again!"

Lan Wu cried out that she was innocent. Ji Lingyue looked at her suspiciously for a long time. Seeing that she looked blank and didn't seem to be lying to her, she stammered, "It's just… I don't like older sister or younger sister. I only like you… that sentence."

Lan Wu nodded, "Thank you, me too."

Ji Lingyue: …

After a moment of silence, she looked at Lan Wu in disbelief, her fists clenched tightly, tears welling up in her eyes: "You, you… Waaah… I'll bite you to death!"

——

Achieved: Make Xiaoyue cry

Lan Wu: I am the smartest fish ξ(? > ??)

Extra (4)

The coronation ceremony took place as scheduled.

Early in the morning, Lan Yuan was escorted by several mermaids as she swam into the Red Coral Palace. Her sister, who was biased towards outsiders, was waiting there. Her delicate silver-iron wings curved and circled her fair forehead, then swirled like waves towards her temples, layer upon layer, forming a magnificent and sharp crown.

Hearing Lan Yuan's voice, she looked over indifferently. Her usually plain eyebrows and eyes were now adorned with vibrant red makeup, and her thick, long hair was tied into thin braids, the silver ornaments jingling with the slightest movement. But for some reason, her usual bright smile was gone, and her eyes, tinged with crimson coral pink, were half-closed indifferently, revealing a sharp edge that kept people at a distance.

Lan Yuan raised an eyebrow, and after being pressed to sit next to her, she asked curiously, "What's wrong? Did you and Ji Lingyue have a fight?"

The woman shook her head slowly: "No."

It wasn't exactly an argument, since A-Yue had been dragging her to make pearls every night these past few days. The woman was very gentle when she was in bed with her, coaxing her sweetly, but as soon as she got out of bed, she became cold and fierce.

Lan Wu rested her chin on her hand, looking troubled for a while. When Lan Yuan asked why she seemed so listless, she replied, "I'm sleepy."

Lan Yuan frowned: "Sleepy?"

She hummed in agreement: "I finished making the coral crown last night while I was up all night."

"I gave you so many days to prepare, why did it take until last night to finish?"

"It's because…" She paused, then coughed lightly, "because the best pearls are hard to find. I've been searching for pearls all these past few days."

Lan Yuan wanted to ask more, but Feng Yi had already swum in from outside the door, holding the crown. Behind him was a string of merman attendants holding gorgeous robes. The crown was very similar to the one Lan Wu wore, but it was more ornate and heavy, with dozens of dark blue gemstones inlaid in it. Feng Yi felt his arm getting sore after holding it for a while, and couldn't help but worry about his lord's neck after wearing the crown for several hours.

Not to mention, this is the first time in thousands of years that the sea race has held a coronation ceremony on the sea, and it is also the first time that the head of an immortal sect has been invited to attend the ceremony. At such an important moment, they cannot afford to make the slightest mistake.

Lan Wu, who was standing to the side, turned her head and looked her over a few times, and couldn't help but laugh and said, "Your Majesty isn't nervous, so why are you nervous? You don't even know who is going to ascend the throne."

Feng Yi hurriedly said, "Your Highness is speaking nonsense!"

Lan Wu smiled and said, "Your face is so fair. You'll be the Sea Emperor's personal attendant from now on. Why aren't you more mature?"

Before Feng Yi could speak again, Lan Yuan said, "Alright, alright. If you enjoy teasing young girls so much, you're not exactly a steady person yourself."

Lan Wu blinked and turned to look at her face, which was almost identical to her own. Perhaps because of their different statuses, Lan Yuan's makeup was more dignified and majestic. With a slight furrow of her brows, she exuded an aura of superiority and authority.

She paused for a moment before saying, "From today onwards, you are the true Sea Emperor."

Lan Yuan placed her hand on her knee: "I will always be your older sister."

Suddenly, hurried footsteps came from outside the door again: "Is everything ready? It's almost time."

Jiang Xi walked into the main hall and saw two young merfolk sitting upright. She couldn't help but smile and said, "Oh my, they are indeed my daughters." As she spoke, she cupped their faces in her hands and said, "Look at these delicate and lovely faces, so adorable."

Feng Yi was startled and hurriedly said, "Your Majesty, my makeup is going to be ruined! My makeup is going to be ruined!"

Jiang Xi then stood up and said, "Those sect leaders and some humans who received the invitations have already arrived. You should hurry up and not keep them waiting."

Lan Yuan hummed in agreement: "Shouldn't Mother be setting off soon?"

"Yes, I'll be right there."

Lan Wu blinked and asked curiously, "Where did Mother go?"

"Take the sword," Lan Yuan glanced at her and explained, "You've been so oblivious to what's going on these days that you naturally don't know that the sword-giving ceremony was presided over by Mother."

In the past, the sword-granting ceremony was always performed by the previous Sea Emperor to bestow the sword upon the next Sea Emperor. Naturally, this is no longer the case. According to custom, if the Sea Emperor is not present, the elders should bestow the sword, followed by the high priest. However, a few days ago, Lan Yuan made a decision in the elders' council to have Jiang Xi bestow the sword.

Lan Wu raised an eyebrow: "The elders actually agreed?"

Lan Yuan snorted: "Of course I disagree, but so what?"

Lan Wu showed an admiring expression: "They must be furious."

"That's great," Lan Yuan said calmly. "A bunch of old fogies, trying to boss me around just because they're elders. Hmph, once I take office, I'll find a chance to kick them all out."

Wind's Intent: !

His Majesty truly treats them like family.

The sea was calm and the sky was cloudless. Only a few dozen figures stood together, chatting idly.

"You guys have such a tight schedule," Qi Yueyao said, crossing her arms. "Attending the ceremony in the morning and the wedding banquet in the evening, but why are you still here?"

Ji Lingyue said calmly, "If I'm not here, where would I be?"

"Shouldn't you be with Lan Wu? Or go and get ready early. Isn't that how weddings are done in the human world? People start decorating the bridal chamber the day before."

Ji Lingyue glanced at her: "This isn't the human world."

"Oh, you're right."

Just then, a shadow fell over the area. Ji Lingyue looked up and saw the flying boat bearing the Haochen Mountain emblem slowly descending. She relaxed and walked over. As soon as she got close, she heard a joyful voice: "A-Yue!"

The little girl in the white Taoist robe excitedly rushed over and hugged her, then looked around and asked, "Where is Master?"

She was unwilling to change her form of address for the time being, and Ji Lingyue did not make things difficult for her, saying, "She is in the sea, and will come out with Lan Yuan in a while."

Danqing gave a disappointed "oh" and turned around, saying, "Danbai, Danbai, why aren't you coming over yet? Don't you miss Ayue?"

Danbo was startled: "You!"

Her face flushed red, and she stammered, unsure of what to say. Meng Changge, standing behind her, patted her shoulder with a smile and said, "Go on, don't always let Danqing push you."

Danbo hesitated for a moment before finally stepping off the boat and walking to Ji Lingyue's side with red ears: "Long time no see."

Ji Lingyue smiled and nodded, then put her left arm around Danqing

and her right arm around Danbai, and greeted the people who were getting off the flying boat: “Senior Sister, Sect Leader Ye, isn’t Elder Yao here?”

Ye Qingjun said, “You know her well. She would probably faint if she came to such a lively occasion.” After saying that, she took out a wooden box: “But she asked me to send her a congratulatory gift.”

Meng Changge said, “Sect Leader, shouldn’t this be a gift for the wedding banquet tonight?”

Ye Qingjun was taken aback: “That’s right,” she said, then put the bag back: “I’ll give it to you tonight. By the way, where’s Shanye?”

“Ali was called away by the Jiao Clan to help. She was worried and went with them. She should be back today.”

Ye Qingjun hummed in agreement and looked around: “Everyone you know from Lan Wu should be here, right?”

“No, not at all,” Ji Lingyue shook her head and said, “Yun’er went back to Yan Realm a few days ago, saying she wanted to invite some of my friends from Yan Realm, but… they are demons, so they might not come.”

“Since they are friends, they should be willing to come.”

“Maybe…”

After chatting for a while, Ji Lingyue glanced around and noticed a group of red fish that had appeared underwater at some point. Faint singing could also be heard from the distant seabed. She looked at the surface of the sea, which was gradually rippling, and after thinking for a moment, suggested, “Let’s go to the flying boat.”

The group unanimously agreed to return to the flying boat together. The other invited immortal cultivators also flew into the air, staring at the no longer calm sea, quietly waiting for something.

Looking into the distance, the seawater is no longer a clear blue; countless colorful sea creatures emerge from the water, densely packed, rising and falling in waves. If one were to see such a scene in other places, one would probably get goosebumps.

“Wow—” Danqing stared wide-eyed and murmured, “So many fish.”

Danbo: "…Close your mouth, don't drool."

Suddenly, hundreds of white sharks burst from the water, transforming into tall, strong human figures, kneeling on one knee on either side. The sea monsters that had been floating motionless on the surface of the water also seemed to receive a command, transforming into human figures one after another, and kneeling down in succession behind the sharks.

On the sunlit, shimmering sea, only a wide, empty waterway remained.

Gradually, hundreds of white waves appeared on the horizon, like long snakes weaving underwater. The waves drew closer and closer, rushing towards this place from all directions. Just before they reached the surface, there was a loud splash, and countless giant beasts burst out of the sea, bringing with them a moist wind. Immediately, a light drizzle began to fall, and the originally bright sunlight was blocked by the dragon's figure, casting a thick shadow.

Ji Lingyue looked up and saw that each dragon had a merman riding on its back. They were raising their long, curved, smooth conch shells in unison and bringing them to their lips with serious expressions.

"Waaah—"

Amidst the resounding and melodious horn sounds, the sea surged even more violently, and the ethereal mermaid song from the deep sea became increasingly clear. Ji Lingyue gazed intently and saw a shadow gradually emerging from the surface of the sea at one end of the waterway, as if something was about to emerge from the depths. Sure enough, a few breaths later, a dazzling silver coral island gradually appeared from the boiling waves, and on the coral island stood a crystal-clear, noble throne, shining even more brightly in the brilliant sunlight.

Under the watchful eyes of the crowd, the woman standing beside the throne raised the sharp sword with both hands, slowly turned around, and looked solemn.

The ethereal singing didn't come from beside her. At the other end of the waterway, hundreds of whales, resembling small mountains, surfaced, cascading down like waterfalls. The beautiful sounds were no longer muffled by a veil of water; countless mermaids standing on the backs of the giant whales sang in unison, the melodious music seemingly reaching to the heavens. At the height of the song, the last

white whale burst out of the water, revealing several tall, elegant figures on its head, dressed in magnificent robes, yet not a drop of water on them.

The future Sea Goddess took the lead, stepping onto the wide waterway and heading towards the throne at the other end. Her sister and the High Priest followed half a step behind, step by step. The long hems of her robes floated across the water like clouds. The sea monsters kneeling on both sides placed their hands on their chests and bowed their heads in piety. For a moment, the only sound on the sea was the tinkling of silver ornaments.

The singing stopped, and Lan Yuan walked silently along the long waterway, finally landing alone on the pristine coral island: “Mother.”

Jiang Xi hummed in agreement and smiled with satisfaction, “Good child.”

Lan Yuan pursed her lips, knelt down, and recited the oath that had been recited by generation after generation of Sea Emperors: “I hereby swear that I will forever protect my people and homeland, I will give everything to protect the peace of the four seas, I will be worthy of the throne, and I will cherish every subject, until I give up my power or the end of my life.”

Jiang Xi gazed at the silver crown on her head with a look of melancholy. Finally, he slowly walked to her side and placed the sword in her palm: “Yuan’er, the responsibility of protecting the sea tribe is now entrusted to you.”

The sword was so heavy and so cold that it even felt a little rough in my hand, but Lan Yuan gripped it tightly and said earnestly, “Okay.”

She stood up, ascended the jade steps one by one, lifted her robes, and sat on the throne.

“Waaaaah—!”

Suddenly, the resounding horn sounded again. Under the curious gazes of the cultivators, the countless figures who had been kneeling on the sea raised their heads in unison and shouted, “May the Sea God protect His Majesty!”

May the sea god protect Your Majesty!

The sound was incredibly loud, deafening, and even the seawater was

no longer calm, rippling in waves. Lan Wu lowered her head, and amidst the enthusiastic praise of the crowd, sincerely prayed, “May the Sea God protect Your Majesty.”

Extra (5)

As soon as the ceremony ended, Lan Yuan clapped her hands and said loudly, “No need to go any further, let’s move on to the next ceremony.”

Feng Yi understood immediately and gestured to his companions riding on the dragon. Instantly, the previously majestic and loud horn sound became light and cheerful. The mermaids who had been singing jumped off the whale’s back into the sea and cheerfully directed, “Everyone, the wedding procession is this way. Swim this way!”

All of this changed too quickly. Before Lan Wu could react, she watched helplessly as several merfolk leaped onto the flying boat and dragged away the equally bewildered person.

“?”

She instinctively ran a few steps, wanting to catch up, but a voice came from behind her: “Bring the princess back to me.”

The eldest princess? Who?

She turned her head in surprise, and another group of merfolk surrounded her, enthusiastically grabbing her sleeves: “Your Highness, let’s go back and change!”

As she walked back, Lan Yuan lazily crossed her arms and raised an eyebrow at her: “Just having a wedding banquet won’t do. I’ve been studying human folk tales these past few days and have figured out the wedding process. Don’t worry, I’ll definitely give you a wedding that’s unprecedented and will never be repeated.”

Lan Wu was speechless: “I…you, A Yue…” She felt it didn’t make sense, so she turned to her mother for help: “Mother…”

Jiang Xi laughed and said, “Why are you looking at me? I agreed to this a long time ago. Everyone has been secretly busy with this these days. I’m afraid you’re the only one who’s been kept in the dark and doesn’t know anything about it.”

She was taken aback, then looked at the floating creature: “You know

about it too?”

The floating creature nodded.

All the sea creatures know that the high priest never lies.

Lan Wu frowned: “Then why didn’t you say so?”

Fuyou said nonchalantly, “You didn’t ask.”

“You…” Lan Wu choked for a moment, wanting to say something more, but Lan Yuan clapped her hands impatiently: “Alright, hurry up and change your clothes, we’ll go to fetch the bride in an incense stick’s time.”

“Wedding procession? What wedding procession? How do we have a wedding procession?” Lan Wu asked, still confused, as she was pulled into the sea. “Am I going to pick up A-Yue? Why isn’t A-Yue picking me up? Can’t we go together? Why do we have to make this extra trip? I…”

“Enough with the nonsense,” Lan Yuan glanced at the sea surface where strings of bubbles were rising, then turned around and said, “Floating, let’s go too.”

The floating creature replied, “Yes.”

Meanwhile, Ji Lingyue, who had been pulled ashore, was quickly dressed and her hair was neatly braided. She raised her arm and looked at the gold embroidery on the bright red sleeves, then at the flowers adorning the hem of her skirt, and asked in surprise, “What is this?”

Meng Changge walked in from outside and said naturally, “Of course it’s a wedding dress, can’t you tell?”

“But…” she said blankly, “Aren’t the sea creatures’ formal attire white?”

“You’re not a sea creature.” Meng Changge stopped beside her, looked her up and down, and said with satisfaction, “Lan Yuan doesn’t really just treat this wedding banquet as a tool to show off her status. She puts a lot of thought into it.”

“What’s the meaning?”

Meng Changge smiled and said, “She really likes you.”

Ji Lingyue still looked puzzled, but Meng Changge stretched out his hand: "Come on, I'll walk this part of the road with you."

Although she didn't understand what was going to happen next, seeing everyone's cheerful smiles, she gradually relaxed and obediently placed her hand on theirs: "Okay."

As Ji Lingyue stepped out of the courtyard, petals began to flutter down from the sky for some unknown reason. She subconsciously looked up and saw dozens of dragons swimming in the clouds. The leader of the dragons had half its body sticking out, and on its back was a woman carrying a flower basket. Who else could it be but Yu Shanye?

"They went to Penglai specifically to pick these," Meng Changge said as she walked, picking up a petal. "I heard that Lan Yuan and Lan Wu's mother loves pear blossoms the most. Shan Ye stayed there for many days, and I'm afraid she'll pluck all the pear trees bare."

Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes and walked towards the sea amidst the falling petals, chuckling softly, "She even told me that she went to the Jiao Clan to find A-Li."

"That's not wrong."

A refreshing sea breeze ruffled her bare hair. Meng Changge stopped with her on the shore and found that countless people were already waiting there. Her friends, whether familiar or not, were all smiling at her. Lan Yuan walked out of the crowd with her hands behind her back, still arrogant, but her eyes were gentler than ever before.

Meng Changge smiled and placed Ji Lingyue's hand in hers, casually asking, "What do you think of the storybooks I found for you?"

"Not bad," Lan Yuan replied casually, "but the romance part is too drawn out. It's all so sweet and romantic, and it takes forever to get to the point, which makes the reader impatient."

Hearing this, Ji Lingyue glanced at Meng Changge furtively and saw her looking helpless. At that moment, Feng Yi, who was standing not far away, cleared his throat and called out loudly, "Let's begin!"

The familiar horn sounded again, and shadows gradually emerged from the water. Dozens of black whales, as big as small mountains, broke through the surface one after another, swimming against the golden horizon towards the shore. They swam faster and faster,

getting closer and closer. When they were only a hundred feet away, the last white giant whale slowly emerged from the front, revealing its red body standing on its back.

Lan Yuan laughed and said, “Stop looking, let’s go.”

Ji Lingyue looked away shyly and followed her onto the clear sea. The rest of the people followed behind them, heading towards the beluga whale floating on the surface of the sea.

“Ji Lingyue,” a soft voice called from beside her. Ji Lingyue turned her head and saw that Lan Yuan was still looking straight ahead, but said, “From now on, Lan Wu will be in your hands.”

She was silent for a moment, then suddenly said, “Sister.”

Lan Yuan was taken aback, glanced at her, and quickly looked away. Ji Lingyue continued, “My becoming partners with Lan Wu does not mean that I will take her away from you, nor does it mean that my relationship with her will be closer than that of you sisters. So, there is no need to say anything about handing her over to me. She will always be your sister, or rather, sister, you will have another sister in the future.”

Lan Yuan pursed her lips and muttered, “You’ve really become quite eloquent these days.”

Ji Lingyue smiled slightly: “Just take it as my sister praising me.”

“…Let’s not call her ‘sister’ anymore, it sounds really weird.”

As the red figure arrived, petals fluttered down. Lan Wu looked up, reached out her hand from her wide sleeve, and waited for it to land in her palm before focusing intently on Ji Lingyue’s approaching figure.

With a few steps to go, Lan Yuan stopped, and the woman stepped forward alone and took the hand that was being extended to her.

“Ah Yue,” Lan Wu called out, her gaze sweeping over her fiery red wedding dress, “I was just thinking that all this was too much trouble, but after seeing you…”

She hesitated, then Ji Lingyue asked, “What?”

Lan Wu blinked and whispered, “I should have insisted on what was

right. We were supposed to be getting married, but now my sister has arranged everything for us. I'm so sorry."

Ji Lingyue couldn't help but laugh and said, "What's there to be sorry about?"

"Because I really like how you look now," Lan Wu gently stroked her face and said frankly, "I really like you. How could I be so indifferent? If it weren't for you, I would never have seen you like this."

Ji Lingyue paused, gazing into her blue eyes so close to hers, and murmured, "Why do you apologize in such a sweet way?"

Seeing the two of them getting closer and closer, their lips almost touching, Lan Yuan, who was standing on the back of the other whale, coughed lightly. Feng Yi understood again and shouted loudly, "Enter the sea—"

The giant whale let out a long, resonant cry, carrying the cultivators on its back as it dived underwater and swam toward the deep seabed. Countless schools of colorful fish followed behind them, their scales shimmering with a crystalline light, like a magnificent rainbow trailing behind the whale pod. Various races that had been waiting there for a long time also swam joyfully, swirling around the whale pod.

The ethereal chants of the mermaids rang out once more, and the deep sea, which should have been pitch black, became as bright as day. Looking into the distance, all sorts of sea monsters swam in the azure curtain, scattering and then gathering together again, singing as they held up luminous pearls to illuminate the waterway leading to the palace. The boundless sea suddenly became crowded, as if it were a bustling place in the human world, filled with music and revelry.

They stood atop the whale's head at the very front, with countless jubilant sea monsters behind them. The long hem of their wedding gowns floated behind them like passionately dancing flames. Lan Wu turned her head to look at Ji Lingyue's joyful face, and unable to suppress her desire any longer, she softly uttered the incantation.

Ji Lingyue was startled and subconsciously turned around, where she saw a coral crown that was also bright red.

Lan Yuan, standing on the whale's head at the back, was taken aback and was about to rush forward to say it wasn't the right time when Meng Changge stopped her: "Hey, isn't it best to let things take their

course?”

Lan Yuan hesitated for a moment, then slowly withdrew her foot and gave Feng Yi a wink.

Feng Yi nodded and commanded, “Ensemble—”

Lan Wu could no longer hear the music around her. She clutched the crown tightly in her hands, and her beautiful face gradually flushed red. “This… I made it according to your preferences. Red coral is the most beautiful. You like swords, so I… I made the coral branches that surround the crown into a sword…”

Ji Lingyue remained silent, glanced at the sharp yet magnificent headdress, and then turned her gentle gaze to Lan Wu.

The woman, who was usually so composed, was unusually hesitant and unable to speak coherently. Even though he was about to put the crown on her head, he now acted like a student in a classroom, honestly explaining the concept behind his creation.

It’s a little too cute.

Lan Wu was still nervous: “So, you, you’re willing… to accept my coral crown?”

Ji Lingyue smiled brightly and said, “Of course.”

Lan Wu relaxed her shoulders and carefully put the braid on Ji Lingyue’s head as she lowered her head. After making sure it was secure, she was about to pull her hand back when Ji Lingyue grabbed her wrist: “I also have a question to ask you.”

“What?”

Ji Lingyue looked up at her and said softly, “Would you like to become my partner?”

Lan Wu blinked, then quickly gave a shy smile: “I do.”

——

There will be another update tomorrow! The old apothecary’s gift is coming soon!

Extra (6)

The wine of the sea creatures is indeed much stronger than that of humans.

After tasting the flavor, Ji Lingyue immediately went to Lan Wu's side and helped her deflect the toast offered to her: "I'll take it."

Lan Wu breathed a sigh of relief and obediently followed behind her, showing a bright smile to each guest who offered a toast. By the time it was Lan Yuan's turn, Ji Lingyue had already drunk more than a dozen cups of wine, but she remained calm and clear-eyed, as if what she had just drunk was nothing but water.

Lan Yuan looked at her with disbelief, then glanced at Lan Wu and asked, "Does she have to drink my wine for me too?"

Lan Wu quickly replied, "Of course not, I'll do it!"

She clinked glasses with Lan Yuan without hesitation, downed her drink in one gulp, and her face immediately scrunched up. Her bright eyes welled up with tears from the spiciness. Lan Yuan chuckled, calmly drank her own glass, and couldn't help but tease, "Over the years, I've really raised you into a pampered princess."

Lan Wu tried to blink back her tears and muttered, "It's because the liquor in the sea is too strong, not because I'm delicate." Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Ji Lingyue about to clink glasses with Yao Zhu again, so she quickly reached out and grabbed her sleeve: "Alright, even if you can drink, drink less. If you get drunk, I'll have to carry you back."

Ji Lingyue subconsciously said, "I won't get drunk," then realized, "Even if I did, would it be a bad thing to carry me home?"

Lan Wu quickly shook her head: "Of course not, of course I'd love to hug you, but…" She carefully leaned close to Ji Lingyue's ear and whispered a few words. The woman's cheeks flushed, she blinked, and obediently put down the wine: "Okay."

Yao Zhu raised an eyebrow and said regretfully, "Alright, then I'll drink this cup myself." Just as she was about to down the drink, another voice came from not far away: "You should drink less too."

Xuan Yu was dressed in a light blue dress today. As she walked, the hem of her dress fluttered, and the jade pendant hanging from her waist swayed with it. Lan Wu's gaze, however, was drawn to the fiery red tassel hanging from the jade pendant. The more she looked at it,

the more familiar it seemed, and she exclaimed in surprise, “This…is this…?”

Yaozhu said proudly, “It’s my tail hair, isn’t it beautiful?”

Xuan Yu was not as happy as her. Instead, she looked embarrassed and explained, “I don’t know what suddenly came up with this fox. It wanted to pluck its own fur to make a scarf for me. If I hadn’t found out in time, I’m afraid half of its tail would have been plucked off. But since it’s already been plucked, it can’t be wasted, so I did as it asked… I did as it asked and made a tassel.”

“A sudden inspiration?” Ji Lingyue narrowed her eyes and looked at Lan Wu thoughtfully: “Perhaps she got the idea from somewhere else.”

Xuan Yu shook her head and laughed, “Then it just goes to show that the person who gave her the idea wasn’t exactly a peace of mind either.”

Lan Wu coughed lightly and awkwardly shifted her gaze elsewhere. In doing so, she caught sight of a figure swimming in from a distance, and her eyes lit up: “A-Yue, Yun’er is back.”

Ji Lingyue subconsciously turned around and saw a familiar figure land on the jade steps, followed by two or three black figures wearing cloaks.

“Sister,” Ji Yun strode over and said with a smile, “We made it in time.”

Ji Lingyue couldn’t help but smile, took her hand and looked her up and down before turning to the people behind her: “What’s with your outfits?”

Yuan Qing muttered, “I thought wearing black would keep me inconspicuous, but who knew that all the sea monsters are so flashy? Wearing black just makes me stand out.”

Lan Wu recognized her as Ji Lingyue’s friend from the Flame Realm and said gently, “It’s alright, no one here will care about your identities.”

“Indeed, the sea monsters were all busy with their own things and didn’t pay any attention to us on our way here.” Changing the subject, Yuan Qing added, “But the last time I saw Miss Lan, she was a faceless monster. Now, seeing her is quite a sight to behold.”

Ji Lingyue couldn't help but curl the corners of her lips into a smile: "Thank you."

"What are you thanking me for? It's not like I'm praising you," Yuan Qing said irritably. "When Ji Yun told us you were going to marry the sea tribe princess, we thought you were a fickle and heartless person. We never expected… you would give us such a big shock!"

"It was a fright, but you came too," Ji Lingyue said earnestly, "Thank you for coming."

The other person laughed and said, "You really should thank her. You have no idea how much courage she had to muster to decide to come back here."

"Is that so?" Ji Lingyue pondered for a moment, then took out a jade pendant from her bosom: "In that case, I'll return this to you."

Yuan Qing was taken aback. After recognizing what it was, her eyes widened, and she exclaimed anxiously, "Why are you still holding it? Didn't I ask you to return it to my master?"

"I've been busy before and haven't had a chance. Now that you're back, why don't you return it to her yourself?" Ji Lingyue said with a smile. "It's definitely better to handle these complicated matters yourself."

"You," Yuan Qing said in a panic, "I came back here for you, and this is how you thank me?"

Ji Lingyue nodded matter-of-factly: "Yes."

"You bastard, Ji Lingyue—"

"Don't be angry, don't be angry," Lan Wu quickly smoothed things over. "On this joyous occasion, I apologize on behalf of A-Yue. But Miss Yuan, if you think about it carefully, A-Yue is right. Of course, it's better for the two of you to handle matters concerning your relationship yourselves. However, this is my wedding banquet with A-Yue. Miss Yuan has come all this way, so why don't you sit down and chat with everyone and rest for a bit?"

Yuan Qing was ushered into the hall by her, and then a cup of wine was stuffed into her mouth without her even knowing it. After a while, she said, "How come someone as infuriating as Ji Lingyue ended up with someone as good-tempered as you?"

Lan Wu chuckled: “Perfect match, we’re a match made in heaven.”

Perhaps because there is no day and night cycle in the sea, this grand banquet lasted for a long time. Only when the laughter and music gradually stopped did Meng Changge take the two dizzy little birds to the room and then quickly walk out.

As expected, Lan Yuan hadn’t left yet. She sat with her head down on the wide throne, her silk-like white robe flowing down her back. Her left hand, adorned with a jade ring, rested on her knee, while her other hand held the Sea King Sword upright on the ground, seemingly lost in thought.

Meng Changge searched around again for the merman who always followed Lan Yuan, and seeing that she was busy taking the drunken guests back to their rooms, she felt relieved. She climbed the jade steps one by one and stopped beside the throne: “Are you tired?”

After a long while, Lan Yuan finally raised her head, squinting her eyes in confusion: “Who are you?”

Meng Changge paused, looked her over for a moment, and hesitated before asking, “Are you drunk?”

“Nonsense!” The woman sat up straight as if energized, her eyes wide, and said, “Ji Lingyue isn’t drunk, how could I be?”

Meng Changge suppressed a laugh: “You don’t actually think you can outdrink your junior sister, do you?”

Lan Yuan frowned: “What do you mean? You think I can’t?”

Her logic was so clear that Meng Changge hesitated again, wondering if she was truly sober. At this moment, Lan Yuan, defiant, stood up, dragging her long sword, and staggered down the stairs: “Where’s Ji Lingyue? Where did she go? Find her, and we…we’ll continue…”

Meng Changge quickly helped her up: “They’re on their wedding night, what are you looking for her for? Besides, why are you carrying a sword?”

“The wedding night?” Lan Yuan stopped and tilted her head blankly. “With whom?”

“Who are you talking about? Of course, it’s your sister.”

"Oh…" she blinked and muttered, "With my sister."

After a moment of silence, a pearl suddenly fell with a crisp sound. Meng Changge was startled and exclaimed in surprise, "What's wrong? Why are you crying all of a sudden?"

Lan Yuan, her face expressionless, shed pearls: "My little sister has grown up; she's not a little fish anymore…"

Meng Changge: "Hasn't she grown up a long time ago?"

Lan Yuan acted as if she hadn't heard: "You used to be so naughty and mischievous, always causing trouble. After being scolded by Mother, you would pitifully run to my side and stick to me for everything. How did you suddenly grow up?"

Meng Changge blinked, then understood: "You actually have these melancholic moments? Don't worry, she just got married, she's not dead, and she's not leaving you. If she knew you were dropping little pearls on your back when you were drunk, who knows…"

Lan Yuan's expression hardened: "You're not allowed to say the word 'death'!"

"…" After a long pause, Meng Changge said helplessly, "You really do love her."

Meanwhile, the two, presumably celebrating their wedding night, had just left Ye Qingjun's room. Lan Wu weighed the box in her hand and asked curiously, "It's so light. I wonder what Elder Yao gave me."

"Judging by her personality, it must be some rare medicinal herbs." As she spoke, Ji Lingyue turned her head, her eyes sparkling: "Where are we going to stay?"

"Naturally, it's my palace." Lan Wu took her hand, and after a while, she added, "It feels like things are no different after we got married."

"You've clearly gained an extra bond of love," Ji Lingyue scoffed. "If you ever change your mind, you'll suffer from angina."

"Don't you have one too?" Lan Wu chuckled, pushing open the door to the palace. The first thing that caught Ji Lingyue's eye was the pure white seashell. It was the first time Ji Lingyue had seen its true form. She walked around and looked at it for a while, and couldn't help but say, "It's so big."

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, pulled her to her side, carefully removed the headdress, and patiently untied the waist sash. She then helped her take off the heaviest and most cumbersome outer garment. After doing all this, she looked at the face so close to hers and couldn't help but kiss the corner of her rosy lips, tasting a hint of sweetness.

Did you drink any fruit syrup tonight?

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement: "You don't let me drink too much, so when Lan Yuan challenged me to a drinking contest, I secretly switched to fruit syrup."

Lan Wu raised an eyebrow: "If my sister finds out, she will be very angry."

"That's for tomorrow," Ji Lingyue stepped forward, about to look up and kiss her, when Lan Wu pressed her lips against hers: "Want to go for a soak in the hot spring?"

?

Ji Lingyue asked doubtfully, "There are hot springs in the sea?"

"Of course it's man-made, right here in my palace." Lan Wu's eyes crinkled into a smile. "Although the cleansing spell has the same effect, it's quite comfortable to soak in it occasionally."

"good."

"Then I'll go and make the arrangements."

With that, Lan Wu turned and left. Ji Lingyue waited idly for a while, then noticed the box on the table and couldn't help but pick it up.

What exactly is it?

Curious, she opened it and found only a teapot wrapped in gold velvet. Ji Lingyue took it out, lifted the lid, and sniffed it. A floral fragrance immediately filled her nostrils.

She blinked, thought it smelled quite nice, and put it back on the table. At this moment, Lan Wu also came back, saw the opened box, and subconsciously asked, "What is this?"

"A pot of medicinal wine."

Lan Wu said "oh," and then noticed another piece of paper inside. She

took it out and read it aloud, word by word: "Spring, intention, strong."

A moment later, she exclaimed in surprise, "Spring is in full bloom?!"

Ji Lingyue asked blankly, "What does 'spring is in full bloom' mean?"

"The spring is in full bloom…" Lan Wu quickly walked to her side and hurriedly cupped her face in her hands: "Oh dear, it's that medicine! Back when I was on Haochen Mountain, the old medicine master started researching it. Did you drink it? Please don't tell me you've tasted it!"

Ji Lingyue blinked, gradually realizing what was happening, but seeing Lan Wu's flushed face, she suddenly had a mischievous thought: "I…"

Lan Wu asked nervously, "Did you drink it?"

"I drank it," she squinted, reached out and hooked her arm around Lan Wu's neck, leaning softly against her. "What should I do? I feel so awful."

Extra (7)

"Feeling unwell?" Lan Wu asked anxiously, "Where does it hurt?"

But the person in her arms had her head down, whimpering without saying a word. Lan Wu supported her waist, wondering if the medicinal wine had changed over the years. Based on her memory of Chun Yi Nong, she picked her up and carried her quickly toward the hot spring behind the palace.

As soon as she was immersed in the warm water, Ji Lingyue wrapped her arms around her waist, pressed her against the pool wall, and slipped her hands inside her loose clothes, pressing them against her waist through a thin undergarment.

Lan Wu hummed in confusion. As soon as she opened her eyes, she saw Ji Lingyue's face approaching. The woman's makeup was still on, adding a touch of allure to her usually plain face. Her rosy lips pressed against hers, and Lan Wu instinctively tilted her head back. The kiss landed on her slender neck. Lan Wu trembled, slightly out of breath, and asked in confusion, "You, weren't you feeling unwell?"

"Yes," Ji Lingyue said softly, "it's so uncomfortable…"

Lan Wu was even more confused: "Where do you feel uncomfortable?"

Ji Lingyue suppressed a laugh and said, "On my hands."

After a moment of silence, Lan Wu opened her eyes wide and grabbed her forcefully: "Well, now you've learned to tease me too." She flipped over to switch places with Ji Lingyue, pinching her cheek with a mixture of amusement and exasperation: "Whose hands hurt when they have aphrodisiacs at home?"

Ji Lingyue smiled and said lazily, "Isn't that how it's written in the storybooks?"

"How many storybooks have you read?" Lan Wu snorted, let go of her hand, and rubbed her slightly flushed cheeks again: "You didn't even taste that wine, and you still lied to me, making me so worried."

"What's there to worry about? The things that Elder Yao sent can't possibly be harmful. Besides, even if I did drink them, so what?" She smiled and poked Lan Wu's chest. "Aren't you right here?"

Lan Wu paused for a moment, looking at her bright and radiant face, and couldn't help but lean in. Just as she was about to kiss her, she stopped: "I remember, Feng Yi seems to be coming to deliver something later..."

Before she could finish speaking, Ji Lingyue pulled her down, and she and Ji Lingyue plunged into the pool together.

Glug glug glug...

After sinking into the water, her two legs, which were intertwined with hers, transformed into a long and strong fish tail. Scales also emerged faintly on her smooth face. Ji Lingyue gazed at the woman's even more beautiful face after her transformation, reached out and cupped her face, and gently kissed her.

Compared to Lan Wu, whose clothes were still neat and tidy, she only had a pure white undergarment left, which was easily torn to shreds by the merman and fell to the bottom of the pool.

"Ah Yue," Lan Wu whispered, turning her head to kiss her pink earlobe, "Don't use magic, okay?"

No magic required?

Ji Lingyue glanced at her with some confusion, hesitated for a moment, and then obediently withdrew all her power. After losing the protection of magic, the warm spring water immediately rushed into her mouth and nose. She quickly held her breath, enduring the gradually increasing feeling of suffocation, and obediently hugged Lan Wu.

Now I can't breathe, and I can't even speak.

Lan Wu smiled faintly, lowered her head and kissed her, her hands kneading the woman's full breasts.

"Hmm…" Ji Lingyue let out a muffled groan, glancing down to see the wave-like silver patterns emerging from Lan Wu's palm. Those should also be traces of scales, but they were not obvious or completely hard, and they would bring a strange pleasure when rubbing against her breasts.

She squinted, her soft moans crushed between her lips and teeth, only able to catch her breath by kissing Lan Wu. Several slippery tentacles quietly wrapped around her waist and thighs. Ji Lingyue subconsciously tightened her grip on Lan Wu's red clothes, feeling the rough touch on her chest slide down, and couldn't help but tense up, nervously welcoming the caresses that were about to come.

She kneaded the firm, round buttocks with her palm, and touched between the thighs. Lan Wu felt a touch different from that of spring water. She smiled and, while affectionately sucking on the tip of the woman's tongue, she went deep into the woman's crotch, parted the labia, and inserted a finger joint inside.

Ji Lingyue gave a muffled "hmm," her legs floating in the water with nothing to hold onto. After a few swaying motions, she couldn't help but wrap her arms around the merman's waist. Her soft flesh eagerly absorbed Lan Wu's fingers as they moved in and out, occasionally releasing abundant juices.

"Well……"

The pinkish-red opening tightly gripped the base of her finger, contracting and expanding with each grinding and thrusting motion. A considerable amount of water from the pool also flowed into the opening with each thrust. Ji Lingyue frowned, her eyes gradually turning red, yet she still couldn't utter a satisfied moan. She clung to Lan Wu like a vine, her chest heaving violently, desperately trying to steal air from her mouth.

That's so good. You said you wouldn't use magic, and you really didn't.

Lan Wu hugged her waist tightly, feeling the taut muscles beneath her thin skin and her occasional trembling. With a mischievous grin, she placed her palm on her swollen clitoris and began to rub it. Ji Lingyue immediately shuddered, her legs rubbing restlessly against Lan Wu's waist, and she let out a small animal-like moan.

"Uh-huh……"

She felt dizzy, and her passionate kiss with Lan Wu gradually lost its rhythm. Her hand gripping Lan Wu's clothes tightened until it turned white, but Lan Wu cruelly bit her lower lip, pinched her wrists together with one hand and pressed them against the pool wall, while the other hand continued to thrust into her wet opening, pumping rapidly.

After an unknown amount of time, a loud splash came from the room illuminated by the luminous pearl. Ji Lingyue slumped softly in Lan Wu's arms, panting heavily, and a drop of water fell from her wet eyelashes.

"Lan Wu…slow down, slow down…"

Lan Wu chuckled, lifted Ji Lingyue's damp black hair, and continued to press her against the edge of the pool and kiss her. Ji Lingyue let out a soft moan, her palm caressing the patterns embroidered on Lan Wu's wedding dress. Suddenly, her acupoints tightened a few times, and a stream of fluid gushed out.

The arm submerged in the water finally stopped thrashing. Lan Wu leaned down and kissed her, then reached for her clothes, about to take them off, when Ji Lingyue stopped her, saying, "Don't…"

She finally caught her breath, her voice still a little hoarse, her narrow eyes, brimming with moisture, looking at her pitifully: "I like it, you wearing… wearing this outfit while you fuck me…"

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then obediently lowered her hand, but the knuckles that had been inside her wet, hot opening began to stir again: "Why?"

Ji Lingyue was held and fucked a few times, moaning softly. It took her a while to understand what she was asking: "I just… I just like it…"

Lan Wu tilted her head and pondered for a moment: “So, I shouldn’t have taken off your clothes just now.” She imagined Ji Lingyue being bullied by her while wearing her wedding dress, and her face immediately turned hot. She felt embarrassed by imagining herself and leaned in to kiss the woman’s neck.

Confused, Ji Lingyue hugged her head. Before she could ask anything, the fingers buried inside her began to thrust forcefully. She couldn’t help but grip Lan Wu’s shoulders tightly, swaying her hips to meet her movements, stammering, “You, um… be gentle…”

“You weren’t gentle with me the other day either.” Lan Wu flipped her over and pressed down on her from behind, thrusting into her still spasming and contracting vagina without saying a word. Ji Lingyue groaned and tried to suckle with her fingers wrapped around them. After being slapped on the buttocks, she excitedly spat out a pool of honey-like fluid.

The movement below her stopped, but a laugh came from behind her. Ji Lingyue blushed instantly, wishing she could curl up into a little shrimp. The strong fish tail forced her legs apart, and her buttocks were also spread open and kneaded wantonly. Lan Wu wrapped her sticky flower heart from behind and played with the clitoris between her fingertips.

Ji Lingyue froze, twisting her waist and struggling to dodge, but repeatedly brushed against her palm: “Ah… Lan Wu, no, don’t pinch, um…”

Lan Wu said gently, “If you won’t let me pinch you, do you want me to lick you?”

She paused, turned her head, looked at Lan Wu with her watery eyes, and her voice became soft and gentle: “Is it okay?”

Lan Wu chuckled: “Since you’re so excited, how could I say no?”

She swam forward a little, hugged her from behind, and wrapped her arms around her chest, almost encircling her completely: “But I’ll let you lick it one last time.”

The fingers submerged in the water parted the woman’s labia, and the wet, slippery tentacles burrowed into her opening, stretching the outer flesh until it turned white. Ji Lingyue suddenly gripped her arm tightly, her body trembling, and tears fell in a patter.

Lan Wu glanced at it and said with amusement, "If I were as prone to crying as you, I wouldn't need to spend so many days searching for pearls."

Ji Lingyue sobbed, tears streaming down her face as she yelled, "No… no, you're not allowed to say it!"

Lan Wu ignored her and thrust the tentacles into her vagina quickly, turning the bright red flesh inside out. Even though they were in the water, the squelching sound of the vaginal fluid being squeezed out could still be heard. Ji Lingyue blushed and struggled to kick her legs in the water, but they were entangled around her ankles and thighs. A second tentacle even burrowed into the opening of her vagina, tentatively trying to penetrate inside.

A sudden panic gripped her, and she quickly turned her head, kissing Lan Wu's cheek like a chick pecking at rice, pitifully saying, "It's too full, I…I can't eat anymore…"

"That's hard to say." Lan Wu cradled her head, about to tease her a little more, when she heard a knock on the door. The body in her arms tensed up instantly, as if she held her breath. Lan Wu, however, smiled and slowly played with her nipple, saying, "Come in."

With a creak, the door was pushed open, and someone walked in: "Your Highness."

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, feeling the pounding of her heart beneath her palm. The second tentacle silently burrowed into her wet little hole. Ji Lingyue suddenly shuddered and turned to look at her with tears in her eyes.

"I've come to deliver the Hundred Flowers Dew," Feng Yi hesitated for a moment, then asked, "Where should I put it for you?"

Gurgle…

The long, thin end of the tentacle squeezed through the flesh and crawled inside, stretching the originally narrow opening until it was round and full. Ji Lingyue gripped Lan Wu's hand even tighter, and her eyes, flushed with red, trembled and closed.

Lan Wu nodded thoughtfully and asked, "Hundred Flower Dew? What's it used for?"

Feng Yi was taken aback, wondering if this was something His

Highness had been drinking since childhood, but he obediently explained, “It’s for sobering up, refreshing the mind, and nourishing the body.”

In the steaming water, the tentacles began to thrust in and out of her orifice, one after the other. Ji Lingyue’s body tensed, and she tried her best not to make a sound, but she could not control the tentacles that were fucking her to stop, nor could she make the faint gurgling sound of water disappear completely.

Mmm, that feels so good…

Perhaps due to nervousness, her hot, moist flesh walls gripped the tentacles tightly. When she was being fucked, she experienced a stronger pleasure than usual. She groaned softly, tears welling up in her eyes, whether from shame or pleasure, it was hard to tell.

Lan Wu glanced at her and noticed that in just a few words, her body had turned as red as a boiled shrimp. She couldn’t help but soften and replied, “I know, just put it on the table.”

Feng Yi agreed, put down the Hundred Flower Dew, bid farewell to Lan Wu, and left the room.

As soon as she left, Ji Lingyue softened, her voice trembling with tears, “Hurry, don’t, don’t stop…”

Extra (8)

After lifting the person out of the pool, Lan Wu cradled her wet head and casually said, “In the past, this room of mine was always full of seawater.”

Merfolk can live freely in the water, but humans do not have this ability and can only use magic to avoid water. Therefore, in order to entertain guests these days, Lan Yuan specially sent people to set up an array to turn these palaces into a dry environment.

Ji Lingyue gave a weak, nasal “hmm,” and Lan Wu glanced at her flushed cheeks and asked gently, “What’s wrong? Are you sleepy?”

“No, I’m not sleepy.” She struggled to keep her eyes open, unwilling to waste such an important night: “I haven’t done it with you yet, I’m not going to sleep.”

Lan Wu chuckled: “Do you even have the energy to be me?”

Ji Lingyue tilted her head, leaned on her shoulder and thought for a moment, then said softly, "Then… I want to drink that, that Hundred Flowers Dew."

Lan Wu naturally went along with her, placing her in the seashell lined with soft seaweed. Then she turned to pour out the Hundred Flowers Dew. Ji Lingyue rolled over and found that the seashell wasn't as big as she had imagined. She could touch the top of her head when she knelt down. She looked around and, seeing that Lan Wu hadn't returned yet, quietly took out a black box from her storage ring and opened it.

This was a little trinket that Yaozhu gave her, saying she found it in the Hundred Treasures Pavilion. A few days ago, she would blush just looking at it, but tonight, on their wedding night, she was going to give Lanwu a surprise.

Hmm… Lan Wu is so accommodating to her, if she just acts cute a little, she probably won't refuse.

As she pondered, footsteps approached again. Ji Lingyue quickly put the box in the corner, turned around and saw Lan Wu carrying a teacup. She raised her head and lazily asked Lan Wu to feed her.

Lan Wu couldn't help but mutter, "You've really become a pampered young lady, needing to be served hand and foot." As she said this, her movements were very gentle, carefully bringing the rim of the cup to Ji Lingyue's lips and feeding her the drink.

After finishing her drink, Ji Lingyue licked the water off her lips and smiled, "It really is delicious, sweet."

Lan Wu remained noncommittal, casually tossing down the teacup and pressing Ji Lingyue down into the seashell. With a click, the shell closed tightly. After a brief darkness, the smooth top of the shell gradually glowed with tiny silver specks. Ji Lingyue looked up from Lan Wu's shoulder and instinctively said, "This is…"

"I drew this when I was little," Lan Wu hugged her and kissed her, whispering, "When I couldn't sleep when I was little, I would grind the scales that had fallen off into powder, dip my finger in it, and draw randomly on this."

Ji Lingyue blinked: "But, like stars."

Lan Wu was taken aback. She turned her head to look at her and saw

that her clear eyes reflected a glimmer of light, just like a sky full of stars. She couldn't help but smile, cupped the woman's face, and kissed her on the lips. Ji Lingyue, on the contrary, wrapped her arms around her neck and kissed her back while quietly turning to the side, trying to pin her down.

Lan Wu stroked her supple waist and suddenly said, "It's so hot."

Ji Lingyue bit her lip in a sticky, affectionate way, seemingly unwilling to hear her say anything more: "Aren't I always hotter than you?"

"Really?" Lan Wu frowned and touched her cheeks and neck again. "But it's much hotter now than before."

"It doesn't matter……"

She took a breath, preparing to press Lan Wu down again, but as soon as her chest was brushed, Lan Wu trembled uncontrollably and let out a soft, seductive moan.

"Ah… Haa…"

Ji Lingyue blinked blankly, a shiver running through her as the area touched her, and her lower abdomen instantly burned. Lan Wu felt her hot breath and became even more worried. She reached out and stroked Ji Lingyue's flushed face. Ji Lingyue closed her eyes, turned her head and rubbed her palm against Lan Wu's, letting out a satisfied sigh.

"What's wrong?"

"I feel uncomfortable," Ji Lingyue groaned uncomfortably, "It's so hot, I feel so uncomfortable…"

Lan Wu was taken aback, her eyebrows furrowed, and she said seriously, "Are you trying to lie to me again?"

"No, no," Ji Lingyue was almost crying with anxiety. She slid her hand down to her chest, where it was already sweaty, and her heart was pounding rapidly beneath her palm, seemingly more excited than usual. "Mmm… Lan Wu…"

She cried out, her legs intertwining with Lan Wu's. A faint wetting sensation reappeared between her pale thighs. Lan Wu was quickly aroused by her embrace and asked, puzzled, "Why does it hurt? The

Hundred Flowers Dew… doesn't have this effect…"

Did she make a mistake?

Ji Lingyue whimpered and rubbed against her body, her honeyed fluid flowing from between her legs. Almost every part of her body was hot, and her eyes were wet and misty.

"Touch, touch me…"

Lan Wu lowered her head and kissed her lips, her hands obediently wrapping around her back. The rough fabric created an uncomfortable barrier between their skin, causing Ji Lingyue to squirm uncomfortably and whine to Lan Wu, "Take it off…"

With her clothes haphazardly torn off, Lan Wu realized that she had probably given Ji Lingyue the wrong drink. Feeling guilty, she obeyed her every word and quickly hugged her tightly, hoping to help her cool down.

"Um……"

Ji Lingyue's lips brushed against Lan Wu's collarbone, and as Lan Wu caressed her back, her inner thighs became even wetter and stickier. She straddled Lan Wu's thighs and rubbed against her. Lan Wu couldn't help but reach down and touch her, peeling away her erect clitoris and kneading it. Ji Lingyue cried out softly, her waist lifting subconsciously, her body trembling from the caresses. When Lan Wu inserted a finger, she groaned and contracted, gushing out her vaginal fluid.

She choked back tears, closing her eyes as they streamed down her face, soaking her hair. Lan Wu panicked and quickly pulled her hand away to cup her face, about to comfort her, when Ji Lingyue suddenly opened her mouth and took her finger in her mouth. Her small tongue roamed between her fingers, sucking away the wet nectar, while a muffled whimper escaped her throat. Lan Wu stared blankly at her, not yet reacting, when Ji Lingyue released her finger and pulled her hand down to her lower body: "Quick, fuck me…"

Lan Wu had never seen Ji Lingyue so unrestrained before, and was momentarily stunned: "…This, I…"

Before she could finish speaking, the person in her arms suddenly struggled. Lan Wu was caught off guard and was suddenly flipped over. Ji Lingyue rolled over and pinned her down, her knee pressing

firmly against Lan Wu's waist, making her unable to move.

She was in some pain from being pressed down, and said pitifully, "Ah Yue…"

Ji Lingyue felt even more aggrieved than her: "If you won't move, then I will…" As she spoke, she pressed Lan Wu's hand down under her body, slowly lowered her waist, and swallowed it.

"Uh… um…"

Lan Wu blinked in a panic, realizing she was truly soaked. The moment her fingertips touched the flower's core, they were instantly drenched, her fingertips eagerly sucked in by the soft flesh, which seemed to want to strangle her. Ji Lingyue exhaled, the itching within her body lessening slightly, and then began to move up and down. She tilted her head back, her eyes half-closed in ecstasy, emitting pleasurable moans. Lan Wu dared not move rashly, only able to support Ji Lingyue's waist with her other hand to help her conserve her energy.

The opening swallowed the base of her fingers again and again, making a squelching sound. The soft flesh of her buttocks was also pressed and flattened on Lan Wu's thighs. Before long, Ji Lingyue arched her back and trembled as she ejaculated. But after only a short rest, she twisted her waist and hips again to rub the fingers inside her body.

"Mmm… Lan Wu, Lan Wu…"

She looked down at the merman, her red lips parted slightly: "Fuck me to death…"

Lan Wu took a breath, then suddenly grabbed Ji Lingyue's hands and pressed her down onto the soft seaweed. The woman let out a soft moan and shook her head, saying, "Don't go out… Ah!"

The supple tentacles plunged hard into her tender pink orifice, even causing her to slide upwards. Ji Lingyue screamed and struggled to move her body to dodge, but Lan Wu held her waist tightly, pulled the tentacles to reveal her bright red flesh, and thrust them in again.

"Ah…so good, uh, so deep…"

She frowned, moaning with a mixture of pain and pleasure. Even though she was already deep inside, she still tried to push further in.

Lan Wu kissed her neck, her breathing becoming rapid: “So hot…”

Sticky tentacles wrapped around Ji Lingyue’s chest and abdomen, while the one inserted into her vagina slowly withdrew. Its transparent shaft was covered in glistening, honey-like fluid, dripping down. Ji Lingyue whimpered, rubbing her wet opening against her, and said pitifully, “Don’t go out…”

As she spoke, the tentacles wrapped around her waist gently lifted her up, then turned her over and lowered her down. Lan Wu hugged her from behind, kneading her breasts as she said affectionately, “Don’t go out.”

Her thighs, which had been pressed together, were parted, revealing her constantly moving private parts. Lan Wu rubbed them a few times in the wet, juicy thicket, and Ji Lingyue couldn’t help but tremble. She twisted her waist and turned her head to invite her, “Come in quickly…”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, her palm sliding down to Ji Lingyue’s snow-white buttocks, following the gurgling flow of her lustful fluids, and quickly finding the hidden honey hole deep inside.

“ah……”

Ji Lingyue let out a long moan, her body almost limp as mud. It was easy to hit unfamiliar spots when penetrated from behind. Her bright red opening held the base of her fingers, squirting out water. She ejaculated after only a few thrusts, but Lan Wu continued to move. The flesh of her orgasmic opening was smooth and tight, tightly gripping her knuckles. It was wet and hot, and felt like it was about to melt into her.

After another gush of nectar, she parted Ji Lingyue’s buttocks, buried her face in her mouth, and began to lick and kiss her. Her nimble tongue probed into the twitching orifice, feeling as if it were being sucked in. She lowered her eyes, licked open the folds inside the orifice, then lifted her waist and sucked hard on the sensitive clitoris. Ji Lingyue’s body jerked, and she grabbed at the seaweed beneath her, moaning incoherently, “Ah…so good, so comfortable…mmm, tongue…more, more…”

The buttocks in front of her trembled for a moment, then gushed out a large amount of honey water as if she had lost control of her bladder. Lan Wu coughed and raised her head to kiss her shoulder and neck. Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed the finger marks on the

seaweed and was stunned: "This is a creeping seaweed from the abyss. It's extremely tough. How could you even scratch it?"

She couldn't help but feel grateful that she had turned Ji Lingyue over, saving her back from this ordeal. Just then, a box in the corner caught her attention. While comforting Ji Lingyue, Lan Wu picked up the box and opened it.

"..."

A moment later, expressionless, she pulled out a clip-like object, then a rough, two-finger-wide jade pillar, and finally a needle-thick golden ring...

After tidying up all the odds and ends, she gritted her teeth and looked at the person still nestled in her arms, panting, with a forced smile.

"...On our wedding night, is this how you plan to treat me?"

Extra (9)

"Ah Yue".

A gentle call rang in her ears, and Ji Lingyue groggily opened her eyes to look at the figure lying on top of her.

It's so hot... Why is it so hot...?

Is it snake venom?

She blinked in a daze, and there was Lan Wu's beautiful face so close to her, her azure eyes like a calm, waveless sea.

Blue?

She recalled slowly, Lan Wu... wasn't Lan Wu black-eyed? They had just joined Haochen Mountain together, and in a few days, the old apothecary would be back, and she would be able to cure the poison.

"Ah Yue".

Lan Wu called out again, and seeing that she was staring blankly at her without any reaction, she asked curiously, "What are you thinking about?"

Ji Lingyue asked, "After I'm cured of the poison, can I still visit you

often?”

Lan Wu was taken aback, then realized what she meant: “You don’t need to come looking for me, I’ll come looking for you.”

“Why?”

“Because,” she paused, then said softly, “without you, I don’t know what to do.”

Ji Lingyue slowly raised her lips: “From now on, will I be your best friend?”

“No,” Lan Wu stroked her cheek and said with a smile, “A friend wouldn’t do such a thing.”

“What…” Before she could finish speaking, a strange sensation suddenly came from below, and Ji Lingyue couldn’t help but shudder, her long eyelashes blinking wildly: “Uh… Lan Wu…”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement and slowly pushed the cold jade pillar into the acupoint: “Are you more awake now?”

Ji Lingyue struggled to shrink upwards: “I… ah…”

She tilted her head back, her eyes reflecting the silvery light like twinkling stars. The seaweed that had swelled up was soft and flat, and because it was covered with all sorts of water stains, it was slippery. She thrashed around in place for a while before becoming breathless. Finally, she was jolted awake from her reverie and hurriedly propped herself up to look down.

In the dim light, she could only glimpse a hard, foreign object protruding from her vaginal opening, and she couldn’t help but whimper in shame, “That’s…it’s mine…”

“I know,” Lan Wu said slowly and deliberately, “It’s your stuff, so it has to be used on you, right?”

As she spoke, she twirled a small golden ring from her other hand, a faint light flashing past that illuminated the shock in Ji Lingyue’s eyes.

“No, no…” She hurriedly shook her head, feigning weakness, “This was given to me by Yaozhu. I… I just wanted to look at it, I didn’t intend to use it…”

“Really?” Lan Wu pondered, playing with the ring. “Since it’s a gift

from Yao Zhu, wouldn't it be a waste of her good intentions if we didn't use it? Besides," she reached out and touched Ji Lingyue's sweaty lower abdomen, and said seriously, "the effects of the medicine haven't worn off yet, you can definitely handle it."

Before Ji Lingyue could refuse, she flicked the ring upwards, and spiritual energy quickly flowed into it, flying as if it had a mind of its own to Ji Lingyue's crotch, enveloping her erect clitoris. Ji Lingyue immediately let out a muffled groan, instinctively tightening her waist and hips, her legs kicking wildly at Lan Wu's sides. The clam shell swayed slightly due to her movements, and a dim yellow light flowed in through the slightly open gap. Ji Lingyue perked up, rolled over, grabbed the edge of the clam, and tried to climb out, but Lan Wu pinched her ankle and pulled her back.

The clam shell closed again, and the light outside disappeared completely. In the dim corner, wet tentacles slowly crawled up her calves, wrapping around her tightly, leaving a sticky and cold sensation on her bare skin.

"Lan Wu..."

She turned her head, unable to see the woman's face clearly, but saw her reach out, her fingertips lightly resting on her waist, and casually tapping it.

The vaginal ring suddenly tightened, and Ji Lingyue screamed and collapsed. The flesh of her vagina, which was biting the jade pillar, spasmed and contracted continuously, spitting out gushing honey-like fluid. She trembled and reached between her legs, trying to remove the thing, but after several attempts, not only did she fail to remove it, but because of the rough action, her clitoris became even more congested and red.

The heat that had just subsided swept over her again, quickly leaving her drenched in a light sweat. Her long eyelashes were stuck together with tears, and Ji Lingyue breathed heavily. The lustful fluid gushing from her vaginal opening wet the tendrils wrapped around her thighs. Lan Wu sensed her rising temperature and pulled her closer. This time, she didn't struggle; her body was limp, as if she had no bones.

"Click."

A choker of some unknown material was placed around her neck, soft yet rough. Before Ji Lingyue could react, something of the same material encircled her wrists, locking her hands behind her back. She

was forced to arch her chest, her two nipples, as red as blood, falling onto her fair skin like a red plum blossom in the snow.

Lan Wu examined her for a moment, then reached out and pinched her calf, lifting her up while pressing her knee against her waist, leaving her only with her shoulders and back on the ground. Even though Ji Lingyue was flexible, this upside-down position was still somewhat uncomfortable: “Lan Wu…”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, then pinched her knees and pressed them down, almost bending her knees to her shoulders. Ji Lingyue’s face flushed red instantly. When she looked up, the first thing she saw was her own vulva biting the jade pillar. Because it was soaked with wet nectar, the jade pillar glistened with a crystal-clear light, and the labia covering the pillar were even more glistening with moisture, dripping red and wet.

She sobbed and turned her face away, refusing to look at the obscene scene. The gurgling sounds of water continued to reach her ears. Lan Wu squeezed it up and down a few times, squeezing out streams of nectar, before pulling it out of her vagina. The soft flesh clung tightly to the shaft, making a popping sound. Ji Lingyue’s ears turned bright red. Just then, a slippery tentacle wrapped around her head, forcefully pulling her back to watch the scene before her.

Lan Wu smiled and glanced at her, then stuck out her pink tongue and slowly inserted it into the tightly closed, crimson opening.

“ah!”

Ji Lingyue shuddered, her vaginal muscles making lewd sounds as the tongue stirred them, gurgling and overflowing with fluid. The hand that had been pressing down on Ji Lingyue’s legs was replaced by more tentacles. Lan Wu used her fingertips to part the soft, wet labia, her tongue sweeping across the moist opening before taking the sensitive clitoris into her mouth. This clitoris was already red and engorged from being constricted by the vaginal ring, unable to withstand any touch, let alone being enveloped and teased by the hot, wet lips and tongue. Just a sucking was enough to make Ji Lingyue scream, trembling as she gushed out hot, wet fluid.

Lan Wu inserted her fingers into the gushing opening of Ji Lingyue’s vagina, thrusting them deep inside, grinding against the depths, and then quickly pulling them out. After thrusting in and out more than ten times, Ji Lingyue trembled, and a small stream of water squeezed

out of her vagina.

“Mmm… Hah…” She breathed heavily, her lips were wet, and her eyes were misty and unfocused. Lan Wu bent down and buried her in her arms, sucking on her erect nipples, her hands sliding down to her firm buttocks and kneading them wantonly, while her lower abdomen continued to rub against her wet clitoris.

Soon, she spat out the nipple from her mouth, raised her head and sealed Ji Lingyue’s lips with hers. The woman hummed softly, opened her lips and took Ji Lingyue’s tongue in her mouth, her legs wrapped around Ji Lingyue’s waist, and she lifted her buttocks to rub her clitoris against Ji Lingyue’s lower abdomen. Lan Wu’s breathing became slightly rapid, and her lips and tongue intertwined, making a soft smacking sound. She continued to rub Ji Lingyue’s buttocks, and her cool jade pillar pressed against the bright red entrance, slowly inserting itself.

“Um……”

Lan Wu buried her face in her shoulder, frowned and let out a soft moan. Ji Lingyue snapped out of her reverie and looked down over Lan Wu’s shoulder. She could only see the woman’s bare back and the beautiful curves of her waist and hips. But as Lan Wu slowly swayed her hips, she could feel the jade pillar inside her moving in and out of her vagina, squeezing out plenty of fluid.

She blinked, then suddenly regained her strength. Even with her hands bound behind her back, she used the power of her waist and legs to flip Lan Wu over and straddle her. Looking down, she saw the other end of the jade pillar inserted into the woman’s wet and soft orifice, which was also glistening with moisture, and sparse silver hairs stuck together in clumps.

Ji Lingyue took a breath and knelt on Lan Wu’s body, bouncing around. Her buttocks were repeatedly pressed and flattened against Lan Wu’s thighs, making a crisp slapping sound.

“Mmm…mmm, haha…so good…”

She squinted contentedly, her eyes flushed red, and lowered them, moaning coquettishly, “Ah… Lanwu, so comfortable… mmm, Lanwu…”

She moved faster and faster, thrusting into Lan Wu’s body with the same force, making Lan Wu’s waist weak and sore that she had to

reach out and pinch Ji Lingyue's waist to tell her to slow down. Unfortunately, this person was doing it on purpose, and besides, she was covered in sweat and slippery like a fish, so Lan Wu couldn't hold her down at all.

"Lan Wu, um… Lan Wu…" she called out hoarsely, sitting as far as she could, ceasing her thrusting and instead slowly swaying her hips, circling and grinding against her clitoris. Lan Wu trembled and moaned, her eyelashes glistening with moisture. Her hand, resting on Ji Lingyue's thigh, repeatedly tried to grip hard, but restrained itself, only rubbing it with her fingertips. Their point of contact was wet, the source of the fluid indistinguishable from whose. After an unknown amount of time, Ji Lingyue let out a muffled groan, releasing another stream of nectar, collapsing limply into Lan Wu's arms, kissing her passionately: "I like it…"

Lan Wu was still catching her breath when she heard this and slowly opened her eyes: "You still say… you didn't intend to use this on me before."

Ji Lingyue blinked, pretending not to know what she was talking about, and stayed in her arms, kissing her neck. Lan Wu sighed helplessly, lifted her up with her tentacles, and pressed her face down under the shell.

Ji Lingyue turned her face away with difficulty: "Are you going to fuck me from behind?"

"yes."

She grabbed the woman's waist, spread her buttocks, and squeezed in. Ever since she learned that the other end of the device was inserted into her vagina, Ji Lingyue had become much more energetic and her movements were even more unrestrained and bold. After being penetrated, she groaned and then took the initiative to stick her buttocks out and swallow the jade pillar. The bright red vaginal flesh wrapped the bluish-white jade device in and out. The vivid colors aroused Lan Wu's face and ears to heat up. She slapped the woman's buttocks in embarrassment and anger, and bent down to push her against the shell wall and fuck her.

Four long, slender legs intertwined, and soft moans rose and fell. Lan Wu's breathing was heavy as she tightly embraced Ji Lingyue's waist, increasing the speed of her thrusts into her flesh. Before long, the person in her arms moaned and climaxed, the squeezing water even

wetting her lower abdomen. She narrowed her eyes and laughed hoarsely: "How come it's so fast? Is it only the time it takes to drink a cup of tea?"

Ji Lingyue blushed and retorted defiantly, "Who told you to… you kept breathing in my ear…"

Lan Wu rested her chin on her shoulder and said innocently, "But I feel good too, can't I breathe?" As she spoke, her hand, which was wrapped around Ji Lingyue's waist, slowly slid down and kneaded the clitoris in her flower: "Or do you like me breathing?"

"Ugh!" Ji Lingyue shuddered and curled up, "No, don't touch her…"

"Tell me if you like it or not, and I won't touch it."

"You…" Ji Lingyue glanced at her with teary eyes, her legs kicking wildly as she was being touched. Finally, unable to resist the pleasure, she said in a tearful voice, "Mmm… I like it, I like it…"

Lan Wu smiled and said, "I like it when you pant too."

She reached out and untied the collars around the woman's neck and wrists, removed the clitoral ring, and pulled the jade rods inserted into their vaginas out and tossed them aside. She then lowered her head and kissed the woman's neck: "I love the sound of you when you're comfortable."

Her fingertips explored the wet opening, making a squelching sound, before she inserted them. Ji Lingyue let out a soft moan, her freed hands instinctively wrapping around Lan Wu's neck.

"Like this." She lowered her head, glancing at the small, red mouth sucking on her finger, and slowly moved in and out. The gentle rhythm, unlike before, was very pleasant for Ji Lingyue. She nestled in Lan Wu's arms, occasionally letting out a comfortable hum, feeling her whole body go limp. Lan Wu gently stroked the corner of her eye and asked softly, "Are you still uncomfortable?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head, then pressed herself against him, wiggling her hips and digging her fingertips deeper into his mouth: "It feels good, I like it…"

"That's good," Lan Wu said gently, gazing at her. "I love you."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: "What, why are you suddenly saying

this?"

"I don't know," Lan Wu said honestly, "I just suddenly felt like saying it, so I said it."

Ji Lingyue thought for a moment, then said earnestly, "I love you too."

Lan Wu chuckled. "I know." She pecked Ji Lingyue's lips and pressed her hand to her chest. "I've known this for many years."

——

The next chapter is a love story set in the underworld. After the underworld, there will be a side story about the older sister, followed by side stories about other supporting characters, and finally, the vampire.

In this order ξ(? > ??)

Underworld Side Story (1)

In her tenth year in Ghost City, Lan Yue was transferred from the Yama's Prison, where she did hard labor, to the Rebirth Residence, which belonged to Meng Po, because of her diligence and hard work.

Although she still only has two days off each month, she can now go home every night. Moreover, compared to chiseling and chopping rocks barefoot in the molten lava-filled purgatory, the monotonous work of grinding herbs is much easier. What's more, she even met an acquaintance here.

After pouring the crushed medicine into the pot, Lan Yue looked at the woman who was silently stirring the medicine with amusement: "Are you still going to pretend you don't know me?"

Ji Xing gripped the iron pestle tightly in her hand, not even raising her head, and said, "Tomorrow we have to help more than four hundred souls pass away. If we waste time talking, we won't be able to finish."

Lan Yue asked noncommittally, "When did you arrive? How did you die? How many years were you sentenced to?"

"…" Ji Xing obediently replied, "He was sentenced to fifteen years, so he has five years left."

Lan Yueyao frowned: “Then you died just a few days after me?”

Ji Xing gave a faint “hmm,” seemingly unwilling to continue the topic. Lan Yue glanced at the sky outside the window and suddenly asked, “Would you like to come to my house for dinner tonight?”

Ji Xing paused for a moment, then finally looked up: “Eat?”

Although they no longer need to eat after death, most of the residents of Ghost City still follow the habits they had in life, working at sunrise and resting at sunset. Thinking about it this way, it’s not surprising that Lan Yue invited her to dinner.

“Yes,” Lan Yueyao narrowed her eyes and muttered, “You’ve become quite reserved since you died.” After saying that, she turned around and said, “My house is the third one in Chang Le Lane. If you come, remember to bring a bouquet of flowers.”

At the hour of Xu (7-9 PM), Meng Po sent away the last soul. After grinding all the herbs needed for the next day and cleaning the mortar and pestle, she left the Rebirth Abode. In the Ghost Realm, there was no sun, and the sky, illuminated by the River of Oblivion, was a blood-red hue. On her way home, lanterns lit up the street, their dim yellow light illuminating the shop signs. She bought a packet of tea at a teahouse and then went to buy ingredients for dinner. The owner, as usual, asked, “The usual?”

Lan Yue nodded, thought for a moment, and said, “Add one more fish.”

The shopkeeper was taken aback, his gaze towards her becoming somewhat subtle. Lan Yueyao didn’t take it to heart. After buying her things, she headed home. Pushing open the door, the warm light of the lantern bathed her. She stepped onto the stone steps in the courtyard, passing through the dense flower bushes. The woman leaning against the eaves reading a book looked up and clearly called out, “Yueyao.”

Lan Yueyao went over to take a look and found it was a children’s book for learning to read: “Did Xiao Mo from next door give it to you?”

Chu Chunhan understood what she meant and slowly nodded: “Yes.”

Lan Yueyao smiled and held up what she was holding: “Look, I bought some new ingredients today.”

Chu Chunhan looked at it carefully for a while, his face showing a thoughtful expression. He turned the page in the book, pointed to the picture of the mermaid: "Fish," and then pointed to Lan Yueyao: "You."

Lan Yueyao chuckled, "That's true, but the fish is for the guests. Hmm, she's a cat, um—this one." She turned to the page with the cat illustration, "If she comes later, I'll trouble you to take good care of her. I'll go cook now."

Chu Chunhan replied, "Okay."

As wisps of smoke rose from every household, Ji Xing, holding a large bouquet of flowers, hesitated before walking to the door of the third house in Chang Le Lane.

Why did you actually buy flowers and bring them over?

She stared at the flowers in her arms, her brows furrowing in distress. In the past ten years in the Ghost Realm, her life consisted only of working. She had no place to live in the Ghost Capital, and even her days off were spent alone in the Rebirth Residence. Moreover, was her relationship with Lan Yueyao harmonious enough that they could eat together?

While she was still in a daze, the door in front of her was suddenly pushed open. Ji Xing was startled, and when she looked up and saw who was in front of her, she froze: "Sister…" Before she could finish speaking, she suddenly realized and exclaimed in surprise: "You, you are… Chu Chunhan?"

Chu Chunhan looked her up and down for a moment, then asked in a gentle voice, "A cat?"

Ji Xing: "What?"

Chu Chunhan patiently asked, "You, a cat?"

Ji Xing blinked, finally realizing what was happening, and stammered, "Yes, yes, I am a cat."

Chu Chunhan nodded and stepped forward to take the flowers from her arms: "Thank you."

She turned and took a few steps, then turned back when she realized Ji Xing hadn't followed. "Please."

Ji Xing pursed her lips, struggling internally for a moment, before finally lifting her foot and following nervously. Hearing the commotion, Lan Yueyao, who was inside the house, came out with a kitchen knife in her hand: “Coming.”

When she saw clearly the bouquet of flowers in Chunhan’s arms that almost covered her entire face, she exclaimed in surprise, “Why did you buy so many?”

Ji Xing said, “I didn’t know what kind of flowers you wanted, so I bought a bunch of each kind.”

“Spending money in the ghost realm is more expensive than jewelry. Where did you get so much money?”

“My sister cooked it for me.”

“elder sister?”

“Blue Iris”.

Lan Yue frowned: “Why didn’t she burn it for us?”

Ji Xing pondered for a moment: “Perhaps it’s because you don’t have any corpses, so you have nowhere to cremate them.”

“…” Lan Yue gave her a forced smile, then turned her head and saw that Chu Chunhan had already walked into the yard and was looking around for an empty space to plant these flowers. Her dissatisfaction disappeared: “Never mind, thank you anyway for bringing so many.”

Ji Xing turned her head and glanced at the fragrant courtyard, raising an eyebrow and saying, “Compared to the ones in this courtyard, there aren’t many.”

“Of course, during my ten years in Yama’s Prison, every time I came back to see her, I would bring a bouquet of flowers,” Lan Yueyao said gently, her gaze falling on Chu Chunhan’s slender back. “You certainly can’t compare.”

A sumptuous dinner was quickly served. Chu Chunhan sat upright, her eating movements were refined, and her expression was calm and composed. It was hard to tell that she was a person with a broken soul. Ji Xing secretly glanced at her several times from the rim of her bowl, only to be caught red-handed by Lan Yue: “What are you looking at?”

She hesitated for a moment, then asked, “Has she recovered?”

“Of course not,” Lan Yueyao said in a relaxed tone. “But it’s getting better and better. In the first two or three years, she didn’t react to anything and just sat there all day. I couldn’t be by her side all the time, so I had to ask the neighbors to help take care of her. Gradually, she started to react to the outside world and began to recognize words and speak little by little.”

Ji Xing asked in confusion, “But after reincarnation, she will become a blank slate again, remembering nothing. Wouldn’t this be a waste of effort?”

“How can it be a waste of effort?” Lan Yue said gently, “She is much happier than before when she is reading, talking to me, or taking a walk in Ghost City with other people. As long as she is happy, it is not a waste of effort.”

Ji Xing was silent for a while, then continued to drink her porridge. Lan Yueyao, on the other hand, became interested in her and lazily raised her eyes: “So how exactly did you die? When did you and Lan Yuan become so close, and you even call her ‘sister’?”

Ji Xing was taken aback, gripping the spoon in her hand tightly, unsure whether to tell her the truth.

She suddenly realized that Lan Yueyao was actually hers too…

With a soft clang, Chu Chunhan put down her chopsticks and looked at Lan Yueyao: “Tomorrow.”

Lan Yue invited Liao Ran: “I haven’t forgotten about going to the human realm tomorrow.”

Ji Xing looked up: “Go to the human realm?”

“Yes, tomorrow is the fifteenth of the seventh lunar month, the Ghost Festival, when the gates of hell are wide open, so we can take a trip to the human world.”

“But you,” she coughed, “people like us… who are guilty, cannot leave the ghost realm.”

“Yes,” Lan Yueyao nodded, “So after I asked the Ghost King to give me a chance to go to the human world, she said it was okay, but she canceled my entire year of rest time.”

Ji Xing's eyes lit up: "If that's the case, then I also…"

"You can also go to the human realm," Lan Yueyao said with a smile, "but it's probably not possible this year. Tomorrow is the Ghost Festival, and you won't have time to ask the Ghost King for permission."

"It's alright," she shook her head, a look of delight on her face. "Thank you for telling me this."

"You're welcome. It's fate that we met an acquaintance in Ghost City."

Ji Xing finally couldn't help but ask the question: "Don't you hate me?"

Lan Yueyao chuckled, "Hate? We're all dead now, dust to dust, ashes to ashes, what is there to hate?"

"…Yes," she sighed, "the past belongs to the living; for the dead, it is all empty."

The next morning, the two ghosts set off together on their journey to the human world. The Sea King's Palace was still the same as they remembered, but there were hardly any people inside or outside the palace. They floated next to a mermaid and eavesdropped for a while before learning that the current Sea King had gone to the demon realm.

The current Sea Emperor…

The ghosts were much faster than the living. Before long, Lan Yueyao and Chu Chunhan arrived at the solemn royal palace of the demon realm. Together with the other demons present, they turned their gaze to the crowd that was stepping in.

A young woman with silver hair and blue eyes walked at the front, her steps swift as the wind, her clothes fluttering. Behind her followed more than twenty merfolk, all dressed in equally spotless white robes. As this group entered, the entire hall seemed to brighten, and the demons sitting inside gasped in amazement.

Lan Yuan stopped in her tracks, her gaze falling on the throne at the highest point. The face, as white as jade, was strikingly beautiful, its elegance undiminished by the silver ornaments and jewels adorning her. Even when bowing, she remained neither humble nor arrogant: "I apologize for being late."

Blue Moon commented: “It’s a good thing that Blue Iris became the Sea Emperor.”

Chu Chunhan glanced at the person in the hall, then floated over without a word, hovering beside her and scrutinizing her closely. Lan Yueyao also approached and said gently, “She looks a lot like you, doesn’t she?”

Chu Chunhan didn’t speak, but reached out and carefully touched Lan Yuan’s face. The woman, who had just sat down, trembled her long eyelashes and turned her head as if she sensed something. Unfortunately, the living cannot see ghosts. Even though they were looking at each other, Lan Yuan just stared at the air around her for a long time with suspicion before turning her head back.

This seemed to be a celebratory banquet for the Demon King’s marriage. After the banquet, Lan Yuan left the royal palace alone and headed towards the bustling demon capital. Two ghosts quietly followed behind her, eventually stopping in front of a huge stone statue.

People came and went around her. Lan Yuan put her hands behind her back, looked up at the stone statue, and said, “Auntie.”

Lan Yueyao was startled, thinking that Chu Chunhan had discovered her, but Chu Chunhan frowned, looked at the statue, and then at her: “You.”

Blue Moon tilted her head: “Me?”

Chu Chunhan pointed at the stone statue’s face: “You.”

Lan Yueyao finally realized what was happening, looked up and carefully examined the statue, and exclaimed in surprise, “It really is me!”

The demons actually erected a stone statue for her at the highest point of the capital. Lan Yue blinked and murmured, “I clearly haven’t done anything for them…”

Lan Yuan placed her palm on the stone statue and muttered, “Auntie, being the Sea Emperor is so tiring. There are so many things to deal with every day. I have to meet with humans and demons. Lan Wu, on the other hand, is carefree and roams around without ever trying to share my burdens. And that Meng Changge…” She paused, then frowned in dissatisfaction, “Why should I care about her?”

The surroundings suddenly fell silent. After staring blankly for a while, Lan Yuan sighed, turned around and walked back: “Never mind.”

The two ghosts remained where they were, watching her walk further and further away until she disappeared into the crowd.

Lan Yue extended her hand: “Let’s go.”

Chu Chunhan looked away and placed his hand in her palm: “Okay.”

A gentle breeze caressed their faces. This time, they stopped on a mountain path. A light drizzle was falling from the sky. A woman in white was fighting with several people, while another person climbed into a rickety carriage and carefully helped a mother and daughter out.

“brush.”

The gleaming sword pierced the heart of the last man, but when it was withdrawn, it was not stained with a single drop of blood. Ji Lingyue casually twirled the sword and turned to look at the three people standing beside the carriage.

The mother and daughter were still in shock, and seeing the corpses all over the place made them even more terrified, their faces turning deathly pale. Lan Wu put her straw hat on the mother’s head to shield her from the slanting raindrops: “Don’t be afraid, you can ride your horses down the mountain, and you’ll reach the town in half an hour.”

“Horses…we…we don’t have horses.”

“Take mine.” Lan Wu led her horse over and helped them onto it. “Remember to report to the authorities when we get to town. There are hardly any bandits left on Qingfeng Mountain. They’re nothing to worry about.”

“You give me the horse, what about you?”

Lan Wu smiled, and seeing Ji Lingyue mount her horse, she lightly leaped behind her: “We can ride together.”

Ji Lingyue glanced at her with a smile, then tightened her grip on the reins: “Giddy up!”

“Wait, wait…” Seeing them gradually disappear into the distance, the

woman called out loudly, “What are the names of the two young ladies? Where should I go to express my gratitude to them?”

A clear voice rang out in the drizzle: “No need to thank me, I was just helping out when I saw injustice.”

The sound of horses’ hooves faded into the distance, and the swaying figures gradually disappeared into the mountains and forests. Lan Yueyao smiled and shook her head, saying, “Lan Yuan is right, it is indeed carefree.”

Chu Chunhan withdrew her gaze and pondered, “Them…”

Lan Yue tilted her head, waiting quietly for her to speak. The woman slowly said, “Very good.”

“Yes,” Lan Yueyao gently stroked her face and said tenderly, “They’re all married now, how could things not be good?”

Chu Chunhan blinked: “Penglai…”

“Do you want to go there?” Although Penglai has undergone tremendous changes, Lan Yueyao still felt a little uncomfortable. She pouted, looked into Chu Chunhan’s clear eyes, and awkwardly hummed, “Fine, I’ll go then.”

At this moment, the woman took her hand again. Lan Yueyao was taken aback, but couldn’t help but smile: “Never mind, you can go wherever you want. I’ll go with you no matter where it is.”

The two ghosts vanished like the wind into the drizzling rain, and the forest remained silent, as if nothing had happened.

Looking at this chilly spring weather, can you bear to let her have sex with someone, or be sexed? \(`Δ’) /

Underworld Side Story (2) 2h h p. c om

“spring chill.”

The woman turned her head and stared expressionlessly at the tall figure walking towards her.

“Look, these are our children.”

She said indifferently, “I have never conceived them.”

“Even so, they still have your blood in them; they are your own flesh and blood.” The man smiled. “Don’t you want to see them?”

She clenched her fist almost imperceptibly, then turned her gaze back to the pages of the book in front of her. “Don’t bother,” she said, enunciating each word clearly. “I won’t love them.”

Time passed, flowers bloomed and faded, and she sat for a long time in the deserted underwater courtyard, until one day, a childish groan of pain came from outside the door.

“Ouch…” (This appears to be a fragment of a larger text, possibly a website address or website. The last line, “鮎續zhàng揤喊至リ:2bxx.com,” is unclear and likely refers to a website or online platform.)

She turned around and walked step by step into the courtyard, where she saw the girl lying under the pear tree. The girl raised her head, her short, round fishtail swaying behind her, and her blue eyes staring straight at her.

The moment their eyes met, she guessed who the child was, but still asked, “Whose child are you?”

“I…” The girl scrambled to her feet, feigning composure, and said, “I am the Third Princess of the Merfolk? Why don’t you bow to me?”

“Lan Wu”.

“Ah!” The girl exclaimed in surprise, her eyes widening in shock. “How dare you call me by my name?!”

“Lan Wu, this is not a place for you.”

With a gentle flick of her sleeve, she sent the little fish flying: “Don’t come back.”

Unfortunately, he was a stubborn and curious child who would sneak up to her, approach her little by little, cautiously test her limits, and finally boldly sit down next to her, using the excuse of asking questions about books to start a conversation with her.

Over time, she would occasionally ponder a question.

Is a mother born to love her child?

Is a mother's love for her child born from the blood connection formed during the ten months of pregnancy, or from the accumulation of daily interactions?

She couldn't understand it.

Moreover, these two children were not what she wanted in the first place. They were simply born from the essence of her and Lan Zhichuan, and she went to Guanyin Mountain to obtain flower beads that could nurture fetuses, thus nourishing the fetuses born from them.

These two young lives were the shackles Lan Zhichuan used to bind her. She understood their purpose, and she also understood that as long as she didn't develop feelings for them, as long as she didn't love them, these shackles would be meaningless to her.

But when she heard that threatening word, she stopped in her tracks.

"You can't go!" The woman in front of me was as white as paper, and she said hoarsely, "I finally escaped with great difficulty, and I finally managed to rescue you. You can't go back!"

"But……"

"No buts!" The woman's eyes were bloodshot, her well-defined knuckles gripping her tightly like iron clamps, almost drawing bruises. "Please, Chunhan, let's go. We'll be leaving here soon… soon…"

The mermaid's long eyelashes trembled, and the falling tears merged into the water, disappearing without a trace.

She froze, staring at the emaciated woman before her for a long time, her lips moving as she said, "I'm sorry, I've caused you to become like this."

"This has nothing to do with you…"

"I shouldn't have brought you back to Penglai."

"I've already said, this has nothing to do with you…"

Before she could finish speaking, she suddenly struck the merman's collarbone with her palm. After the merman lost her ability to move, she used a magic array to protect her and pushed her towards the sunlit sea.

Her lover was already covered in wounds, and even such a simple magic array couldn't be broken quickly.

The merman snapped out of her disbelief, her teeth grinding together: "Chu Chunhan!" She struggled to the edge of the magic circle, her eyes bloodshot, and screamed hysterically, "Are you going to abandon me for her! Chu Chunhan! Chu Chunhan! Do you love her that much?!"

She whispered, "I don't love her."

She originally thought love was a shackle, but now she realizes that the justice and kindness she has always upheld are the real shackles.

She cannot take advantage of others' misfortunes, she cannot be disloyal or unfilial, and she cannot bear to see innocent people suffer because of her.

Because this has always been her way of dealing with the world.

Would it be easier to live a selfish life?

"Chu Chunhan..."

The voice faded into the distance, becoming somewhat indistinct. She looked at her lover, who opened her mouth and uttered her last few words.

I hate you.

Her long eyelashes fluttered, and she turned and plunged into the boundless depths of the sea.

In the dead of night, Chu Chunhan quietly opened her eyes.

She couldn't remember what she dreamed about, but since there was no one in the bed beside her, she put on her clothes, got out of bed, and slowly walked out.

A familiar figure lay quietly on a rocking chair under the eaves, her long eyelashes casting a fan-shaped shadow. She tiptoed to Lan Yueyao's side and found that she seemed to be asleep.

So Chu Chunhan looked around, then moved a stool over and obediently sat down. The flowers in the courtyard were fragrant, and crickets chirped. She stared blankly for a while, then couldn't help but look at the person next to her.

The dim moonlight shone on Lan Yueyao's gentle eyebrows and eyes, making her skin appear even more delicate and porcelain-like. Chu Chunhan reached out and carefully lifted her sleeve, discovering that there were still earthworm-like twisted scars crawling on it.

"Hmm..."

Perhaps her movements startled Lan Yueyao, for the woman frowned and drowsily opened her eyes: "Spring chill?" Her voice was slightly hoarse as she yawned: "Why did you come out? Aren't you sleepy?"

"You're not here."

"Ah," she said softly, a slight smile playing on her lips, "It was too hot inside, so I came out."

Chu Chunhan nodded, and after a while, asked again, "Does it hurt?"

"What?"

Chu Chunhan pointed to her arm: "There's a scar on it."

Lan Yueyao was taken aback, and pulled down her sleeve in annoyance: "Why are you looking around like that? I'm all covered up so well."

Does it hurt?

"I..." She pursed her lips and shook her head, "Of course it doesn't hurt anymore. This scar was left a long time ago. If I had known that the soul would remain in the same state as when it died, I would have found some medicine to remove the scar before I died."

"Why?"

"Because it's too ugly," Lan Yueyao said awkwardly, "It's scary."

"It's not scary."

Lan Yueyao snorted: "That's because you didn't see what's on me..."

Before she could finish speaking, she immediately shut her mouth, looking at Chu Chunhan with surprise and uncertainty. Sure enough, the woman stared at her with a pair of bright black eyes, like a curious child: "On your body?"

Oh no...

She gave a dry laugh and curled up: “No, I was just joking.”

To change the subject, she reached out and pulled Chu Chunhan up, hugging her waist from behind and resting her chin on her shoulder: “Ji Xing is coming to visit tomorrow, would you like to cook?”

Chu Chunhan hummed in agreement: “Make fish.”

“How do we do it?”

“Stir-fry”.

“Anything else?”

“Braised in soy sauce”.

Lan Yueyao chuckled: “She doesn’t only eat fish.”

Chu Chunhan thought for a moment, then placed his hand on the back of her hand: “I like it.”

“…” Although she understood that she was just stating the facts, she still occasionally wondered if Chu Chunhan was flirting with her.

It’s probably…unlikely.

As she was lost in thought, Chu Chunhan suddenly called out, “Yue Yao.”

“Um?”

Do you hate me?

Lan Yueyao was taken aback. She lowered her eyes and looked at her fair profile. After a while, she asked in a soft voice, “Why do you ask that?”

“I don’t know,” the woman said, her back to her, seemingly lost. “I just feel like I care.”

Lan Yueyao pursed her lips and turned her around. Chu Chunhan obediently let her do as she pleased. However, the eyes under her delicate eyebrows no longer had the familiar calm and gentleness, but only a spotless clarity.

She sighed inwardly and murmured, “It’s better if you don’t remember some things.”

"What's up?"

"Something I regret." She gently took Chu Chunhan's hand: "Luckily, you don't remember, I once said those kinds of things to you."

The woman looked at her quietly, her posture gentle, like autumn water that could embrace everything.

"Back then, I thought, if only you could be a little more selfish, but if you really were a selfish person, I wouldn't have met you, let alone fallen in love with you." She smiled and said in a light tone, "It took me so long to understand something so simple. I'm not as insightful as Lan Wu."

Chu Chunhan was silent for a moment, then said, "I'm sorry."

"What are you sorry for?"

"have no idea."

Lan Yue raised an eyebrow and smiled helplessly, "You always make me guess, you're so annoying."

"sorry."

"Alright, alright, if you want to make me happy, you might as well say you like me."

"I like you." Seeing Lan Yueyao's stunned expression, Chu Chunhan placed his hand on her chest: "On your body."

"Um?"

"scar."

Lan Yue sighed, "You're so persistent, is it really necessary to see?"

Chu Chunhan nodded.

Lan Yueyao bit her lip, gradually applying a thin layer of powder to her face, and muttered, "If you weren't acting so silly right now, I would really think you had ulterior motives." She lifted her waist, and Chu Chunhan was also pulled up by her, sitting up and looking down at her.

The woman coughed and said, "Once you've seen it, you can't see it again."

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To see the silly state of the underworld, please type 1; to see the normal state in modern times, please type 2. (You can't type both 1 and 2. \(`Δ') /

(I'll continue updating after I finish this busy period at the end of the month)

Underworld Side Story (3)

The following year, Ji Xing made a request to the Ghost King early in the morning to go to the human world before the Ghost Festival. After receiving his approval, she was in high spirits for several days. Lan Yue found it amusing and offered to send her away from the Ghost Realm, asking her to help visit Lan Yuan. The little cat readily agreed, but when it came to Lan Wu and Ji Lingyue, she wrinkled her face as if she had eaten some sour tofu, and stammered for a long time before reluctantly agreeing.

After spending time together, she learned Ji Xing's true identity and couldn't help but wonder, "Why are you treating her differently when they're both your sisters?"

Ji Xing rolled her eyes: "Lan Wu is not my sister."

Lan Yue chuckled and couldn't help but ruffle her hair: "Alright, go ahead, remember to come back on time." She paused, then plucked a crimson flower petal from her forehead: "What's this?"

"Perhaps it got on her by accident on the way." Ji Xing exclaimed as if she remembered something, and said cheerfully, "It seems that Ghost City is also going to hold a grand event this year. When you go back later, you can take Aunt Chu to see it."

"good."

The woman turned around and walked impatiently toward the human world. Once she could no longer see her back, Lan Yueyao also walked home along the wide and bustling Chang Le Street. However, as soon as she reached the bridge, she bumped into the brocade carriage coming from the opposite direction. The carriage was crowded with residents of the Ghost City on both sides, and the noise was deafening. The river under the bridge was filled with countless golden lanterns, and ghost guards dressed in black were sitting in wooden boats, retrieving them one by one.

Lan Yueyao withdrew her gaze and leaned against the bridgehead to avoid the crowd, but then she heard a clear voice calling out, “Sister Yueyao!”

She subconsciously looked down and saw her neighbor’s little girl, Chen Mo, standing by the water, and the person she was holding hands with was none other than Chu Chunhan. Today, this person was dressed in simple clothes, and a beautiful and fragrant flower crown adorned her cascading black hair. Her eyes, beneath her delicate eyebrows, were as gentle as spring water, as if she had stepped out of a classical landscape painting.

She squinted her eyes and leaned over the bridge, asking, “When did you come out?”

“We came out early this morning,” Chen Mo said cheerfully. “Everyone is following the floats. I heard that a thousand moonflowers will be thrown out at the end, and only one of them is white. If you catch one, you will receive a gift from the Ghost King.”

Lan Yue gave an “oh” and tilted her head slightly: “Did you make the flower wreath on Chun Han’s head?”

“Yes, I learned how to make one after I made one for Sister Spring Chill, and I even made one for you.”

“Really?” Lan Yueyao’s eyes lit up. “Where?”

Chu Chunhan raised the flowers in her hand: “Here.”

Lan Yue smiled and asked, “Are you going to give it to me?”

“Um.”

Her smile widened, and she bent down to help me put it on: “Then I’ll trouble you to put it on for me.”

Chu Chunhan obediently raised her hand, but found that she was still some distance from the people on the bridge. She frowned and thought for a while, then took two steps forward, slowly tiptoed, and carefully tucked the delicate petal into the mermaid’s silver hair.

The air was filled with the fragrance of flowers, and their breaths mingled. Lan Yueyao looked down into her clear eyes and asked softly, “Is it pretty?”

Chu Chunhan nodded: “It looks good.”

“You look good too.”

Taking advantage of the moment when no one was looking, she lowered her head and quickly kissed the woman on the cheek, then straightened up as if nothing had happened, rubbing her lower back: “Ouch, pounding medicine at Changsheng Residence every day, my old back is really about to give out.”

Chu Chunhan stood up straight again, looking at her with some confusion. Only after she swayed down from the bridge did he ask, “Why?”

Lan Yue nodded in confusion, and while leading her along the float, she loudly asked in the bustling crowd, “What? Why?”

“Kissing in public?”

Lan Yueyao coughed suddenly, and only after noticing that Chen Mo had squeezed out to buy lanterns elsewhere did she breathe a sigh of relief. She leaned close to Chen Mo’s ear and whispered, “Don’t ask about these things outside.”

Chu Chunhan frowned: “You said we couldn’t kiss in public, but you just kissed me, so you went back on your word. You also said we couldn’t ask questions in public, you…”

“I was wrong,” Lan Yueyao quickly surrendered, afraid that she would keep arguing about it. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have kissed you in public.”

Chu Chunhan stubbornly asked, “Why did you kiss me?”

“Why is there? I’m just happy to see you. I… I…” She blushed slowly and said confidently, “It’s just what I feel.”

Chu Chunhan pursed his lips, stared at her thoughtfully for a long time, and finally turned around and said, “Flower.”

Lan Yueyao was stunned: “What…”

Before she could finish speaking, a shadow suddenly blocked out the light, followed by deafening cheers from the residents of Ghost City. Amidst the falling crimson moonlight flowers, Chu Chunhan stumbled in the crowded throng and quickly disappeared from Lan Yueyao’s

sight. Her heart skipped a beat, and she hurriedly called out, "Chunhan!"

She struggled to squeeze into the crowd, staring intently at the faintly visible white hem of clothing. She finally caught sight of Chu Chunhan's bewildered figure, but before she could even breathe a sigh of relief, she saw Chu Chunhan stumble and fall from the shore, plunging into the water with a thud.

"spring chill!"

Lan Yueyao's expression changed drastically, and she rushed over in a panic, only to see a surging sea of red flowers. She bit her lip and was about to lift her clothes and jump down when a white figure suddenly emerged from the sea of flowers.

The woman, gentle as a spring breeze, still looked bewildered, but her dark head was covered with vibrant flower petals. She looked up, saw the person frozen on the shore, and handed her the flowers.

Lan Yueyao was taken aback: "Hmm?"

Chu Chunhan said patiently, "It's for you."

Lan Yue bent down and took the flower from her hand. The panic in her heart slowly receded like the tide. She looked at the woman standing in the sea of flowers, finally chuckled, reached out and cupped her cheeks, and gently touched her lips.

Chu Chunhan frowned: "You again…"

"Hush, it's all because of your feelings."

As they left the bustling crowd and walked side by side towards home, Chen Mo called out from afar, "Sister Yueyao, aren't you going to try and snatch that white moonflower?"

Lan Yue waved her hand and smiled, "No need, I already have my own flowers."

As night fell, Ji Xing still hadn't returned, but instead, a ghost messenger knocked on the door, leaving behind two lanterns.

"Today the gates of hell are wide open, and the prayer lanterns that the living pray for on behalf of the dead will float down the River of Oblivion. These two are for you."

After the ghost messenger left, Lan Yueyao carried the lantern back to the house and took out two pieces of paper from inside.

“Hmm…this seems to have been written by Lan Yuan,” Lan Yueyao glanced at the focused woman beside her and read aloud, “May Mother and Aunt rest in peace and be happy and carefree in the future.”

She clicked her tongue: “Why are you being so serious? You need to enjoy a peaceful sleep. You might as well burn more paper money.”

Chu Chunhan withdrew her gaze, opened another piece of paper, seemingly wanting to read it as well, but after unfolding it, she couldn’t help but sit up straight and fell into a long silence.

“Isn’t it too long?” Lan Yueyao chuckled as she took the book from her hand, glanced at the dense text, and couldn’t help but feel a headache: “These two sisters are really two different personalities, one serious and the other a chatterbox. Alright, alright, I’ll read it to you.”

She cleared her throat and slowly recited, “Mother, Aunt, A-Yue and I have been traveling incognito through the mortal world, seeing far and wide, making many friends and doing many things. A few days ago, Xuan Yu’s younger brother was seriously injured in Youluo Valley. Xuan Rulin actually wanted my blood to save him. If he had been more polite, I might have given him a drop or two, but he was so disrespectful, not only bossing me around, but when I refused, he even tried to forcibly tie me up. This angered A-Yue, who went straight to the Asking Immortal Platform and gave Xuan Rulin a severe beating in front of the three sect elders. Only then did we realize that Xuan Rulin’s cultivation had long since stagnated and he was not at the Great Perfection of Tribulation Transcending at all. Xuan Yu also took this opportunity to send her useless younger brother to the outer sect and became the young sect leader again. Xuan Rulin was so angry that he fell ill and went into seclusion in the back mountain to recuperate. It can be said that Yunxiao Pavilion is now Xuan Yu’s territory.”

As for Haochen Mountain, they reinstated my and A-Yue’s status as disciples, but that’s no longer important to us. I heard Qin Yu is going into seclusion for a long time, so Master invited A-Yue to return and temporarily serve as an elder of Sword Peak. However, A-Yue is still hesitant, since she is now a demon, and it would be somewhat inappropriate for her to teach swordsmanship in an immortal sect. Master also invited me to teach talismanic arts and spells. I’m willing, since my talismanic arts and spells all come from my mother. I think

that if I pass them on, perhaps it means that a part of my mother can remain in this world forever. However, I've never taught anyone before, not even A-Li. I don't know if I can shoulder this responsibility.

This year, my sister came to the human world to celebrate the Ghost Festival with us. When we went out for a walk, we happened to see people releasing river lanterns in the city. I heard that during the Ghost Festival, these river lanterns would float to the side of the dead. I don't know if it's true or not. Oh well, whether it's true or not, we've already bought the lanterns. My sister even complained that I wrote too much, but it took her an hour to write those two lines.

By the way, A-Yue sends her greetings to you all. She doesn't know what the ghost realm is like, nor whether you have been reincarnated. In any case, she hopes that you will all be safe, well, and happy in the future.

After finally finishing reading, Lan Yueyao took a sip of tea and muttered, "Not a single person remembered to burn paper money."

Unfortunately, Chu Chunhan did not respond. Instead, she carefully put the two pieces of paper away and placed them in the drawer box. Lan Yue smiled and waited for her to put the things away before asking gently, "Are you going for a walk later?"

Chu Chunhan shook her head: "Go to sleep."

"So early?" Lan Yueyao glanced out the window with some surprise. "Alright, if you want to sleep, go ahead and sleep. I'll wait for Ji Xing to come back before I sleep."

Chu Chunhan frowned, sat there for a while, and repeated, "Sleep."

Lan Yueyao was taken aback, turned her head and stared at her for a moment, then suddenly had a flash of inspiration: "What are you talking about, sleeping?"

Chu Chunhan asked, "Why was your last sleep different from before?"

Lan Yueyao pursed her lips, her face burning again: "What's the difference? It's just a kiss, a little touching?"

The woman hummed in agreement and said frankly, "Let's do it again."

"Why?"

Chu Chunhan looked at her with some confusion: “Because of you, I like you very much.”

“…” Lan Yueyao couldn’t help but shrink back, her cheeks flushed crimson, and her eyes brimming with tears: “I, I didn’t…”

“You like it,” Chu Chunhan affirmed, “so let’s go to sleep.”

Underworld Side Story (4)

After leaving a light on for the kitten that was returning late, she led Chu Chunhan back to the room, poured her a cup of tea, checked the doors and windows, tidied the paper and pens spread out on the desk, and lit the dim candlelight.

Chu Chunhan sat on the edge of the bed with a teacup in his hand, but his gaze remained fixed on her, following her movements. Lan Yueyao turned her head and saw her staring straight at her, which made her even more embarrassed. After hesitating for a long time, she extinguished the candle she had just lit.

The woman’s calm eyes remained bright in the darkness. She turned her head and asked in confusion, “Why did you have to destroy it?”

Lan Yueyao’s voice was soft: “You’ll be shy if it’s lit up.”

Chu Chunhan frowned: “Why did I…”

Before she could finish speaking, a pair of hands cupped her face. She was slightly taken aback, looked up at the blue eyes so close to hers, and then obediently relaxed: “Do you want to kiss me?”

“Yes,” Lan Yueyao knelt on the edge of the bed and said gently, “Because I like you, I want to kiss you.”

Chu Chunhan hummed in agreement, slightly raised her chin, and closed her eyes again. Her earnest, expectant look as she waited for a kiss made Lan Yueyao chuckle: “Didn’t you say you wanted to do it again? Why do I have to do everything?”

Chu Chunhan paused for a moment, thought for a second, and then honestly said, “I don’t know how.”

“I’ll teach you,” she said, lowering her head to kiss Chu Chunhan’s lips. One hand slid through the long hair behind Chu Chunhan’s head, lifting it and bringing it toward her, while the other hand pressed on

Chu Chunhan's waist, and they fell onto the bed together: "Just like last time."

In the dim light, the two figures rolled around in each other's arms. Lan Yueyao lay on the bed with a smile, lazily squinting her beautiful eyes while reaching out to hook the woman's shoulder and neck, licking her red lips and offering a lingering, intimate kiss. Moments later, Chu Chunhan's breathing quickened, her soft, wet tongues entwining, seemingly trying to steal all the air from her mouth. She let out a few soft moans of unbearable discomfort. Seeing Lan Yueyao still clinging tightly to her, she hesitated before biting the tip of her tongue. The mermaid let out a muffled chuckle, kindly releasing her lips and tongue, and instead kissing her slender neck.

"Hmm…" Chu Chunhan shuddered. Her outer robe was removed, revealing her slender figure as she leaned against Lan Yueyao. Lan Yueyao glanced at her with a half-smile, then reached out and pulled open her inner garment, biting her collarbone lightly.

The woman blinked rapidly, her beautiful almond-shaped eyes welling up with tears, and her hair, which had been neatly tied back, fell loose.

"Yes, Yueyao…"

"I'm here," Lan Yueyao said, raising her lips and taking her hand, sliding it under her clothes and pressing it against her soft skin. "Touch me."

The merman's skin was cool to the touch, but not smooth. The long-healed scars were intertwined, like a mottled net on the snow. Chu Chunhan stroked the scars on her waist and abdomen, his palm sliding up to grasp her full, soft, round breasts.

"Ah…" Lan Yueyao involuntarily straightened up, and after being pinched a few times haphazardly, she couldn't help but let out a soft, seductive breath: "Yes, that's it… just like that…" She hooked her arms around Chu Chunhan's neck again, pressing her head down to her shoulder, while her right hand cupped the back of Chu Chunhan's hand, teaching her how to soothe herself: "Don't just grab down there, you can, you can rub here, a little harder…"

Chu Chunhan asked, "The nipple?"

Lan Yueyao was startled and blushed, saying, "Don't say that word directly!"

Chu Chunhan looked at her with a puzzled expression, and then rubbed her sensitive and soft nipple as instructed. When she relaxed and hummed softly, he lowered his head and opened his lips to take her hardened nipple into his mouth.

“Hmm,” the merman groaned, weakly placing his hand over his eyes. “You’re quite… self-taught.”

The gentle kisses gradually moved down, landing one by one on Lan Yueyao’s lower abdomen. Every time his wet lips and tongue touched her, she couldn’t help but tremble. Her thick silver eyelashes gradually became damp with moisture. She took a breath and looked down at the top of his dark hair. Chu Chunhan was patiently kissing those ugly scars, but his movements did not contain a trace of lust. It seemed that he was simply cherishing and comforting her.

Compared to a proper woman, it’s rather pathetic that she’s so sensitive to a few simple movements from the other person that she trembles and even feels weak all over.

Lan Yueyao pursed her lips, feeling a surge of embarrassment and annoyance. Just then, this person climbed up again, innocently moving closer to her. She quickly grabbed his chin and asked in a hoarse voice, “What are you doing?”

Chu Chunhan blinked and said blankly, “Kiss you.”

Lan Yue scoffed, “You think I’ll just let you kiss me because you want to?”

“Um.”

Lan Yueyao was amused by her: “Why should I?”

“Because,” she thought for a moment, then said slowly, “you like me.”

“you……”

Chu Chunhan continued, “I like you too.”

Lan Yueyao was taken aback, then sighed helplessly, “You just know how to manipulate me.” She leaned over and kissed the woman’s lips, whispering, “Be good, don’t stop halfway this time.”

The belt was untied, and the clothes fell off the bed one by one in the tangle. Lan Yueyao pressed her hand down to her legs and said in a

hoarse voice, “Here, touch it.”

Chu Chunhan obediently touched the small bud, pressing and rubbing it with her fingertips until it was coated with a layer of sticky honey. Lan Yueyao groaned and gripped her back tightly, her fair face already flushed, her eyes also tinged with a decadent red. Her slender fingertips occasionally slid down to the soft crevice below, making a gurgling sound. Lan Yueyao moaned softly, curled up her legs, and rubbed her head against Chu Chunhan’s shoulder, mumbling, “Don’t… in a little while, touch it again in a little while…”

Chu Chunhan glanced at her, then spread her legs apart as she tried to close them. He then peeled open the two tender labia, kneaded out a handful of wetness, and continued to rub the erect penis.

“Wait, ah… slow, slow down, um…”

Lan Yueyao bit her lip, not wanting to make any more fragile sounds, but her waist swayed and rubbed against Chu Chunhan’s palm. Her movements could even be described as wanton. She closed her eyes in shame, but she could still hear the gurgling sound of water beneath her. The wet honey liquid slid down from her buttocks, soaking the sheets beneath her.

“Mmm… mmm…”

Suddenly, she felt a chill on her waist and hips. She instinctively opened her eyes and looked down blankly. The woman who had been lying on top of her had somehow moved between her legs and was lowering her head, planting hot kisses on her tender inner thighs.

She suddenly tensed up, falling weakly back onto the bed, then arched her back with more kisses from Chu Chunhan, breathing heavily.

Sure enough, no matter what the person’s intentions were in doing this, she found it very pleasing.

The moist kiss slowly moved closer to her crotch. Lan Yueyao’s face flushed red, and she tried to close her legs with shyness, but Chu Chunhan reached out and pressed her legs open a little more. She looked up at the merman’s disheveled appearance and thought, “Last time it seemed… like this.”

Lan Yueyao closed her eyes tightly, and said in embarrassment and indignation, “Alright, alright, I know you have a good memory, no need… Ah!”

Soft lips and tongue pressed against the muddy petals, carefully probing out a little tip of the tongue to touch the erect clitoris.

“Mmm…” Lan Yueyao trembled and curled up her legs. Her whole body was already covered in a thin layer of sweat, and honey-like fluid gushed out from her opening. She was almost out of control, but the sharp pleasure of being licked in her sensitive spot quickly disappeared. Chu Chunhan climbed up again and lay softly in her arms. Their naked bodies were pressed tightly together, and she sighed with pleasure for a moment.

Unfortunately, the first thing this person said was, “Lots of water.”

“You…” Lan Yueyao gritted her teeth, almost wanting to bite her: “If it weren’t for you right now… I would… do it to you from head to toe, left to right, until you can’t even cry anymore!”

Chu Chunhan didn’t understand, but seeing that she was angry, he lowered his head and kissed her. Lan Yueyao took a breath. Having just been kissed and licked, her sensitive body was still suspended in mid-air. She could even feel the liquid sliding down her legs with the slightest movement. She held back for a while, and seeing that Chu Chunhan was just lying in her arms without moving, she finally couldn’t help but ask, “Didn’t you say not to stop?”

Chu Chunhan blinked and repeated, “So much water.”

After a long silence, Lan Yueyao finally realized that she was disgusted, and her face flushed red: “I’m a fish, a fish, fish are naturally full of water, and you weren’t much better before!”

Chu Chunhan tilted her head: “Oh.”

“You!” Lan Yueyao could no longer bear it, so she stood up, turned around, and knelt on Chu Chunhan: “I knew I couldn’t count on you.”

With red-rimmed eyes, she slowly pressed her wet, sticky vulva against the woman’s knee, swaying her hips as she rubbed against her leg: “I don’t need you, I… ha… I can do it myself…”

Scattered silver hair swayed behind her, tracing lewd arcs. Chu Chunhan blinked, looking up at her. The woman riding on top of her had her long eyebrows slightly furrowed, her red lips bitten by her pearly teeth. Glistening beads of sweat slid down from the cleavage of her chest, flowing over her clearly defined lower abdomen, disappearing into the damp thicket. Chu Chunhan watched for a

while, then finally cooperated by raising her knee and striking the swollen, red clitoris in Yin Honghua's heart.

"ah……"

Lan Yueyao trembled even more violently, her hands gripping Chu Chunhan's shoulders tightly, almost leaving bright red finger marks. Her delicate clitoris was subjected to repeated, fierce thrusts. She closed her eyes in unbearable agony, breathing heavily like a stranded fish, her body tensing more and more: "Ah… ah um…"

With a hoarse moan, gushing fluids gushed from her opening, and she fell limply into Chu Chunhan's arms, choking out, "Hold me…"

Chu Chunhan reached out and hugged her, gently stroking her sweaty back and carefully kissing away the tears from the corners of her eyes.

"Invitation by Moonlight".

She called out softly.

Lan Yueyao's breathing gradually calmed down. She kept her eyes closed and gently hummed in a nasal tone.

"My legs are all wet."

"…"

Lan Yueyao took a deep breath, just about to roll out of her arms, when she heard the woman's voice again: "But I like you like this."

"…" She pursed her lips and snorted, "You know how to talk."

Underworld Side Story (5)

A howling wind, carrying yellow sand, lashed at her face, stinging like needles. She instinctively raised her hand to shield her eyes, and asked blankly, "Spring chill?"

All she could hear was the howling wind. A bad feeling crept into her heart. She turned around abruptly, only to see severed limbs scattered on the sand. A bloody head was blown to her feet by the wind, its empty eyes staring straight at her.

She took a step back, looking around in a panic: "Spring chill?"

Suddenly, rustling footsteps sounded behind them: "Did you kill all

these monsters?”

She turned around, only to see a slender figure. The girl, hidden in a black cloak, glanced at the corpses scattered on the ground, and her scarlet eyes gradually revealed a mixture of surprise and excitement: “Why did you kill them?”

Why?

She closed her eyes, her brow throbbing, but the girl’s gaze fell on her palm, and she chuckled: “Ha, killing demons to obtain the core, so that’s how it is.”

What?

She lowered her head, and her previously empty palm was suddenly filled with golden demon cores of all sizes, the blood on them still scalding hot.

“In pursuit of power, you slaughter your own kind. Even though monsters believe in the law of the jungle and survival of the fittest, I have never seen anyone as tyrannical and ruthless as you.”

“Since you knew that, you still dared to come over?” Lan Yueyao covered her buzzing head, her bloodshot eyes fixed on the approaching girl: “Aren’t you afraid I’ll kill you too?!”

The girl stopped and stared at her disheveled appearance: “You need a helper.”

Before Lan Yue could speak, she continued, “You’re too tired. Leave me here. I’ll gather intelligence for you, I’ll clear obstacles for you, I’ll do what you’re willing to do, and I’ll do what you’re unwilling to do. As long as you leave me here, I’ll follow you forever and be your most loyal servant.”

“Why?”

"Perhaps it's because… I want everyone to fear me," the girl said calmly. "I want my name to become the nightmare of the Demon Capital."

"Really?" Lan Yue closed her eyes briefly and asked wearily, "What's your name?"

"Ji Xing." She lifted her foot again, walked to the emaciated woman, and stared at her intently: "My name is Ji Xing."

Splash—

The wind rustled the flowers and plants outside the window. Chu Chunhan glanced at the half-open window, then turned her gaze back to the sleeping woman.

It's strange, why does my body feel colder when I'm asleep than when I'm awake?

She thought for a moment, then gently placed her hand on the merman's waist, about to snuggle into her arms to sleep, when she heard a muffled murmur in her ear: "Spring chill…"

Chu Chunhan raised her head: "Hmm?"

After waiting for a while, all I could hear was the sound of even breathing.

She frowned and buried her head back in confusion.

"spring chill."

He stood up abruptly: "Hmm?"

Chu Chunhan stared intently at her lips, and after a long while, hearing no movement, she tilted her head in confusion. Just as she was hesitating whether to lean back, the woman's lips began to move again: "…Xing…"

Chu Chunhan: "?"

She opened her mouth slightly, stared at her blankly for a moment, and then suddenly sat up straight.

A strange and unfamiliar feeling welled up inside her. She pursed her lips, glanced anxiously at Lan Yueyao, and then helplessly tapped her

fingers: "No, that's not right."

"wrong."

"wrong."

She muttered to herself, pacing barefoot back and forth on the ground. The wind outside continued to blow, making the windowpanes creak, which masked her distress. After a long while, she still couldn't figure it out, so she hesitated and walked back to the bedside, shaking Lan Yueyao's shoulder.

Lan Yueyao hummed sleepily, then pulled her hand into her arms and said softly, "Stop fooling around…"

Chu Chunhan froze for a moment, then carefully climbed onto the bed, maintaining the awkward position of one arm being held, and wrapped his other arm around the woman's waist: "Yue Yao…"

Lan Yueyao responded with a nasal "hmm".

She tried to express her feelings: "I don't like it when you call someone else's name."

"Whose name?"

"upright."

"Xing," Lan Yueyao yawned, mumbling sleepily, "Hmm… what time is it? Has Ji Xing returned?"

Chu Chunhan: "…"

Her brows furrowed deeper as she emphasized, "I don't like it."

"What don't you like at this hour?" Lan Yue looked at her in confusion, yawning repeatedly until her eyelashes were wet. She turned over, hooked her arms around Chu Chunhan's neck, and pulled her into her embrace. "It's so late, let's talk about it tomorrow, okay?"

Chu Chunhan: "This is bad."

She lowered her head, biting her lip as if slightly angry, but her hand slid down to the spot she had just touched. The clitoris was still a little red and swollen, and with just a slight touch, Lan Yueyao hissed softly, her legs involuntarily curling up: "Mmm, you…"

A hot tongue pried open her lips and teeth, clumsily teasing the little tongue inside. She squinted, obediently responding to the woman's actions while wondering about her sudden initiative.

What's wrong?

Her fingertips rubbed together, releasing a familiar sweetness. As the kiss ended, Lan Yueyao propped herself up, panting, and arched her back against her palm, saying haltingly, "Mmm… if you're going to do it, just do it quickly, don't…"

Unable to utter any more words, only soft moans escaped her lips. Chu Chunhan bit her nipple unhappily, then gently probed the entrance with a finger's width: "I don't like it."

"Wh-what…"

She frowned, pinching Lan Yueyao's knee so hard it almost bent her shoulder: "You weren't listening to me just now."

Lan Yue was completely baffled: "What…what did you just say?"

Chu Chunhan got even angrier: "I'm not telling you."

"How am I supposed to know what you said if you don't tell me?" Lan Yueyao said aggrievedly, "You… ah, slow down, slow down…"

His slender fingers were fully inserted into the crimson opening. Chu Chunhan's expression was indifferent as he recalled the actions from not long ago, constantly thrusting into the wet and squirting little hole. Lan Yueyao's face was flushed in no time, and her forehead hair was also wet with sweat, sticking messily to her face.

She moaned softly, but was fucked even harder. Her legs spread wide, her body heaving as she clung tightly to the shoulders of the person in front of her, pleadingly calling out, "Mmm… Chunhan, Chunhan…"

Chu Chunhan blinked, turned his head to look at her wet eyes, and pinched her erect clitoris hard with his fingertips.

Ah! Spring, spring chill, please…

Chu Chunhan pursed her lips and said softly, "That way, only my name will be used."

Lan Yueyao's eyelashes trembled, and she choked out, "What?"

"My name," she said softly, wrapping her arms around the merman's supple waist, "I like it, only my name."

——

Miscalculation. It seems this underworld side story won't end until the next chapter.

Underworld Side Story (6)

Bathed in the afterglow of the moonlight, latecomers pushed open their doors in the dim morning light.

Ji Xing tiptoed into the courtyard and headed towards her little house. As she passed the fragrant flower bushes, the door under the eaves creaked open.

She was startled and turned around, meeting the woman's calm eyes: "Aunt Chu? Why are you up so early?"

Chu Chunhan carefully closed the door and sat down on the bamboo chair under the eaves: "I'm not asleep."

"Not asleep?" Ji Xing opened her eyes wide and asked in confusion, "Could it be… that you were waiting for me?"

"no."

"…Oh," she rubbed the hem of her clothes, too embarrassed to say anything, but Chu Chunhan patted the spot next to her: "Come here."

Ji Xing paused for a moment, then clasped her hands nervously and obediently sat down next to her.

"You," Chu Chunhan lowered her eyes to look at the swaying flower branches in the courtyard, and asked softly, "were you and Yue Yao very good before?"

Ji Xing glanced at her with some surprise and shook her head: "We… I wouldn't say we're good friends, but I did follow her for a long time. At first, it was just the two of us wandering around the demon realm, fighting and killing each other. Later, she became the demon king, and more and more people came to her side. I also had my own territory and no longer had to follow her around all the time. Although they all thought I was Lan Yueyao's closest confidant, in reality, apart from giving me some tasks, she didn't talk to me much."

Chu Chunhan frowned: “Then, who is she talking to?”

“No one is here.” Ji Xing smiled faintly. “Sometimes, I even wonder if she’s mute.”

The woman was silent for a moment, then said softly, “Yueyao, I care about you.”

“Is that so?” Ji Xing crossed her arms and leaned back in the bamboo chair. “I think it’s because you’re here that she’s so kind to people.”

“Why do you say that?”

“She’s a lovable ghost now, but without you, she might just be a vengeful ghost.” Ji Xing said lazily, “After nearly a hundred years together, it feels like we’ve actually gotten much closer in this ghost realm.”

Chu Chunhan pursed her lips and said gently, “Thank you.”

Ji Xing was taken aback: “Thank me for what?”

“Thank you for being there for her for a hundred years.”

“I… I didn’t just accompany her on her own,” Ji Xing muttered guiltily. “I had my own reasons for approaching her; I’m not that kind of person.”

Chu Chunhan hummed in agreement: “Thank you.”

Ji Na: “…”

She stood up awkwardly and patted her clothes: “I, I’m going to rest first. I can sleep for another two hours before going to Changshengju to make soup.”

Chu Chunhan nodded: “Okay.”

Ji Xing glanced at her and hurriedly walked towards her room, while Chu Chunhan remained sitting quietly, gazing thoughtfully at the dark sky, until she heard the rustling sounds of the morning market outside the door before returning to her room.

The room remained warm and quiet. The sleeping merman curled up in the corner. Chu Chunhan carefully moved behind her and embraced her bare waist.

"Invitation by Moonlight".

This time, no one answered her calls; the person she had kept up for half the night was probably really tired.

"I'm sorry, I forgot." She murmured, pressing her face against the woman's shoulder. "Thank you for your trouble."

In her fifteenth year in the Ghost Realm, Ji Xing repaid all her sins and, with the Ghost King's approval, re-entered the cycle of reincarnation and went to the human world.

After spending her last night at home, the next morning, Lan Yue invited the two of them to accompany her to the Yellow Springs. The woman stopped under the Bridge of Helplessness, looking at the Path of Reincarnation just a step away, and felt a little scared.

"Will I be able to live a good life?"

She turned around, a hint of nervousness showing on her usually carefree and flamboyant face: "I seem to mess things up very easily. What if I mess things up again in my next life?"

"Maybe you'll have a better life in your next life?" Lan Yueyao said with a helpless smile. "Apart from those destined for great wealth and honor, no one knows what kind of life they will have. Don't be afraid, just live your life. Even if it's terrible, it can't be worse than these ten years of monotonous life in the Ghost Realm, right?"

"But I don't think these past ten years have been bad," Ji Xing said in a hoarse voice. "After meeting you all, they've been even less bad."

Lan Yueyao paused for a moment, then asked, "If that's the case, why did you refuse when the Ghost King asked if you were willing to become a resident of Ghost City forever?"

"Because I still want to see…" Her eyes reddened slightly as she whispered, "I want to see the sun, see the rivers and seas, see scenery I've never seen before, and see the person I want to see, even if in the next life I may not remember her…"

"Then go," the woman said gently. "Don't be afraid, you will be fine."

Ji Xing pursed her lips and asked in return, "And you, fifteen years from now, would you be willing to be reincarnated again?"

Why do you ask that?

“If you are unwilling, Aunt Chu is certainly unwilling too. You can live in the Ghost Realm for a long time and never have to be separated again.”

“Ah…that sounds tempting.” Lan Yue blinked and shook her head, “But I won’t stay. I will enter the cycle of reincarnation with her.”

“Why?” Ji Xing asked, “Are you willing to give up your memories of this life?”

“Of course I’m reluctant to leave, but I’m already content with these thirty years together.” She said earnestly, “If I stayed in this ghost realm, I would of course stay with her forever, but that wouldn’t be fair to Chunhan. When I fell in love with her, she was a spirited young woman. She was free and had the instinct to travel all over the world and become famous. But if she stayed here, her incomplete soul would never be able to be made up. No matter how hard she tried, she would always be a step behind ordinary people. I wouldn’t be that selfish.”

“But……”

“Ji Xing, I want her to return to her former self, I want her to be able to do whatever she likes as she pleases. And who says that we can’t be together after entering the cycle of reincarnation?” Lan Yueyao smiled and said, “Don’t worry, I will find her. No matter which life we are in, we will meet again.”

Although she didn’t know why she had such strong confidence, Ji Xing was infected by her joy and gradually relaxed: “Is that so?”

“Alright, you’re just a junior, don’t worry about our affairs.” Lan Yueyao gently pushed her: “Go on, Meng Po is getting impatient.”

“I’ve been brewing medicine for her for so many years, it’s okay to wait a bit.” With that, she slowly walked onto the Bridge of Helplessness and accepted the bowl of soup that was handed to her.

The soup I’ve been simmering for over ten years now tastes completely different when I drink it myself.

She took a breath and turned to look at the two figures standing under the bridge: “Goodbye.”

Chu Chunhan raised her hand and waved: “Goodbye.”

The two stood side by side, watching the woman walk further and further away until she disappeared on the other side of the bridge.

After a long while, Lan Yueyao sighed softly, “I didn’t expect that I would feel a little reluctant to see her leave.”

Chu Chunhan glanced at her sideways and took her hand, saying, “I will find you too.”

“Um?”

“In the next life, in every life, I will find you.” She said solemnly, “If we search together, it will be faster.”

Lan Yueyao chuckled, “Of course, if the two of us search together, we’ll definitely find each other faster. But it’s too early to talk about that now.” She shook Chu Chunhan’s hand and pulled her back, “We still have fifteen years. You should think about how to spend these fifteen years without wasting them.”

“Waste?” Chu Chunhan tilted his head in confusion, thought for a moment, and said seriously, “If you’re with me, it’s not a waste.”

“Haha, you,” Lan Yueyao said with a smile, “when you were alive, you were so serious and never said sweet words to make me happy. But after you became stupid, you became sweet-talking. If this continues, I really won’t want to be reincarnated.”

“Then don’t turn it.”

“That won’t do,” Lan Yueyao said, squeezing her hand tightly. “Just like Ji Xing said, I also want to see the sun with you again, travel all over the world together, do what we love, and see the people we love. In this chilly spring, we must go to the human world together.”

“world?”

“Yes,” she squinted her eyes and sighed gently, “in a world where spring is in full bloom.”

———

This concludes the Underworld side story.

If everyone really wants to see a modern AU female lead who’s the dominant one, then maybe I can post a chapter or two? (???)

Inviting the Cold Version of Modern AU1

"When I first met you, I never expected you to be so…" She squatted down in front of the little girl and hesitated before saying, "fierce."

Lan Yuan pursed her lips and turned her head to the side. Not far away, outside the door, a girl with the same face was nervously staring at them, her hands clenched.

Lan Yue sighed, "So, it's because of Lan Wu again this time."

"Who told them to bully Lan Wu?" Lan Yuan turned her head, her round eyes glaring fiercely at her. "I won't apologize."

Lan Yueyao chuckled: "You didn't think I was going to make you apologize, did you?" She reached out and ruffled the girl's fluffy head: "I already know the whole story from the teacher. You're amazing! You beat up three people all by yourself and still won."

Lan Yuan was taken aback: "Aren't you angry?"

"Of course I'm not angry, but… your other mother might not be." She held the little girl's red hand and looked at it, then said helplessly, "Well, I guess you can't hide it anymore. You'd better confess when you get home."

The girl blinked, then slowly smiled and said, "Okay."

"Let's go home."

On the way out of school, she held one of their hands and casually asked, "Tell me, what was the reason you were bullied this time?"

Lan Wu stammered a few words and lowered her head. Lan Yuan couldn't stand it anymore and said unhappily, "She caught a few grasshoppers and stuffed them into those boys' drawers."

Lan Yue was taken aback: "Why?"

Lan Yuan: "Because she liked a classmate named A Yue, but A Yue's family was poor and she was always ridiculed, so Lan Wu stood up for her."

Lan Wu's eyes widened suddenly: "What do you mean by 'like'? I only like it a little bit, just a little bit…"

Lan Yueyao chuckled: "So you're the one who rescued the damsel in

distress."

Lan Yuan chimed in from the side, "I saved her, I saved her."

The woman hummed in agreement, unable to suppress a laugh: "I did that kind of thing when I was a kid too."

"Yeah?"

"Yes, I stood up for your mother back then, but she resolved the matter herself in the end. She thanked me while also saying that I was meddling and impulsive for going to fight." As she spoke, Lan Yue clicked her tongue and said, "Now that I think about it, how could I have fallen for such an unromantic person like her?"

Lan Wu tensed up: "Will she scold my sister?"

"I think I'm more likely to scold you than Lan Yuan."

Seeing Lan Wu's pale face, Lan Yuan said proactively, "It's okay. If Mom asks, just say… just say I did it all."

Unfortunately, it wasn't until 9 p.m. that Lan Yue had rushed the two elementary school students to bed, and Chu Chunhan still hadn't returned from the hospital. After thinking for a while, she warmed up some rice porridge, left a light on, and started working on the sofa in the living room. By the time she heard the door open, another hour had passed.

"You're back?"

Chu Chunhan hummed in agreement, changed into slippers, and walked over. She naturally nestled into her arms and let out a long sigh: "So tired."

She patted the head in her arms: "You've worked hard. Have you had dinner tonight?"

Chu Chunhan shook her head, her voice hoarse from exhaustion: "What did you do at school today?"

"Uh…" Lan Yue blinked and hesitated, "It's nothing, just, cough, I had a friendly chat with other parents."

After a while, Chu Chunhan asked, "Hmm?"

She propped herself up, scrutinized Lan Yueyao, and narrowed her

eyes: "What is the topic of our discussion?"

"…"

After gazing at each other for a few seconds, Lan Yueyao cupped her face, looked up and kissed her. The woman's long eyelashes trembled, and her fair hand rested on Lan Yueyao's shoulder, but was then grasped by Lan Yueyao's hand. Lan Yueyao looked at her with a smile, pulled her forcefully, flipped her over and pinned her down, and kissed her cheek.

"you……"

Chu Chunhan frowned, about to accuse him, when his lips and teeth were pried open and a soft tongue slipped in, intertwining tightly with hers and stirring up sweet saliva.

"Mmm, uh…" In the brief moment she was released, she blinked hurriedly and gasped, "Blue…"

"Shh," Lan Yueyao lowered her eyes and stroked her throat, which was pounding from her rapid breathing, "I rarely have free time at home, do you still want to focus your energy on them?"

The woman pursed her wet lips, and after a while, finally whispered something.

"What?"

Chu Chunhan gave her a cold, indifferent look: "Take a shower first."

With a splash, warm water splattered onto the smooth floor. An arm emerged from the water and climbed onto the edge of the bathtub. The woman let out a soft moan, and her legs, which were draped over her sides, began to tremble.

Her body was enveloped in warm water, but it couldn't compare to the scalding heat between her legs. Chu Chunhan bit her lip, feeling stimulated and wanting to curl her legs up, but her knees were pinched and forced to open them wider.

"Yes, Yueyao…"

Her swollen clitoris was sucked hard by lips and tongue. She groaned and grabbed the head buried beneath her, arching her back: "No… ah, ah…"

The sharp pleasure vanished abruptly, and the woman emerged from the water, her eyelashes glistening with water droplets that gently fell. She cupped Chu Chunhan's head, which was about to fall, and passionately kissed her panting red lips. Her other hand slid down her waist, rubbed her clitoris, and then entered her clenched vaginal opening.

"Hmm…"

The person in her arms trembled and clung tightly to her shoulders, tears welling in their eyes. After a while, they struggled to turn their heads away, burying their faces in her chest and panting heavily. Lan Yueyao tilted her head and kissed her neck, asking in a hoarse voice, "Is it swollen?"

The woman shook her head: "It's…it's alright…"

"That's good." Lan Yueyao was still worried: "Tell me if you're not feeling well, don't do what happened last time…"

No matter how outrageous her actions were, she never stopped, as if it didn't matter what she did to her.

Chu Chunhan chuckled softly, her usually serious face flushed with desire, revealing a hint of allure: "I quite like it when you're a little rough around the edges."

"That would be best."

Lan Yue snorted and squeezed another finger into the little hole. Unlike her, the woman's hole was very narrow and could be easily filled. But even though it was stretched to the point of being round, it was still contracting and opening, coquettishly playing with her knuckles and spitting out sticky honey.

Lan Yue glanced at it and smiled, "Really sensitive."

Chu Chunhan couldn't help but glare at her, but because of the tears in her eyes, she looked wronged. Soon, the fingers inserted into her vagina began to move in and out rapidly, causing ripples on the water and overflowing the bathtub. Chu Chunhan tilted her head back, trembling as she squeezed Lan Yueyao's waist tightly. Just as she was about to slide down limply, she was pulled into the other's arms by the waist.

Her body was as limp as water, releasing abundant fluids with the

slightest penetration, yet she only let out a few muffled, suppressed moans. Lan Yue nuzzled closer affectionately, thrusting forcefully into her crimson vulva while kissing and nibbling at her lips: “Spring chill, spring chill…”

“W-what’s wrong?”

“I want to hear your voice.” As she spoke, she kissed the woman’s rosy lips, and her hand, which was originally inserted into the vagina, began to rub the clitoris in the muddy crevice. Chu Chunhan suddenly shuddered, tensed her toes uncontrollably, and buried her head in Lan Yueyao’s shoulder, letting out muffled moans.

Lan Yue smiled and said gently, “So good.”

Inviting the Cold Version of Modern AU2

Initially, she had no intention of adopting a child.

In her life plan, working hard, living a stable life, and then starting a family with Chu Chunhan would be enough. But when she saw the two children huddled together at the orphanage, she stopped in her tracks.

Later, in the dean’s office, she and Chu Chunhan met the older twin. Although she was wrapped up like a round dumpling, she was surprisingly mature and calm. When she heard the purpose of their visit, she only stubbornly asked, “If you want to adopt me, will you adopt my sister as well?”

Blue Moon teased her, “What if we don’t?”

The girl’s face tightened, and she said in a childish voice, “Then I won’t go with you.”

Chu Chunhan raised an eyebrow, bent down, and asked in a good-natured manner, “What’s your name?”

“Lan Yuan,” she said, then quickly added, “My sister’s name is Lan Wu.”

“My surname is also Lan,” Lan Yueyao smiled slightly, took her hand out of her coat pocket, and rubbed her head: “Perhaps we were family in a past life.” After a pause, she continued: “It seems that we will be family in this life as well.”

Time flies. It seems like only yesterday that they formed this family of four, but thinking about it carefully, it has been three or four years already.

After taking a shower, Chu Chunhan, wearing a nightgown, tiptoed into the guest room. By the dim light of the bedside lamp, she examined the sleeping child. After a while, she noticed Lan Yuan's slightly swollen fist and sighed knowingly.

She heard rustling footsteps at the door. She turned around and saw Lan Yue leaning lazily against the door, saying casually, "One against three, except for a swollen hand, I wasn't hurt at all."

"Has the medicine been applied?"

"certainly."

She nodded, tucked the blankets in for them, and then carefully went out. The woman standing at the door yawned and was about to reach out to hug her when she was stopped by her finger on the shoulder: "Friendly exchange?"

Lan Yueyao pouted and muttered, "Looks like I'm still not tired."

"What?"

As soon as he finished speaking, the woman closed her eyes and leaned closer. Chu Chunhan clicked his tongue and pinched her lips in time: "Here we go again."

Lan Yueyao said in a deep voice, "As long as it works, that's fine."

"Oh?" she said coldly. "Do you think I'm that easy to fool?"

"I don't know if you're easy to fool," Lan Yueyao said, putting her arm around her waist with a smile. "I feel like we'll have to try a few more times before we can draw a conclusion. What do you think?"

Chu Chunhan blinked, his gaze sweeping over her open neckline, and nodded: "Indeed, you should try more."

Before the other could react, she kissed Lan Yueyao's moist lips, while her hand slid inside her soft skin, grasping her full breasts. The woman's breathing became slightly disordered, and she staggered back a few steps, being pressed against the wall of the master bedroom.

"Hmm…"

Chu Chunhan turned his head and kissed her slender neck, leaving a bright red hickey. Lan Yue blinked, then, as if remembering something, hurriedly said, "I have a meeting tomorrow, don't put it on my neck…"

Before I could finish speaking, I felt a sharp pain in my neck; I had been bitten again.

Seeing her shocked and accusing gaze, Chu Chunhan said unhappily, "So what if we were seen? Who doesn't know you have a wife?"

"Ah, well… that's how it is…"

She muttered something to herself, her long eyelashes fluttering. Just as the woman was about to leave another kiss with a cold expression, she pressed her waist against her own, and with her other hand, she lifted the disheveled hem of her skirt and slid it down her lower abdomen.

My private parts, which I had just cleaned not long ago, became wet again after being rubbed a few times.

Chu Chunhan's body stiffened, and he gritted his teeth, saying, "Um… you, you take it out…"

"That won't do."

She parted the soft, wet labia, gently tracing the constantly oozing crevice. The woman groaned softly, panting as she rested her chin on her shoulder, her dark eyelashes clumped together, occasionally revealing a misty glimpse of her eyes: "Lan, Lan Yue invites you…"

They've actually started calling people by their full names.

Lan Yue kissed her cheek affectionately and said softly, "I'm here."

She pulled him onto the bed, her fingertips slowly probing his burning nest. Chu Chunhan gasped, her lower abdomen tensing, which in turn caused her vaginal muscles to more passionately embrace the foreign object inside. After being fucked a few times, she cooperated by releasing wet, lustful fluids.

"Ah… ah um…"

Sweat dripped from her fair abdomen. Lan Yueyao lifted her

nightgown, lowered her head and took her pink nipple into her mouth. Her warm palms caressed her sensitive lower back. When she twisted and tried to escape, he kneaded her plump buttocks.

The person in his arms went limp again. Lan Yueyao released the wet nipple she had been sucking and pressed it against her lips and tongue, slowly rotating and grinding the knuckles inserted into her vagina, while her thumb vigorously rubbed the swollen clitoris. Chu Chunhan let out a muffled whimper from her throat, her legs hanging on the woman's waist swaying, and physiological tears welled up in her eyes from the pleasure.

"Uh-huh……"

Lustful fluids gushed out. Lan Yueyao turned her over, spread her soft buttocks, and thrust into her still sensitive and pulsating opening again. Chu Chunhan gasped in surprise, her body going limp and falling down, but her lower abdomen was pressed against by a hard knee. Her ravaged, crimson vulva slid against the woman's thigh, soon becoming covered in sticky, slippery lustful fluids, making gurgling sounds.

Lan Yueyao chuckled: "Are you still angry?"

Hearing this, she bit her lip and gripped the soft pillow tightly, her body convulsing as she was being fucked, only letting out a few muffled groans. Lan Yue let out a soft "Eh?" and leaned down to kiss her back, lightly touching her sweaty nape: "You stingy girl, it's just that I didn't let you fuck me."

After being coaxed and pleaded with for a while, Chu Chunhan blinked her reddened eyes and finally turned her head to the side: "Come here, hug me…"

Lan Yueyao quickly moved closer, but as soon as she lowered her head, the person who had been lying softly beneath her suddenly opened his mouth and left a tooth mark on her chin without any mercy.

Blue Moon Invitation: "…"

"Ha," the woman narrowed her eyes, her messy black hair sticking to her face with sweat, and a smug smile appeared on her usually serious face: "Let's see how you cover it up."

After a moment of silence, Lan Yueyao suddenly took a breath and

nuzzled against her neck like a puppy.

After a few breaths, Chu Chunhan exclaimed, "Don't bite! Blue Moon invites you! No, ah—"

A moment later, an even more smug laugh echoed in the room: "That's great, now I can cover it up exactly how Dr. Chu goes to the hospital tomorrow."

The next morning, Lan Wu got up early, washed her face and brushed her teeth with her sister, and then sat at the dining table to wait for breakfast.

but……

She glanced at the weather outside, then at her two parents who were bundled up tightly, and called out crisply, "Mom."

Chu Chunhan turned around with the spatula in hand: "Hmm?"

Is summer coming to an end?

No, why do you ask?

She blinked, puzzled, and said, "Because you're wearing autumn clothes."

Lan Yuan burst out laughing.

Chu Chunhan stood silently for a while before speaking, "Lan Wu, I've been busy lately and forgot to ask, have you been misbehaving at school?"

Lan Wu was taken aback and lowered her head guiltily, holding her milk cup: "No, no, I'm very well-behaved at school."

"That's good," she said calmly, turning around and placing the fried eggs in front of her two daughters. "Mom loves good girls the most."

——

I feel it's gone.

Side Story: Leisurely Wandering (1)

A sea god's day begins when the first rays of sunlight fall upon the sea.

Lan Yuan got up early and sat lazily in the Red Coral Palace, waiting for Feng Yi to bring in the new memorials sent from all over the world. Then she heard a panicked shout.

She raised an eyebrow suspiciously: "What's going on outside?"

The guard in silver armor quickly clasped his hands in greeting: "Your Majesty, please wait a moment, I will go and take a look."

With that, the young merman energetically swam away, wagging her tail, but a moment later she rushed back: "Your Majesty! Lord Fengyi has been… has been carried away by a huge, huge fish!"

Blue Iris: ?

She lifted her robes and swam out of the Red Coral Palace. Not far away on the viewing platform, a huge black shadow was stirring up raging waves, leaving only devastation in its wake. Further down, guards in white robes were scattered on both sides of the city, orderly evacuating the residents. As for her personal attendant, Feng Yi…

Lan Yuan narrowed her eyes and quickly found the attendant in the vortex. The mermaid was fighting the giant monster with one hand. Even though she was being shaken and disoriented, she was still holding the memorial firmly with her other hand.

The young merman beside him raised his head and said, "Your Majesty, rest assured, I will go to rescue Lord Feng Yi right away!"

Lan Yuan was taken aback: "Wait a minute…"

Before she could finish speaking, the little girl shot out like an arrow, but was violently thrown away the instant she touched the vortex around the giant.

"ah—!"

The exquisitely carved white jade walls of the Sea King's Palace drew ever closer. Just as she closed her eyes to prepare for a bruised and battered fall, a hand gently pulled her back to her original position.

She opened her eyes in surprise, only to see His Majesty's departing figure: "Stay away, that's a Kun fish."

Controlling this rare fish monster was not difficult. In theory, Feng Yi should have been able to subdue it easily, if she hadn't insisted on

protecting those memorials.

Lan Yuan clicked her tongue helplessly. Her billowing robes were swept behind her by the violent waves, and her neat silver hair was scattered. However, she seemed to be in an empty space. A dark blue light appeared in her palm, and she slammed it onto the flexible body of the Kun fish.

Click—

White ice crystals spread from beneath the woman's palm, growing rapidly outwards like vigorous branches. In the blink of an eye, they completely froze the frenzied monster. The water calmed, and Feng Yi breathed a sigh of relief. He struggled to pull his left arm out of its mouth and staggered back to Lan Yuan's side: "Your Majesty…"

Lan Yuan glanced at her sideways: "Who are you?"

Feng Yi was stunned, completely bewildered: "I am… your personal servant?"

"Is that so?" The woman scoffed, turning to leave. "I feel like these memorials are the ones that truly serve me."

Feng Yi laughed crisply, "Your Majesty is joking. A memorial is an inanimate object; how could it be considered your personal servant?"

"…" Lan Yuan glared at her, unable to contain herself any longer.

The attendant, who couldn't understand the sarcasm, really infuriated her.

Just then, a series of exclamations came from behind. Lan Yuan turned around and found that the merfolk who had been hiding far away had somehow returned. Some of the bolder ones even hugged the children and touched them.

She frowned and instructed, "Send someone to take the children to school later, and don't let them get close to this fish, or they might get hurt."

Feng Yi paused for a moment: "Didn't Your Majesty freeze it?"

"Are we just going to leave it frozen like this?" Lan Yuan lifted her robe and entered the Red Coral Palace. "This is a baby Kun fish. It must have accidentally wandered in. I'll take it away when I have

some free time, otherwise it'll be troublesome if its mother comes looking for it."

"A Kun fish? A cub?!" Feng Yi exclaimed incredulously, "So big, and still a cub!"

Lan Yuan glared at her again, unable to contain herself any longer: "Have you forgotten everything you've read? You've even forgotten the first chapter of 'The Chronicles of the Sea God'?"

Kunyu, or, as it is more commonly known, Kunpeng.

Feng Yi finally remembered this, glanced at the giant beast behind him, and quickened his pace to catch up: "Your Majesty, Your Majesty, those are stories from childhood books. I forgot them, and… that's understandable."

"Mermaids are in storybooks too, how come you haven't forgotten yourself?"

Feng Yi finally realized that his emperor was not in a good mood today. After thinking for a moment, he decided to change the subject: "Your Majesty, there are fewer memorials than usual today. Let me read them to you."

"read."

She cleared her throat and opened the first book: "Hmm… This is a memorial from the West Sea Shark Clan, saying that the new clan leader, Sha Huai, has been blessed with a daughter and requests Your Majesty to bestow a name upon the little princess."

"I'm not her mother, why should I name her? I refuse."

"Alright, the next one is a memorial from the Jiao Clan. The Jiao Clan's chief, Jiang Luan, says that he hopes the Empress Dowager can stay in the Jiao Dragon Cave for a few more days. Please grant His Majesty's permission."

"Mother can decide this matter; why bother asking me?"

"Next is a memorial from the East Sea. The sect leader of Haochen Mountain wishes to meet with you to discuss the right to use Penglai for the next fifty years… Huh?"

Lan Yuan turned around: "What?"

Feng Yi picked up the red letter that had fallen out of the fold: "To Lan Yuan," she frowned, looked it over for a while, and asked suspiciously, "Your Majesty, this doesn't say who sent it."

Lan Yuan coughed lightly and casually took it, saying, "I know who it is. Don't worry about it. Keep reading."

"good."

As the moon rose and the sun set, after a busy day, the woman changed out of her elaborate clothes, removed her silver crown, and left the Sea King's Palace with the Kun fish.

Under a sky full of stars, Lan Yuan walked across the vast, moonlit sea, took out her short flute, and played a melodious tune. As if in response, a long, deep cry echoed from the sky, and a colossal beast that blotted out the sun slowly swam away from the clouds, obscuring the shimmering moonlight that had fallen to earth.

call—

The giant beast gently flapped its wings, bringing with it a fierce, cold wind that easily scattered her long hair. Compared to its enormous body, the master of the four seas seemed to be only the size of a sesame seed. Lan Yuan, however, remained calm and unhurried, sending the cub to it before turning and leaving: "Be careful, you must keep a close eye on your child in the future."

She hadn't walked far when a fierce wind suddenly rose behind her, almost making her stumble. Lan Yuan frowned and turned around, only to see the cub carefully flying over and affectionately nuzzling its large head against her.

"Thank you, but it's best not to."

She couldn't resist the affection of such a huge creature, so after politely refusing, she was about to leave when she suddenly felt a lightness in her body.

The sea receded from her at a visible speed. Lan Yuan knelt on the back of the Kunpeng, instinctively shielding her face from the howling wind. Just as she was about to form a hand seal to cast a spell, the sound of the wind vanished instantly. She blinked, slowly lowered her arms, and her eyes reflected the vast sea of clouds bathed in the clear sunlight.

The full moon, as white as a jade plate, seemed almost within reach. Lan Yuan finally relaxed, withdrew her gaze, and reached out to touch the giant beast beneath her: “Thank you. Could you please take me to Xizhou?”

The Kunpeng let out a long cry, flapped its wings, and flew westward.

After a busy day, Meng Changge fed his little red horse some hay and then took his knife back to his tent to rest.

A few days ago, she single-handedly killed the evil demon that had been lingering in this place for a long time. Unexpectedly, the residents of the grassland wanted to hold a banquet for half a month to celebrate the event. People came from all around, bringing fruits, cattle and sheep and stuffing them into her arms. Even though she repeatedly declined, saying that she would be leaving soon, it did not diminish their enthusiasm in the slightest.

As for why she stayed here, it was because she had heard that there was a field of Dream Ephemeral Flowers in Falling Star Valley, more than ten miles to the north. The flowers were about to bloom, and it was a rare and beautiful sight. If she were lucky enough to see it, she could show it off to Lan Yuan.

A gentle breeze blew by, and the wind chimes hanging on the tents tinkled. As night fell, the place finally quieted down. Meng Changge extinguished the candle and had just turned over in bed when she heard rustling noises outside.

She paused for a moment, then silently sat up and grasped the long knife leaning against the bedside.

Who would come to her door late at night?

Meng Changge held her breath and tiptoed to the tent entrance. She used the hilt of her sword to lift the curtain. Not far away, a slender figure stood with her hands behind her back in front of the little red horse, while her usually spirited little colt was affectionately rubbing against the person’s shoulder.

When did Xiaohong become so affectionate?

She walked out suspiciously. Hearing footsteps, the woman turned around, her silver hair flowing out from under her cloak, and her deep blue eyes calmly looked over: “Awake?”

Meng Changge stopped abruptly, surprised, and exclaimed, “Lan Yuan?”

Lan Yuan hummed in agreement, then casually glanced at the sky: “You’re right, the moon here is indeed larger than the one in the South China Sea.”

Meng Changge snapped out of her daze, unable to contain her joy, and quickly stepped forward: “When did you arrive? Can you leave Kunlun Sea?”

“Why not? They’re not useless; they’d be in trouble if I left them for a few days.” As she spoke, she lazily squinted her eyes and raised her chin: “In short, His Majesty the Sea Emperor has decided to take a vacation.”

Meng Changge chuckled: “So you came to find me?”

Lan Yuan pursed her lips, neither confirming nor denying: “You said in your letter that the Dream Ephemeral Flower is very beautiful when it blooms, so I came to see it.”

Side Story: Leisurely Wandering (2)

At first, no one noticed that His Majesty the Sea Emperor was missing. Looking at the empty Red Coral Palace, Feng Yi even felt quite relieved.

Her Majesty, who always gets up earlier than the rooster, has finally learned to slack off.

But by the afternoon, there was still no movement in the white jade-carved palace, and she began to have a bad feeling.

“Your Majesty, Your Majesty?” The young merman stood at the door, calling out in a stealthy voice, “Your Majesty, are you awake?”

Turning around, she saw a group of merman guards staring at her expectantly. Feng Yi coughed, knocked on the door, and hesitated before saying, “Your Majesty, I… may I enter?”

creak—

The heavy door was slowly pushed open, and Feng Yi cautiously swam inside. But after a short while, a scream came from inside, and a woman swam out in a panic: “Your Majesty! She…!”

Suddenly, the figures of several elders appeared in his line of sight, and Feng Yi froze, his voice abruptly stopping.

The Grand Elder frowned: “How is His Majesty?”

“Your Majesty,” Feng Yi stammered, “Your Majesty, uh… Your Majesty is not feeling well and would like to rest today.”

“Really? Let’s go in and take a look.”

Feng Yi was startled and quickly reached out to stop them, his face full of apologetic smiles: “Her Majesty said that she only wants to rest today and does not wish to see anyone. Elders, please come at another time.”

The elder looked at her suspiciously for a few moments: “Is Your Majesty truly unwell? Or is she deliberately avoiding us old folks?”

“How could that be? His Majesty has always shown great respect to the elders.”

“That would be best,” the old man frowned somewhat displeased. “Every time I try to discuss the matter of keeping the pearl with her, she just brushes it off with a few words. You should tell her that this matter cannot be delayed any longer and that it is best to make a decision as soon as possible.”

“clear.”

The Grand Elder nodded, turned and swam a short distance away, then turned back and said, “By the way, I heard that people from the Three Sects will be coming to discuss matters tomorrow. Take good care of Her Majesty and make sure she stays in high spirits so that she doesn’t lose face in front of the human race.”

Feng Yi nodded vigorously: “Of course, of course.”

Finally, the elders dressed in white left silently again, and Feng Yi breathed a sigh of relief. He turned to Feng Yi and said, “Quickly send someone to invite the High Priest.”

“Yes.” After saying that, the girl who often followed Lan Yuan asked boldly, “Lord Feng Yi, how is His Majesty’s health? Is he really feeling unwell?”

“Where would I feel uncomfortable? I’m perfectly fine,” Feng Yi

hissed, his head aching. “I couldn’t say this with the elders here, but actually His Majesty… His Majesty is missing.”

“It’s gone!”

“Yes, now, we can only ask the High Priest to use the Soul Lamp to find His Majesty.”

The merfolk looked at each other, and after a while, one hand cautiously rose: “If we can’t find His Majesty, how are we supposed to explain ourselves to the people from the Three Sects when they come tomorrow?”

“This…” Feng Yi bit her lip, pondered for a long time, then suddenly remembered something and her eyes lit up: “Since it’s people from the Three Sects, will the Eldest Princess come with Hao Chenshan?”

“…”

“You, you wouldn’t be thinking of…”

“Well, it’s better to let His Highness impersonate him for a while than to tell them tomorrow that His Majesty is missing!”

Unlike the chaotic Sea King’s Palace, the autumn breeze was gentle on the West Continent Grassland, the sound of horses’ hooves rang out, and a woman’s clothes fluttered in the wind as she lightly leaped to the ground: “Here you go.”

A fluffy bunny suddenly landed in her arms. Lan Yuan glanced down at it and said lazily, “Why are you giving me this? I don’t like to eat it.”

Meng Changge was taken aback: “Eat? Isn’t this rabbit cute? I see many young girls like to keep it as a pet.”

Lan Yuan raised an eyebrow: “Then you’ve misunderstood. I’m neither a human girl nor a child, so why would I like such cute things?”

“Then, then give it to me.”

“It’s too late.” Lan Yuan laughed and backed away. “What kind of logic is it to take back a gift you’ve given away?”

As the two were chatting and laughing, the sound of horses neighing came from afar. Several laughing and playing teenagers galloped across the vast horizon, their clothes fluttering in the wind and bathed

in golden sunlight. Lan Yuan squinted at them for a while and couldn't help but sigh, "Human children are certainly free from childhood."

"Not everyone is so free," Meng Changge said, leading the horse and taking a stroll with her. "For example, those children in the capital study hard every day to obtain official titles. They are not very old, but they have a heavy burden on their shoulders. Their brains are going to get corrupted."

Lan Yuan said "Oh," and then asked, "And what about you?"

"What about me?"

How did you spend your childhood?

"Me? Actually, I was born on the grasslands. I rode horses and herded livestock from a young age. I disliked reading those verbose books. But later, my mother sent me to Haochen Mountain, where I met my strict master and had to start reading and writing. You don't know, I felt so tired every day when I was a child. I always thought about running away from the mountain, but I failed every time."

Lan Yuan couldn't help but laugh: "I thought you were a respected senior sister who was trusted by teachers and admired by juniors since you were a child."

"How could that be?" Meng Changge looked at her cheerful face and was greatly encouraged. Just as she was about to ask her what she looked like when she was young, several boys who had been in the distance rode up on horseback and called out to her, "Sister Meng, are these your friends?"

Meng Changge nodded: "Yes, it looks good, doesn't it?"

"Beautiful!" One of the girls looked Lan Yuan up and down a few times, then said shyly, "She's the most beautiful person I've ever seen."

Meng Changge raised an eyebrow: "But you just said a few days ago that I am the most beautiful person you have ever seen."

"Ah, this…this is all beautiful!"

"Never mind," she shook her head helplessly, looked at the merman who had transformed into human form beside her, and coughed, "You have good taste. I also think she… she is the most beautiful person I

have ever seen."

Lan Yuan was taken aback and turned to stare at her.

Only after the group of children rode off into the distance did Meng Changge say, somewhat embarrassed, "What, can't I even compliment you on your good looks?"

Lan Yuan shook her head and said, "I just think that's not right. If we use the word 'most,' then no one can compare to me. But Lan Wu and I are born the same, so no matter what, I will never be the most beautiful."

Meng Changge remained silent for a long time, then hesitated, "You… I…"

"Um?"

"Fine!" she exclaimed, striding forward. "We just can't see eye to eye!"

Lan Yuan followed slowly behind her: "Speaking of which, I do have a problem lately."

"Oh? What troubles could Your Majesty the Sea Emperor possibly have?"

Lan Yuan scoffed: "It's precisely because I'm the Sea Emperor that I have troubles. The elders of the Merfolk are urging me to hurry up and preserve the pearl, and these days they're getting more and more impatient."

"Leave a pearl?" Meng Changge asked suspiciously. "What is this? Leave a pearl behind?"

"The term 'Liuzhu' (留珠) simply means giving birth to offspring."

The footsteps suddenly disappeared, and the woman turned her head, staring at her intently.

Lan Yuan said calmly, "However, for the offspring of the Merfolk lineage, besides the mother giving birth herself, there is another method, which is to take a flower pearl from Guanyin Mountain and fuse the essence and blood of both mother and daughter to conceive the fetus. Lan Wu and I were born in this way."

Meng Changge subconsciously tightened his grip on the reins, and after a long while, he asked, "Then… will you agree?"

Lan Yuan didn't answer, but instead lowered her eyes to stroke the rabbit in her arms, and said casually, "What do you think? Should I agree?"

——

I didn't write much today, I repent (′..?.`)

At this moment, Lan Wu, who was on her way to visit relatives, had no idea of the seriousness of the problem Σ(@)Σ(⊙▽⊙a

Extra Chapter: Leisurely Journey (3) iyuzha iwu.xyz

The wind swept across the grassland, lifting the soft hem of my clothes.

The lean little red horse bowed its head to graze, while its owner, standing beside it, remained silent for a long time before finally finding his voice: "Why ask for my opinion on such an important matter?"

Lan Yuan sighed softly, "That's true."

She scratched the fluffy rabbit's head in her arms again, quieted down for a moment, and then handed it to Meng Changge: "Here you go."

Meng Changge caught it instinctively: "Why are you giving it to me again?"

"Because I just thought about it carefully," Lan Yuan said calmly, putting her hands behind her back, "my duties and identity dictate that I will spend most of my life in the sea, and the seabed is not suitable for nurturing such creatures from the human world."

Meng Changge quickly said, "I can help you raise it, so you can see it more often when you come to the human world."

"Sounds good, but I'll pass." The woman shook her head. "My life is too long. For me, it might just be a short time away, but for it, it might be a lifetime. Even for a creature without sentience, wasting precious time waiting isn't worthwhile." "It wouldn't understand anyway…"

"I understand." With that, Lan Yuan turned and took a few steps, gazing at the vast grassland, and raised her fingertips to touch the autumn wind: "The weather is so nice. It would be nice to come out

for a stroll more often, but what a pity."

Meng Changge was taken aback, then hurriedly stepped forward: "What's the pity? Are you going back? Didn't you say you wanted to rest for a few days?"

"I'd like to, but I'm still worried..."

"But the dream flower will bloom tonight."

"Then let's wait for the next opportunity." Lan Yuan turned around, her eyes and brows shrouded in a golden halo, making them look somewhat unreal: "Like I said, I am a mermaid, and I have a very, very long time. Even if I can't see it today, I will eventually be able to see it in the future."

"But when you look at it later, it might not be with me anymore."

As soon as she finished speaking, Meng Changge seemed to be startled by her own words. She clenched her fists and shut her mouth in annoyance.

Lan Yuan tilted her head: "Oh? It's just watching flowers bloom, does it really matter who you watch it with?"

"Of course it's important."

"Why?" She raised the corners of her lips, then slowly walked back, looking at the woman whose face was gradually turning red with a half-smile: "Tell me, what's so special about you, Meng Changge, that watching with you is more important than watching with others?"

Meng Changge couldn't help but shrink back. Strangely enough, she was clearly half a head taller than Lan Yuan, but now she felt much weaker. Could it be that the Sea Emperor's aura would become stronger and stronger after being in power for a long time?

"I......"

"Um?"

"Our relationship, how should I put it, is... rather unusual," Meng Changge lowered her eyes and said with a lack of confidence, "It's probably a bit special."

What's so special about it?

The woman blinked, racking her brains, and said, "Uh… the special thing is, I stabbed you when we first met?"

"…"

Lan Yuan laughed in exasperation, flicked her sleeves, and left with her hands behind her back.

Meng Changge was startled and followed closely behind: "You're really leaving?!"

"Otherwise what? Am I supposed to stay here and get entangled with the person who stabbed me in the back the first time we met?"

"Then about your pearl…"

Lan Yuan snapped, "Why do you care so much? What's it to you?"

"I…" Seeing her walking faster and faster, Meng Changge was afraid she would disappear in the blink of an eye, so she quickly stepped forward and grabbed her sleeve tightly: "You mustn't agree! "

Lan Yuan stopped and turned back suspiciously: "Disagree with what?"

"It's the question you just asked me," the woman bit her lip, seemingly resigned to her fate: "If you want my opinion on casually finding someone to have children with, then I think… I think you can't agree to it."

Lan Yuan frowned as she looked at her, but didn't say anything.

"I know you are the Sea Emperor, bearing heavy responsibilities, and Lan Wu has long since become partners with your junior sister, so your clan and the sea monsters all hope that you will continue your bloodline, but this is not right," Meng Changge took a breath, her fingertips trembling slightly, "Even if you give birth to offspring, you should conceive and raise children with the person you love, you… you don't have anyone you love, how can you agree to such an absurd request?"

After a moment of silence, a soft laugh suddenly rang out across the grassland: "Meng Changge, you're too arrogant."

The woman froze, looking at her helplessly.

Lan Yuan narrowed her beautiful eyes and said lazily, "Who said I

don't have someone I like?"

As the sun set, the group appeared in front of the Wanju Hall in the South China Sea town, intending to stay at this inn specifically for monks before heading out to sea the next day.

Soon, news of the guests' arrival reached the seabed. Feng Yi, who still hadn't found a trace of His Majesty, felt as if he had been granted a pardon. He quickly slipped away from his eyes and ears and quietly went ashore. At this time, the sky was dotted with stars, and the street vendors had already left with their belongings. A few shops still had candles lit, and the shopkeepers were doing the final accounting. Most of the other households had already fallen asleep.

In a room on the second floor of Wanjutang, a woman with a full head of silver hair sat at a table, propping her head up with her hand. After reading the words on the paper, she couldn't help but sigh with a headache.

Ji Lingyue lifted her eyes: "What's wrong?"

"I've switched to painting and calligraphy."

"What kind of homework?"

Lan Wu muttered, "It's just… a few days ago I left my disciples with a question: if their spiritual energy is about to run out while fighting an enemy, what kind of formation can they use to quickly escape?"

What is the answer?

"There are many answers, whatever the formation is, as long as they make sense, but Danqing…" she sighed again: "Danqing's answer is a summoning formation."

Ji Lingyue wondered, "Is there something wrong with the summoning circle? Wouldn't it be a great help if it could summon one's own divine weapon?"

Lan Wu glanced at her sideways: "Summoning arrays are fine, but she's not summoning divine weapons, she's summoning Danbo to fight for her."

Ji Lingyue chuckled: "You're quite clever."

"What's so clever about it? Danbai isn't her contracted beast,

something she can summon and dismiss at will. What if she can't find Danbai one day?" After fretting over this, she saw Ji Lingyue still smiling and couldn't help but ask, "What are you laughing at?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head: "You look exactly the same as when the elders were angry about your studies back in Haochen Mountain."

Lan Wu raised an eyebrow: "Are you making fun of me?"

No.

"It's best if it isn't," she snorted, put down her pen and paper, and pulled the person who had just taken a bath down onto the bed together. "I should have known better than to agree to be this damn teacher, Master. It's like shortening my lifespan. We might as well continue to live a carefree and happy life."

The woman smiled and said, "Since you've agreed, you have to do it. This trip back to the South China Sea will also give you a chance to rest for a few days, won't it?"

"That's true," she sighed deeply, stretching out contentedly, "I can finally rest for a few days."

Ji Lingyue chuckled and turned over, about to cup her face and kiss her, when she suddenly noticed something and frowned, looking at the window not far away: "Who's there?"

After a moment of silence, a voice said cautiously, "It's me, Feng Yi."

"Feng Yi?" Lan Wu got up in confusion and opened the window: "What are you doing squatting outside the window in the middle of the night instead of using the front door?"

"This is a long story," Feng Yi crept in furtively. "Your Highness, I have a request to make."

"What's up?"

"Please come closer and listen to me."

Lan Wu looked at her with a puzzled expression, then good-naturedly leaned closer: "Why are you being so mysterious…?"

"…"

"ah?"

She stood up abruptly, staring at Feng Yi in shock, while the merman nodded to her, confirming, "You heard me right, that's exactly it."

——

Who says I'm slow? I'll confess my feelings tomorrow! (` ˆ′)gt> The car will come whizzing by!

Extra Chapter: Leisurely Wandering (4)

It was two years ago that she realized Meng Changge liked her.

That day, Yueyin, the Sea Demon general imprisoned in the Sea Prison, escaped and killed the merman guards outside. She had no choice but to personally lead her troops out of the Kunlun Sea and kill him in the dark, boundless abyss.

Perhaps the fighting was too intense, for she didn't even notice that the paper crane she always carried with her was damaged. A few days later, when she returned to the Sea King's Palace covered in blood, the first person to rush up to her was Meng Changge, who was pale-faced.

Are you alright?

Lan Yuan asked, puzzled, "What could possibly be wrong with me?"

The woman looked her up and down uneasily, and said in a hoarse voice, "The paper crane is ruined, I thought..."

"Paper crane?" Lan Yuan was taken aback and subconsciously reached for her waist, only to find that it was gone. "I see," she said, putting her hand down and not taking it seriously. "But your paper crane is really useless. It can't help at all. If something really happens to me, I'm afraid I'll have already drunk Meng Po soup by the time you arrive."

Meng Changge froze for a moment, and then said in a hoarse voice, "I'm sorry."

Lan Yuan asked, puzzled, "What apology?"

"I think I was being a bit presumptuous," Meng Changge said, hanging her head in frustration. "I said I would get to your side in time, but when this actually happened, I couldn't do it."

Lan Yuan slowly frowned: "You..."

“I’m sorry.” She lifted her eyes and looked at her intently. “If it’s a promise that can’t be kept, I shouldn’t have made it so easily.”

“I’m not blaming you,” Lan Yuan said awkwardly, feeling uncomfortable under her gaze. “It’s not a big deal, why are you taking it so seriously?”

Meng Changge shook her head, her face full of stubbornness: “But for me, this is a very important thing.”

“You, you really are… inexplicable.”

The merman turned around and continued swimming towards the magnificent palace, while the bewildered human stopped behind her and called out her name: “Lan Yuan”.

Lan Yuan turned around.

“You are a very important person to me, so I will not break my promise to you again.” The woman looked at her calmly and said earnestly, “This is the promise I made to you.”

For some reason, Meng Changge’s words made her uneasy for a long time afterward. Later, she couldn’t hold it in any longer and casually told Lan Wu about it. Lan Wu, who was concentrating on stringing pearls into a necklace, said casually after hearing this, “Isn’t this just expressing your feelings? I think the friend you mentioned must like the other friend you mentioned.”

“Cough! Cough cough…” Lan Yuan almost choked on the tea in her mouth: “What did you say? You like it?!”

Lan Wu glanced at her: “Otherwise what?”

Lan Yuan’s face went from red to white, then back to red: “This, this isn’t right, is it? Can friends really say things like this?”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement and nodded perfunctorily, “Maybe.”

“What do you mean by ‘maybe’?” Lan Yuan couldn’t help but grab her pointed ear: “Give me a clear answer, does she like me or not?!”

Suddenly, the surroundings became quiet.

Lan Wu slammed down the necklace and turned around in surprise: “You like me?”

Lan Yuan was taken aback, then realized what she meant and hurriedly tried to cover it up: “No, no! I meant, do you like my friend or not…”

“Generally speaking, when someone talks about her friend, they’re actually talking about themselves.” A voice came from outside the door, and Ji Lingyue stepped in carrying a thick stack of books, a half-smile on her face. “Lan Wu, how can you be so naive? You believe everything she says?”

Lan Wu’s eyes widened: “Senior Sister Meng confessed her feelings to you!”

Before Lan Yuan could even react in shock, Ji Lingyue said, “After all these years, finally.”

“What do you mean?” She suddenly felt that she was not as smart as Lan Wu, and asked in a daze, “How did you know it was Meng Changge? And what do you mean by ‘so many years’?”

Upon hearing this, the two looked at each other in surprise. Lan Wu let out a soft “uh,” carefully pulled Ji Lingyue to her side, and said guiltily, “So you haven’t noticed yet? Well… then just pretend we didn’t say anything.”

In short, she vaguely discovered that Meng Changge liked her, and surprisingly, she didn’t find it repulsive.

Although she had never thought about what kind of partner she would have in the future, she had assumed that it would be someone from the same demon race. As for humans… humans and she were from two different worlds, and there was a natural barrier between them. Moreover, she had no interest in getting close to humans like Lan Wu did.

Why did I feel a slight sense of lightness and joy when I learned that Meng Changge liked me?

“She really should like me.” After accepting this fact, she said to her sister, “It shows she has good taste.”

Lan Wu let out a soft “hmm,” rubbing the goosebumps on her arms: “Since you two are mutually in love, then…”

Lan Yuan interrupted her: “Don’t talk nonsense. As long as she doesn’t express her feelings to me, it’s not mutual affection.”

Lan Wu was taken aback: “But what about what she said before?”

“No,” Lan Yuan rolled her eyes at her, “It doesn’t count unless she says she likes it.”

“Then why don’t you just say it?”

“Why should I?” Lan Yuan snorted. “I am the noble Sea Emperor. I will not speak first. I want to see how long she plans to drag this out.”

Lan Wu stared at her incredulously for a while, then muttered, “I really don’t understand you guys. You have mouths, but you always keep them shut. Me and A-Yue back then…”

Ji Lingyue quickly coughed and grabbed Lan Wu’s arm, not wanting others to know how pitiful she looked when she confessed: “Let’s go, they can dawdle as long as they want, just leave it to them.”

Lan Wu pursed her lips and obediently said, “Okay.”

Lan Yuan, clinging to her pride, refused to be the one to confess first. Little did she know that this wait would last for two years. Meanwhile, the other sea tribes were having babies in droves, and petitions requesting names were being sent to the Sea King’s Palace one after another. The elders, seeing this, became even more enthusiastic and took turns trying to persuade her with reason and emotion, determined to get her to agree to keep the pearl.

Lan Yuan was extremely restless in the Sea King’s Palace, partly annoyed and partly angry.

Wow, how can someone be so patient?

She couldn’t take it anymore and decided to take drastic measures.

The sun had set sometime earlier, its bright rays shining across the vast grasslands, illuminating their path from Lake Saler to Falling Star Valley.

After she uttered those words, the person behind her remained silent, simply leading the horse and following behind her without saying a word.

Lan Yuan brushed aside the branches and leaves in front of her, and a field of pure white flowers immediately came into view. The petals, which were not yet fully open, shimmered with a crystal-clear light

like jade, just like the stars in the sky.

No wonder it's called Falling Star Valley.

Lan Yuan stopped in her tracks: "Perfect timing, it will bloom in a little while."

Meng Changge hummed in agreement.

Lan Yuan turned her head, looked at her listless appearance, and raised an eyebrow, saying, "What's wrong with you? Didn't you say that the Dream Ephemeral Flower was very beautiful and that you wanted to admire it with me? Why do you seem so listless now that you're here?"

The woman bit her lip, glanced up at her, and quickly looked away: "After you finish reading, are you going back to the South China Sea?"

"yes."

"…" She gripped the reins tightly, her eyelashes trembling slightly: "Blue Kite."

"Um?"

What kind of person do you like?

"Why are you asking this?" Lan Yuan casually brushed aside a few stray hairs that had been ruffled by the wind and said lazily, "Is it that important to you?"

Meng Changge was silent for a moment, then nodded: "It's very important."

"Why?" She narrowed her eyes, turned to look at her calmly, and said, "What does it have to do with you who I like?"

"Because…" Meng Changge opened her mouth, but her throat seemed to be blocked, and her eyes slowly reddened: "Because… I…"

"What?"

"I…" Meng Changge took a breath, finally raised her head, and said sadly, "If I knew who she was, I would know… where I am inferior to her."

Extra Chapter: Leisurely Wandering (5)

A crisp laugh rang out in the wind.

The beautiful woman covered her lips, her eyebrows curved, and her black hair, which fell down, gradually faded to light silver in the moonlight: “It doesn’t seem so hard for you to say it.”

Meng Changge froze, staring blankly at her.

After laughing, Lan Yuan put her hands behind her back and slowly walked towards her: “If I understand correctly, Senior Sister Meng, are you sad because I like someone else?”

Meng Changge’s eyelashes trembled as she looked uneasily at the woman standing in front of her. Her eerie blue eyes were full of mockery, and the corners of her rosy lips were slightly upturned, making her look smug.

Why would someone react like this?

She was prepared for Lan Yuan to either be angry, disgusted, or at best, surprised and embarrassed upon hearing this.

The merman narrowed his eyes and took another step forward: “Hmm?”

The sudden magnification of that beautiful face was so striking that she panicked and instinctively backed away, only to be stopped by the little red horse: “Blue Kite…”

“What’s wrong?”

Meng Chang blushed: “Too, too close.”

Lan Yuan: “…”

Sure enough, some people are beyond saving.

But just as she was about to lose her temper, Meng Changge whispered, “It’s too close, it will make me feel uncomfortable.”

Lan Yuan was taken aback: “Why?”

“Because my heart is beating too fast.” The woman pursed her lips, the redness at the corners of her eyes even more alluring than before. “If I get any closer, my eyes will start to get hot and wet.” She paused, then added, “But I’m not crying.”

Lan Yuan frowned and stared at her for a long time before hesitatingly asking, “I don’t quite understand what you’re talking about. What do you mean?”

“What I mean is, if you get too close to me, my body starts to act strangely,” Meng Changge said softly. “Maybe it’s because I like you too much.”

“…”

Lan Yuan blinked, and it took her a while to react before her eyes widened in surprise: “Wait, what did you say?”

“I said, I like you.” Meng Changge gently took her wrist and pressed it against his burning face: “I like you so much that I don’t even know why I’ve become like this.”

Snap—

A tear fell.

The woman remained calm, only her eyes were red-rimmed: “You see, it seems like I can’t control myself anymore.”

This scene is truly bizarre.

Despite receiving the confession she wanted, Lan Yuan was both amused and exasperated. Finally, looking at the expressionless woman shedding tears, she chuckled and asked, “So what do we do now? Should I leave?”

Meng Changge quickly pressed her hand down: “What about you? You still haven’t said… who is the person you like…?”

“Haven’t you realized it yet?” Lan Yuan’s eyes crinkled into a smile. “Who could I possibly like? All these years, the only one who’s been hanging around in front of me is you, isn’t he?”

“So, it’s because I’m always hanging around in front of you…”

“Who can say for sure?” Lan Yuan interrupted her. “Can you explain yourself when and why you fell in love with me?”

“Of course I can explain it clearly.”

Lan Yuan was taken aback, not expecting her to answer so readily, and couldn’t help but feel curious: “So when is it?”

“Twenty years ago,” Meng Changge smiled through her tears, “do you still remember when we went to the Nightmare Forest together and unexpectedly found Yamaha?”

Lan Yuan hummed in agreement: “Of course I remember.”

“Back then, when we escorted them back to Shiling City, Penglai sent people to hunt us down. Once, we were almost in dire straits, but you told me to take them and leave first, while you stayed behind to cover our retreat. But you could have just run away. You don’t have a close relationship with us, and besides, we are human, and you are a demon…”

“Oh, it’s here,” Lan Yuan said calmly. “You are very important people to Lan Wu, so of course I won’t abandon you. Besides, my teachers have taught me since I was a child that as a princess, I must never stand behind my subjects…”

Meng Changge couldn’t help but smile, asking, “Are we also your subjects?”

Lan Yuan glanced at her sideways: “Even a strong person cannot stand behind a weak person.”

Meng Changge laughed again.

“why are you laughing?”

“That’s why I fell in love with you,” the woman sighed softly. “How could I not like someone like you?”

Lan Yuan stared at her for a while and said, “I remember, back then, it seemed like you came back.”

“Yes,” Meng Changge nodded, and said apologetically, “Although you were already out of danger when I got back.”

Lan Yuan hummed in agreement: “Actually, apart from Lan Wu, that was the first time someone had come back to find me.”

Meng Changge was taken aback and looked at her with some surprise.

“My subjects revere me, love me, and trust me. Whether as a princess or as the Sea Emperor, I have a responsibility to lead and protect them so as not to disappoint their expectations of me.” Lan Yuan said softly, “In their eyes, I am the most powerful leader, so they entrust their

backs to me without worry, but they will not come back to me. There's nothing I can do about it, because I really am that powerful."

After saying that, she raised an eyebrow: "So when I saw you come back to me after I ran away, I was quite surprised."

Meng Changge was slightly pleased: "So, you were also like that back then…"

"No," Lan Yuan interrupted her without thinking, "I don't fall in love with someone so easily."

The woman choked for a moment, then cautiously asked, "So, do you like me now?"

"nonsense."

Meng Changge breathed a sigh of relief, her eyes darting nervously towards her, her expression becoming awkward. This strange behavior quickly caught Lan Yuan's attention: "What's wrong?"

The woman opened her mouth, her cheeks flushing again, and her eyes welling up with tears: "I… I can… can't I…"

Lan Yuan chuckled, stepped forward, and lightly kissed her chin: "If you want a kiss, why don't you bend down a bit?"

Meng Changge was startled. Before she could even raise the corners of her mouth, another tear fell. She frowned in annoyance. Despite having a bright and beautiful face, her wet eyes made her look out of place. "What should I do? It's starting again."

"Then try a few more times," Lan Yuan said with amusement, wiping away her tears. "Maybe you'll get used to it and it'll be fine."

——

Before the senior sister's problem was cured, what they did was:

My senior sister is above me, calmly shedding tears.

Senior sister, I'm so excited I'm crying.

And our Yuanbao Palace's protector has done this many times. The first time it was written out was when Haochen Mountain was escaping with Lan Wu, whose identity had been exposed, she covered Qin Yu's retreat. The second time was when she was escaping the

Demon Realm with Lan Wu, who had faked her death, she covered the Eagle Guards' retreat. The third time was in this flashback when she covered Penglai's retreat (a very responsible and capable protector).

Extra Chapter: Leisurely Wandering (6)

As dawn broke, rustling sounds gradually came from outside the tent. Meng Changge turned over and his gaze fell on the woman lying flat beside him.

How can you sleep so soundly?

They had clearly expressed their feelings last night, but after watching the flowers bloom and returning to their tent, they did nothing. Meng Changge, needless to say, tossed and turned in bed all night, too excited to sleep. The esteemed Sea Emperor, however, acted as if nothing had happened, saying goodnight before falling asleep fully clothed.

Such a nonchalant attitude made her wonder if she was making a fuss over nothing. Otherwise, why was she the only one tossing and turning, unable to fall asleep?

After thinking it over, Meng Changge sighed silently, reached out and carefully touched Lan Yuan's soft hair: "It seems like I'm the only one who's happy."

At this moment, the merman gently tilted his head, rested his face in her palm, and mumbled, "Hmm… what time is it?"

Meng Changge was taken aback, and subconsciously replied, "3:45 AM."

"It's still early," she said, turning over and resting her head on the woman's shoulder. "Sleep a little longer."

The hoarse, weary voice rang almost against Meng Changge's ear, causing her to shudder involuntarily. Goosebumps rose all the way up her neck, and her eyes began to burn again.

Oops.

She tilted her head back, blinking rapidly as she quietly moved toward the bedside, an arm draped over her waist: "Where are you going…"

Meng Changge froze, then pretended to be calm and said, "I'll go feed

Xiao Hong some grass."

After answering, the person in her arms fell silent. She secretly glanced down and found that Lan Yuan had her eyes closed, seemingly asleep again.

Are you that tired?

After hesitating for a moment, Meng Changge suppressed the strange feeling in her body and reached out to hug Lan Yuan: "Okay, then let's sleep a little longer."

But after a short while, Lan Yuan chuckled, opened her eyes, and sat up from her arms: "Never mind, I'm not going to sleep."

"What's wrong?"

"What do you mean?" she said lazily. "Your heartbeat is too loud."

Upon hearing this, Meng Changge blushed immediately: "It's not like I wanted to… cough, you said it yourself, you have to try it a few more times, and you'll get used to it."

"But even after we kissed you so many times last night, you still burst into tears at the slightest touch."

"This…this isn't something you can get used to in a day or two, and besides, it was just a kiss…"

"Just?" Lan Yuan interrupted her, intrigued. "If kissing isn't enough, what else do you want to do?"

After a moment of silence, Meng Changge turned her head away, her earlobes turning bright red: "I wasn't thinking about anything."

"Ha." Lan Yuan laughed, crossed her arms, and said triumphantly, "I know what you want to do. There's nothing to be embarrassed about. If you want it, just say so, and I will definitely satisfy you."

Something about that sounded really off. Meng Changge frowned and asked suspiciously, "Are you very good at that kind of thing?"

"What's there to be good at or bad at? It's just making love, right?" As she spoke, several transparent tentacles emerged from behind the merman, affectionately touching Meng Changge's bare wrist and wrapping around it in circles: "Just… uh, don't pinch!"

Meng Changge was startled and quickly raised her hand: “What’s wrong?”

Lan Yuan quickly retracted her tentacles, a faint blush appearing on her face: “It’s nothing.”

“Are you really alright? Your…”

“Enough with the nonsense,” the woman suddenly interrupted her, kneeling up aggressively and shoving her to the ground. “What’s so difficult about that? Even without that, I can satisfy you myself.”

Meng Changge was pushed onto the bed in a daze. After thinking for a while, she finally realized: “If I touched that thing just now, would I feel anything?”

He paused in tugging at his clothes: “No.”

“Can……”

Seemingly unwilling to listen to her continue, the merman leaned down and abruptly sealed her lips with his. Meng Changge’s eyelashes trembled, her nose filled with the rich scent, and tears welled up in her eyes: “Lan, Lan Yuan…”

“Don’t talk,” Lan Yuan bit her lip and muttered unhappily, “Leave it to me.”

Hearing this, Meng Changge had no choice but to lie down obediently, taking off her clothes one by one. Her cool palms pressed against her bare abdomen, and she couldn’t help but let out a low moan, shrinking her body in embarrassment. But after waiting for a long time, the person on top of her did not move again.

After holding back for a while, Meng Changge raised her eyes and found that the merman kneeling on her had a serious expression, his hand hovering in the air, but he did not bring it down for a long time.

“…”

With tears welling up in her eyes, Meng Changge asked, “Don’t you know how?”

Lan Yuan was taken aback and instinctively protested, “Who said I don’t know how? I… I’m just doing this for the first time, and I’m not very familiar with the steps…”

Meng Changge suddenly chuckled, propped himself up under her suspicious gaze, and kissed her lips: "Lan Yuan, there are no standard steps for these things, just follow your heart."

Lan Yuan was taken aback: "Really?"

"Yes," the woman smiled and cupped her cheeks in her hands, "It's okay, it's our first time, we can take it slow."

On the bright morning that was about to break, she laid the beautiful siren down on the bed and kissed her gently.

Their lips intertwined, and Lan Yuan let out a soft hum through her nose. She hooked her arms around Meng Changge's neck, and once she was pinned beneath her, she was almost completely covered by the woman's slender body. The woman was well-proportioned and her body felt very firm to the touch. As she was being kissed comfortably, she squinted her eyes and casually pinched her chest. Meng Changge groaned and glared at her irritably, her eyelashes becoming wet.

Her belt and clothes were undone, and her hands slid up her supple waist, grasping her full breasts. Lan Yuan let out a soft moan, grabbed her shoulders, and said in a hoarse voice, "You, be gentle…"

"It's much lighter now," Meng Changge said soothingly, kissing her cheek and gently massaging her gradually erect nipples with his fingertips. "Are you uncomfortable?"

Lan Yuan hummed a few times, then awkwardly said, "It's… just average…"

Meng Changge chuckled, lowered his head and nibbled at her neck, leaving a few ambiguous kiss marks before his palm slowly slid down her lower abdomen: "Is there anything different about mermaids compared to humans?"

Lan Yuan shuddered and couldn't help but curl up: "If you want to say it's different, of course it's different, but… well, now that I'm in human form, how is it any different?"

"Is that so?" Meng Changge thought for a moment, pinched her trembling lower abdomen, and then touched her waist backward: "Where did those tentacles you just now grow from?"

Her fingertips traced down the merman's waist, all the way to her tailbone, then slowly returned, as if determined to find the origin of

those things. Lan Yuan couldn't help but grip her back tightly, her brows furrowing, her face buried in Lan Yuan's shoulder turning crimson: "Ah…you, what are you looking for it for…"

"Because it seems very sensitive," Meng Changge rubbed her lower back again. The person in her arms groaned and shrank back. She suddenly felt a wetness in her groin. Meng Changge was startled, raised her knee, and tentatively rubbed it against the muddy spot on her leg.

"Ugh!" Lan Yuan bit her lip, embarrassed and annoyed, "You, if you're going to do it, just do it, don't tease me like this!"

——

Yes, merfolk tentacles are sentient, but it depends on the individual. For example, Lan Wu is relatively insensitive, while her sister is very sensitive.

Extra Chapter: Leisurely Wandering (7)

Faced with her infuriating accusations, Meng Changge suddenly said out of the blue, "Do you know what we're doing right now?"

"What else could it be?" Lan Yuan said irritably, "It's just paying…"

"It is lewdness in broad daylight."

The merman took a breath, slapped her across the face, and said, unable to bear it any longer, "Don't try to pull that highbrow act on me!"

Meng Changge chuckled: "You still have such a temper at a time like this."

With a slight pull, she scooped Lan Yuan up and sat her on her lap. Lan Yuan nervously pursed her lips, looked down and saw her wet eyes, and then felt satisfied with this superior position.

"It doesn't seem as serious as it was last night."

As she spoke, she stroked Meng Changge's reddened eyes and pondered, "If your group of junior sisters who admire you saw you like this, they would be extremely shocked. Hmm… Even when I first met you, I thought you were ruthless and that I would definitely tear you to pieces if I had the chance."

"And then what?"

"Wasn't that the one you met outside Shiling City?" Lan Yuan said, "It had been decades since we first met, but I still remember you. Do you know why?"

Meng Changge blinked, feeling guilty, and said, "Because I… stabbed you in the back?"

"That's right." Lan Yuan nodded with a smile: "Before you, no one has ever hurt me like that."

Meng Changge chuckled twice and kissed her fingertips in a conciliatory manner: "It was my fault. How about you treat my years of unrequited love for you as punishment?"

Lan Yuan snorted: "Whose fault is it that you've been in unrequited love for so many years? It's all your fault for never saying anything."

"Because I'm a little scared," the woman said, wrapping her arms around her waist again, leaving a soft kiss on her neck while caressing her body. "After all, would His Majesty the Sea Emperor fall in love with a Daoist cultivator from an immortal sect? And would your subjects accept you as a partner with a human, with no more children?"

Lan Yuan tensed up sensitively: "As for offspring, we can just adopt a girl from a collateral branch… um, no, don't touch me…"

Meng Changge seemed to have quickly found the sensitive spot on her body. Her fingertips rubbed the area from her lower back to her tailbone, which would make the mermaid tremble incessantly, and her two slender legs would pitifully curl up and tightly hug her waist.

"I told you, no… um!"

Several cool, silvery scales gradually emerged from the smooth skin. As the woman's fingertips passed over them again, a tiny, thin tentacle tentatively emerged from under the scales and wrapped around her fingertip.

Meng Changge pinched it with her hand behind her back.

Caught off guard, Lan Yuan groaned and her waist went limp as she bit down on her shoulder. Almost instantly, she tasted a faint metallic taste of blood. She quickly released her teeth, stuck out her tongue,

and carefully licked the blood.

“Blue Iris…”

Meng Changge couldn’t help but clench the tendrils in her palm, feeling tears welling up again. She cupped the woman’s face in her hands, panting as she kissed her lips, even tasting her own blood. Amorous saliva gradually overflowed from the corners of her lips. Lan Yuan, overwhelmed by her advances, turned her head away, panting, and mumbled, “Mmm… let go, let go.”

“You’re the one who actively pursued me.”

She kneaded the soft, slippery thing, and felt more and more like it was a cat’s tail. Thinking this, she grabbed the tentacle and wrapped it in her palm, sliding down with it and disappearing into the damp thicket.

“You…” Lan Yuan trembled, her eyes reddening: “How dare you!”

Meng Changge chuckled, her fingertips parting the flower lips, gently kneading the clitoris hidden deep within: “Your Majesty, I am not your subject, so of course you can be presumptuous.”

“Um……”

She closed her eyes in unbearable pain, a few small tears falling from the corners of her eyes. The person pressed against her was also crying, the wet liquid dripping onto her chest, which only fueled her anger: “Why are you crying?”

“I don’t want to either,” Meng Changge said softly, “but Your Majesty, I can’t control myself.”

“Don’t call me Your Majesty… um…”

As soon as her knuckles probed into the opening, they were clamped shut, making it difficult to move. She patiently stroked Lan Yuan’s body, burying her head in her mouth, sucking and teasing her bright red nipples. The person in her arms moaned softly, her body no longer as tense as before, and a wet liquid welled up between her legs. Meng Changge tentatively moved in and out of the opening, the cool tendrils wrapped around her palm rubbing against the soft, wet labia with her movements, covered in her owner’s lustful fluids.

The quiet tent was gradually filled with the rustling sound of water.

Lan Yuan's face flushed as she listened, and she couldn't help but snap, "What are you dawdling about?"

Meng Changge was taken aback: "I'm afraid you'll feel uncomfortable."

"What a joke, I'm not that delicate," Lan Yuan said, lifting her waist and taking the finger that was inserted into her vaginal opening into her mouth. "I… um, it's just intercourse, let me try… Is it really as comfortable as the books say?"

Meng Changge asked curiously, "Books? What books?"

"It's… the storybook Lan Wu left in the sea…" She gasped, finally managing to swallow it slowly, then frowned and pondered for a moment: "It seems… just so-so."

Meng Changge was both amused and exasperated, feeling her knuckles being tightly wrapped by soft, moist flesh. She tentatively turned her around, and Lan Yuan immediately froze, her eyelashes trembling uneasily: "Hmm… don't move."

"No," Meng Changge said gently, nuzzling her face affectionately. "You're asking for too much. I can't listen to you all."

After saying that, she pulled her finger out, but when it reached the entrance, she pushed it all the way in again, making a "plop" sound.

"You, you bastard…"

Ignoring her small struggles, the fingertips buried in her hole began to thrust in and out. Lan Yuan narrowed her reddened eyes, panting as she hooked her arms around the woman's neck, wanting to bite her again. Meng Changge saw her intention and quickly put two fingers between her lips and teeth, stirring up wet saliva. His soft lips also pressed against Lan Yuan's neck, soothingly placing kisses on her.

"Uh-huh……"

Lan Yuan was forced to open her mouth, her teeth pressed against her fingertips, but she couldn't bring herself to bite. Instead, she was tormented until her face turned red and she let out a soft moan.

The gurgling sound of water grew louder and louder. Lan Yuan hummed softly, her consciousness increasingly hazy, when suddenly she felt a sharp pain in her neck. Her eyes widened instantly, and she

roared furiously, “Let go—”

The thrusting into her vagina suddenly quickened, and Lan Yuan’s body went limp. The last word turned into a soft, seductive moan. She couldn’t help but arch her back to meet it, her wet, sweet juices flowing down her thighs, but she could never reach that perfect spot: “Harder… harder…”

Meng Changge glanced at her, then obediently increased the force of his thrusts into her crimson opening. The merman’s legs were spread wide, her sparse silver hair clinging together in strands, and her bulging little mouth continuously gushed forth abundant juices, her labia glistening with the lustful fluids.

“Yes, Meng, Meng Changge…”

Suddenly, her fingers were gripped tightly by the tightening flesh of her vagina. Meng Changge held her lower lip in his mouth, while his other hand slid down her sweaty abdomen and quickly rubbed her swollen clitoris. Lan Yuan froze abruptly, whimpering and closing her eyes, but her waist trembled and arched, as if she wanted to press herself tightly into the woman’s arms.

“Ah, haa…”

After a soft, seductive moan, Meng Changge slowly withdrew his fingers, which were covered in honey-like fluid, and gently rubbed between her legs. Gushes of sticky, lustful fluid gushed from her contracting opening. Lan Yuan’s eyes remained closed, her eyelashes trembling, and her sweat-dampened silver hair clung messily to her cheeks. She was nowhere to be seen in her usual haughty demeanor.

Meng Changge felt a surge of tenderness and lovingly kissed her cheek: “Is it comfortable?”

Lan Yuan sniffed, remained silent for a moment, turned her face to the other side, and muttered, “So-so.”

Meng Changge chuckled and stroked a pair of limp, drooping tentacles: “Since that’s the case, then I’ll just have to keep trying.”

Thousands of miles away, in the Sea King’s Palace.

Early in the morning, under the scrutinizing gazes of the elders, Feng Yi nervously knocked on the door of the palace: “Your Majesty.”

A moment later, a faint voice came from inside the house: “What is it?”

Feng Yi breathed a sigh of relief and respectfully said, “Your Majesty, the Elder requests an audience.”

“What is it? Can’t we talk about it after today’s meeting with the humans?”

“By then, I’m afraid you’ll avoid meeting us again.” The old man said with a long face, “We’ll go with you on the way to see the humans, and we can talk about this matter.”

There was no response from inside the room for a long time. Just as the merfolk were about to speak again, the door creaked open, and a woman wearing a silver crown slowly swam out. She lowered her eyes and looked coldly at the figures below: “Since the elders are in such a hurry, let’s talk.”

The weather in the South China Sea was as good as usual. Even before swimming to the surface, one could faintly see the shimmering light. The Sea Emperor’s personal attendants, dressed in silver armor, were neatly dressed and lined up in two rows, quietly following behind the Sea Emperor and the elders.

“Leaving the pearl?” Suddenly, a surprised voice came from the sea. The woman frowned and repeated, “What did the elder say? Leaving the pearl?”

“Didn’t I tell you this already?” The elder frowned, looking at her suspiciously. “What’s the problem?”

“…No problem.” She turned her head, her expression growing even colder.

A familiar voice suddenly echoed in my mind: “What’s wrong?”

Lan Wu paused, realizing that Ji Lingyue, far away on the shore, had sensed her mood through magic, and became even more dejected: “My sister didn’t tell me about this.”

“So what? She doesn’t have to tell you everything.”

“But keeping a pearl is a big deal, and my sister probably won’t like it.” She sighed silently. “If she’s troubled by this but didn’t tell me, is it because I’m a bad sister that she doesn’t even confide in me?”

Ji Lingyue quickly comforted her, “No, maybe she just didn’t have time to tell you.”

Lan Wu pursed her lips, unsure whether she was more angry about the elder urging Lan Yuan to keep the pearl, or more upset that Lan Yuan didn’t tell her about it.

While she was feeling sentimental, the Grand Elder, completely oblivious to her surroundings, asked, “So, Your Majesty, what have you thought about this matter?”

Lan Wu was silent for a moment, then said, “I won’t leave the pearl.”

The Grand Elder was taken aback: “What did you say?”

“I said, I’m not considering keeping the pearl.”

“How can we not consider this?” The elder’s expression turned solemn. “His Majesty has been on the throne for over twenty years, yet he has neither a partner nor an heir. The entire Sea Clan, though not openly speaking, are secretly concerned about this matter. Princess is now unable to leave any offspring, and the only hope rests on you. If you are unwilling, the bloodline that has been passed down since our ancestor Lan Yin will end with you!”

“You’re using these kinds of words to force…” Lan Wu paused, “force me?”

“How can this be considered coercion?”

She pursed her lips and said resolutely, “I said I won’t stay, and I mean it.”

“His Majesty!”

Lan Wu stopped in her tracks, annoyed, and said, “I don’t care about bloodlines. Even if I want to keep the pearl, it has to be something I truly want to do. If I have even the slightest unwillingness, don’t try to force me to do it with any high-sounding reasons.”

The Grand Elder was silent for a moment, then frowned and stared at her: “Your Majesty, do you have someone you like?”

“Whether I have someone I like or not, it’s the same,” Lan Wu said firmly. “I am the Queen of the Four Seas, and I can do whatever I want.”

"ah……"

A gentle breeze drifted into the tent, and occasionally, one could see the lush green grass outside.

The room remained dimly lit. Two naked bodies were pressed tightly together. Meng Changge embraced Lan Yuan from behind, his knees parting her wet thighs, his hands stroking down and falling into the moist valley.

"Wait, wait a minute…"

When her fingertips touched the slightly swollen opening of her vagina, Lan Yuan trembled violently and gasped for breath. She struggled to grasp Meng Changge's wrists, which were wrapped around her lower abdomen, arching her back, unsure whether she wanted to escape or submit.

Meng Changge gently pressed her down, swallowing his slender fingers. The woman's legs trembled, and although she was unwilling, her tight little mouth still sucked the foreign object in her hole in a coquettish manner. Meng Changge couldn't help but smile, kiss her shoulder, and then bury his nose in her sweaty silver hair, gently rubbing it.

"Um…slow down…"

The merman, consumed by lust, was like a ripe fruit, the slightest movement releasing its viscous fluids. Meng Changge rubbed and pressed his fingers against her vulva, causing her to furrow her brows and whimper, her body trembling as she bent downwards: "You, you just wait…"

"good."

The woman's eyes were red at the corners, and her damp eyelashes slowly dried. While she turned Lan Yuan's chin and kissed her, she thrust rapidly between Lan Yuan's forced-open legs, squeezing out splashes of water: "I couldn't ask for more."

Extra Chapter: Leisurely Wandering (8)

When Ji Lingyue arrived at the shore, she happened to see several figures walking on the water. Because of the spell she had set up in advance, she could hear Lan Wu arguing with the elders even though they were several miles apart.

"Does Your Majesty truly have the heart to sever the bloodline of our ancestors here?!"

"What is there to be reluctant about? Tell me, when our ancestor slew the evil dragon, was it to protect the peace of the world, or to ensure the continuation of his bloodline?"

Are these two things contradictory?

"Of course it's a contradiction. One is for justice, while the other is for personal gain. Can't the Grand Elder understand this?"

The elderly merman seemed quite angry, trembling for a while before angrily saying, "How could our merman royal family produce a descendant like you!"

Lan Wu coldly replied, "What's wrong with me? If even a descendant like Lan Zhichuan can be produced, then the bloodline of our ancestors must have been tainted long ago."

"You!" The Grand Elder's eyes widened, his face turning pale and then red. "His name has long been removed from the royal register, and his soul lamp has been destroyed. Both publicly and privately, he is no longer considered a descendant of Lan Yin!"

Lan Wu scoffed, "Since crossing out a name means they're not considered descendants, why not just add a name to the royal register and raise that person as a descendant?"

"absurd!"

"I don't find it absurd," Lan Wu said calmly. "Without our ancestor slaying the evil dragon, there would be no peace and prosperity in the world today. Logically speaking, all sea creatures should be her descendants. It is too narrow to inherit solely by bloodline. Putting aside everything else, I have also read history books. Our ancestor was a gentle and kind merman. If she knew my thoughts, she would definitely stand on my side."

"Nonsense!"

Lan Wu curled her lips: "What right do you have to say I'm talking nonsense? Since you believe so much in bloodlines, then, who has her blood, me or you?"

The elder opened his mouth but was speechless for a moment. Lan Wu

snorted, stepped ashore, and glanced at the people waiting on the shore with a nonchalant look: “You’ve arrived. Where is Lan Wu?”

Ji Lingyue said in a serious tone, “Lan Wu has something to do and has gone back to Haochen Mountain.”

Lan Wu gave an “oh” and nodded in a pretentious manner: “She really has worked hard.” With that, she raised her chin, put her hands behind her back, and walked forward: “Let’s go, let’s go see the sect leaders.”

Unlike the South China Sea, where they were locked in a fierce battle, the grasslands of Xizhou were peaceful. After resting for a long time, the merman, covered in a light sweat, finally opened his eyes and said in a hoarse voice, “I have to go back.”

Meng Changge paused, stopping what she was doing: “Now?”

Lan Yuan hummed in agreement, brushing her sweaty bangs aside to reveal her narrow, almond-shaped eyes: “I still have things to do today, I should… meet with the leaders of the three sects.”

“Oh, I thought you were really going to take a vacation.” Meng Changge muttered as she got up, preparing to untie the little braids she had just tied for her. “Is it too late to go back now?”

“There’s still time. A friend can give me a ride.” As she spoke, she glanced to her side and said, “Don’t untie it. Keep it.”

Meng Changge was taken aback: “Keep it? Really?”

Although she had braided the hair carefully and the small braids were intricately crafted, it still appeared somewhat casual on the usually dignified Lan Yuan.

“Of course it’s true.” Lan Yuan glanced at her, then sat up. “If you’re alright, why don’t you come back with me?”

The woman thought for a moment and readily agreed: “Okay, since things are all settled here, I’ll go back with you.”

The two tidied themselves up, lifted the curtain, and went outside. The bright sunlight fell on them, making them feel warm and comfortable. Meng Changge stretched, feeling refreshed, and then turned to ask with concern, “How are you feeling?”

Lan Yuan was puzzled: “What do you mean, ‘how’?”

“Of course,” she said, glancing around and covering her mouth with her hand before asking softly, “Is there anything wrong with your body?”

“…” Lan Yuan glanced at her with a half-smile: “You? You can make me uncomfortable?”

“What are you saying?” Meng Changge said irritably, “I’m just worried that I might not be careful enough, after all, you just dropped so many pearls.”

Speaking of this, Lan Yuan raised an eyebrow and asked, “Where are the pearls?”

“I’ve put it away.”

Why put it away?

“We can’t just leave it there. Let’s put it away; we can exchange it for spirit stones later…”

Lan Yuan suddenly shot her a sharp glare: “You want to sell?”

Meng Changge stammered, “No, is it not allowed?”

“No!” the woman emphasized. “You can’t sell it!”

“Okay, okay, then I can make it into a bracelet…”

“cannot!”

“Then… should I just keep it and worship it every day?”

Lan Yuan nodded: “Okay.”

Meng Changge took a breath and muttered to herself, “But there’s so much of it. If it keeps coming and I try to keep it all, I’ll definitely be overwhelmed.”

“A continuous stream?” Lan Yuan scoffed. “You underestimate me. I’m not you.”

As she spoke, the bright sunlight was gradually obscured by a huge shadow. She seemed to sense something, raised her head, and relaxed her brows: “They’ve arrived.”

Meng Changge also looked up: “Your friend can fly?”

Lan Yuan didn’t speak, but simply grabbed her hand and they soared into the air. Before long, they passed through the clouds and hovered in front of the colossal beast that blotted out the sky.

The woman’s eyes widened: “This is…your friend?”

“Without her, we wouldn’t have been able to get back in time,” Lan Yuan landed on the giant beast’s back, her fingertips brushing against the gentle breeze, and sighed, “The Kunpeng spreads its wings, soaring ninety thousand miles—”

With a long, drawn-out cry, the roc took flight, spreading its wings and heading towards the distant East.

Half an hour later, two tall figures landed on the shore of the South China Sea.

Lan Yuan strode forward, and as soon as she reached the Begonia Pavilion, she saw a group of personal guards standing outside. She glanced at them casually, and under their unwavering gazes, she entered the main hall, climbed the pear wood steps, and pushed open the magnificent door: “Excuse me, I’m here…”

The person sitting in the main seat subconsciously cast a glance over, and when their eyes met, both of them froze.

Lan Yuan abruptly changed the subject: “You’ve come at the wrong time.”

Lan Wu coughed lightly: “How could that be? Since you’re here, sit down and listen.”

Lan Yuan glanced around at the guests present, then naturally walked to Ji Lingyue’s side, lifted her dress, and sat down: “Okay.”

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then turned her head to give her a smile before calmly picking up her teacup and taking a sip.

Lan Wu withdrew her gaze: “Sect Leader Qi, please continue.”

Qi Yun said, “Regarding the use of Penglai Island, for the past twenty years, my Golden Hall has occupied half of the area. Unless necessary, I hope to continue the previous agreement.”

Lan Wu pursed her lips, glanced with difficulty at Ye Qingjun sitting

on her right, and then looked at Xuan Yu not far away: "But both Sect Leader Ye and Acting Sect Leader Xuan believe that Penglai should be divided into three equal areas for the three sects to use equally."

Qi Yun snorted, "Did Haochen Mountain and Yunxiao Pavilion give you more than my Golden Hall?"

Sitting in the corner, Yaozhu couldn't help but speak up: "Who doesn't know the character of your Golden Hall? Those human royal families who don't even have spiritual roots still spend money to cultivate, but only your Golden Hall accepts all comers and forces them to develop spiritual roots with handfuls of spiritual medicine. I'd like to ask, how much benefit did they give the Golden Hall?"

Qi Jun narrowed his eyes: "Isn't it too frivolous for Xuan to act as the sect leader? This meeting is so important, how can just anyone be brought in?"

Xuan Yu smiled and said, "Sect Leader Qi, you may not know this, but Yao Zhu is now my personal attendant, so naturally she follows me everywhere. I hope Sect Leader Qi will not hold it against her. After all, she is a fox, and she is always a bit outspoken."

Qi Yun snorted and looked to the other side: "If Sect Leader Ye has any opinions, he can speak them now."

Ye Qingjun said politely, "I have no objection. After all, no matter how much we argue, the final decision on how to allocate Penglai is His Majesty's, isn't it? I will naturally accept His Majesty's arrangement."

As she spoke, she raised her head with a half-smile: "What does Your Majesty think?"

Lan Wu blinked guiltily, then couldn't help but glance at her older sister sitting below. Lan Yuan, sensing her plea for help, thought for a moment and said, "I think…"

Everyone turned to look at her.

Lan Yuan paused for a moment, then continued, "Penglai is a place of outstanding natural beauty and abundant spiritual energy. Human cultivators would find it twice as effective to cultivate here, but it's useless to us sea creatures. That's why… my sister entrusted Penglai to the various sect leaders. But the sea creatures won't do anything that doesn't benefit them. Over the past twenty years, it's true that Sect

Leader Qi has given our clan more…"

Before she could finish speaking, she felt several surprised gazes. A quick glance revealed that it was Yao Zhu, Yu Shan Ye, and a few of Lan Wu's cronies, who seemed utterly disappointed that she had said such a thing.

Lan Yuan paused for a moment, then looked at Lan Wu, who leaned forward slightly and looked at her pitifully.

"…"

Lan Yuan was speechless and choked with emotion. After a long while, under the watchful eyes of everyone, she sighed helplessly, "Of course, this is just my opinion. Whether or not to change the contract signed in the past twenty years is naturally… entirely up to His Majesty's decision."

Extra Chapter: Leisurely Wandering (9)

"Incomprehensible!"

Qi Junqing left the Begonia Pavilion with a pale face.

Lan Yuan stepped out of the room after him, glanced around, and quickly found Meng Changge chatting happily with her personal servant. She smiled slightly and was about to walk over when she was punched on the shoulder without ceremony: "What was wrong with you just now? You sided with outsiders and almost ruined this matter."

Lan Yuan: "…"

She turned her head and gave Yu Shanye a cold look: "Take sides with outsiders?"

At this moment, Meng Changge walked over from not far away: "Shanye, what are you doing here? Did you come with the sect leader?"

Yu Shanye nodded: "Yes, we came to discuss the re-division of Penglai Island, and it was going smoothly until Lan Wu interfered, and it almost…"

"Lan Wu?" Meng Changge frowned and glanced at Lan Yuan: "Who are you talking about?"

Yu Shanye was taken aback: "Who else could it be?" She gestured towards Lan Yuan with her chin: "Isn't this person standing right in front of you?"

Meng Changge looked at Lan Yuan, and after a moment of silence, she chuckled and said, "Ah, this is Lan Wu."

Yu Shanye was puzzled: "Otherwise what?"

As they spoke, a mermaid in a snow-white robe stepped out of the Begonia Pavilion and strode over with Feng Yi by her side: "Sister."

"..." Yu Shanye slowly opened her mouth wide: "Sister?"

She stared wide-eyed at Lan Yuan, her face a whirlwind of emotions, as if she'd been dyed. Meng Changge patted her shoulder, amused, and asked, "What's wrong? Are you dumbfounded?"

The woman snapped back to her senses and hurriedly took a few steps back: "My apologies, my apologies, Your Majesty the Sea King, I didn't mean to offend you!"

Lan Yuan snorted: "I can't be bothered to argue with you."

Lan Wu pushed Feng Yi in front of her: "I didn't mean to do this, it was all her bad idea."

Feng Yi kept his eyes down, his nose down, his mouth down, and his mind down, and whispered, "Your Majesty is really something. You went out without saying a word. I was afraid you wouldn't be able to come back in time, so I... that's why I had to resort to this tactic."

"A bad idea?" Lan Wu couldn't help but protest, "I'm not that bad, am I?"

"Alright, the result doesn't matter anyway." Lan Yuan turned her head with a headache and looked at Ye Qingjun who was walking towards them, and said politely, "Sect Leader Ye."

Ye Qingjun nodded: "Thank you very much for Your Majesty's willingness to make concessions this time."

Lan Wu was startled again: "Master...you..."

The woman glanced at her with a smile: "Yes, I discovered a long time ago that you were impersonating the Sea Emperor."

These words immediately displeased Lan Wu, who glared at Yu Shanye with annoyance: “You call yourself my best friend, and you didn’t see anything wrong with that?”

Yu Shanye blinked guiltily and turned to look at the sky.

Except for Qi Jun, who left in anger, everyone else decided to stay a few more days to sign the new contract before leaving. While changing clothes at the Begonia Pavilion, Lan Yuan casually asked, “Besides this meeting, have there been any other troubles these past two days?”

“No… Oh, I think so.” Lan Wu remembered something and asked seriously, “Are you hiding something from me?”

Lan Yuan was taken aback, thinking that the only thing she hadn’t told Lan Wu was that she was with Meng Changge, but since this had just happened, Lan Wu shouldn’t know about it.

So she asked suspiciously, “What is it?”

Lan Wu was taken aback and accused, “You’ve been keeping this from me until now. This concerns your life’s most important matter. Shouldn’t you talk to me about it?”

Lan Yuan was even more surprised: “How did you know?”

“The elder told me!”

“How did the elder know that I was with Meng Changge?”

“Elder—” Lan Wu paused, “What did you say?”

“Isn’t this what you were talking about?”

“Of course not, I’m talking about Liu Zhu!” Lan Wu stepped forward, grabbing her collar and pressing, “You’re with Senior Sister Meng? When? How did it happen?”

“Liu Zhu,” Lan Yuan looked away, feeling guilty, “I was going to refuse anyway, so I didn’t think it was a big deal and didn’t tell you.”

Don’t change the subject!

“You’ve really gone too far! Put your paws down!”

Suddenly, Lan Wu exclaimed in surprise, “What’s that mark on your

neck?!”

Lan Yuan pulled up her collar in an annoyed tone: “What do you think?”

“You…” Lan Wu’s eyes widened: “Although… it was too fast.”

“You have the nerve to say that? I’m not the little fish who was kidnapped at two hundred years old.” After saying that, Lan Yuan suddenly remembered something and asked awkwardly, “But speaking of which, you… your… you know…”

Lan Wu asked curiously, “My what?”

“You know, that… the part that grows out from the back…”

“Oh—” Lan Wu released her tentacles, which naturally wrapped around Lan Yuan’s wrist: “You mean this? What’s wrong?”

Lan Yuan pinched it.

Lan Wu looked down, then looked up again, staring at her with a puzzled expression: “Hmm?”

“…” The woman’s eyes widened in embarrassment and anger: “Why?!”

“What? Why?” Lan Wu frowned in confusion, her soft tentacles rolling around in Lan Yuan’s palm. “Is there something wrong with her? She’s quite useful for tying up people and prey.”

This scene was too humiliating. Lan Yuan threw away her tentacles with a straight face and strode out. She saw Meng Changge standing outside the door. The woman was standing next to Ji Lingyue. Hearing the noise, she turned around with a smile, but was grabbed by the collar.

“Blue Iris?”

“Stop talking nonsense and come with me.”

“Sister?” Lan Wu took two steps to catch up, but they disappeared in the blink of an eye. She put her hands on her hips in confusion and asked, “What’s the rush?”

Ji Lingyue withdrew her gaze and suddenly asked, “Why aren’t you sensitive?”

Lan Wu was completely baffled: “What do you mean by ‘not sensitive’?”

The woman pursed her lips, and at some point, she too felt the same annoyance as Lan Yuan: “You…you’re so annoying!”

When her back hit the hard shell, Meng Changge was momentarily stunned. The merman in front of her thought she had hurt her, so he leaned in and kissed her lips reassuringly.

She blinked and looked around. The entire underwater cave was filled with translucent blue crystals, reflecting a cool yet beautiful light: “Where is this?”

“My secret area.”

As Lan Yuan spoke, she pulled open her collar: “This seashell used to be my bed, but after I became the Sea Queen, my people built me a new palace and found me a more spacious bed, so I moved it here.”

“If it’s a secret area, can you bring me here freely?”

“Why not?” Lan Yuan asked, puzzled. “Since we’ve become lovers, shouldn’t we be completely open with each other?”

Meng Changge paused for a moment, then chuckled, sighed softly, cupped her face, and kissed her: “You’re right.”

As her clothes were removed one by one, Lan Yuan felt much more

confident after the recent lovemaking. Unfortunately, the woman had long arms and legs, and even though she lay obediently under her, she still felt like she couldn't fully control her. After thinking for a moment, she grabbed Meng Changge's wrist, and faint fish scales gradually appeared on her cheeks and waist, while her two slender legs transformed into beautiful fish tails.

Meng Changge opened her eyes wide and looked at her demonic appearance in surprise: "You've gotten longer."

Lan Yuan said proudly, "Of course."

She flicked her tail happily and boasted, "This is my original form, much stronger than you."

Meng Changge hummed in agreement and said with a smile, "Yes, yes, you are the most esteemed Sea Emperor, of course you are more powerful than me."

"You know that's good." The merman smiled, leaned down and hugged her, his cool body pressing against her bare skin: "Be careful, don't cry your eyes out later."

——

Yes, there are two more chapters about cars.

(Upon learning about the properties of the mermaid's tentacles, Yuebao felt as if she had lost the whole world.)

Extra Chapter: Leisurely Wandering (10)

The feeling of the cold, smooth scales against her body was unpleasant. For a moment, it reminded her of the suffocating feeling she had when she was tightly bound by a snake demon in the southwestern swamp. But she obviously couldn't say this to Lan Yuan, otherwise, the noble Sea Emperor would definitely be furious at being compared to a snake demon.

If it weren't for their equally beautiful faces, Meng Changge would never have believed that this proud and assertive merman was Lan Wu's twin sister.

By the way, what did my junior sister say just now?

After the merfolk transform into demons, their animalistic nature

becomes more pronounced.

Just as I expected.

The person kneeling on her moved hastily, tugging at her belt several times without success, then simply grabbed her collar and ripped her clothes to shreds. Meng Changge was startled and instinctively said, “My…”

“Shh.” Lan Yuan touched her lips, the silver scales shimmering beneath her eyelids: “I’ll get you a new one in a bit.”

“But this robe of mine is a magic robe that can reduce damage,” she muttered softly, “It’s very expensive, a hundred high-grade spirit stones.”

Lan Yuan said unhappily, “Look at you, so useless. A single mermaid pearl can sell for a hundred high-grade spirit stones.”

“You won’t let me sell it.”

“You’re so long-winded,” she bent down, impatiently bit Meng Changge’s lip, and mumbled, “If you secretly sold it without telling me, wouldn’t I have no idea?”

Meng Changge was stunned for a moment, not yet realizing the meaning behind her words. The hand that had been pressing on her wrist loosened, and in its place came slippery tentacles. Lan Yuan carefully avoided the places where she could be touched. After wrapping them up, she silently breathed a sigh of relief: “Don’t move around, just lie still.”

Meng Changge hummed in response, but when she leaned closer, he took the initiative to raise his head. Their hot breaths mingled, and the woman’s eyelashes fluttered, gradually becoming damp with heat.

“Um……”

Equally damp was the soft spot clinging to Blue Iris’s waist and abdomen. She gripped the woman’s chin, affectionately sucking on her tongue, while the cold scales rubbed against the wet petals, and the long, almost transparent tail fin floated gently in the water.

Meng Changge groaned and frowned, her hands involuntarily wrapping around the merman’s shoulders, running her fingers through her soft, long hair. Lan Yuan glanced at her, her fingertips sinking into

her soft, delicate breasts, which she could roughly encircle with one hand. The person in her arms began to sob softly. As Lan Yuan kneaded the trembling, erect nipples, Meng Changge turned her head away, panting, and large tears fell.

She clicked her tongue in exasperation: "You're making it sound like I'm bullying you."

Meng Changge replied in a trembling voice, "Isn't that so?"

"If this is bullying, then what if I touch your private parts later? Are you going to cry your eyes out?"

"You…" Meng Changge blushed instantly: "What do you mean, 'touch…touch down there'? Can't you be a little more tactful?"

Lan Yuan frowned and looked at her for a while, then asked in confusion, "Since you're lovers, what can't you say? You're really being strange."

"Most people would feel shy, right?"

"That's why most people are baffled."

As she spoke, she swung her tail again and bumped into the wet swamp with moderate force. The woman suddenly grabbed her shoulders, and the soft flesh pressed against the scales made a gurgling sound. Her anus twitched and released a sticky, clear fluid.

Lan Yuan couldn't help but chuckle, lifting her up a little with her tentacles. This person had a slender figure, but her supple skin was covered with faint scars. Lan Yuan touched them with her fingertips and asked curiously, "This wound has a strange shape. What kind of injury is it?"

Meng Changge flinched and said tremblingly, "Scorpion's tail."

"What about this one?"

"Toad venom."

She nodded, about to ask again, but Meng Changge couldn't help but ask, "You… why are you still concerned about this at a time like this?"

Lan Yuan tilted her head with a smile: "What do you want me to focus on?"

Meng Changge pursed her lips, turned her head away, and her ears were already bright red: “You know perfectly well why I’m asking this.”

“So, just say it,” she said, sliding down the woman’s supple waist and stroking the soft, damp fur that had been ruffled by her own tail. “What’s there to be embarrassed about?”

Places untouched by outsiders are especially sensitive. Meng Changge gasped, instinctively trying to curl up, but the merman forcefully pressed down on her waist and abdomen, even extending two tentacles to wrap around her knees. Between her forced-open legs, only a large, cool-looking fish tail could fit. Lan Yuan lowered her eyes, staring intently at that spot, slowly and deliberately parting the two tight labia, sliding her hand into the moist crevice.

“Wait…wait, ah…”

With just a few flicks, the woman trembled and struggled, but with her limbs bound, she couldn’t make any waves. Besides, the bottom of the shell was slippery, and after her buttocks were smeared with wet honey, Lan Yuan gently pulled her back. The tentacles stretched her legs wider, revealing her bright red vulva that was constantly oozing water. Lan Yuan tentatively inserted a finger joint, which was immediately tightly wrapped by the moist passage.

So soft.

She stirred the opening with interest, drizzled some honey, and then continued to penetrate deeper. Meng Changge couldn’t help but bite her lip, and hot, wet tears welled up in her eyes. The little hole, which was holding her finger joint, tried to swallow and kept spitting out more honey to adapt to the strange feeling of fullness.

Lan Yuan leaned down and kissed her eyes, whispering, “If you’re feeling unwell…”

She choked up and said, “I don’t feel bad.”

Lan Yuan smiled and said, “Okay.”

The fingertips, embedded in the opening, began to move in and out rhythmically, squelching out watery sounds. Meng Changge was jolted up and down by the thrusts, her round buttocks glistening with moisture as she bumped against Lan Yuan’s strong fish tail. The merman, now in her original form, was indeed more excited than

usual, showering her chest with affectionate kisses, occasionally leaving a few bright teeth marks that evoked pain. Compared to Meng Changge's cautiousness when they were intimate, she explored her body with great enthusiasm, completely as if indulging her desires at will.

Is it the nature of animals?

Meng Changge blinked her wet eyelashes, struggled slightly with her arms hanging from the sling, and called out hoarsely, "Lan Yuan…"

Lan Yuan understood her meaning and obediently climbed up to kiss her. The fingers that were penetrating her hole went deeper and deeper, until the base of the fingers hit the end, stretching the small opening until it was round. When they were pulled out, they brought out slippery honey.

Soon, the woman turned her head away, breathless, and called out in a trembling voice, "Lan, Lan Yuan…"

Lan Yuan hummed in agreement, then affectionately pecked her lips, tasting the salty flavor: "Are you feeling unwell?"

Meng Changge shook her head: "Comfortable."

"That's good." Lan Yuan turned her head and kissed her cheek, her warm breath spraying all over her neck. Meng Changge was so agitated that she curled her fingers, her eyes reddened, and she looked like she was about to cry. She choked and found Lan Yuan's lips to kiss her, silencing her muffled moans.

Lan Yuan opened her lips and captured her lips and tongue, then withdrew her wet fingers and began to grind the swollen, red clitoris in the center of her flower.

"Mmm… Ah mmm…"

The woman tilted her head back, her legs trembling as she hung in the air. Her vagina gushed out large amounts of honey-like fluid as if she had lost control. Lan Yuan used her other hand to support her buttocks, but felt a wetness all over her hand. The creeping grass beneath her had also accumulated a pool of water.

She chuckled and kissed away the tears at the corners of Meng Changge's eyes: "Fortunately, you're not a mermaid."

Our little kitty isn't like the baby who loves to lie down.

Extra Chapter: Leisurely Journey (11) ro uwenwu7.com

During her youth, the high priest cast a divination for her.

You will win everyone's love and respect.

The woman sat opposite her, her voice gentle: "Whatever you want to do, I will definitely do."

She lowered her eyes listlessly, her hands unconsciously clenching together: "But I always feel like I'm the most insignificant person in this sea."

Why do you say that?

The little mermaid pursed her lips and said dejectedly, "My brother is the future King of the Four Seas. He has been raised by Father since childhood and is highly valued by him. As for Lan Wu, she is the youngest and everyone always dotes on her. Mother also cares about her the most. Only I… it seems that I have never been put first by anyone."

"Where is the little princess? Isn't she always the one who's most attached to you?"

Lan Yuan smiled faintly: "She is indeed clingy to me, but she will grow up eventually. When she grows up, she will have her own things to do. Even if she puts me first, she won't stay by my side forever."

The High Priest sighed softly, "Your Highness and the young prince are clearly twins, so how come their minds are so different?" (More free articles available at: cf pla ng8.com) "Does the High Priest also think I'm overthinking things?"

The woman shook her head and said gently, "I just told Your Highness that you will do whatever you want to do, and that someone who will always be there for you and put you first will appear in the future."

The girl was silent for a moment, then said curtly, "Never mind."

She looked up at the high priest and said stubbornly, "It doesn't matter whether this person is here or not. I don't need this useless love. Even if no one is willing to be with me, I can live a good life on

my own."

Looking back now, it was just the temper of a child, saying things out of spite because she felt wronged by her elders' favoritism. But it wasn't until much later that she realized she never needed her father's love, and what she thought was her mother's favoritism was just protection for a young life.

But those feelings of loss and jealousy did indeed happen.

"Hmm…"

A soft yet burning hot body pressed against her, long arms wrapped around her like vines, passing under her armpits.

Lan Yuan snapped out of her daze and looked down at the woman who was breathing heavily.

Meng Changge's face was flushed, her thick eyelashes were already wet and stuck together, and her eyes were still glistening with tears. Lan Yuan gently turned her wrist, and Meng Changge groaned, frowned, and tremblingly squeezed her legs together: "Mmm, no…"

The passage was wet and soft, and her fingers sank into it, feeling as if they were being tightly sucked in by the flesh. Lan Yuan stroked her sweaty back and asked patiently, "Would you like to go slower?"

The woman hummed in agreement, and after a while, she accused in a hoarse voice, "You were daydreaming just now."

Lan Yuan said without any guilt, "I didn't."

Can you guarantee that?

"certainly."

"Then you guarantee it in the name of the Sea Emperor."

"…"

Silence fell suddenly. Meng Changge's eyes widened. "You still say you didn't… uh, don't, don't move…"

Lan Yuan ignored her. The cunning tentacles once again hoisted her hands above her head and flipped her over. She gasped and struggled to get up, but the tall mermaid pressed down on her from behind, swishing her tail to push her legs apart and spreading her red buttocks

to reveal her dripping, bright red vulva.

Lan Yuan watched with interest for a while, then reached out and brushed aside the soft petals. The woman beneath her immediately cowered, her beautiful shoulder blades gleaming on her back: “You, you shameless scoundrel…”

“So what?”

She inserted her fingertip shallowly into the opening, and the moist, hot mouth immediately sucked on her fingertip, releasing passionate nectar. Lan Yuan laughed, and a water ball the size of a walnut appeared in her palm, which she pressed onto the woman’s erect clitoris.

Before Meng Changge realized what was happening, the small water ball attached to her inner thigh seemed to come alive. As soon as it wrapped around the swollen flower bud, it twisted and changed shape, applying pressure to it from all sides.

“ah!”

She gasped and arched her back, kicking wildly at the creeping grass: “No, take… take it down… ah, ah…”

“It felt so comfortable, why did you take it off?”

Lan Yuan felt the unusually warm contractions of the inner walls, and triumphantly pressed down on her waist, making her swallow his entire finger. The next moment, a gush of hot liquid spurted out, soaking her tail.

“Uh-huh……”

The woman gasped for breath, her legs still convulsing, and she involuntarily vomited gushes of vaginal fluid. Feeling the cold, smooth tentacles creeping up her lower abdomen, she shuddered and murmured hoarsely, “No more…”

“It’s fine.”

The mermaid’s cheerful voice whispered in her ear, and Lan Yuan embraced her from behind, resting her chin lazily on her shoulder: “It’s very comfortable.”

As she spoke, she lowered her eyes with amusement, gazing at the

impressive view before the woman. Her wet thighs were spread apart by tentacles, and her ripe, wet mouth still held her fingers; each insertion ejaculated a stream of clear fluid. Meng Changge's lower abdomen trembled, tears streaming down her face as she stammered, "You only know how…you only know how to bully people…"

Lan Yuan nodded in deep agreement: "Now you know, right? I'm not a good monster. Do you still like me?"

The woman sniffled and choked out, "I like it."

Lan Yuan paused for a moment: "Aren't you going to hesitate at all?"

"No… I don't need it, ah…" she murmured, trembling as she reached her peak again, closing her eyes weakly, "Blue… Blue Iris…"

Lan Yuan was silent for a moment, then gently replied, "I'm here."

She withdrew her finger, soothingly massaged the woman's twitching thighs, and then removed the vibrant water balloon: "Alright, I won't bother you anymore."

The tentacles binding her hands and feet vanished in an instant, and Meng Changge fell limply into the merman's arms, encircled by his long fishtail. Having exhausted too much energy, she quickly became sleepy, drowsily turning over and snuggling closer to the familiar scent.

Suddenly, I heard a thoughtful murmur in my ear.

"What the high priest said seems to be true."

Meng Changge asked, confused, "What?"

"Nothing?" Lan Yuan gently stroked her sweaty forehead and said softly, "It's nothing important, go to sleep."

The next morning, Lan Yuan, all dressed up, finally appeared before Feng Yi.

The dutiful attendant pretended not to see the woman looking around behind her and reported one by one: "The contract has been roughly drafted. Last night, the leaders of the human race met again, and in the end, the leader of the Golden Hall, Qi, compromised and was willing to sign a new contract with His Majesty."

"Um."

“The Western Sea Shark Clan has sent another memorial, still concerning the bestowal of a name. Sha Huai says that His Majesty is, of course, the little princess’s mother…”

Meng Changge, who was standing next to him, was shocked: “What!”

Lan Yuan was also taken aback: “Nonsense!”

Feng Yi paused for a moment, then continued reading, “Because Her Majesty is the mother of all sea creatures.”

“…”

After a moment of silence, Meng Changge laughed heartily, “This guy is such a smooth talker!”

Lan Yuan looked at her with a sinister gaze: “Is it that funny?”

Meng Changge immediately fell silent, lowering her eyebrows and saying, “It’s not funny.”

Feng Yi secretly rolled her eyes and coughed, saying, “There’s one more thing. The Grand Elder has led the other elders to Nanyu.”

Lan Yuan frowned: “Why is that?”

“It’s all because of you… because of Her Highness the Princess. The Grand Elder said that if His Majesty doesn’t change his mind, they will stay in Nanyu to cultivate in asceticism and will not come back.”

“Then don’t come back.”

After saying that, she couldn’t help but ask, “But what do they want me to change my mind about? Did Lan Wu say anything to them before I came back?”

Mentioning this, Feng Yi couldn’t help but smile: “Oh, you don’t know yet, Her Highness the Eldest Princess had a fight with the elders. She even said that His Majesty is the King of the Four Seas, and His Majesty can do whatever he wants.”

Lan Yuan was taken aback: “She said that?”

“Yes.” Feng Yi nodded and repeated what they had said that day to Lan Yuan: “This is the first time I’ve seen His Highness so reliable. He left the elders speechless.”

Lan Yuan chuckled and shook her head, her brows relaxing: “My sister is much more capable than you all think.”

After Feng Yi left, Lan Yuan stood with her hands behind her back on the vast sea, gazing blankly into the distance. Meng Changge followed her gaze for a long time but couldn’t figure it out, so he couldn’t help but ask, “What are you looking at?”

The merman hesitated for a moment before saying, “I… when I was little, I was jealous of Lan Wu.”

Meng Changge was taken aback and turned to look at her.

Lan Yuan said calmly, “I love her, but I’m also jealous of her. Even though she’s always been around me since she was little, only listens to me, and gives me all the good things, I always feel that she will leave me and that once she has someone she likes, I won’t be that important to her anymore.”

“But really, there’s no such thing as a hierarchy in love. Her love for me and her love for Ji Lingyue don’t need to be compared.” Lan Yuan turned her head, revealing a helpless smile: “Such a simple truth, yet I couldn’t understand it for a long time. Isn’t that ridiculous?”

Meng Changge shook his head: “Isn’t it because you love her very much that you can’t understand?”

Lan Yuan snorted: “Do you need to tell me?”

Seeing her smug look, Meng Changge pursed her lips and coughed lightly, “So, if you can also…”

Before she could finish speaking, she met Lan Yuan’s smiling eyes and became too embarrassed to continue.

Lan Yuan chuckled and extended her hand, saying, “Okay.”

Meng Changge immediately beamed and obediently placed her hand on his: “You said it, you can’t go back on your word.”

“Of course,” Lan Yuan raised her chin and said proudly, “I am the Sea Emperor, and I will not go back on my word.”

As the sun rises and sets, spring comes and autumn goes, a shocking message begins to circulate among the sea creatures: the king, who is renowned throughout the four seas, is to become the partner of a

human cultivator.

The elders of the Merfolk, who had been cultivating in the South Isle for several years, rushed back to the Kunlun Sea overnight. They tried to persuade the Sea Emperor with reason and emotion, even resorting to crying, making a scene, and threatening suicide to beg him to change his mind. The young Sea Emperor, unable to bear it any longer, waved his hand and decided to leave his fate to the High Priest for judgment.

On the day the High Priest performed the divination, countless sea creatures flocked from all directions. The once vast and boundless Kunlun Sea was like a crowded marketplace. Under the watchful eyes of countless people, the High Priest performed a meticulous and complex operation, and then solemnly picked up a bone divination stick: “The divination shows that only the strongest sea creatures are worthy of Your Majesty.”

The elders breathed a sigh of relief and were about to put pressure on the Sea God when she asked, “May I ask, High Priest, who is the strongest sea creature?”

The high priest bowed and said, “It is Your Majesty, of course.”

Upon hearing this, the Sea Emperor, seated on his throne, chuckled lazily: “In that case, if any of you here think you are stronger than me, you may step forward now.”

Silence reigned all around. After a long while, she raised an eyebrow and said regretfully, “It seems no sea creature is worthy of me. What does the Grand Elder think?”

The Grand Elder’s face turned ashen, and he was about to speak when the Princess said, “Elder, you promised before that you would follow the priest’s arrangements. Are you going back on your word now?”

Under the watchful eyes of everyone, the merman, his face clouded with gloom, held back for a long time before finally saying stiffly, “Your subject has nothing to say.”

Even so, cultivators from the human race still need to prove their strength in order to gain the recognition of the sea race.

After much deliberation, she decided to travel to the distant Flame Realm to slay the legendary monster and offer its heart to the Sea Emperor.

She left alone in the summer and returned to her homeland three years later in the autumn with a child. In addition, she had several scars on her body and a crystal-clear golden heart in her arms.

The sea creatures eventually accepted her, and after spending several days intimately with her, the Sea King also inquired about the little girl she had brought back.

“She is also a mermaid,” Meng Changge said. “On my way back, I saw her almost drowning, so I saved her.”

“Mermaid? Drowned?”

Lan Yuan was completely baffled. After calling the child to her side and asking her questions, she learned that the child was also a hybrid of human and mermaid. However, she had grown up on land with her mother since she was a child and had never become a demon or learned to swim. On her way to Kunlun Sea, she encountered a storm and her ship capsized, which is why she fell into the sea and almost died.

Lan Yuan asked, “Isn’t your mother worried about you going to sea alone?”

The girl shook her head and whispered, “My father died a long time ago, and my mother passed away not long ago, so I came out to… to see my clansmen.”

Lan Yuan paused for a moment, then softened her voice: “What’s your name?”

“Invitation.” She raised her head, her clear blue eyes sparkling. “Qin Invitation.”

Lan Yuan hummed in agreement and gently patted her head: “You’ve had a long and tiring journey. Welcome home.”

From then on, a small, thin figure appeared beside the Sea Emperor. The human cultivators still wandered around every now and then, but she would always return to her lover on time, bringing with her carefully selected gifts.

For example, this time, she brought back a very beautiful flower.

“This is the first time I’ve ever seen a flower with five colors. It’s so beautiful. I thought you would like it, so I brought it back for you.”

The woman said, glancing at her cautiously. “I really didn’t know that it was… that it was a flower raised by the Whale Clan Princess.”

Lan Yuan’s face turned ashen: “Those are not only the flowers she grows, but also the flowers she uses for medicine. They only bloom once every fifty years. People say that in the blink of an eye, a woman with a red knife picks the flowers, and you can’t even catch up with her even if you follow her closely. And here she is, coming to my door with the flowerpot!”

Meng Changge was startled: “Then, what should I do? Should I return the flowers?”

“What’s the point of going back to Hua’s dead?” Lan Yuan was furious. “By the time you figure out how to deal with it, who knows when it will be? I’ve already taken care of it!”

Meng Changge asked curiously, “How did you solve it? You didn’t use… you used…”

Lan Yuan glared at her: “What do you want to say? Just say it.”

Meng Changge forced a calm demeanor: “You didn’t use your Sea Emperor identity to solve this, did you?”

“Meng, Chang, Ge!”

Enraged, Lan Yuan’s body swelled up instantly, transforming into a long fish tail. However, the once beautiful and gorgeous tail was missing several scales, resembling unsightly flesh-colored spots that looked very out of place.

She was stunned: “This is…”

“The medicinal effects of her flower are similar to those of mermaid scales.” Lan Yuan gritted her teeth: “Look what you’ve done! I can’t go and pluck other mermaid scales, so I can only pluck my own!”

After a moment of silence, Meng Changge suddenly burst out laughing.

“You’re still laughing!” Lan Yuan bared her teeth and brandished her claws: “My tail! My tail is the most beautiful. I use pearl powder to maintain it every day. Now it’s missing a few scales, and it will take two or three months to grow back. I’m too ashamed to transform back into my original form!”

Meng Changge smiled and hugged her: "I'm sorry, but your tail looks good like this too, it's not ugly at all, really."

"nonsense!"

"At worst, we can just not transform into our original form. Besides, even if we do transform, who would dare to laugh at our Sea Emperor?"

"You dare."

Meng Changge choked, forced a smile, and said, "I was wrong. I'll go apologize to the Whale Clan Princess in a bit."

"No need," Lan Yuan finally calmed down a bit, and said with dissatisfaction, "I already gave her the scales, and she even made a profit, so why should I apologize?"

"You still have to apologize, after all, I picked her flower without asking her, which is different from you giving her the scales," she said, glancing at the blue kite's tail again and laughing out loud: "Haha, how strange."

Lan Yuan froze, then clenched her fists in frustration.

"Meng, Chang, Ge!"

——

Alright, that concludes this side story.

Extra Qingbai (Part 1)

Danqing hasn't bothered her for three days.

This is truly unusual.

The girl, sitting atop Xuefeng Mountain, breathing in spiritual energy, closed her eyes for a long time before finally opening them in a state of unease. She then transformed into a light and graceful white crane and flew towards the verdant Qianyun Peak.

She first landed on the lush back mountain that Danqing liked the most, but the birds that lived there said they hadn't seen her for half a month.

She then found Xiaoxue, who lived in the same courtyard as Danqing.

Xiaoxue was surprised, thinking that Danqing had been with her all along.

Finally, she went to the stone cave where the little gyrfalcon was often locked up, but it was also empty.

After several unsuccessful attempts, Danbo hesitated for a long time before finally arriving outside the main peak academy to wait for Lan Wu, who would finish class in half an hour.

The woman who learned of her purpose was quite surprised and said, "Didn't Danqing tell you? She went on a mission with a disciple from Muchen Peak."

Danbo was taken aback, and after a long while, she nodded expressionlessly: "I understand, thank you, senior sister."

On her way back, she felt increasingly uneasy.

Danqing always liked to cling to her. Every time she went out to do a mission, she would whine and beg her to come with her. Even if she had to go out alone a few times, she would always call her over without hesitation if she encountered danger.

After this happened repeatedly, she had to reluctantly spend thousands of spirit stones to set up a teleportation array on Golden Feather Peak so that she could return immediately after being pulled there.

It's safe to say that the chances of Danqing not bothering her for three days are lower than the chances of her getting a bite of carrot. Besides, does Danqing even acknowledge Mu Chenfeng as a disciple? How come she didn't know that?

Linghe, burdened with worries, returned to the snow-capped peak. She paced around her small courtyard for a long time before finally clicking her tongue in frustration. She raised her hand, revealing a golden ring on her wrist. After applying a little spiritual power, a faint golden thread flowed out from it. The girl, dressed in snow-white robes, stepped onto a flying sword and sped away into the misty clouds.

Finding Danqing wasn't difficult, but it took her quite a bit of time. The next morning, the girl wearing a white jade mask walked through the bustling crowd, her eyes fixed on two figures walking side by side in the distance.

At such close range, she could already eavesdrop on their conversation openly through the bracelet.

The little gyrfalcon asked with great interest, “Senior Sister Qin, can we really find the Snow Kirin in Moonfall Valley?”

“Of course, this information was bought from the Hundred Treasures Pavilion, so it must be true.”

The woman’s voice sounded strangely familiar. Danbo squinted and secretly took a few steps forward to get a clear look at the woman’s profile.

Qin Hanmo!

Isn’t this the perverted senior sister who stared at Danqing in her original form the first time she saw her, even thinking she was an ordinary spirit beast and wanting to capture her and raise her?

When did Danqing become acquainted with her?

Danbo followed them at a distance, his face stern.

“By the way, are you really not going to tell Danber about this?”

Danqing nodded and said solemnly, “Senior Sister, you must keep this a secret for me. Please don’t tell her.”

Danbo frowned in displeasure.

What can’t you tell me?

“Alright, but we have a deal. If I help you catch the Snow Kirin, you have to… cough, you understand?”

The girl was taken aback, and stammered, “I…I understand, I won’t go back on my word.”

What do you want? What are you going to back out of?

Danbai was extremely anxious and wanted to go up and ask her for clarification, but unfortunately, she was not in a legitimate position at the moment. If Danqing found out that she had secretly followed her, she might become complacent and think that Danbai could not live without her.

At that point, she won’t know where to put her face.

On the other end, Qin Hanmo hummed in agreement and continued, "I always see her being fierce towards you, so how come you're still on such good terms with her?"

Danbo's brows furrowed, anger rising within him.

Why is this person trying to sow discord?

"Fierce?" The girl blinked, then said a beat late, "No, Danbo is very nice."

"Okay?"

Danqing hummed in agreement: "Although she always says I'm stupid, gets angry and throws a tantrum when I summon her, and often complains to Master that I skip classes and slack off, and also says that I eat too much meat and it's not good for cultivation, so she asks Senior Sister Shanye to make me more vegetarian dishes…"

Dan Bai:……

"However," Danqing changed the subject, "we should look at what she does, not what she says. That's what my master told me."

She said earnestly, "I can summon Danbo at any time because my master set up a magic circle on the bracelet for me. Danbo knows this, but she has never taken off the bracelet. Even though she gets angry every time, she will scold me while protecting me. She is very good to me, and I like her very much."

Danbo's eyelashes fluttered, she pursed her lips uncomfortably, and turned her head to the side.

Does she like you?

"Of course," the girl said matter-of-factly, "I'm so likable and so nice to her, of course she likes me too."

"…"

Danbo closed his eyes in resignation.

Does this guy even know what it means to like someone?

Just as she was muttering to herself, Danqing frowned and turned her head with some suspicion. Danbai was taken aback, then quickly turned around and began to carefully observe the stall beside her.

The girl glanced around, hesitated for a moment before looking away, and just as Danbo was about to breathe a sigh of relief, she turned back again: “Huh?”

Stepping through the bustling crowd, Danqing walked to her side, looked up and asked, “Danbai, what are you doing here?”

Dan Bai:……

She blinked and said dryly, “What a coincidence, I never thought I’d run into you here.”

Danqing, unsuspecting, exclaimed excitedly, “Yes, what a coincidence! But why are you wearing a mask?”

“I saw it on the way and thought it looked nice, so I bought it.” After saying that, Danbo couldn’t help but ask, “Since I was wearing a mask, how did you know it was me?”

“Because it smells the same,” Danqing said earnestly. “The scent on you is like snow.”

“Does snow have a smell?”

Before Danqing could answer, Qin Hanmo walked over and asked, “Junior Sister Danbai? What are you doing here?”

Danbo raised his eyes, his expression unchanged and his heart pounding, and said, “I was doing some business for my master and just happened to be passing by. I didn’t expect you to be here too.”

The woman nodded, but her eyes held a smile that made her feel uncomfortable. She coughed lightly and continued, “And what brings you all here?”

Danqing was taken aback, her eyes glancing at Qin Hanmo, her voice starting to tremble with panic: “We, uh… we just came to wander around.”

“Just strolling around?” Denber gave a forced smile. “When did you two become so close that you can go out for a walk together?”

“No,” Danqing quickly shook his head, racking his brains to say, “We, we just happened to meet.”

“Really?” Danbo raised an eyebrow: “In that case, since I have nothing better to do anyway, why don’t I join you for a stroll?”

“no!”

As soon as she finished speaking, Danqing realized she had overreacted and looked at Danbai in a panic. The girl’s smile gradually disappeared, and she said coldly, “What, you don’t welcome me?”

“No, no…” The little gyrfalcon’s voice suddenly weakened, and its two hands clenched together helplessly: “Then let’s go shopping together, it’s nothing, the three of us can go shopping together, it’s nice.”

——

It seems I’ll have to split it into two chapters.

Extra Qingbai (Part 2)

Since she joined the two-person team, the atmosphere has suddenly undergone some subtle changes.

Qin Hanmo, as usual, looked at the shops on both sides of the street with great interest, and even had the mind to tease Danqing: “I just saw the paper and ink shop over there, and suddenly realized that our names seem to be a pair.”

Danqing opened her mouth in confusion: “Ah…ah? Really?”

“Yes, calligraphy and painting, it’s mentioned in books.”

Danqing suddenly realized and exclaimed, “Oh, that seems to be it!”

The girl next to him let out a cold sneer.

Danqing quickly turned her head, looking at her expectantly: “What’s wrong? Danbai?”

“Nothing much.” She looked away from Danqing, and said unhappily, “By the way, are you here to buy something?”

Danqing quickly shook her head: “No, no, I was just browsing around.”

After saying that, she glanced cautiously at Danbo and tentatively asked, “But weren’t you out here on Elder Qin’s behalf? Is it alright if you don’t hurry back?”

Okay, so you want to get rid of her already?

Danbo narrowed his eyes and smiled, “No rush, it’s okay to go back a few days later.”

“A few days?” Danqing was taken aback and looked to Qin Hanmo on the other side for help. Qin Hanmo coughed and said, “I heard that Wanjian Valley will open in a while, and Jinling Peak only sent Junior Sister Danbai. Judging from this, Junior Sister is truly a young talent.”

Danbo hummed in response, saying indifferently, “After all, there aren’t many people on Golden Feather Peak. If they don’t send me, who else can they send?”

Qin Hanmo choked for a moment, then chuckled dryly, “Is that so? But Ten Thousand Swords Valley is extremely dangerous. Shouldn’t Junior Sister Danbai have made proper preparations before going?”

“I should definitely prepare properly,” Dambe nodded, “but I’m naturally prepared, which is why I have time to stroll around with you all.”

Seeing that he couldn’t persuade her, Qin Hanmo shook his head helplessly at Danqing. Danqing then mumbled, “Let’s prepare more, just in case…”

“What if?” Danbo turned to stare at her, sneering, “What if I die? Then you can do whatever you want, right?”

Danqing was startled: “Pah, pah, pah! What do you mean by ‘die’! Why do you keep saying such unlucky things!”

“I’m saying something unlucky? Haven’t you always wanted to get rid of me?”

“What does the connection between the two have? Even if I were to kick you out, I never intended to…die…die or anything like that.”

“So you admit it?”

“Admit what?”

Danbo was furious and said, “You just want to get rid of me!”

Danqing stared in disbelief: “No, it’s not… Danbai…”

“In that case, I won’t get in your way.”

After saying that, Danbo turned and walked away, but after a few

steps, he turned back with a cold face: “There’s one more thing you forgot.”

Danqing was taken aback: “What?”

Danbo ignored her and stared straight at Qin Hanmo: “Her name was chosen by Ayue based on my name, because Danqing and Danbo are a couple, not some bullshit Hanmo Danqing.”

After saying that, the girl flicked her sleeve and strode away, leaving the two of them standing there dumbfounded. After a while, Danqing suddenly blushed and exclaimed, “Ah!” and subconsciously chased after her, calling out, “Danbai!”

She ran a few steps, then remembered something and turned back shyly: “Senior Sister Qin…”

Qin Hanmo smiled helplessly and said, “Go ahead, I’ll wait for you at Tonghu Inn. Remember to come back early after you’ve appeased them.”

Danqing nodded, then spun around and transformed into a snow-white bird, fluttering forward.

“Dan Bai, Dan Bai!”

A gentle breeze ruffled her soft hair as a beautiful, agile gyrfalcon tried to land on her shoulder: “Danbo, wait for me!”

Danbo frowned, striding along the riverbank outside the city while forcefully pushing her away. The little bird persistently flew to the other side, stretching out its sharp claws and tentatively reaching for her clothes.

The girl suddenly stopped and said in a harsh voice, “If you dare to tear my clothes, you’re dead.”

Hai Dongqing was startled and immediately transformed back into human form, blocking her way: “I’m sorry, please don’t be angry.”

“I’m not angry.”

“You’re angry,” Danqing pointed to her eyes, “your eyes have turned golden.”

Danbo was startled. She looked down at the lake beside her and realized that her face had indeed become somewhat beast-like, even

her eyebrows were turning white. She pursed her lips, quickly reverted to her black hair and black eyes, turned her head to look elsewhere, and remained silent.

“Danbo,” Danqing called her cautiously, touching her fingers hanging by her side, “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have lied to you.”

Danber blinked, his clear eyes slowly turning towards her.

This showed that she was willing to continue listening, which greatly encouraged Danqing. She continued, “Senior Sister Qin and I didn’t come here just to wander around. We…we came to find…”

“Snow Kirin”.

Danqing suddenly opened her eyes wide: “Wow! How did you know?”

Danbo blinked, his expression unchanged, and said, “I’ve heard that there are traces of snow unicorns in Moonfall Valley nearby. If you didn’t come here for the snow unicorns, what else could it be for?”

“You know so much!” Danqing exclaimed in surprise. “We even went to the Hundred Treasures Pavilion and spent a fortune to get information about the Snow Kirin!”

Danbo snorted, “Who told you not to ask me?”

At this point, Danqing fell silent again. After hesitating for a while, she finally said, “I’m sorry.”

“There’s nothing to apologize for.” Danbo frowned and said, “Tell me honestly, why did you come out with Qin Hanmo? Why did you hide it from me? Do you have some kind of leverage over her? And why did you seek out Xue Qilin?”

Danqing muttered, “It was Master who told me to find it…”

Danbo was taken aback: “What? The sect leader wants you to find Xue Qilin? Why would the sect leader do this for no reason?”

“Because…” The little girl lowered her head, hummed for a while, and then said in a weak voice, “I also want to go to Wanjian Valley.”

“You?” Danbo asked in surprise and doubt, “What are you going there for? First of all, Wanjian Valley is a training ground specially prepared for sword cultivators, which is very dangerous. Besides, your cultivation level is not high enough to go in.”

"But you went."

"I have a magical artifact to protect me."

"I'm still worried."

Danbo was almost laughing in exasperation: "You don't trust me? You can't even take care of yourself."

Danqing pursed her lips and said stubbornly, "But I just want to go. They all say that Wanjian Valley is very dangerous, and I don't want you to go to that kind of place alone."

"You know it's dangerous, so if you go in, won't you just be a hindrance to me?"

Danqing shook his head: "No, my master promised me that as long as I can catch the Snow Qilin, she will give me a protective magic treasure to ensure that I go in upright and come out upright."

Danbo was taken aback. Just as he was about to say how could the sect leader be so unreliable, he naturally realized the reason.

Ye Qingjun was a kind person and always doted on and protected her personal disciples. Seeing that Danqing was so persistent, she probably couldn't refuse her directly, so she came up with an excuse to let her capture the elusive Snow Kirin. In reality, she used this almost impossible task to stop her.

Unexpectedly, the little gyrfalcon, after all its busy work, actually found the snow unicorn's trail.

She fell silent for a moment, looking at Danqing's fluffy hair, before finally asking, "And what does Qin Hanmo do?"

"Qin Han… oh no, Senior Sister Qin, she knows the habits of all spirit beasts very well and is willing to help me. Others are unwilling to help me when they hear that I need to find the Snow Qilin."

What are the conditions?

"The condition," Danqing said softly, his fingers clenched together, "is… to turn back into his original form and let her rub him for a few days."

"…"

Damber closed his eyes, his head aching: “You agreed?”

Danqing nodded like a chick pecking at rice.

“…”

Danbo sighed, “You, all for this…”

“What do you mean ‘just’? It’s clearly very important.” Danqing retorted, “Anyway, I’m going to go into Ten Thousand Swords Valley with you. I won’t let you go in alone.”

“Why?”

“Why?” Danqing repeated in confusion, blinking her eyes as she said, “Because I like you.”

Do you know what it means to like someone?

“Of course, don’t you like me too?”

Danbo was taken aback, then exclaimed in a panic, “Who said that!”

“You just said that Danqing and Danbai are a couple.”

“I was… I was talking about names. Your name was originally based on mine, it was Yue who named you. I was just telling the truth!”

Danqing said “Oh,” and then asked, “So you don’t like me?”

“I didn’t say that…”

“Isn’t that just liking me?” Danqing asked blankly. “I like you, and you like me too, isn’t that how it should be?”

Danbo opened her mouth, but didn’t know how to answer her. Her fair, snow-white face grew increasingly red: “Anyway, no… liking someone can’t be that easy…”

Danqing nodded in deep agreement: “It really wasn’t easy. I like you, so I wanted to give you my favorite thing. Over the years, I’ve caught 1,321 fish for you. I haven’t even eaten that many myself.”

“You…” Danbo pursed his lips and took a deep breath: “Are you an idiot?!”

She felt she couldn’t continue arguing with Danqing, so she shook her

head and started walking forward. Danqing didn't follow, but said crisply, "Danbai, if you're not angry anymore, go back first. I didn't mean to hide it from you. Once Senior Sister Qin and I catch the Snow Kirin, we'll go to Ten Thousand Swords Valley together."

Danbo paused, then walked back with a blank expression after a while.

Danqing looked at her expectantly: "What's wrong?"

"How could you possibly catch a Snow Kirin when you're so stupid?" Seeing that Danqing still looked blank, she couldn't help but say, "I'll catch one for you."

"Then Senior Sister Qin…"

"Don't bother her." She pursed her lips and snorted, "Your hair is too frizzy, it's hard to handle, don't prick her hands."

Extra: Xuanzhu (Part 1)

Spring seems to be coming.

The person sitting opposite, who was speaking so eloquently, was taken aback and asked suspiciously, "What did you say?"

Xuan Yu smiled and shook her head, turning her gaze away from the vibrant, tranquil lake outside the window: "It's nothing, you can continue."

But in reality, her thoughts had already drifted far away. After all, she didn't care who was right or wrong about the trivial matter of two disciples fighting over a girl. It was just a pity that after becoming the acting sect leader, she dealt with several elders who were just occupying positions without doing their jobs. Among them were the elders who were originally in charge of the disciples' affairs. So all the affairs of the sect, big and small, were pushed onto her. Until a new elder was selected, she, as the acting sect leader, could only suffer.

She turned her gaze to the window again. The sky was clear and the air was fresh. Several birds flew across the water, creating ripples.

I wonder how the fox is doing.

As the sun set, the woman dressed in plain blue finally left Yunzhongque and hurriedly returned to her valley dwelling

surrounded by mountains. When she pushed open the fence, several snow chickens that roamed freely in the yard flapped their wings and ran towards her, clucking loudly. She glanced at them and knew that Yaozhu had not fed them today, so she frowned.

“Yaozhu?”

As soon as Fang pushed open the door, a faint smell of blood wafted into his nostrils. All the windows were closed, and the dimly lit room was so quiet you could hear a pin drop. After standing still, he could faintly hear heavy breathing.

She paused for a moment, then quickly walked in: “Yaozhu?”

A dark figure crawling on the ground came into view. The woman was only covered by a loose outer garment, but her arms and neck were exposed, trembling with each breath. Hearing footsteps, she looked up, revealing a flushed face beneath her disheveled long hair.

Those cunning fox eyes were already brimming with tears, and her fair chin was stained with glaring blood. Xuan Yu realized what was happening and quickly went to help her up. Yao Zhu seemed to have no bones; after being lifted up, she limply snuggled into Xuan Yu’s arms, hugging her neck and sniffing her.

“Mmm…” After smelling the familiar scent, she squinted her eyes contentedly and pressed her wet, soft lips and tongue against Xuan Yu’s neck: “I think… I think I can’t take it anymore…”

Xuan Yu frowned: “What nonsense are you talking about? It’s just that he’s in heat.” As she spoke, she reached out and wiped the blood from the fox’s lips: “What happened?”

“I was so hungry that I ate a whole chicken.”

Xuan Yu’s expression froze: “Eat it raw?”

Although she always fed these chickens with spiritual plants, and the snow chickens in the mountains with abundant spiritual energy had no strange smell or filth, making them a perfect tonic, eating them raw was still a bit too wild.

The person in his arms didn’t seem to notice anything wrong. He nodded and hummed, then pulled her hand closer to his chest, saying, “Touch me.”

Xuan Yu thought for a moment, then picked her up and carried her in her arms: "Did you go out today?"

What are you going out for?

"Looks like you haven't gone out," she sighed softly. "Do you know that I saw a lot of foxes outside the valley just now? They were all attracted by you."

Yao Zhu was taken aback, then her eyes crinkled into a smile as she burst into laughter: "Then I really am very charming."

Xuan Yu rolled her eyes at her, but her movements were gentle as she carefully placed her on the bed: "This never happened before. Isn't it said that when a demon transforms into a human, it can suppress its heat cycle?"

"Yes, it's suppressed, not gone. After being suppressed for too long, it has to be released eventually."

As she spoke, she lazily rolled over. The fox was only covered by a single garment, which now slipped off silently. Xuan Yu was blinded by the white expanse and subconsciously looked away. After a moment, she felt something was amiss and turned her face to look at it openly.

Under her gaze, the woman murmured, her eyes narrowing, her crossed thighs rubbing slowly together, leaving glistening droplets: "Xuanyu…"

Xuan Yu hesitated for a moment, then knelt on the bed, her posture still as straight as bamboo: "I…I have to entertain guests from Haochen Mountain tomorrow."

Yao Zhu tilted her head and giggled, "What do you mean? Could it be… could it be that I'm going to bother you all night?"

Before Xuan Yu could answer, she propped herself up and snuggled into the woman's arms, her arms wrapped around her neck affectionately. She licked the woman's rosy lips like a kitten. Xuan Yu quietly gazed into her wet eyes, which first shimmered with a faint light, and then spread into a vibrant green, like the blush of spring.

The blue-eyed fox looks even more alluring.

"Xuanyu…" the fox deliberately dragged out her voice, saying softly,

“Please help me, I can’t do it myself.”

Xuan Yu blinked, finally reaching out to embrace her waist, lowering her head to place a kiss on her neck. The woman’s rich fragrance lingered in her nostrils, and she couldn’t help but hold her tighter, her lips and tongue slowly sucking on her soft skin, leaving bright, ambiguous red marks. Yao Zhu panted, tilting her head back, uncomfortable from the chafing of her clothes, and grabbed at them haphazardly, leaving several knife-like cuts.

Xuan Yu paused for a moment, then continued kissing downwards, her lips landing on her full breasts, taking her already erect nipples into her mouth.

“Uh-huh……”

Her fair breasts were covered with lingering finger marks, suggesting that Yaozhu had been soothing herself for a long time before she returned. She casually touched Yaozhu’s sweaty back, her palm sliding over her tender buttocks and down into the shadows.

“Hmm…”

Yao Zhu curled up her legs, blushing as she looked at her. Xuan Yu, after a moment of surprise, also looked up: “What is this?”

Instead of the soft, warm opening her fingertips touched, she felt a cold, hard object. She suddenly had a bad feeling, grabbed the slippery end, and pulled it out with a slurp.

The wet liquid covered my palm, and lying in my palm was the piccolo, glistening with moisture from being soaked in the honey.

Xuan Yu was silent for a moment: “Whose flute is this?”

Yao Zhu’s eyes flickered, avoiding the question: “Since you haven’t come back, I have to… I have to comfort myself that it looks just right…”

Xuan Yu narrowed her eyes and repeated, “So, whose flute is this?”

The fox lowered its eyes guiltily, stammered for a while, and then reluctantly said, “Yours.”

Xuan Yu pursed her lips, somewhat annoyed, and flicked the water off the flute: “Did you do this on purpose? Even if you were looking for

something, out of all the flutes, why did you pick this one that I like the most?"

Yao Zhu snorted, "Just because it's your favorite…"

Before she could finish speaking, Xuan Yu understood her meaning, her face turning red and then pale. After a while, she sighed helplessly, "You're so petty, you even fuss over a flute."

"I'm not petty at all; it's been in contact with your mouth far more often than I have."

Xuan Yu chuckled: "You're being unreasonable."

Yao Zhu raised her eyebrows and bared her teeth at her fiercely: "Who told you not to stay with me? I clearly said that you have to stay by my side for the next few days. If you don't stay with me, then it will have to keep me company."

"I'm sorry, I've been too busy lately." Xuan Yu casually tossed the flute to the foot of the bed, cupped her face, and kissed her. The fox pretended to struggle a few times, then opened her mouth on her own, her soft tongue passionately chasing after Xuan Yu's tongue.

"Too busy… then don't blame me for defiling every one of your flutes, um, all of them…"

Hearing this, Xuan Yu felt both angry and amused. She lightly bit the tip of her tongue with her teeth, and her hand slid down her lower abdomen again, sinking into the wet and sticky flower core.

Yao Zhu suddenly gripped her shoulders tightly, moaning impatiently, "Mmm…faster, faster…"

Xuan Yu parted the two halves of the clam meat, pressed it against the small opening where water was flowing, and immediately made a gurgling sound: "Hurry up what?"

The woman trembled and hunched her shoulders, looking at her with reddened eyes: "Hurry up, fuck me…"

Xuan Yu hummed in agreement and leaned down to kiss the corner of her lips: "Okay."

Extra: Xuanzhu (middle)

"Um……"

Her body trembled involuntarily, and Yaozhu slightly parted her lips, letting out a few moans. Xuanyu penetrated deep into her valley, gently rubbing her soft labia, occasionally scraping the clitoris at the top, and then mischievously kneading it.

Overwhelmed by passion, the fox couldn't withstand her teasing. Yaozhu moaned a few times through teary eyes, then impatiently spread her legs and smeared her lewd juices onto her palms: "Ah… don't torture me anymore."

Xuan Yu silently curled the corners of her lips, her fingertips plunging into the damp thicket, slowly sliding to its depths: "How long do you plan to go to the demon realm?"

It was already overflowing with abundant juices. The moment it touched the tightly closed, crimson opening, it was completely soaked by the flowing nectar. Yao Zhu squinted his eyes and willingly swallowed her: "Go…go for half a month…"

"Half a month." She thought for a moment and muttered, "I'll have to trouble Lan Wu to run back and forth again."

"Because…only she can bring people through the barrier…" As she spoke, Yaozhu narrowed her eyes, twisted her waist in her arms, and hummed softly, "Hurry, hurry…"

"Don't rush."

"You…" Yao Zhu's eyes reddened, and he suddenly struggled to lunge forward, pinning her to the bed: "You're not in a hurry, but I am."

The woman was covered in sweat, her back arched, her wet, fox-like eyes wide with anger, and her fluffy tail peeked out from behind her. Even though she was gradually becoming more demonic, she was still exceptionally beautiful, like the alluring fox spirit that always appeared in old temples in mountain villages in stories. But upon closer inspection, she was not as gentle and docile as her kind. When she got angry, she bared her teeth, and her pair of emerald green eyes were fierce.

But Xuan Yu found these wild traits, which were different from those of humans, to be adorable.

Yao Zhu was taken aback, then wagged her tail and said proudly, "Of course, you've really struck gold with me."

The fox was still angry just now, but after being praised, she became beaming with joy, acting as if she had no heart. Xuan Yu secretly smiled and was about to hug her again when the fox sharply raised her eyebrows and twisted her waist to avoid her.

Under the woman's questioning gaze, she arrogantly raised her chin and snorted, "You're so slow and hesitant when I ask you to do something. I don't need you anymore."

"Then you use..."

Before she could finish speaking, Xuan Yu's expression changed drastically when she saw the short flute reappear in Yao Zhu's hand: "You dare!"

The fox shrank back, its bluster masking its weakness, and said, "Do you think I dare?"

In front of Xuan Yu, she spread her legs even wider, and that damp valley was like a honey jar that had been overturned for a long time. The sticky honey made her thighs and buttocks glisten with moisture. Yao Zhu peeled open the two swollen and engorged labia, and the bluish-white short flute slowly sank into the passionate and throbbing opening.

As if that wasn't enough to infuriate her, after swallowing the piccolo whole, she slumped onto the woman, rubbing her wet buttocks against her lower abdomen while letting out a satisfied sigh: "So comfortable..."

The woman beneath her froze completely, her face flushed red, her eyes glistening with tears, yet she stared at her without blinking.

Yao Zhu pretended not to notice her dissatisfaction, and with a soft moan, lifted her buttocks. A glistening stream of nectar immediately overflowed from between her legs, sliding down the cool shaft onto the woman's clothes, leaving a dark stain. She glanced down, chuckled, and lowered her body again, swallowing back the piece of jade that had just been spat out, making a crisp sound.

"Xuanyu... ah, Xuanyu, so good, so deep..."

She narrowed her damp eyelashes, her gaze rising and falling over the woman's body, beads of sweat dripping down her taut, pale belly. Xuan Yu glanced at her quickly and clearly saw how the small mouth swallowed and exhaled her flute. She immediately looked away as if

burned, her tone tense and serious: “Yao Zhu.”

“Mmm, hah…” Yao Zhu let out a soft moan before replying, “What’s wrong? Are you going to fuck me?”

Xuan Yu said angrily, “Didn’t you say you didn’t need me?”

Yao Zhu giggled and pressed herself against her, kissing her: “If you beg me, I’ll… uh, I’ll let you fuck me…”

“You really are…” She bit her lip, then suddenly grabbed the fox’s fluffy tail: “You’re so shameless!”

The woman in his arms seemed to have been gripped in a fatal spot, startling him and jerking up. The flesh of her vagina, which was wrapped around the jade flute, twitched and squirted out a stream of honey-like fluid. Xuan Yu pressed her down beneath him expressionlessly and casually pulled out the flute: “I’ve never seen such a detestable fox as you.”

Yao Zhu gasped for breath, groaning as she tilted her head back, trying to adjust to the fingers suddenly inserted into her acupoints: “You too, um… there’s only one, only me, a fox.”

Her body, still sensitive from the recent orgasm, was so sensitive that the slightest movement of her fingers, enveloped by the fleshy opening, could release a generous amount of fluid. But Xuan Yu was furious. Even though the tight, alluring flesh was sucking at her fingertips with utmost fawning, she felt no pity whatsoever. Instead, amidst the woman’s seductive moans, she gripped her wet tail even tighter, while her other hand pressed against the fox’s crotch and began to thrust violently.

“ah!”

The soft fox’s fur immediately bristled, and the spring between its legs gurgled and sputtered. Yaozhu hadn’t expected its tail to be so sensitive during heat. It couldn’t help but wriggle its hips while wrapping its legs around the woman’s waist, almost trying to burrow into her arms: “Mmm… Xuanyu, Xuanyu, um, don’t pinch…”

The fingertips made a gurgling sound as they fucked her. Xuan Yu turned her head and took her earlobe into her mouth, her teeth gently rubbing against the soft flesh: “Do you still remember what you said after you first tricked me into sleeping with you?”

Yao Zhu blinked, then sobbed, sounding breathless, “What…”

“You said,” she paused, then continued, “that my hands, which have only ever touched books and piano strings, have been inside your body and will never be clean again.”

Yao Zhu, feeling dizzy and lightheaded, said, “Really? I also said this…”

“Yes, so at the time, besides being angry that you lied to me and couldn’t accept our relationship, I was also angry that you… were too self-deprecating.” Xuan Yu lowered her eyes, her movements gradually slowing down: “Yao Zhu, you are my only fox, and also my favorite fox, so even if I have been intimate with you, I will not become unclean. The same goes for that flute. You used it, and it has never been tainted, because you are more important than them.”

Yao Zhu blinked: “Then why were you angry just now?”

Xuan Yu was taken aback, and awkwardly looked away: “Because of me…”

“What?”

“Because I’m here, I’m here, why are you using that?”

After a moment of silence, Yaozhu finally understood what she meant, and immediately beamed with joy, wagging her tail again: “So, so you’re the one who’s petty, fussing over even a flute!”

Xuan Yu closed her eyes in embarrassment, her face burning hot. Yao Zhu was overjoyed, lifting his buttocks, his wet, soft opening slowly swallowing the woman’s slipping fingers: “Don’t go out, Di Zi, Di Zi isn’t comfortable at all, um…”

As she spoke, she nestled into Xuan Yu’s soft embrace, gently kissing her chin and neck: “I love you, I only love it when you fuck me…”

——

The next chapter will be updated tomorrow.

Hmph, I’m a little dog.

Side Story: Xuanzhu (Part 2)

Xuan Yu stopped talking, pinching her knees apart while opening her

lips to kiss Yao Zhu's rosy lips. Yao Zhu groaned twice, impatiently tearing off her clothes, and grabbing the woman's soft breasts with her hands, kneading them at will.

The person on top of her trembled, her brows furrowing as she let out a suppressed groan. Her delicate face was flushed with desire, a seductive blush spreading across her cheeks. Yao Zhu, having achieved her goal, curved her eyes in a triumphant smile, pressing her fingertips against the trembling, erect nipples, and sucking on her soft tongue with a sticky, viscous slurping sound: "Mmm, harder… fuck me harder…"

As soon as she finished speaking, the woman's fingers slid into the acupoint along the wet honey liquid. Xuan Yu's figure remained as upright as bamboo, and her face, still flushed, remained calm. However, the movements of fucking the fox became more and more fierce. Perhaps because she found Yao Zhu's legs swaying and uneasy, she took two more steps forward on her knees, her thighs pressed tightly against her buttocks, and her wrists pressed against her lower abdomen. Using the force of swaying her waist, she thrust hard into the depths.

The woman's unique, light fragrance gradually wafted into his nose. Yaozhu took a satisfied breath, wrapped his limbs around her, and breathlessly brought his mouth close to her ear.

After a few groans, Xuan Yu's face turned even redder: "Enough, enough, I don't want to hear it…"

"I… ah, I didn't let you hear," Yaozhu moaned, her body trembling from the thrusting, "So good… ah, Xuanyu, Xuanyu…"

With a gurgling sound, the constantly being fucked vagina contracted and expelled a stream of water. The prolonged thrusting had caused the labia to turn outwards, and the sticky vaginal fluid was ground into white foam, hanging lewdly between the buttocks.

"Ha…" Yao Zhu suddenly tightened her arms, panting heavily, and tears welled up in her eyes. Xuan Yu stayed in the hole for a while longer, gently soothing the twitching flesh inside. It was hot and moist there, sucking and closing, wrapping around her fingertips. When she pulled out, it still bit her in a flattering way, as if reluctant to let go.

She casually wiped the honey off her hands and raised her fingertips, but as soon as she touched Yaozhu's eye, her thick, long eyelashes, covered in moisture, fluttered open, revealing a pool of spring water

hidden beneath.

Although it wasn't the first time she'd seen it, every time she looked directly into Yaozhu's dazzling, bright green eyes, she felt a pang of heartbeat. The owner of those eyes, however, was completely unaware of her own allure, quickly closing them again and whimpering as she leaned closer: "Don't stop, more…"

Before she could finish speaking, her tail, which was trailing behind her, was grabbed. Yaozhu cried out in surprise, instinctively curling her toes and tightly hugging Xuanyu's slender body: "No, I don't want it, I want the bottom…"

Don't be picky.

Xuan Yu stroked her tailbone, and the person in her arms immediately went limp, her voice becoming even hoarseer: "Mmm… I'm not being picky, I want… I want down there, it's itchy inside, fuck me…"

"That won't delay the tail."

Yao Zhu was stunned, her eyes widening in panic: "You want to, um…"

Xuan Yu sealed her lips with hers, continuing to massage her tailbone with varying pressure. Her free hand slid down her lower abdomen, vigorously rubbing her already erect and engorged clitoris. Yao Zhu suddenly shuddered, letting out an unbearable groan. She shook her hips, unsure whether to dodge or to respond. Xuan Yu pressed her firmly onto the bed, lowered her head, and took the pink nipples swaying in front of her into her mouth.

"Well……"

The woman's body trembled uncontrollably as if electrocuted, her vaginal muscles contracting and writhing greedily, as if sucking on something nonexistent. Her small, red mouth, covered in white foam, gushed out lewd nectar. Xuan Yu played with her buttocks, and after her hand was smeared with honey-like fluid, she casually tugged at her tail: "Why are you so excited? You're practically turning into a little spring."

Yaozhu protested, "I… I couldn't control myself again… Ugh… let go of my tail!"

Xuan Yu didn't let go. Instead, she took the battle-hardened short

flute, dipped it in water at the entrance of the orifice, and slowly inserted it: "It'll be blocked."

Yao Zhu let out a long sigh, her neck arching back as if she couldn't breathe, her body limp as if boneless. Xuan Yu glanced at her with a smile, then began thrusting the flute in and out with a series of soft, wet movements. The person beneath her seemed to be extremely sensitive; with each thrust, a thin stream would be squeezed out. Even in this disheveled state, she still pleaded in a hoarse voice, "No, not the flute, you don't… uh… don't you like the flute either…"

"I don't like you using it," Xuan Yu said gently, "but I can use it."

Yao Zhu blinked, not quite understanding, and felt that she was being deceived again. At this moment, Xuan Yu suddenly pulled out her flute, put her legs on her shoulders, and leaned down.

After a few breaths, the fox suddenly sprang up, her vaginal muscles twitching as she bit the wet, soft tongue, making a wet, dripping sound as it was licked. She was so excited that she was sweating profusely, and immediately forgot all about the flute. She ran her ten fingers through Xuan Yu's soft, long hair, and didn't hold back her comfortable moans.

"Wow, that's amazing… Ahhh… Haaah…"

Honey-like fluid gushed out, and the woman lying on the bed swayed her hips wantonly to rub against Xuan Yu's lips and tongue. Her legs were also intertwined and pressed down on Xuan Yu's back. Xuan Yu's breathing became heavier and heavier. Unable to bear it any longer, she pinched Xuan Yu's thighs and scraped the juice in the crevices of her flesh with her tongue again and again, as if trying to completely clean it out, but the fluid kept flowing out.

She frowned, swallowed what was in her mouth, and then simply raised her head to suck on the swollen, red core that had been making its presence known.

"Ah!" Yao Zhu's voice suddenly became shrill, and she shook her bottom, trying to back away: "No… ah… don't touch there…"

Xuan Yu ignored her and slowly slid her hand up the fox's thigh, pinching her knee. The woman crawled forward on her knees, causing Yao Zhu's waist to hang up, almost bending her head upside down. Wet, lustful fluids slid down her lower abdomen. Yao Zhu gasped and raised her head, clearly seeing that pink, soft tongue scraping across

the pitiful, erect clitoris, and then entering the soft, ravaged little mouth again.

“Um—”

She closed her eyes, and the suddenly tightening vaginal muscles bit down hard on Xuan Yu’s tongue. Her lower abdomen also twitched. Xuan Yu blinked, casually wiped away the semen that had splashed on her face, stirred her fingers in the wet and soft opening, and then smoothly inserted them.

Yao Zhu let out a sob, panting heavily and dizzily, and mumbled, “You’re going to…you’re going to fuck me to death…haa…”

Xuan Yu kissed her cheek affectionately, her fingertips moving in and out of her wet spot, while her other hand still kneaded the base of her tail: “You’re a fox, you won’t die.”

“Uh…slow down…”

Her soft, pliable vagina climaxed again, gushing out copious amounts of clear fluid as if she had lost control of her bladder. Apart from this spot, the rest of her body was soaking wet, as if she had just been pulled out of the water. Xuan Yu pulled the trembling woman into her arms and gently stroked her back. After a while, her breathing calmed down, and her head tilted to one side.

Xuan Yu was startled and carefully brushed her messy long hair behind her ear. Yao Zhu’s face was still flushed, but her eyes were closed quietly, and she had fallen asleep.

She pursed her lips, her eyes curving into a helpless smile. Outside the window, the stars twinkled, the night was serene and peaceful, a clear and tranquil spring night.

That fox, he really meant it if he said he wouldn’t bother her for a whole night.

In the middle of the night, Xuanyu woke up because she was hot.

A familiar figure was nestled in her arms, and at the same time, a soft, wet spot was slowly rubbing against her thigh. Xuan Yu realized what was happening, pulled her over, and placed her palm between her wet legs. She rubbed the opening and then easily slid in.

She asked softly, “Why are you awake? Are you feeling unwell?”

A lingering, erotic atmosphere filled the space between them. Yao Zhu's eyes were brimming with tears, yet she still managed to moan intermittently, "It hurts, but if you come in, it won't hurt anymore… I want you inside me forever…"

Xuan Yu felt her ears burning and lowered her head to kiss the corner of her moist eyes. Yao Zhu, however, raised her head and pressed her lips to hers. Their lips and tongues intertwined, and the sound of water gradually filled the dark room. After a while, she weakly pushed Xuan Yu's shoulder, but was stimulated by the sudden increase in force between her legs, causing her to arch her back.

"Uh, um…"

Tears fell in a patter, the woman straightened up and let out a long moan, her flesh walls tightly squeezing Xuan Yu's fingers, and a stream of hot liquid flowed out.

Xuan Yu held her limp body, and was about to pull her hand away when Yao Zhu clamped her legs together and said in a hoarse voice, "Don't go out."

"How can we sleep if we don't go out?"

"Sleep with it in your mouth."

"…" Xuan Yu was silent for a moment: "Are you serious?"

The person in her arms didn't answer her, but simply held her other arm, closed their eyes, and looked drowsy.

"Hey, you," Xuan Yu couldn't move. Seeing that she seemed to have really fallen asleep again, she had no choice but to shut her mouth. After a while, she sighed and muttered to herself, still in this awkward position, "My hands will get wrinkled from soaking."

Extra leaf carp (Part 1)

For hundreds of years, Jixue City, located in Beizhou, has been regarded by the world as the coldest place on the Xuanyuan Continent. Even though it is the most prosperous city in Beizhou, not only is it adjacent to Haochen Mountain, one of the three great immortal sects, but it also has magnificent and towering palace walls and orderly neighborhoods. However, compared with the bustling Zhongzhou, the prosperous Dongzhou, and Nanzhou, which has the green waters of Jiangnan and endless spring, it seems somewhat

bland.

Until Diancui Pavilion was established in Jixue City.

This restaurant, which suddenly appeared, initially focused on selling various rare medicinal herbs and rare sea pearls. Later, it began to introduce a series of delicious dishes, which quickly won over everyone's taste buds.

Logically speaking, cultivators should not care about food and drink, but Diancui Pavilion does not sell ordinary dishes. The head chef, who never shows his face, used some unknown method to completely remove the bitter taste from the spiritual medicine. Not only did it not affect the efficacy of the medicine, but it was also successfully mixed into various delicacies, making people's mouths water.

Only one place in the cultivation world could make a spiritual medicine that had been unpalatable for thousands of years taste so delicious. As a result, within a year, Diancui Pavilion's reputation spread rapidly throughout the entire Xuanyuan Continent. Countless cultivators flocked to the pavilion. Over time, Diancui Pavilion's dishes gradually became in short supply, but its reputation remained consistently good, and the prices naturally rose accordingly.

The quiet and peaceful streets of Jixue are no longer as tranquil as they once were. Even at night, Ping'an Street is still brightly lit and bustling with people. The destination of the crowds is the magnificent building adorned with golden lanterns—Diancui Pavilion.

"Shopkeeper!"

"Oh, coming." The woman in blue, who was leaning against the counter, lazily fanned herself as she approached the table by the window: "What can I do for you, sir?"

Why hasn't my food arrived yet?

The woman glanced down at the jade plate on the table and said indifferently, "Didn't you see? It says 131 here. It won't be your turn until tomorrow."

"Tomorrow? Why didn't you say so sooner!"

"That's unfair to me," she said, pointing to the counter with her fan. "Isn't it written there? Only seventy servings per day. Did the customer service not see that?"

“I don’t care! I’ve been waiting here for two hours! You must bring this dish to me today!”

The woman frowned and clicked her tongue softly: “Aren’t you making things difficult for me? Our head chef only makes seventy servings a day, no more.”

“You’re the manager, can’t you control her?!”

“Yes,” she readily admitted, “our head chef is the most important person in the restaurant.”

“…You, you can’t fool me! Do you know who I am!” The man stood up angrily, about to grab her collar, but the shopkeeper sneered and raised her fan. The next moment, a dark figure screamed and flew out of the window, crashing into the bustling street.

She raised an eyebrow, strolled to the window, and gave a fake smile: “Welcome to visit again, sir.”

Amidst the cursing and swearing, the woman turned around gracefully, and the magnificent doors of Diancui Pavilion creaked shut in front of him.

Half an incense stick later.

The chef, who always kept his true intentions hidden, pondered for a long time and said, “Gui Ning, sometimes you can be a little nicer to your guests.”

Zhu Guining rolled her eyes: “Wasn’t my attitude good enough? You’re so picky. Why don’t you find someone else to be the manager?”

“Oh, no, no,” Yu Shanye quickly put on a friendly smile, “I was just saying. You’re the manager, so of course it’s up to you.”

“What good is it for me to be the shopkeeper? You’re still the boss. If it weren’t for the fifty spirit stones you pay me a month, I wouldn’t bother smiling here.”

“What are you saying? We’re a restaurant, not…” Before she could finish, a small, snow-white bird fluttered down onto the window: “Senior Sister!”

Zhu Guining suddenly turned her head, beaming, and said, “Oh, Danqing is here!”

She casually picked up a plate from the table, chose a pastry, and fed it to the bird: “You’ve come at just the right time. It’s freshly made. Have a taste.”

Danqing subconsciously took a few bites, and after swallowing two pastries whole, she finally remembered what she was doing and hurriedly jumped to the side: “Senior Sister, Ali is here!”

Yu Shanye was taken aback: “Ali?”

“Yes,” Danqing gestured with her wings, “She brought such a big rock, saying it was a birthday gift for her master. Although I don’t know why a rock could be a gift, it even feels smooth to the touch. Danbai said it must be a rare rock, after all, Ali has a good personality and wouldn’t give something away for no reason…”

Yu Shanye, unable to contain himself any longer, said, “Danqing, get to the point.”

Danqing realized, “Oh! She also said she was very busy and might have to leave in a little while.”

Yu Shanye was startled: “Why didn’t you say so earlier!”

She hurriedly threw down her apron, took three steps at a time, and jumped onto her sword without looking back: “Gui Ning, I’ll go first. Please clean up the mess—”

A gust of wind blew by, and watching the figure instantly turn into a tiny black dot, Zhu Guining blinked and said a beat late, “Can I say… I don’t want to?”

Meanwhile, Yu Shanye rushed to the courtyard where Lan Wu lived as fast as he could and slammed the door open.

The moonlight was as clear as water, and the lamplight was warm and inviting. The woman who had just brought the tea to her lips was startled and her hand trembled. She looked at her in astonishment and asked, “What’s wrong?”

Yu Shanye: …

She silently glanced at the scene before her.

Lan Wu sat on a chair by the stone table, with a fluffy white cat lying on her lap, while across from her sat A Li, who was also holding a cup

of tea.

Compared to the last time they met, A-Li seemed to have matured a lot. Her appearance was still beautiful and lively, resembling a human girl of seventeen or eighteen years old, but her temperament was not as gentle as before. Over the years, the Jiao Clan Chief had intended to groom her as his successor and almost always kept her by his side. Yu Shanye was in the Northern State, and let alone seeing her often, seeing her once a year was considered too much.

She coughed lightly and walked over casually: "When did Ali arrive?"

Ah Li nodded and said, "I just arrived not long ago. Tomorrow is Master's birthday, so I brought the gift in advance."

"Why didn't you just ask someone else to deliver it? Why did you come in person?"

Lan Wu chimed in, "That's right. I heard from my aunt that you're working very hard these days and rarely get a break. You could have just asked someone to deliver the gift; there's no need to go all this way."

Ah Li glanced at Yu Shanye and said indifferently, "It's Master's birthday, so of course I have to come in person to deliver it to show my sincerity."

Yu Shanye raised an eyebrow and exclaimed in deep agreement, "The little girl has really grown up; she is very respectful of her teacher."

"…"

Lan Wu couldn't help but frown, feeling that something was off about the atmosphere, but she couldn't figure out what it was. She looked around and hesitated, saying, "It's getting late. A-Li has come all this way, he must be tired. Why don't we… get some rest?"

Just as A-Li was about to nod, Yu Shan-ye suddenly said, "Aren't you busy? Can you waste time resting here?"

The girl paused, glanced at Yu Shanye again, and her expression grew cold: "Yes, I am indeed busy, but perhaps not…"

"Don't listen to what she's saying," Lan Wu quickly interrupted her. "Who leaves right after arriving? It's still late at night. Listen to me, get some rest for the night. There's a spare room in my yard. Come on,

let A Yue take you there."

The kitten, who was already drowsy, opened its eyes wide and was shoved into Ah Li's arms: "Meow?"

Lan Wu smiled at her, grabbed Yu Shanye and walked out: "Shanye and I are going for a walk, we'll be back in a bit."

Stepping out of the courtyard, a cool evening breeze blew her, and Yu Shanye finally belatedly realized how strange her behavior had been. She pursed her lips and cautiously glanced at Lan Wu, noticing that Lan Wu had her brows furrowed and looked deep in thought.

Oops.

After a while, Lan Wu stopped and turned to ask, "Do you hate A-Li?"

Yu Shanye: "…"

Yu Shanye: "Huh?"

"No, stop! Do you hate her?"

Why should I hate her?

"Then why did you imply that you wanted her to leave?"

"I don't."

Lan Wu frowned: "Don't you have one?"

"Of course not, I was just… just asking a simple question, nothing more."

Lan Wu looked doubtful: "Really?"

Yu Shanye nodded: "Really."

"…Then your speaking skills are not very good."

Yu Shanye breathed a sigh of relief and chuckled dryly, "I might have been a bit stressed at Diancui Pavilion lately. You know, there are a lot of difficult customers there."

Lan Wu hummed in agreement: "Thank you for your hard work."

"It wasn't hard work." She laughed awkwardly for a while, but felt

that Lan Wu's gaze was getting stranger and stranger, so she quickly shut her mouth and coughed lightly: "It's so late, I should go to rest too, you… you should go to sleep early too."

Lan Wu: "Okay."

Yu Shanye turned around, feigning composure, and walked a short distance along the winding stone steps towards her courtyard. When she turned back, she found Lan Wu still standing there looking at her: "You, why aren't you going back yet?"

Lan Wu asked, puzzled, "What's wrong with me standing here basking in the moonlight?"

Yu Shanye choked on his words: "It's alright, you can stay here, I'm going back."

After saying that, she turned around and quickly returned to the Jianzhi Courtyard, throwing herself into her bed. Even so, she could still hear the sounds from another courtyard not far away.

It was the sound of Lan Wu and A Li talking softly.

It's the sound of a cat meowing in dissatisfaction.

It was the sound of Danqing's footsteps as he flew back from outside and landed in the house.

She didn't know how much time had passed, but everything fell silent. Only the chirping of insects could be heard on Qianyun Peak. She turned over, lay on her back on the bed, and stared blankly at the dark ceiling.

At that moment, a gentle breeze stirred the wind chimes on the eaves.

jingle—

Yu Shanye's long eyelashes trembled, and she subconsciously turned her head. The tall white dragon had already slipped in through the window, transforming into a slender human figure in the moonlight.

She opened her eyes wide: "A-Li…"

The girl hummed in response, seemingly snuggling into her arms in an instant, her voice tinged with laughter: "Yu Shanye."

Yu Shanye blinked uneasily.

Are you sulking?

Extra Chapter: Leaf Carp (Chinese) ro ushuwu 2.com

Boom—

A clap of thunder sounded outside the window, snapping Yu Shanye out of his daze. He instinctively hugged the slender girl in his arms and used magic to close the window.

In an instant, a torrential downpour began, crashing onto the ground.

The cold wind rattled the windowpanes, but the room remained quiet and warm, so comfortable that it made one feel drowsy. Ah Li couldn't help but yawn, relaxing and curling up in her arms, lazily saying, "Hmm?"

Yu Shanye patted the back of her neck: "Weren't you pretending not to know me?"

"You were the one who started this," she climbed up, resting her head on the woman's chest, and muttered softly, "I really don't understand why you're so afraid of Master finding out about our relationship. She's not an unreasonable person."

"It's all because when she asked me to take care of you, you looked like a little girl of thirteen or fourteen, a generation younger than me. If she knew about our current relationship, she would definitely think I'm too old for my age..."

Ah Li chuckled: "What old things do you have?"

Yu Shanye snorted, "So what if I'm older than you?"

The girl sighed, somewhat helplessly: "Even my master doesn't think he's being disrespectful to his elders, so why would he think you are?"

"That's different, she asked me to take care of you..."

"You really are taking care of me." (To read novels, visit: yu zhaiwuvip.com)

"Will you take care of things in bed?"

Ah Li was taken aback, then propped herself up somewhat angrily: "Fine, so you still have a grudge. In that case, let's just go our separate ways—"

Yu Shanye quickly hugged her waist: "No bumps, no bumps! Really, no!"

Things are different now. Before, when she was trapped in the Nightmare Forest, the little girl couldn't run away even if she was sulking. Yu Shanye could coax her home by taking a walk. But it's not like that now. Now, she can just leave and not come to see her for a whole year.

Sometimes, she even misses those days.

Ah Li asked suspiciously, "Really not?"

"Really not."

The girl stared at her for a while, pursed her lips, and lay down again: "We are clearly in a legitimate relationship, so why hide it? It's fine to tell you. Besides giving my master a birthday gift, I also have another purpose for coming here, which is to tell her about our relationship."

Yu Shanye was taken aback: "When?"

"tomorrow."

"Tomorrow is her birthday, and you…you…" She hesitated for a long time before saying, "Are you trying to scare her to death on her birthday?"

Ah Li pondered for a moment: "Then I'll tell you the day after tomorrow."

"The day after tomorrow?" Yu Shanye was taken aback. "You can stay here until the day after tomorrow?"

"Yes, I specifically asked the clan chief for leave, and I can stay here for half a month."

Recalling his brief encounters with Jiang Luan, Yu Shanye asked doubtfully, "Is she really that easy to talk to? Wasn't she always making you cultivate?"

"The clan leader is indeed very strict with me, but it just so happens that the Empress Dowager has returned from Kunlun Sea to visit her relatives these days. As you know, every time the Empress Dowager comes back, the clan leader will put aside all his official duties to accompany her, so naturally he has no time to care about me."

As they were talking, a rustling sound came through the rain. Yu Shanye and A Li exchanged a glance, got out of bed, pushed open the door and went out.

Not far from Jianzhi Courtyard was the residence of Lan Wu and Ji Lingyue. At this moment, that familiar figure emerged from the rain, forming hand seals and chanting incantations, cleaning the life-sized mirror in the courtyard until it was spotless.

Ah Li asked softly, “What is that?”

Yu Shanye shook her head: “She started fiddling with this mirror half a month ago, I don’t know what it’s for.”

After a while, Ji Lingyue also came out of the room and stood with Lan Wu by the mirror. The two of them lowered their heads and counted a few times before tentatively tapping on the mirror.

With a clang, the originally hard mirror surface suddenly rippled, and when the image became clear again, it revealed another figure.

The person stood in the pristine white palace, looking out the mirror with some surprise.

Lan Wu beamed and cheered, “Happy birthday, sister!”

It rained in the woods.

It was late autumn, and the Nightmare Forest was shrouded in mist. The shadows of the withered trees resembled menacing monsters hidden in the fog. A light drizzle washed away the bloodstains on the ground, then fell on her paper-white face, stripping away her warmth inch by inch.

It’s so cold.

She had almost lost all her blood, and her hands and feet were gradually losing sensation. In the rain, someone knelt beside her, futilely trying to cover her wounds while letting out weak sobs.

Who is crying?

With her last bit of strength, she turned her face towards the person, blood gushing from her wound again, staining the puddle beneath her a faint red. She finally heard the person’s desperate sob: “Yu Shanye…”

Ah Li.

No, we can't stop here.

If we stop here, the people from Penglai will catch up with us.

Unfortunately, she could no longer utter complete sentences. As her mind began to dissipate, a cacophony of footsteps suddenly echoed through the woods. She only had time to hear a piercing cry before losing consciousness completely.

"ha……"

The sound of rapid breathing broke the silence in the room. Yu Shanye opened his eyes in fright, his chest heaving violently, and his back was covered in a layer of cold sweat.

The rain continued to fall outside, pattering on the banana leaves by the door. She blinked, and it took her a while to come to her senses, but her arm seemed to be pressed down by something and she couldn't move it.

She turned her head and met the girl's peaceful sleeping face.

"…"

It was just a dream.

After a while, she carefully turned over and hugged Ali into her arms.

Thankfully, it's all over now.

The person in her arms uttered a muffled murmur and skillfully snuggled closer to her. The rumbling thunder came from afar. Yu Shanye hugged her tightly, feeling the chill seeping into her bones. She suddenly wondered if she had already died and that all the peace and beauty she was experiencing now was just a fantasy she had on her deathbed.

Just as she was lost in thought, a hand rose up and gently stroked her face: "Did you have a nightmare?"

She hesitated for a moment, then whispered her thoughts to Ali.

The girl nestled quietly in her arms, and after listening, frowned incredulously: "What do you think about every day?" She held Yu Shanye's hand and said helplessly, "Are you feeling cold again?"

Yu Shanye hummed in agreement, somewhat disappointed: "I clearly have a fire elemental root, I shouldn't feel cold."

Ah Li sighed softly, "It seems to be a terrible nightmare."

As she spoke, she lowered her eyes and leaned close to the woman, gently kissing the corner of her lips. Her free right hand then caressed the soft waist, parted the woman's undergarment, and slid inside.

"Um……"

Yu Shanye shuddered in surprise and grabbed her wrist: "What are you doing?"

"Aren't you cold?" Ah Li opened her eyes and looked at her innocently. "I'll do something to warm you up."

——

It's getting longer and longer, so I'll divide it into (Part 2) and (Part 3).

Side Story: Leaf Carp (Part 2)

I think I like you.

The first time she heard Ah Li confess her feelings, she was squatting in the vegetable garden behind the house loosening the soil. Upon hearing this, she replied without hesitation, "I like you too."

The girl was taken aback, then asked in surprise, "What do you like about me?"

Yu Shanye raised his head blankly: "What?"

"Tell me, what do you like about me?"

"Why are you asking this all of a sudden?" She casually wiped the sweat from her brow, leaving behind a dusty, muddy stain. "Are you hungry? What do you want to eat tonight?"

Ah Li realized what was happening and opened her eyes wide in disbelief: "You weren't listening to me at all!"

Yu Shanye asked, confused, "What did you just say?"

"You, you…" The girl's face flushed red with anger, and tears welled

up in her eyes. She stomped her foot angrily, turned around, and ran away.

Yu Shanye was still confused, so he raised his voice and shouted, "If you have nothing else to do, go and fetch some water to water the ground."

The little dragon ran further and further away, and it was unclear whether she heard it or not. She sighed helplessly, squatted down again, and muttered to herself, "Every day, I don't know what she's angry about."

Soft sunlight streamed across the ground, birds sang, their calls clear and melodious. Soon, two black, coal-like nightmare beasts rolled over and asked if she could pick a few fruits. Just as Yu Shanye was about to agree, she heard a rustling sound from the woods. Then, a slender and beautiful white dragon flew over, opened its mouth, and spat out a mouthful of water at her.

"..."

The woman, drenched in water, blinked slowly. Water droplets dripped down her face. Unable to contain herself any longer, she clenched her fists and uttered, word by word, "Ah—Li—!"

Ah Li was even angrier than her, and shouted, "I hate you!"

After saying that, she flew away without looking back.

The two nightmare beasts standing next to her were caught in the crossfire. While shaking off the water droplets, they calmly said, "Monsters in their mating season are not very temperamental. You'll get used to it."

Yu Shanye was taken aback: "What?"

The Nightmare Beast asked in bewilderment, "Don't you know?"

"Know what?"

"She likes you," the other Nightmare Beast said matter-of-factly. "We've been having wet dreams for days, they're sweet and a little bitter."

"..."

Yu Shanye gaped in shock: "A wet dream? Whose wet dream? Ali's?

Whose wet dream did Ali have?" As she finished asking, she suddenly realized something and exclaimed in horror: "How can you even dream about this kind of dream? Aren't you ashamed?!"

"What's there to be ashamed of? It's just a dream, not reality," the Nightmare Beast comforted. "Don't worry, we're just having a taste. You don't need to feel ashamed."

"No, what does this have to do with me? This…"

She was completely disoriented and finally realized what Ah Li meant by "like." She immediately had the urge to escape, but unfortunately, they were trapped in the forest and would run into each other all the time. She couldn't bear to see the little dragon, who hadn't yet learned to abstain from grains, go hungry. After hesitating for a long time, she finally went out of the house to find her.

As expected, Ah Li sat in her usual spot, sulking. Not far away, the sound of water roared as a waterfall cascaded down, its spray falling like shattered pearls into the clear pool. Sensing someone approaching, she turned her head to the other side, appearing unwilling to communicate.

Yu Shanye sighed and said helplessly, "I'll listen to you carefully from now on. Can you listen to me carefully now too?"

After a long silence, Ah Li raised her head, her eyes still red-rimmed: "You say it."

She pursed her lips, hesitated, and sat down next to Ah Li: "I'm not against you liking me…"

Before he could finish speaking, the girl widened her eyes in a wronged manner. Yu Shanye quickly said, "But! Right now, it's just the two of us trapped here. Every day, from the moment we open our eyes to the moment we close them, we can only see each other. Maybe that's why you like me. Think about it carefully, isn't that the truth?"

Ah Li frowned: "No."

"Of course you are, you're still young…"

"I'm not young," A-Li insisted. "Monsters grow slowly in both mind and body, so they are considered adults at one or two hundred years old. But in reality, we have lived much longer and met more people than you can imagine."

Yu Shanye was speechless, staring blankly at A Li. After the girl finished speaking, she lowered her head and hugged her knees in disappointment: "Yu Shanye, I like you, that's all. It's not something I made up. Why do I have to meet so many people before I can say I like you?"

Ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling—

As the rain gradually subsided, the clear and melodious sound of the wind chimes finally pierced through the window and entered the warm, spring-like room.

"ah……"

The intense heat receded from her body, and then something slippery slipped inside. Yu Shanye couldn't help but close her legs, but the slender girl pressed her waist between them, climbed up, and bit her lips: "Don't get distracted…"

Her breathing quickened, and she blinked in surprise: "Huh?"

"You were indeed daydreaming," Ah Li huffed, hooking her tail and circling it inside the hot, tight opening. Sure enough, a clear sound of water was squeezed out. Yu Shanye hissed, instinctively gripping her shoulders, and said impatiently, "Enough, enough…"

"Not enough." She was still somewhat dissatisfied, her palm stroking the woman's sweaty back, and she lowered her head to bite her neck: "You woke me up, and you were still daydreaming, as if I were something terrible."

Yu Shanye said helplessly, "You're not bad."

"Then why were you daydreaming?" She stared at the woman's beautiful face with a wronged expression, her palm sliding down to the damp, sticky crotch, finding the erect clitoris: "Were you thinking about someone else?"

Yu Shanye shuddered, closed her eyes, and tears welled up in the corners of her eyes: "No, uh… don't think like that…"

"So what are you thinking about?"

"I was thinking…" She took a few breaths, hooked her arm around the little girl's neck, and bit her: "It feels like you've tricked me."

Ah Li was taken aback: “What?”

“You told me then that you had lived longer than I imagined and had seen more people than I imagined, but later when I asked your master, she told me that when she brought you ashore, it was the first time you had ever seen a human being.”

Ah Li blinked, then looked away guiltily, but hugged her even tighter.

“But you met me not long after you came ashore. Whether it was intentional or not, you basically only spent time with me after that. So, from beginning to end, it seems that the only person you really know and are close to is me.” She chuckled and pinched Ah Li’s nose: “You even lied to me and said you’d met a lot of people.”

Ah Li was quiet for a while, then said in a muffled voice, “But I said back then that I like you, and it’s not something I made up for by comparison. Look, I’ve met many people and experienced many things now, but I still only like you.”

Yu Shanye smiled and gently stroked her face: “I should have believed you sooner.”

Ah Li snorted, “Of course.”

She pulled out her tail, rubbed her fingertips across the bright red opening, moistened the rotten petals with water, and slowly inserted it: “If I don’t like it, I won’t dream about you every night.”

This should have been a sweet love confession, but Yu Shanye was stunned when he heard it, and inexplicably recalled what the Nightmare Beast had said back then.

Ah… I should have asked back then whether Ah Li was on top or on the bottom in her very first dream.

Suddenly, the little dragon on his body let out a disappointed accusation: “You’re daydreaming again!”

Yu Shanye was startled: “No, I didn’t…”

“You do!” she snapped, her face flushed with anger, and she bit the woman’s shoulder hard. “You’re so annoying!”

Vampire AU-1

She shouldn’t have entered this abandoned castle.

Ji Lingyue gripped the short blade in her hand, held her breath, and listened intently for a while, but she did not hear the footsteps from just a moment ago again.

She tilted her head slightly and glanced out through the mottled window covered with cobwebs.

The last rays of sunlight had already disappeared into the distant horizon, and the fiery red clouds were instantly replaced by night. The undulating outlines of the mountains and forests were like a bold stroke of ink in the darkness, revealing an ominous stillness.

Leaving indoors under these circumstances and venturing into the monster-infested forest to find another refuge would undoubtedly be suicidal.

The person hiding in the shadows deliberately concealed their presence and figure, presumably not wanting to run into her. In that case, the two of them could perhaps spend the night peacefully and part ways the next morning.

Having made up her mind, Ji Lingyue tiptoed to the corner of the stairs, quickly climbed to the third floor, pushed open the door at the far end of the corridor, and slipped inside, locking the door behind her.

There was still no other sound outside.

Ji Lingyue stood still for a moment, feeling slightly relieved. She glanced at the room behind her in the dim moonlight. The room was not large, with a soft red bed taking up most of the space. Dust covered the dressing table next to it, and bottles and jars were scattered haphazardly. Ji Lingyue then went to the window to check the latch. After confirming that it was safe, she carefully curled up in the corner between the wall and the headboard, holding her backpack.

She stared intently at the only door through which she could enter, like a wary cat. After a long while, drowsiness overwhelmed her, and the girl's head slumped down. Finally, she slowly, very slowly, closed her eyes.

"Crack…"

A faint sound reached her ears, and Ji Lingyue, who was usually a light sleeper, suddenly opened her eyes and subconsciously reached for the knife beside her. She looked up, and before she could react, the

small door not far away was kicked open, and a cloud of black mist rushed in, rushing towards her with a speed that no ordinary person could muster.

Ji Lingyue was startled. Trapped in the corner with no way to escape, she rolled to the side and landed under the bed before the thing could pounce on her. She turned over and quickly crawled to the other side, but suddenly felt a chill on her ankle, as if an ice cube had been stuck to it, and it pulled her back.

She looked up in horror, and by the moonlight, she could only see a pair of blood-red eyes and a pale face. The man grinned at her, his sharp canines gleaming with a bloodthirsty coldness.

vampire!

A cool fragrance wafted towards her, and just as the icy temperature was about to seep into Ji Lingyue's neck, she suddenly gritted her teeth and kicked upwards hard.

Unexpectedly, the person let out a howl and was actually kicked over by her, falling to the ground in a sorry state. Ji Lingyue quickly got up, picked up the knife on the ground, and pounced over like a little cheetah, kneeing the woman in the waist while stabbing her hard in the chest.

With a soft thud, the blade pierced flesh, and the vampire let out a painful groan. Ji Lingyue was thrown back by a sudden force, crashing hard against the wall and nearly losing her breath. When she finally managed to get up, she saw that her only weapon was under the vampire's foot, and a pair of scarlet eyes were staring intently at her.

Ji Lingyue froze instantly, her hair standing on end, as if she could already smell the approaching Grim Reaper.

"You…" The vampire's voice was a little hoarse, but it was still clear that it was a girl's voice: "How could you stab me with a knife?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, blinked, and a look of confusion appeared on her face.

The vampire stood there, clenching his fists and shaking them for a while. Then, he suddenly stomped his feet a few times and started acting like a spoiled child, saying, "I just want to drink some of your blood! I'm starving, can't I even have a bite to eat? How could you kick me? Nobody has ever kicked me before! And you pricked me, it

hurts! I've been starving for three months, what's wrong with wanting to eat?"

Ji Lingyue: …

She listened to the girl's whimpering sobs for a while, then slowly frowned and tentatively called out, "Lan Wu?"

The girl paused in her sobs, looked up, a single tear still clinging to her pale face: "You know me?"

Looking at that unfamiliar yet familiar face, Ji Lingyue's long eyelashes trembled, and she softly hummed in agreement: "I know him."

Before the disaster struck, vampires, who had fought for hundreds of years, signed an agreement with humans and entered an era of harmonious coexistence. A very small number of vampires shone brightly in certain fields due to their racial advantages. For example, Lan Wu was a teenage idol known for her beauty and singing voice.

Unfortunately, an unknown virus swept the globe overnight, turning humans into the kind of zombies we only see in movies. In just six months, the world order was completely destroyed, not to mention the peace treaty signed between vampires and humans.

Thinking of this, Ji Lingyue hesitated for a moment, then added, "I'll be a waitress at your seventeenth birthday party."

Lan Wu responded with an "Oh," somewhat excitedly: "So, you're my fan?"

"no."

Lan Wu immediately wilted, tapped her fingers on her knees, and asked cautiously, "Then… can I drink a drop of your blood?"

Ji Lingyue coldly replied, "No."

She picked up her backpack, intending to find another room to rest, but Lan Wu, sensing something was wrong, quickly pounced on her and hugged her leg: "Please, let me have a breath, okay? I'm starving…"

Ji Lingyue: "There are so many zombies outside, why don't you just suck one of them?"

Lan Wu stared at her in disbelief: “Are you kidding me? I’ll get food poisoning if I eat that!”

“Go and catch some rabbits…”

“How could we possibly catch them? They’re too cunning!”

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and looked down. The girl kneeling on the ground had a beautiful face. Her blood-red eyes were not violent at all, but clear and pure. At this moment, she was looking at her pitifully with her eyes slightly wide open. She did not have the slightest bit of the arrogant look of a vampire.

She is incredibly strong, fast, and possesses the vampire’s powerful healing abilities, allowing her to survive even in this apocalyptic world. However, she seems to be spoiled by her family, lazy, ignorant of basic life skills, delicate, and timid. She has to beg this human for a mouthful of blood.

Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes and suddenly remembered the girl she had seen at the banquet.

She wore gorgeous clothes and exquisite makeup, standing tall and gracefully accepting everyone’s affection.

But on that day, she received a call from the doctor outside the brightly lit hotel; her sister was beyond saving.

That’s so unfair…

Now, the carefree little princess was kneeling at her feet, seemingly under her complete control. Ji Lingyue lifted her long eyelashes and looked at her seriously: “If I agree to let you drink my blood, what can you do for me?”

Lan Wu paused for a moment, her eyes brightening slightly: “Anything is fine.” She grinned, revealing sharp canines, her smile radiant, appearing both innocent and wicked: “I’ll agree to anything you want me to do.”

Vampire AU-2

“It’s so hot…”

“Hot?” Ji Lingyue stopped what she was doing and stared at the girl who had sunk into the soft bed. Vampires have no breath or heartbeat,

so there is no flowing blood or temperature. The body hidden under the exquisite clothes is as white as porcelain, and the touch is cold and smooth, as if you are touching a dead object.

She was so cold that the temperature that would normally make a human feel slightly warm was scalding hot to her.

Ji Lingyue asked in a low voice, “Have you never been intimate with anyone else?”

Lan Wu thought for a moment and shook her head: “If that’s the case, then no.”

“Why?” she couldn’t help but ask. “You’ve been dating since you were sixteen, and you’ve had three rumored girlfriends before the apocalypse.”

Lan Wu chuckled, smoothing her loose, curly hair behind her head. She smiled smugly at her, “You still say you’re not my fan? You remember this so clearly…”

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then pinched the soft flesh of her waist with some annoyance: “You talk too much.”

Lan Wu cried out, looking at her with a pitiful expression, her eyes instantly reddening: “It hurts so much…”

“Stop pretending,” Ji Lingyue lowered her head, her soft, wet lips landing on her firm chest, showering her with hot breath: “I just stabbed you, and you’re already healed. I didn’t even use any force, so how could it hurt?”

“It already hurts,” Lan Wu muttered. “Why are you so fierce? Nobody liked you before.”

Ji Lingyue frowned: “Do you still want to drink blood?”

Lan Wu blinked, then quickly put on a sweet smile, kissed her cheek, and said softly, “It’s okay, I like you.”

“Glib-tongued…”

Ji Lingyue lowered her head, grabbed the girl’s soft breasts, and shamelessly kneaded them into various shapes. Lan Wu let out a muffled groan, her face flushed as she wrapped her arms around Ji Lingyue’s neck, muttering, “How strange…”

What's strange about it?

Lan Wu thought for a moment, then shook her head: "I don't know, but it feels so good." As she spoke, she pushed her chest forward again: "Rub it again."

Ji Lingyue raised an eyebrow and obediently rubbed it. After hearing the other person's sweet panting, she suddenly stopped. Lan Wu lowered her eyes, looking at her with teary eyes, and said with dissatisfaction, "Continue."

"Why do I still feel like I'm the one who's at a disadvantage?" She poked the pert red bud and muttered, "You're even ordering me around now."

Lan Wu gave a soft hum, and in her dazed state, she seemed to understand what she meant. She took the initiative to hold her hand and kiss it, saying ingratiatingly, "I can… I can protect you."

"How will you protect me?"

"I can hear sounds from very far away, and I can smell the difference between humans and zombies. If you let me drink your blood, I can help you avoid danger," she said, sticking out her tongue. The cool, soft object pressed against her palm, leaving a wet stain. "Hmm… I can take you to my house. It's definitely safe there, and there's plenty of food…"

"Home?" Ji Lingyue let her sticky licking and asked, "Speaking of which, why are you in this place? This place is clearly far away from Nanhai City."

"I still have to go to the performance," she muttered. "I just got off the plane in Songbei City and then the virus outbreak happened. They all got bitten, and transportation was paralyzed. I can only… I can only go back on my own…"

Ji Lingyue frowned and asked suspiciously, "But this is the north of Songbei City. Have you been walking in the opposite direction for so long?"

Lan Wu: …

She opened her eyes wide, stared at her blankly for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Oh, is that so?"

Ji Lingyue was speechless and choked with emotion: "You're such an idiot."

She decided to stop communicating with the idiot. Her slender fingers slid down, disappearing into her damp crotch, and began to tease the clitoris hidden deep within her petals.

Lan Wu trembled and instinctively grabbed the bed sheet. Slippery fluid flowed continuously from her opening, wetting Ji Lingyue's fingertips. Every time she touched her, the girl would pitifully kick her legs and squeeze out soft gasps from between her lips. But after a while, she completely abandoned her shame and began to moan with her head thrown back.

Ji Lingyue lowered her head and placed a few kisses on her smooth lower abdomen before licking her wet vulva.

Lan Wu immediately tilted her head back and cried out softly. She reached out and ran her fingers through Ji Lingyue's long hair, sobbing, "So comfortable… Ah, so hot…"

The warm, moist tongue felt like a scorching spark, bringing a temperature she had never experienced before. For a moment, she even mistook the pleasure for the pain of being burned by the sun.

The lewd sounds of water kept coming from below. Lan Wu twisted and turned, but Ji Lingyue, who could no longer bear it, pressed down on her waist and said fiercely with a stern face: "Don't move."

Lan Wu froze, gave her a pitiful look, and mustered up her courage to retort, "Why can't I move when I'm comfortable? I'm not dead."

Ji Lingyue's eyes darkened slightly. Suddenly, she reached out and pinched the swollen, red clitoris without any politeness. Pain and pleasure erupted at the same time. Lan Wu cried out in surprise, curled up her legs, and shuddered as she spurted out a stream of lustful fluid.

Ji Lingyue licked the remaining moisture from her lips, looked at Lan Wu, whose face was still pale even in the throes of orgasm, and whispered, "You're so wanton."

Lan Wu was still panting when she heard this. Suddenly, she grabbed Ji Lingyue's arm and pulled her into her arms. The neat clothes on the human body were nothing more than a few pieces of rags to her. She tore them to shreds with a flick of her wrist. She turned over and

pressed herself against the warm source of heat. Her wet inner thighs pressed against the other's thighs, and she moved closer to her neck with a fascination.

Ji Lingyue quickly reached out and pressed her hand against her face, looking at the sharp teeth peeking out from between her fingers, and said coldly, "Don't suck."

Lan Wu sobbed, whimpering with a hint of grievance, "You…you've already done it…"

"What kind of work is that?"

Ji Lingyue lifted her leg and rubbed it intimately against the soft, wet clitoris, whispering, "I haven't started yet."

Lan Wu bit her lip, and after being deliberately teased a few times, she went limp as if she had no bones, nestled in her arms, and said drowsily, "Okay, after you're done, I'll… um… suck again."

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, used her knee to pry open her legs, smeared some of the honeyed fluid between her legs, and then slowly inserted her fingers inside.

"Hmm…"

Lan Wu shrugged, frowned, and breathed heavily.

The fingers inserted into the hole gradually accelerated from the initial slow pace, the soft, wrinkled flesh tightly wrapped around the fingers, and soon they were being fucked with squelching sounds.

Lan Wu's uncomfortable groans turned into pleasurable moans. She licked her lips, swaying her hips to match Ji Lingyue's thrusts, even urging, "Faster…faster…"

"…"

Ji Lingyue felt she had been taken advantage of again. She pursed her lips, put her arm around the girl's waist and sat up. As soon as Lan Wu's knees touched the bed, she began to bounce up and down on her own, her buttocks repeatedly hitting Ji Lingyue's thighs, creating lewd waves of flesh. Glistening water splashed from their point of contact, leaving tiny wet spots on the sheets.

She unconsciously gripped Ji Lingyue's shoulders, moaning

incoherently, “Ugh…so good, so full…”

“You seem quite comfortable.” Ji Lingyue frowned, then suddenly pressed Lan Wu down, her hands tightly gripping Lan Wu’s neck. Lan Wu looked at her, panting, her Adam’s apple bobbing. Even though red marks had appeared on her face, she didn’t resist. Instead, a hint of confusion surfaced in her dazed eyes.

Yes, vampires don’t need to breathe.

Ji Lingyue suddenly let go of her hand, looking at her thin body, but could not suppress the increasingly strong violent desire in her heart.

She wanted to leave some scars on Lan Wu.

Ji Lingyue stared intently at her, hoisting Lan Wu’s legs onto her shoulders. One hand continued to move in and out of her vagina, squeezing out abundant fluid, while the other hand pinched her clitoris hard. Lan Wu jerked violently, and the vaginal muscles tightened even more, making it impossible for Ji Lingyue to move.

She sobbed through teary eyes, “Be gentle, it hurts…”

Ji Lingyue relaxed her grip and continued to knead her sensitive clitoris. She then inserted another finger, which stretched open the clenched opening, causing a continuous flow of love fluid to gush out. As Ji Lingyue moved in and out, the fluid was ground into a sticky white foam.

After an unknown amount of time, the girl groaned and arched her back, her warm, nectar-like fluid spraying wantonly onto her palm. Her vaginal muscles writhed tightly, eagerly sucking on the fingers buried deep inside.

Lan Wu tilted her head back to catch her breath, but Ji Lingyue looked up and kissed her. She blinked, gave a soft hum, and sat obediently in Ji Lingyue’s lap with her legs spread wide, but her mouth was itching to bite Ji Lingyue’s tongue.

Ji Lingyue raised her eyes and pinched her chin: “Don’t bite.”

“Why?” she asked, her eyes wide with confusion. “This time, is it all done?”

“Who said that?”

Ji Lingyue kissed the corner of her mouth again, her fingertips lingering between the girl’s reddened petals, skillfully scratching her swollen clitoris. After a few strokes, Lan Wu began to moan softly, her vaginal opening cooperating by releasing honey-like fluid.

“You’re so sensitive.” Ji Lingyue looked up and took her soft earlobe into her mouth, then casually pinched her soft buttocks. Lan Wu then narrowed her moist eyelashes and opened her legs to make it easier for her to move.

As she gradually felt more comfortable, she suddenly felt a chill on her shoulder, followed by a sharp, needle-like pain. Lan Wu’s long eyelashes trembled, and she opened her eyes in astonishment, just in time to see Ji Lingyue remove the knife tip from her body.

She was stunned for a moment before asking blankly, “You stabbed me?”

Ji Lingyue said calmly, “It was just a cut.”

Lan Wu: ?

“So it really doesn’t bleed,” she said, rubbing the cold back of the blade against Lan Wu’s chest. “As long as the weapon isn’t made of silver, it can’t hurt you, right?”

Lan Wu shuddered, sensing something strange about the conversation, but still honestly replied, “The sun can hurt me too.”

Ji Lingyue said “Oh,” put down the knife, and frowned with some regret: “Then I can’t leave you with a scar.”

Lan Wu was silent for a moment, then covered her chest and shrank back warily: “Pervert.”

Ji Lingyue smiled and leaned in to kiss her again, pressing her down: “If you want to drink blood, then behave yourself.”

Lan Wu never imagined that a human could have such good physical strength. By the end, she was so sleepy that she could barely keep her eyes open, while Ji Lingyue was still enthusiastically gesturing with the knife on her body.

After a night’s rest, her long-dormant biological clock woke her at sunrise. Lan Wu opened her eyes, watched the girl sitting on the edge of the bed rustling as she dressed, stretched groggily, and said in a hoarse voice, “Good morning…”

As soon as he finished speaking, the person who was bending over to put on his shoes suddenly sprang up, grabbed his backpack from the ground, and rushed out of the room like a gust of wind.

Lan Wu: ?

A few seconds later, she suddenly realized what was happening, her eyes widened in surprise, she grabbed a coat to wrap herself in, and chased after him barefoot.

The vampire was incredibly fast, instantly teleporting behind Ji Lingyue. Just as he was about to grab her, the girl raised the iron rod in her hand and smashed the window next to her.

Golden sunlight suddenly streamed into the room, illuminating a section of the corridor. Caught off guard, Lan Wu was struck in the scorching light and cried out in pain. She hurriedly took a few steps back and retreated into the darkness once more.

The narrow beam of light separating the two easily halted her pursuit.

Ji Lingyue turned around and looked at her calmly.

The poor little vampire seemed not to understand what had happened. Her thin body was only covered by a garment that reached her knees, and her bare, pale skin still bore red marks from the sun. She stared blankly at Ji Lingyue, her bloodshot eyes as innocent as a lamb's.

"You don't really think I'd let you suck my blood, do you?"

Ji Lingyue sneered and casually tossed away the stick in her hand: "You stupid vampire, I hate you too much to even think about it."

After saying that, she curled the corners of her lips into a smile and left without looking back.

Vampire AU-3

The bright moon hung high in the sky when several gunshots suddenly rang out in the dilapidated hospital building. Ji Lingyue, clutching her injured left arm, staggered down to the second floor, turned into the deserted corridor, and bumped into several swaying figures.

A putrid stench assaulted her nostrils, and she was startled. She quickly raised the knife in her hand and slashed at the man's neck.

Unfortunately, due to her injury and lack of strength, she failed to cut it in one go and instead splattered it with foul-smelling blood. The hurried footsteps behind her gradually approached. Ji Lingyue gritted her teeth, pushed open the door beside her, and as she squeezed inside, she kicked the howling zombie, sending it flying towards the pursuers.

"Hold!"

Several more gunshots rang out. She hurriedly locked the door from the inside, turned around and looked around, then ran towards the half-open window.

"Bang!"

After a loud crash, the intruder slammed against the door, yelling, "You bitch! Give it back!"

Ji Lingyue rushed to the window, glanced down at the height, and then looked back at the small window on the door, where a man's

ferocious and angry face was reflected. He kept spitting out vicious curses and insults from his opening and closing mouth. With another loud bang, a crack appeared on the door, and the handle was obviously deformed.

Without further hesitation, she gritted her teeth and decisively jumped out of the second-floor window.

As soon as she landed, a piercing pain shot through her ankle. Ji Lingyue groaned, tears welling up in her eyes. She blinked a few times to suppress the tears, then forced herself to get up and limped toward the hospital entrance.

The sound of rapid breathing echoed in the silent courtyard. The zombies that had been wandering around in twos and threes paused, slowly turned their rotting faces, and pairs of murky white eyes were fixed on her from all directions. Ji Lingyue was startled, gripped her backpack strap tightly, and quickened her pace to run towards the door.

She could… she could go to the next block and find another shelter.

She can do it.

"Bang!"

After the noise, Ji Lingyue lost her balance and fell forward, her hands and knees scraping hard on the ground, burning with pain. She whimpered and turned around in a panic, seeing her trouser legs quickly stained red with blood.

At a second-floor window not far away, the man lowered his gun and gave her a smug smile.

Ji Lingyue felt as if she had fallen into an ice cave. She dragged her injured leg to her feet and ran a few steps before stumbling and falling to the ground. A low growl came from behind her, and a gust of foul wind swept over her. Her heart tightened, and she instinctively rolled to the side, but the clothes on her arm were torn by sharp fingernails. When she looked up, a face covered in blood and black veins was already right in front of her.

Ji Lingyue opened her eyes wide, as if she had lost control of her body and could only stand there, watching helplessly as the rotting face drew closer and closer.

But just then, it comically stopped in place, as someone pulled it from behind, telling it not to move forward even an inch.

"It stinks…"

Two slender, pale fingers carefully pinched the monster's collar. The little vampire, pale as a ghost, tossed it aside with utter disgust.

The girl lying on the ground stared blankly at her, her black hair damp with sweat and plastered messily to her face. Her eyes were wide open, her red lips were slightly parted, and her usually cool face looked silly.

Lan Wu calmly took off her hat, lowered her eyes, and looked at her lazily.

She was dressed in an elegant and stylish black dress, holding an umbrella in her right hand. She grinned, revealing two sharp canine teeth: "Gotcha, you little liar."

After being grabbed by the collar and led to a furniture store on the street, Ji Lingyue finally came to her senses and asked in astonishment, "How…how did you find me?"

Lan Wu snorted, "I told you my nose is very sensitive."

Ji Lingyue subconsciously asked, "More intelligent than a dog?"

Lan Wu: …

She had originally followed the scent out of sheer anger, and now this insult was simply unbearable!

She casually tossed the girl onto a bed, and as the girl struggled to get up, she grabbed her wrist and fell down, biting her neck.

The cold teeth pierced her blood vessels, greedily drawing in the sweet blood. Lan Wu squinted her eyes contentedly, her throat bobbing, and soon drank far more than she usually ate.

Ji Lingyue's face quickly lost its color, her brain spun in waves of dizziness, and her vision began to blur. She tried to push the person off her, but she couldn't even lift a finger.

It's so cold…

She shivered, feeling as if she were hugging a block of ice. The last bit

of warmth in her body was being taken away by Lan Wu, and as she lost blood, it felt as if her life was slipping away.

Her eyelids grew heavier and heavier. Ji Lingyue opened her mouth, but no sound came out. She closed her eyes and completely lost consciousness.

The first rays of morning sunlight fell into the room, but failed to illuminate the deepest corner of the house.

In the silence, the girl groaned softly, groggily opening her eyes and staring blankly at the ceiling. As if sensing her awakening, the little vampire who had been lazily lying on her chest raised its head and released its bitten, swollen nipple.

“You’re awake.”

Ji Lingyue was startled, and after a while, she looked down at the owner of the voice.

Lan Wu met her gaze, grinned, and revealed that innocent smile again. If it weren’t for the fact that both of them were completely naked and there were specks of blood on the sheets, Ji Lingyue might have been fooled by her docile face.

She still had little strength. She glanced listlessly at Lan Wu, then closed her eyes and was about to fall asleep again.

Seeing her reaction, Lan Wu frowned in dissatisfaction, suddenly grabbed her wrist, and slid her cold fingers up her forearm. When she touched the wound, she pressed it down without any hesitation.

Ji Lingyue trembled instantly, letting out a suppressed sob. She struggled to shrink back, opened her eyes, and looked at Lan Wu in fear. Lan Wu, however, was still smiling and even pressed the wound deeper: “Shouldn’t you apologize?”

Her thick eyelashes blinked helplessly, quickly becoming damp with moisture. The girl looked at her with red eyes, choking out, “It hurts…”

“Shh,” Lan Wu leaned closer, her lips almost touching hers, “Don’t cry, you’ll attract other dirty things, and I don’t want to share you with them.”

Ji Lingyue shuddered, pursed her lips, and looked at her with a

sorrowful expression.

“Don’t make me angry,” Lan Wu stared at her without blinking, her blood-red eyes still pure and innocent, yet she seemed like a different person: “You lied to me and ran so far away, you’re so bad.”

The girl sobbed and stammered, “In the hospital, there are other people in the hospital, and their blood… there’s a lot of it…”

Lan Wu frowned, stared at her for a moment, then suddenly laughed crisply: “See, you’re going to try to be clever again…”

She lowered her head and pressed her cool lips against her delicate neck, feeling the sweet, metallic taste of blood flowing beneath the thin layer of skin: “The people in the hospital want to kill you, and you’d love for them to die. You called me there because you want me to kill them, don’t you?”

“no……”

“But I can help you.” Lan Wu interrupted her, her eyes crinkling as she kissed her lips with delight. “Your blood tastes delicious. As long as you obediently become my blood slave and send me home, I will protect you and grant your wish.”

She smiled and asked, “Is it okay?”

In this situation, how could Ji Lingyue say no? She closed her eyes, letting her long eyelashes tremble restlessly for a while, before finally managing to squeeze out a single word from her throat: “Okay.”

“I will be your blood slave.”

——

In the next chapter, we’ll return to the main text. (` ^′)gt;

However, if you’re interested, I can continue writing or create a new AU later on.

Vampire AU-4

“Damn vampire…”

“What did you say?”

Ji Lingyue immediately straightened up and said seriously, “I didn’t

say anything."

Lan Wu looked at her suspiciously, shook her parasol, and complained, "When are we going to rest? I'm so tired, my legs are killing me."

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, glancing at the bulging backpack hanging on her chest, which was filled with pretty dresses that Lan Wu had rummaged through abandoned clothing stores along the way. They weren't heavy, but Lan Wu was very delicate and refused to carry them, so she, the "blood slave," carried them all.

As for the backpack behind her, it contained supplies she had stolen from the group at the hospital, including food and weapons. It weighed heavily on her back, leaving deep red marks on her shoulders.

She pursed her lips, and while Lan Wu wasn't looking, she muttered under her breath, "Damn Lan Wu..."

Lan Wu turned her head away abruptly.

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: ! !

Just when she thought Lan Wu had overheard her and was going to confront her, the girl grabbed her arms and practically dragged her behind a tree. A moment later, the roar of an engine grew louder and louder along the tree-lined path. Ji Lingyue held her breath and even snuggled closer to Lan Wu.

In this world, some humans are far more dangerous than the foolish vampire behind her.

The two of them huddled behind a tree like quails, waiting for the SUV to drive away before returning to the road. After walking for a while, Ji Lingyue suddenly realized something: "How did you know a car was coming?"

Lan Wu replied matter-of-factly, "I heard it."

"Your hearing is that good?"

Lan Wu raised her head, her nose practically pointing to the sky with pride: "Of course!"

Ji Lingyue said angrily, "Then why do you ask me what I'm talking

about when I'm cursing at you? Is it fun to tease me?"

"That's because you can only concentrate on listening to one direction at a time… Wait," Lan Wu realized, "Are you insulting me?"

Ji Lingyue: "…You misheard me."

Lan Wu said firmly, "You insulted me."

Ji Lingyue quickened her pace: "I didn't!"

Lan Wu narrowed her eyes, suddenly grabbed her by the back of her collar, and pulled her back to her side: "Why are you being so rude to me?" She asked, somewhat confused, "Shouldn't you be afraid of me?"

Ji Lingyue raised her eyes, looked at her for a while, and asked in return, "Who would be afraid of a vampire who says he'll help kill bad guys but only dares to beat them up and steal their food? You talk a good game, but all you can do is scare me."

"I knew you were thinking about this," Lan Wu said, displeased. "But murder violates the Vampire Regulations."

"Where is the law now?" Ji Lingyue said fiercely, "If you don't dare, then you don't dare. What high-sounding reasons are you giving me?"

Lan Wu took a breath, raised her hand and pointed at her tremblingly for a long time, saying in a fierce but cowardly tone, "Do you believe I'll bite you?"

Ji Lingyue raised her chin, about to threaten to bite her, when she realized that she was really capable of doing it. She immediately held her breath, adjusted her backpack strap, turned around and walked forward in silence.

Lan Wu called out to her twice from behind, but when she ignored her completely, she angrily punched the air: "You, you're so fierce, no one must have liked you before!"

Ji Lingyue: "You're so likable, but you still need me to lead the way, right?"

Lan Wu remained silent for a long while, then pursed her lips and huffed and puffed as she followed behind her, expressing her dissatisfaction with heavy breathing.

The two walked in silence until dusk, when they finally emerged from

the canyon and came to a dilapidated town. Lan Wu tilted her head and listened around for a while before taking the lead and walking towards a three-story building with its doors wide open. Ji Lingyue followed a step behind, looked up at the cobweb-covered sign high up, and softly read aloud: “Happiness Hotel.”

Looking further ahead, the little vampire’s figure had already disappeared into the depths of the hall.

Ji Lingyue hesitated for a moment, then turned to look at the desolate and quiet street. Feeling a little scared, she quickened her pace and jogged to catch up.

“Lan Wu?”

She ran up to the second floor and was greeted by a long, dark corridor. The walls on both sides were covered in stains, and the chandelier hanging from the ceiling was broken. It looked like it had been like this since before the disaster.

A dripping sound came from somewhere. Ji Lingyue looked around, and just as she took a step forward, the floorboards creaked. She froze, and after her wildly beating heart calmed down, she reached for the dagger hanging at her waist: “Lan Wu?”

A cold hand suddenly landed on her shoulder: “Hmm?”

Ji Lingyue was startled and quickly drew her weapon, thrusting it behind her. With a soft “thud,” the person standing behind her blinked, stared at her for a moment, and then slowly looked down at the blade piercing her heart.

“…”

Ji Lingyue exclaimed in surprise and quickly stepped back: “I didn’t mean to, why did you suddenly speak up?”

Lan Wu pursed her lips, pulled out the knife herself, looked up at her, and said, word by word, “Ji Lingyue.”

Her sweet voice sounded eerie at this moment, and Ji Lingyue felt a sense of foreboding. She turned and ran, but the next second, a cold breath pressed against her back, and a pair of arms wrapped around her chest, trapping her tightly in their embrace.

Sharp canine teeth easily pierced her tender neck. Ji Lingyue

whimpered and her body went limp, but she still struggled to protest: "You, you can't… take revenge for personal reasons…"

Lan Wu ignored her, grabbed her and stumbled open a door, locked it, and then pressed her down onto the not-so-soft bed.

As Ji Lingyue gasped for breath, her consciousness fading, the person on top of her seemed to loosen their grip. Then, a soft, wet tongue cautiously approached and gently licked her bleeding wound.

The girl shuddered, opened her mouth, and let out a sweet, husky moan: "Mmm…"

"…"

"…"

Both of them were stunned. After a moment of silence, Ji Lingyue suddenly struggled in shame and indignation: "You, you get off me!"

Lan Wu blinked: "No."

"What did you say?"

I said no.

Lan Wu lowered her head, curiously approaching her, and said earnestly, "You called out very nicely, can you say it again?"

Vampire AU-5

"I suddenly realized…" Lan Wu pondered, "You feel strangely firm to the touch."

Ji Lingyue: ?

The person who spoke was lying on her back, holding her tightly in his arms. The little vampire looked slender, but when he pressed down on her, he was like an iron tower, and she couldn't budge him at all. Ji Lingyue struggled for a long time, but she exhausted all her strength. At this moment, she was like a fish on a chopping board, at the mercy of others.

Lan Wu pressed her cool paws against her belly, feeling the slender muscles rising and falling with her breath, and said appraisingly, "You must exercise often."

Ji Lingyue shivered from the coldness of her hands and started thrashing about again: “Let me go!”

Lan Wu remained unmoved, her palm slowly sliding up Ji Lingyue’s stomach until it touched the edge of her bra. She then ran her hand along the lower edge for half a circle. Ji Lingyue’s body stiffened, her teeth chattering: “What are you going to do?”

“Touch you.”

As she spoke, Lan Wu’s fingertips gradually sank into the delicate, jade-like flesh of Ji Lingyue’s breasts. Before long, her close-fitting bra was stretched high, and Ji Lingyue gasped, feeling as if her chest had been encased in a handful of ice.

She blinked nervously and stammered weakly, “I…I was wrong, I shouldn’t have yelled at you.”

“uh-huh.”

Ji Lingyue racked her brains: “I… I shouldn’t have stabbed you either.”

“Um.”

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and cautiously turned back: “Are you still angry?”

Lan Wu raised an eyebrow: “I’m not angry anymore.”

Ji Lingyue: “…Then, what are you doing?”

“You asked about this?” Lan Wu pinched her nipple, and after hearing the gasp she was looking forward to, she smiled and said, “I didn’t do this because I was angry, I did it because I wanted to.”

Ji Lingyue froze, staring at her for a moment before finally realizing what she meant: “You want to fuck me?”

Lan Wu readily agreed.

Ji Lingyue took a breath and struggled violently: “No!”

Unfortunately, her resistance seemed like that of a kitten to Lan Wu. Lan Wu picked her up, jumped off the bed, and went into the corner bathroom. It wasn’t as dusty there, but the space was cramped, and it was a bit crowded with just two people standing there. She pinned Ji

Lingyue's hands behind her back and pushed her to stand under the showerhead. As soon as she turned on the switch, cold water poured down, soaking Ji Lingyue from head to toe. She shuddered and quickly backed away, shivering.

"cold……"

Lan Wu grabbed Ji Lingyue's collar with one hand and easily tore it in two with a little force. She pushed Ji Lingyue's naked body onto the cold tiles, lowered her head and kissed her wet neck a few times. Unable to resist the temptation of the sweet smell so close at hand, she took a bite.

"Mmm, mmm…" The girl frowned, her body sliding down uncontrollably. After being caught by Lan Wu, she let out a weak sob: "No, Lan Wu…"

Warm blood flowed down her throat, and Lan Wu groaned comfortably a few times. Instead, she pinched Ji Lingyue's chin, making her obediently lean against her shoulder to receive blood. The back of her clothes gradually became wet and clung tightly to her body. Lan Wu frowned, slightly loosening her grip on Ji Lingyue, continuing to lick her neck while groping to untie the ties on her own skirt.

The girl in front of her shivered, drooped her head and curled up, trembling like a frightened sheep. Lan Wu was stunned and subconsciously reflected on her attitude. Just as she was about to say something to comfort her, her foot was stomped hard. Then, Ji Lingyue grabbed the shampoo bottle next to her and smashed it hard on her head.

"Thump!"

"Hmm!"

After the loud bang, Lan Wu clutched her head in pain and backed away, but stumbled and fell into the bathtub. She gasped for breath, and before she could recover from the sudden pain, the person who attacked her quickly ran out of the bathroom, slammed the door shut, and locked it.

She was stunned for a moment, and then, after realizing what had happened, her anger flared up.

"Ji Lingyue!"

The locked door was nothing more than a fragile toy to her. Lan Wu kicked it open and stormed out. The girl, who had just put on a clean shirt, glanced at her in horror and then stumbled and ran out.

Lan Wu instantly stood between her and the door, arms crossed, and asked coldly, “Where do you think you’re going?”

Ji Lingyue froze on the spot, staring at Lan Wu’s gloomy face, and inappropriately drifted off into thought for a few seconds. In the past, she would never have imagined that this bright and cheerful face, always full of smiles, could show such a chilling expression.

Lan Wu stared at her, took a step forward, and Ji Lingyue immediately woke up and quickly backed away. Lan Wu gave her a deep look, turned her head, and reached into the backpack next to her.

Standing not far away, Ji Lingyue stared intently at her every move. When she saw what the girl took out of her backpack, she was utterly shocked: “You, you…this…”

That was actually a two-headed… thing!

Such a grotesque tool, when held in Lan Wu’s fair and beautiful fingers, creates an even stronger sense of impact.

The fear temporarily vanished, and Ji Lingyue exclaimed, “Where did you get that kind of thing?!”

Lan Wu: “I picked it up on the road.”

“You’re touching this?!” Ji Lingyue pointed a trembling finger at her: “You, you’re disgusting!”

Lan Wu said with dissatisfaction, “I just happened to see it.”

Ji Lingyue was lost in her own thoughts, and the more she thought about it, the more something seemed wrong. She was so angry that she almost fainted: “I actually carried this kind of thing for you the whole way?”

This attitude really annoyed Lan Wu. She gritted her teeth, then suddenly grinned, revealing a sinister smile: “Yes, you brought this stuff, so of course you have to experience it for yourself. Sigh, I didn’t want to use it, but seeing how it is now, I have no choice but to.”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: “What?”

“No!” After being stripped naked again and pinned to the bed, Ji Lingyue struggled violently, a bright red blush rising in her eyes: “You can’t…you can’t do this!”

“Why not?” Lan Wu sneered. “You lied to me before and fucked me, so why can’t I fuck you back?”

Ji Lingyue’s voice trembled: “Anyway, it just won’t work!”

Her resistance was so intense that Lan Wu stopped what she was doing and hesitated before asking, “Do you have someone you like?”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback. After a long while, she turned her head and looked at her with her wet eyes: “Yes…”

Lan Wu pursed her lips, her face growing even colder: “You have someone you like, and you even lied to me about sleeping with me before?” She took a breath, growing angrier the more she thought about it, and slapped Ji Lingyue’s buttocks hard: “You scumbag!”

A pink blush quickly rose on her snow-white buttocks. Ji Lingyue sobbed, a few tears falling from her eyes, which turned red, whether from grievance or sadness, it was hard to tell.

Lan Wu crawled closer on her knees, hesitated for a moment, then took the cleaned double-headed toy and held it between her legs, parted her wet and soft labia, and slowly inserted it.

“Hmm…”

It was only the second time, and there had been no foreplay. The tight passage took some effort to fully swallow the slightly thick columnar object. The girl frowned and let out a few soft moans. The sound seemed to be right next to her ear, so much so that even though Ji Lingyue was still heartbroken, her body trembled involuntarily, and her inner thighs became wet.

After a moment, Lan Wu let out a soft breath, then, gripping Ji Lingyue’s waist with both hands, pulled her towards her. The cool rubber toy rested on her soft, white buttocks, and Ji Lingyue tensed, still struggling to crawl forward: “I…I don’t want to…”

“Don’t move.” Lan Wu leaned down and pressed her down, her sharp teeth grinding against the back of her neck as if she were about to bite down: “Have you ever done it with someone you like?”

Ji Lingyue could only choke back tears: “No.”

Unable to get an answer, Lan Wu sighed regretfully, her cold fingers probing the girl’s genitals, peeling back the sensitive clitoris and rubbing it: “You did this to me before.”

Ji Lingyue’s long eyelashes trembled, and she curled up with a groan, shaking like a leaf. Soon, she was brought to a wetness by Lan Wu’s clumsy hands. Lan Wu lowered her eyes, grabbed her neck like a wild beast, and spread Ji Lingyue’s buttocks apart with both hands, slowly inserting herself into the opening.

Tears streamed down her face as Ji Lingyue sobbed, burying her face in the pillow, her thin body trembling.

After inserting it all the way in, Lan Wu swayed her waist and rubbed against the toy inside her, letting out comfortable gasps. Ji Lingyue was pressed down by her, her body heaving from the intercourse. Her fair skin was rubbed red by the sheets, which stung a little, but the pleasure below was so real and intense that it flowed through her limbs and made her unconsciously go limp.

Thick strands of hair were stuck to her face with sweat. Ji Lingyue groaned and bit her lip, not wanting to make a sound. Lan Wu seemed to have discovered her intention and suddenly increased the amplitude of her hip movements, panting to herself while thrusting haphazardly.

“Um!”

Ji Lingyue suddenly gripped the bedsheet tightly, panting heavily as she was being fucked, and cried out in a tearful voice, “You, um, you… you bastard vampire!”

Lan Wu smiled, slowly pulling out the long pillar, paused, and then thrust it in again. She slapped Ji Lingyue’s buttocks with a delighted slap, and the girl’s rosy vulva immediately contracted, tightly gripping the foreign object inside. Ji Lingyue whimpered, biting her lip, her body trembling shamefully, and a gush of fluid spurted from her vagina.

Lan Wu was taken aback. She glanced down at Ji Lingyue’s shoulder blades, which were heaving with her rapid breathing, and said with a hint of smugness, “Look, you’re clearly not annoying, and…” She curled her lips, swayed her waist, and controlled the instrument to grind against the girl’s flower core, which indeed produced more

splashes of water: “You’re clearly enjoying it so much.”

“Ah…ah…no…” Ji Lingyue couldn’t help but arch her back, her legs trembling, and her juices dripped down her face as if she had lost control of her bladder. Lan Wu smiled even more brightly, bending down to press her soft lips against Ji Lingyue’s scarred nape. The icy breath she exhaled sent shivers down her spine, like a venomous snake slowly tightening its grip to strangle its prey, sending chills down her spine.

Ji Lingyue realized what she was about to do, and quickly shook her head, kneeling on the bed and trying to crawl forward, saying indistinctly, “No…no, I can’t take it anymore.”

As she moved, a long piece of the instrument was spat out, sticky, transparent vaginal fluid clinging to it, drawing out pink, alluring flesh. Lan Wu reached out and hugged her waist, suddenly pulling her back, causing the girl to sit back awkwardly, and the thick, long instrument sank deep inside her.

She screamed in surprise, her mind going blank with pleasure. Her whole body trembled as the cold mouth held her neck, and her lower body uncontrollably gushed out streams of lustful fluid. Lan Wu’s hand slid down her lower abdomen, her fingers sinking into her wet and hot nest, pinching her erect clitoris, and began to rub it without any restraint.

“Mmm, ah, ah…”

Like a fish thrown ashore, Ji Lingyue struggled and kicked on the bed. She opened her mouth but could not make a sound. When Lan Wu bit her neck, she finally cried out. The fluid of her orgasm was splashed on the bed by the constantly moving instruments. Lan Wu hugged her tightly, closed her eyes, and was intoxicated by the sweetness of her blood.

After a while, she licked away the drops of blood seeping from the girl’s wound and said with fascination, “You really are delicious.”

Vampire AU-6

In the dead of night, Lan Wu suddenly woke up, tilted her head and listened carefully to something. After a moment, she nimbly climbed to the window, peeking out with only one eye.

A blurry black shadow was slowly walking from the other end of the

street. The thing was on all fours, moving unsteadily, looking around. When it turned its head, Lan Wu realized that it was a huge brown bear. However, half of the bear's face was rotten to the point of exposing the white bone, and its almond-sized pupils were filled with terrifying blood vessels.

She immediately felt her hair stand on end and shrank back in fear.

She had no heartbeat, nor any human scent. Even a corpse bear infected with the virus probably wouldn't notice her, but Ji Lingyue was different.

She turned to look at the person on the bed. The girl had her eyes closed, her thick eyelashes casting a fan-shaped shadow. After what had happened a few hours ago, she was breathing heavily and was fast asleep.

After hesitating for a long time, she quietly climbed back into bed, shook Ji Lingyue's shoulder to wake her up. Ji Lingyue was still sleepy and could barely open her eyes. As soon as she opened her mouth, Lan Wu covered it with one hand and shushed her very softly.

Ji Lingyue's long eyelashes fluttered as she gradually came to her senses. After Lan Wu let go, she stood up and mouthed, "What's wrong?"

Lan Wu shook her head, reached for clothes and helped her put them on. Ji Lingyue blinked, then obediently stretched out her arms and legs. After being helped into her clothes, she lowered her voice and asked, "What's wrong?"

Lan Wu was about to answer in a low voice when she suddenly heard a very faint clicking sound from downstairs. She was startled and quickly looked out the window, only to find that the corpse bear that had been wandering the street just moments before was gone.

Thump—

Something heavy stepped up the stairs.

Thump—thump—

The faint panting seemed to carry a foul stench, and the girl beside her felt her heartbeat quicken instantly, almost overlapping with the approaching footsteps. Lan Wu subconsciously looked at Ji Lingyue and found her staring at the closed door with a pale face, her body

tense up without her noticing.

This girl has an unusual sensitivity to impending crises.

Lan Wu hadn't expected the corpse bear's sense of smell to be even more acute than when it was alive, so she immediately abandoned her illusions and pulled Ji Lingyue to her side.

Ji Lingyue trembled, looking at her in alarm, and reached for the dagger by the bedside with one hand.

"Come up."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: "What?"

Lan Wu bent down with her back to her and said, "Come on up!"

The footsteps suddenly quickened, heading straight for their room. Ji Lingyue didn't have time to think, grabbed her dagger and pounced on Lan Wu's back. Almost at the same time, a deep roar rang out, the door was smashed open, and a huge black shadow stomped on the floor, making it creak. The entire hotel seemed to tremble.

Amidst the noise, Lan Wu shouted "Hold on tight!" and jumped out of the window in a few steps. She grabbed the drainpipe next to her and nimbly climbed up.

After the loud crash, the glass shattered and crashed onto the street outside. Sharp claws reached out from the window and tried to grab upwards, but they only barely grazed the hem of Lan Wu's skirt before embedding themselves in the outer wall, leaving a deep claw mark.

The little vampire clung to the outer wall like a nimble spider. Once she felt a little safe, she glanced down and gasped in fear, "So fierce."

No sooner had she finished speaking than a gunshot rang out from somewhere, whistling as it struck the corpse bear in the eye socket. The second bullet, however, changed its trajectory and flew toward the two people crouching on the roof. Lan Wu was startled and instinctively turned around to shield Ji Lingyue behind her.

With a soft thud, the bullet pierced her chest. Lan Wu cried out in pain and collapsed heavily to the ground.

An unexpected burning sensation began to spread from the wound. She opened her eyes wide in alarm, gasping for breath as she

struggled to look down at her wound.

Instead of healing as quickly as before, thick blood seeped out, spreading like a black flower on the white fabric.

"Lan Wu..."

A hoarse voice came from the side. Ji Lingyue shook her dizzy head, staggered to her side, and carried her to a safe place.

Lan Wu was dragged over weakly. She lowered her head and coughed up dark red blood. She was panting and frowning. Her beautiful face was as pale as paper, and her pretty eyes, which were shimmering with water, gradually became unfocused.

Unlike human blood, which was cold and icy, it touched Ji Lingyue's fingertips. She froze, and after a long while, she slowly looked at the person in her arms: "Lan Wu?"

Lan Wu drooped her head, her lowered eyelashes casting a serene shadow on her face.

Ji Lingyue's eyes widened, and she instinctively pulled her into her arms, her voice trembling as she said, "What's wrong? Lan Wu, you're a vampire, you'll be alright..."

As she spoke, she struggled to lift the unconscious girl, trying to help her stand up on her own. But Lan Wu slumped down, causing the small girl to fall back to the ground with her.

"Lan Wu..."

Ji Lingyue whimpered, ignoring her aching knees, and still desperately tried to lift Lan Wu. Perhaps her pitiful cries had some effect, for Lan Wu's long eyelashes trembled, and her heavy eyelids barely opened a crack: "Yin..."

"Silver, silver?" Ji Lingyue finally realized what was happening and asked in astonishment, "Is it a silver bullet?"

She hurriedly tried to undress Lan Wu, but her hands trembled violently. It took her several attempts to finally unbutton the clothes. When she touched the vampire's cold blood, the girl sniffed and couldn't help but let out a sob.

"Hmm..."

She frantically wiped away the tears from the corners of her eyes with her sleeve, staring at the gruesome bloody hole, utterly helpless: "What…what should I do? Lan Wu, Lan Wu, what should I do?"

But no one could answer her anymore. Ji Lingyue looked up in a panic and saw only Lan Wu's tightly closed eyes.

The girl wasn't breathing, and lying there silently, Ji Lingyue truly didn't know whether she had fainted or was actually dead.

The bright moon hung high, and the long night had not yet come to an end. Ji Lingyue carried the person on her back and carefully walked forward along the alley while gripping a sharp dagger and warily observing everything around her.

Carrying someone downstairs had taken a lot of her energy, but luckily, she escaped the building before the person who injured Lan Wu arrived.

Ji Lingyue tried her best to keep her steps as light as possible. After turning the corner, she found herself on another long street.

This dilapidated town probably didn't have many residents even before the disaster. Tonight, she hasn't encountered a single zombie, which is a good thing. Otherwise, she doesn't know if she could protect Lan Wu and herself before Lan Wu wakes up.

Now, she needs to find another place to hide.

Ji Lingyue looked around for a while, her gaze sweeping over a coffin shop called "Yongshou House" on the side, and she couldn't help but stop.

Um……

Hidden here, those hiding in the shadows probably never would have guessed.

Having made up her mind, Ji Lingyue quickly went over and crawled under the roller shutter door that was not fully closed.

After carefully closing the door, she turned around and saw several square shadows quietly arranged behind her. Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, walked to the innermost coffin, carried Lan Wu inside, and then gently closed the lid.

The surroundings were suddenly plunged into pitch black, but she was not afraid of the darkness. Because the narrow space was so close to Lan Wu, she hugged her even tighter and buried her head in Lan Wu's chest.

She had already dug out the bullets, but in reality, she didn't know if she had saved Lan Wu.

Ji Lingyue closed her eyes, and after a long while, in the silent darkness, a soft sigh escaped her lips: "If only you had a heartbeat."

——

If the next chapter is tomorrow, it will probably be about Xiao Lan waking up seriously injured, delirious, and irritable, then stir-frying Xiao Yue in her coffin. If not, the main storyline will continue.

Vampire AU-7

In the darkness, two small red light bulbs suddenly lit up.

Lan Wu moved slightly, and a burning pain shot through her chest, as if she were being scorched by the sun. She licked her lips; her throat was dry, and she felt dizzy. She desperately needed something to drink to quench her thirst.

She felt a steady breathing coming from her arms. Lan Wu sniffed blankly, catching a hint of sweetness in the woody fragrance. She lowered her head and followed the scent, her cool canine teeth pressing against her delicate neck, feeling the blood flowing beneath the thin layer of skin.

"Um……"

The person in her arms let out a soft moan, a hand draped over her shoulder, and murmured, "Lan Wu?" Ji Lingyue drowsily opened her eyes, met the red eyes so close to hers, and asked after a beat, "You're awake?"

Unaware of the joy hidden in her voice, she subconsciously reached out to touch Lan Wu's face, but Lan Wu glanced at her hand warily, turned her head away, and took a bite.

"ah!"

Ji Lingyue let out a short scream, fully waking up. She heard gurgling

swallowing sounds, and the canine teeth embedded in her neck seemed to radiate a chilling coldness, spreading like venomous snakes throughout her body. She couldn't help but shiver, her body gradually going limp. Only one hand remained, clinging weakly to Lan Wu's shoulder, as she weakly pushed her away: "No…"

She whimpered, squinting her wet eyes, and groaned pitifully, "Lan Wu, if you keep sucking, I'm going to…die…"

"Lan Wu…"

A tearful voice reached her ears. Lan Wu blinked, finally releasing her mouth and looking down at her. Thanks to her vampire night vision, she could still see Ji Lingyue clearly in the darkness.

The girl was pale, covered in cold sweat, and her eyes were filled with tears, as if she was about to cry.

It seems she doesn't have the strength to escape.

Lan Wu felt relieved and slowly lay down, burying her head in Ji Lingyue's chest.

Ji Lingyue was breathing rapidly, staring blankly at the darkness above her head. After a while, she raised her hand and tried to touch the wound on her neck.

Unexpectedly, her action triggered something like a mechanism. The little vampire, who had finally calmed down, suddenly raised his head, bared his teeth in a threatening manner, pressed her arm down to the bottom of the coffin, and made a fierce growl in his throat.

Ji Lingyue was startled and looked at her in alarm: "Lan Wu?"

Lan Wu stared at her, her eyes bloodshot, completely devoid of their usual clear and gentle gaze.

Ji Lingyue froze instantly. Although she didn't know Lan Wu's condition, she knew it was definitely very bad for her.

Sure enough, Lan Wu opened her mouth and was about to bite down again.

Ji Lingyue was startled and quickly covered her mouth. Lan Wu made a gurgling sound in her throat and simply bit the edge of her palm.

"Hmm…"

Ji Lingyue frowned, disregarding the cramped space, and struggled to entangle with her. With a few thuds, her arms and knees hit the hard walls. Ji Lingyue, panting, pressed Lan Wu down. The little vampire was probably still recovering from serious injuries, and her strength was much weaker than usual. She couldn't break free for a moment.

A hand gripped her chin: "Let go!"

Lan Wu was like an untamed wild beast. Half of her face was pressed against the bottom of the coffin, but she still glared at her through her messy hair, her teeth digging deep into the edge of her palm, clenching even tighter.

"You…" Ji Lingyue was about to cry: "You bastard!"

Having exhausted all options with Lan Wu, she retorted in a fit of desperation, "Go ahead and bite me to death!"

Just as they were locked in a stalemate, faint footsteps suddenly came from outside. Ji Lingyue froze and subconsciously turned her head to listen. In that brief moment of relaxation, Lan Wu suddenly tackled her and slammed her heavily onto the wooden board beneath her.

Ji Lingyue groaned, and when she looked up and saw that she had come closer again, her anger flared up.

What a… what a shameless vampire who doesn't care about the situation!

She clenched her fists, too lazy to pay attention to the commotion outside, and casually grabbed Lan Wu's slender neck, raising her head to bite her lips hard.

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then bit back without backing down.

Thick blood and saliva mingled in their mouths, their lips and tongues entwining in a lascivious, wet sound. Their lips gradually turned crimson. In this fight, only Ji Lingyue was panting heavily from exhaustion.

Before they knew it, their biting had turned into a passionate kiss. Lan Wu softened her movements, sucking away the blood from the tip of her tongue and carefully licking it.

She seemed to have calmed down a bit.

Ji Lingyue turned her head away, her face flushed, and took a few quick breaths before Lan Wu pressed her lips against hers again.

never mind……

She resignedly closed her eyes, tilted her head back, and hugged her shoulders.

A kiss is better than being bitten.

After the long kiss ended, Ji Lingyue's body was so weak that she had no strength left. She blinked her wet eyes, looked into the girl's beautiful eyes, and was about to ask her if she had regained her senses when she was kissed again by the sticky kiss.

Okay, it seems not.

But this time, Lan Wu lowered her head, and a cool kiss traveled down her neck. Ji Lingyue trembled and subconsciously looked down at her, a bad feeling creeping into her heart.

Sure enough, Lan Wu impatiently tore her clothes to shreds and then grabbed her underwear. Ji Lingyue was shocked and hurriedly covered her chest, exclaiming, "What are you doing?!"

Lan Wu ignored her, grabbed her wrist and pressed it above her head, tearing her underwear to shreds as well.

Ji Lingyue opened her eyes wide and struggled desperately, but she had exhausted too much energy from her struggle with Lan Wu, and now she was like a lamb to the slaughter in Lan Wu's hands.

"You…you stop right now…" Ji Lingyue tried to kick her, but was instead grabbed by the leg of her pants. With a tearing sound, her two calves were exposed to the air. Lan Wu lowered her head and took the swaying red stamen in her mouth. The cold tip of her tongue immediately made Ji Lingyue tremble.

"Mmm—" she moaned softly, her body trembling. "No, no…not here…"

The vampire's kiss traveled down her lower abdomen, skillfully tearing her waistband, and kissed her wet, slippery clitoris amidst the girl's gasp.

Ji Lingyue suddenly tilted her head back, panting heavily. Soon, clear

sounds of water came from beneath her, along with swallowing sounds. She reached into Lan Wu's soft hair and pulled hard at the roots, as if to make Lan Wu feel the pain as well: "You… annoying, um, annoying vampire!"

The girl's clitoris was still a little red and swollen. She had been tormented in the hotel a few hours ago, and now she was being stimulated again. Before long, she ejaculated on Lan Wu's lips and tongue.

"Mmm, mmm…" She gasped for breath, feeling increasingly dizzy in the sweltering space, yet she still managed to mutter intermittently, "If I had known, I wouldn't have saved you… I would have let you… die here… Ah!" She suddenly jerked back, her wet buttocks retreating, tears streaming down her face as she looked at the vampire below: "No, don't bite…"

Lan Wu glanced at her, then pinched her thighs and spread them wider, her cold tongue probing into the opening and closing acupoints.

The knees that were resting on her shoulders curled up, and her two calves trembled restlessly in the air. Ji Lingyue bit her lip, grabbed her long hair haphazardly and then let go. After repeating this struggle several times, she finally gave up and exhaled, swaying her naked body to meet Lan Wu's movements.

"You like licking so much…" She pressed Lan Wu's head down, arched her back, and put it in her mouth: "Then, ha… lick it all clean."

The sweet liquid soaked her face. Lan Wu licked her lips, straightened up, but her head slammed into the coffin lid with a thud.

She groaned, clutching her head and curling into a ball. Ji Lingyue, lying below, heard the noise and chuckled, saying in a hoarse voice, "Serves you right…"

While Lan Wu remained squatting still, she regained her strength, propped herself up, and sat up, leaning against the cold wooden board behind her. She had no clothes covering her body, and after the water on her buttocks and thighs lost its warmth, her body shivered from the cold.

That damn vampire, he even took her clothes…

Before she could finish cursing Lan Wu in her mind, the object of her

curses came close again, her soft lips pressing against her neck.

Ji Lingyue froze, closing her eyes in despair, but instead of feeling the pain of the canine teeth piercing her, something soft and smooth pressed against the teeth marks left earlier and gently licked them.

She couldn't help but shrank her shoulders, groaned softly, and turned her head to hug Lan Wu's waist. After being licked, the wound on her neck suddenly started to itch, as if it had been sprinkled with anesthetic, and the pain slowly subsided.

Ji Lingyue glanced at her in surprise, but before she could figure it out, Lan Wu picked up her arm and started licking her bruised elbow.

"Mmm, mmm, no…" Ji Lingyue groaned hoarsely, but did not seriously resist. Lan Wu, like a large, furry dog, carefully patrolled every wound on her hands, then pinched her calf and earnestly licked her bleeding knee.

"Ugh…" Ji Lingyue clenched her fists and twisted her waist, trying to pull her leg back, but Lan Wu held it firmly. Her cheeks flushed with heat, and as she struggled, she felt a gush of hot liquid flowing from between her legs, which made her even more ashamed and indignant.

She actually felt aroused by Lan Wu's licking.

After patiently finishing her work, Lan Wu turned Ji Lingyue over and carefully examined her. Finding no other wounds, she looked up at Ji Lingyue with bright, sparkling eyes, seemingly waiting for praise.

Ji Lingyue was forced to kneel and crawl, unable to straighten up because of her weight, and said angrily, "You're so annoying…"

Lan Wu was taken aback, seemingly not expecting this attitude from her, and her big eyes quickly became watery.

Ji Lingyue glanced at her and sighed helplessly, "You vampires, when you go crazy, do you have a dual ghost personality?"

As she spoke, she turned around with difficulty and reached out to push Lan Wu: "Move aside, give me some room…"

Lan Wu glanced at the hand that was on her shoulder, tilted her head, and kissed her forearm.

Ji Lingyue: "You're here again—"

Before he could finish speaking, his icy fingertips slid down her lower abdomen, touching her swollen clitoris between her legs, and rubbed it without any hesitation.

She shuddered suddenly, and before she could react, Lan Wu pressed her down to lie down, her waist wedged between her legs. When the rough fabric rubbed against her inner thighs, Ji Lingyue realized that after all this commotion, Lan Wu was still wearing her clothes.

"It's not fair…" Her waist trembled as she was being rubbed, and she gasped for breath, but she still stubbornly grabbed Lan Wu's collar, stammering, "You, you also want to… um, take your clothes off…"

Lan Wu bit her lip and inserted a finger into the narrow opening. With each thrust, her hand was soon covered in her own juices. Ji Lingyue moaned and groaned as she was fucked hard a dozen times before she shuddered and ejaculated.

The sound of water dripping onto the wooden board was clearly audible. Ji Lingyue blushed and buried her face in Lan Wu's shoulder. Lan Wu lowered her head and nibbled on her earlobe. Her throat bobbed a few times, and she suddenly uttered her first word since waking up: "Hot…"

Lan Wu blinked and mumbled, "Your body is so hot…"

Ji Lingyue paused, looking at her blankly. Lan Wu slowly rotated the fingers inserted into the orifice, grinding against the tightly clinging flesh: "It's so hot inside."

"Uh…you," Ji Lingyue's voice trembled, her watery eyes staring at her weakly, "I haven't…I haven't said anything about you yet, it's too cold…"

Lan Wu frowned and thought seriously for a while: "Move around more, and you won't be cold."

Ji Lingyue: ?

She sensed something was wrong and was about to kick Lan Wu away when she was grabbed by the chin and kissed, and the fingers that were inserted into her vagina started moving again.

The uncontrollable moans were all choked in her throat. Ji Lingyue whimpered and squinted her eyes. She kicked her legs wildly on the wooden board, which only made Lan Wu go deeper. The soft opening

was fucked and produced a lot of juice, which flowed down her buttocks and made her buttocks wet.

Lan Wu released her lips, her fingertips still buried deep inside the acupoint, while her palm heavily rubbed the small clitoris outside. Ji Lingyue gasped with a sob in her voice, her body heaving as she was pushed against the acupoint, her fair skin flushed with a lovely pink mist.

Amidst the gurgling sound of water, Lan Wu leaned close to her ear and whispered, "You said before that you have someone you like…" She paused, then asked curiously, "Who is it?"

As she asked this question, she pulled her hand out and pinched Ji Lingyue's clitoris, kneading it lightly or heavily, her beautiful face full of innocence: "Can you tell me?"

Ji Lingyue suddenly straightened up, crying as she released a stream of fluid into her palm, feeling so good that her mind went blank and she almost forgot her own name.

Lan Wu didn't give her a chance to rest. She rubbed the contracting opening and then inserted herself again.

"No…" The girl tensed up instantly, her vaginal muscles gripping her knuckles tightly, almost immobilizing her. Lan Wu ignored her, forcefully thrusting in and opening up the sensitive passage: "Who do you like?"

Ji Lingyue shook her head, sobbing. Trapped in this small world, she felt trapped and unable to escape. Even the pleasure seemed endless, with no end in sight.

Her body was turned over again, and Lan Wu kissed her buttocks from behind, then extended her tongue to lovingly lick the dripping flesh of her vulva, while her fingertips kneaded the sensitive clitoris.

She had come too many times already, and now, with just a little rubbing, she shuddered and squirted out, her body slumping downwards. Lan Wu chuckled, lifted her waist, and smoothly inserted her fingertips deep inside, while her other hand kneaded her buttocks at will.

As expected, a few seconds later, the girl's soft moans rang in her ears. Lan Wu lowered her eyes and sighed regretfully, "I really want her to see what you look like now."

Vampire AU-8

“Knock knock”.

“Knock knock”.

“Knock knock—”

Annoying noises continued to ring in her ears. Frowning in frustration, Ji Lingyue opened her parched lips and called out, “Lan Wu—”

The outside world fell silent for a moment, then Lan Wu, clinging to the edge of the coffin, poked her head out and looked at her with bright eyes: “Good morning, you’re awake?”

Ji Lingyue muttered, “You’re so noisy.”

“I’m sorry.” She quickly apologized, then added, “But it’s almost midnight now, you’ve been sleeping for too long.”

“Isn’t it all your fault?”

Speaking of this, her anger flared up instantly. Recalling the scene of being tormented by Lan Wu last night, she suddenly felt her waist and legs ache even more. She was no longer afraid of Lan Wu’s threat of sucking blood and glared at her.

Lan Wu nervously tapped the coffin lid, stammering, “I’m sorry, last night… I wasn’t fully conscious last night…”

Because of silver bullets?

Lan Wu hummed in agreement and honestly replied, “The silver bullet will cause me to lose blood continuously. If I lose too much blood, my body will become weak and my rationality will gradually collapse. In human terms, it means… that I will become unrecognizable to my own family.”

“I can tell.” She took a deep breath, enduring the discomfort as she slowly sat up. “Next time, I should find a silver dagger to stab you.”

Lan Wu laughed awkwardly and handed her the clean clothes she had prepared beforehand. Ji Lingyue was taken aback and subconsciously asked, “Where did you find these new clothes?”

Lan Wu pointed outside the door: “There’s a clothing store over there on the street.”

"You've been out?"

The girl nodded.

"How could you go out?" She frowned, her voice suddenly becoming serious. "The person who hit you last night used a silver bullet. Even if it wasn't a vampire hunter, it must have been another team targeting vampires. How dare you run out alone?"

Lan Wu asked blankly, "A vampire hunter?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback, stared at her for a while, and finally hesitated before saying, "You…you've been hiding in that villa all this time, so you probably don't know that after the virus outbreak, the conflict between humans and vampires has intensified again. Because, even in this situation, you vampires still want to drink human blood… So, those vampire hunters who disappeared a long time ago have reappeared. They will actively hunt down vampires and tame them…"

"Taming?"

Ji Lingyue sighed helplessly: "Didn't you notice? Those zombies never attack you. If you can tame them, you will be the most reliable tool to deal with zombies."

Lan Wu responded with an "oh," and after a moment's thought, asked, "Why didn't you tell me before?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: "I…"

"I understand," she said, putting on a serious face. "Are you thinking that it would be best if I knew nothing and was completely unprepared, easily captured by a vampire hunter, so that you could get rid of me?"

"…"

Unexpectedly, this stupid vampire actually showed some intelligence this time.

Ji Lingyue closed her eyes, feeling a headache coming on, and was just thinking of what to say to brush it off when the little vampire opened its round eyes and leaned close to her, asking curiously, "But you saved me last night, why did you save me? Why did you let me drink your blood? And why are you telling me about vampire hunters now?"

Ji Lingyue hurriedly said, “I didn’t ask you to drink my blood, you insisted on doing it yourself!”

Lan Wu nodded: “Then why did you save me?”

“I didn’t save you, I… I was so confused at the time, I just ran away with you without thinking.”

“Then why did you tell me about vampire hunters?”

“You…” Ji Lingyue was speechless after being bombarded with questions. Before she could come up with a suitable reason, Lan Wu chuckled and said brightly, “Haha, I knew it! You should have just admitted that you liked me sooner!”

“……What?”

The girl proudly raised her chin, looking like a cat with its tail held high: “It’s nothing shameful. After all, I’m so likable, and I even have the most followers on social media.”

I don’t like you!

“Then why did you come to my seventeenth birthday party?”

Ji Lingyue cried out in frustration, “I didn’t participate! I’m a waitress!”

“But so many people have birthday parties, why did you choose to be a waiter at mine?”

“Because we just happened to run into each other!”

“You still remember I had three rumored girlfriends!”

“It’s on TV every day, it would be strange if you didn’t remember, right?”

“You!” Lan Wu became more and more agitated as she spoke, her usually pale face gradually turning red: “If you don’t like me, why did you sleep with me on our first meeting?”

“I…” Ji Lingyue clenched her fists, about to say something, when Lan Wu’s expression turned solemn, she turned her head to listen, and after a while, she suddenly opened her eyes wide, got up abruptly and pushed Ji Lingyue into the coffin, and slammed the lid shut.

All the light suddenly disappeared, and they were plunged into complete darkness once again.

Ji Lingyue instinctively hugged her waist and asked softly, “What’s wrong?”

Lan Wu: “Shh.”

With a tense expression, she pressed Ji Lingyue closer to her, but her palm touched the soft, smooth skin, and she couldn’t help but lose herself in thought.

Ah… this person hasn’t changed their clothes yet.

Just then, rustling footsteps sounded outside the coffin shop, and a muffled voice came: “You really saw her?”

“Yes, I was on lookout this morning and I clearly saw her go into that women’s clothing store on the street.”

“That’s not right. She was shot right in the chest last night, how could she still be alive and kicking?”

“Didn’t you see there was someone else next to her? Probably another vampire…”

After a moment of silence, the woman said coldly, “Smell carefully, is your kind here?”

The noisy footsteps seemed to stop at the entrance of the coffin shop. Ji Lingyue opened her eyes wide, her heart almost leaping into her throat. Lan Wu also tensed up, preparing for the impending danger.

However, a hoarse voice said, “Not here.”

“Not here? Really?”

“He’s really not here.”

“Fine,” the woman said coldly, “keep searching. They’re injured, they won’t have gone far.”

A few intermittent responses came from outside the door. Soon, the footsteps faded into the distance and disappeared from her ears. Only then did Ji Lingyue breathe a sigh of relief and release her arms from Lan Wu.

Lan Wu remained tense, even straightening her back as if trying to push open the coffin lid and climb out. Ji Lingyue was startled and quickly grabbed her, asking, “What are you doing?”

The girl paused, turned around and looked at her: “Same kind.”

“What?”

“My kind have been captured by them.”

——

I’d also like to say thank you all for your support; the radio drama rights have been sold.

Vampire AU-9

After understanding what Lan Wu meant, Ji Lingyue was taken aback: “You want to save her?”

Lan Wu nodded.

“You’re asking for it.”

“You speak so harshly.”

“Because I’m telling the truth.” Ji Lingyue said patiently as she dressed, “First of all, they have guns loaded with silver bullets. Secondly, there are many of them, while you are all alone.”

“Don’t I still have you?”

Ji Lingyue sneered: “I appreciate your high regard, but why should I help you save a vampire? Even if I were willing to help you, we only have one vampire and one human, and we can’t defeat all of them.”

Lan Wu frowned: “I don’t care, you have to help me, or I’ll take a dump—”

Ji Lingyue: “You inhale.”

Lan Wu choked, staring at her without blinking.

The girl tilted her head slightly, a mocking smile in her dark eyes, as if she could see through the unease and cowardice beneath her tough exterior: “Go ahead and inhale.”

Do you think I wouldn't dare?

"I don't think so," she even leaned forward, tossing her soft, long hair and bringing her fair neck close to her face: "Come here."

Startled by her strange behavior, Lan Wu shut her mouth, involuntarily shrinking back and curling into a ball: "You, you want me to suck it and I'll just suck it? Wouldn't that be embarrassing?"

Ji Lingyue was silent for a moment, then turned her head and scrutinized her: "Are you trying to save face?"

"No!"

Lan Wu stared wide-eyed in alarm. Thanks to the vampire's excellent eyesight, even in the dim darkness, she could clearly see the girl's eyes crinkle into a cheerful smile.

"why are you laughing?"

"It's nothing," Ji Lingyue shook her head, leaning forward and almost cornering her. "I was just wondering, how exactly did a vampire like you threaten me before?"

Lan Wu dared not utter a sound, but feigned bravado, saying, "I advise you to know when to stop and not get carried away, otherwise…"

"Otherwise what? You want to suck me to death?"

"…" The little vampire hesitated for a long time, his eyes turning red: "Otherwise I'll… I'll go and save my kind by myself!"

Ji Lingyue: "…"

Seeing Lan Wuzhen angrily climbing out, she said irritably, "Why are you so eager to save her? As far as I know, you vampires don't get along very well with each other, do you?"

Lan Wu leaned half her body out, her voice muffled: "It's none of your business."

Ji Lingyue said angrily, "Fine, then let me go. We'll go our separate ways, and your kind can take you home."

"You wish!" the girl huffed. "You're my buffet, and you're not getting away!"

"…"

How could you say such a thing? You're such a bastard and a bloodsucker!

Ji Lingyue gritted her teeth, then suddenly a wicked thought crossed her mind. She grabbed Lan Wu's pale leg, which was still clinging to the ground, and bit down hard.

After a few seconds of silence, a terrified scream suddenly rang out from the coffin shop. Lan Wu fell to the ground with a thud. Before she could get up, a soft body pressed down on her back, and sharp teeth bit her neck.

"!"

Heaven have mercy, she has been a ghost for almost twenty years, and she has always been the one biting others. This is the first time someone has bitten her.

"Ji Lingyue!"

She reached behind her, grabbed the girl's clothes from the back, and flung her forward. Ji Lingyue coughed, her breathing rapid, and a provocative smile lingered on her slightly flushed face: "Anyway, I'm a buffet. Go ahead and bite me to death if you dare."

Lan Wu's face flushed red with anger, her dark red eyes narrowing into a thin vertical line: "I won't bite you to death."

Ji Lingyue chuckled lightly, her body relaxing nonchalantly even as she faced a vampire about to become violent and out of control.

"But I have other ways to deal with you."

Ji Lingyue was stunned. Before she could react, her new clothes, which she had just put on, were torn to shreds. Lan Wu lowered her head, her cool lips capturing her neck, while her fingertips traced the remaining hickeys and bruises on her skin before disappearing between her delicate legs.

"Um……"

She suddenly straightened her back, tears welling up in the corners of her eyes: "Uh, wait, wait a minute…"

After the unrestrained intercourse of the previous night, Lan Wu only

rubbed the swollen opening of her vulva, and it produced a moist nectar. The girl's waist trembled, causing the wet petals to rub against her palm, and soon a gurgling sound was heard.

"Look at yourself," Lan Wu stroked her face, wiped away the physiological tears that welled up in her eyes, and then pressed the back of her head down, making her look down: "You're being incredibly passionate after only going in a little bit."

Sure enough, the crimson opening tightly held onto the fingertip, and Lan Wu's fair fingers were also wet, reflecting a crystalline glimmer in the sunlight.

Ji Lingyue's eyelashes fluttered, and she stammered, "You bastard…"

In broad daylight, she was being shamelessly toyed with by a little vampire who spread her legs apart on the ground of an abandoned shop covered in dust.

"You angered me first."

After she finished speaking, she expressionlessly inserted her entire finger. Ji Lingyue trembled, a wronged sob escaping her throat, and large tears quickly welled up in her red eyes: "You went to save her… it was already very dangerous, I was clearly… I was clearly thinking of you, ah…"

"You're still biting me."

"It was you, you were the one who said I was at the buffet first…"

Lan Wu was taken aback, somewhat confused: "But to me, you have always been…"

"I'm not!" Ji Lingyue suddenly raised her voice, pressed her head down, and bit down hard. "I'm not your food, Lan Wu, I am, um… I'm a human…"

Humans are my food.

Lan Wu blinked, not understanding the difference, but the girl's lips were soft and warm. After the kiss, she couldn't help but be distracted and quickly forgot about the unimportant question. Her tongue darted into the girl's mouth, stirring up wet breaths and saliva.

"Hmm… Hmm…"

Ji Lingyue frowned, unable to resist hugging Lan Wu's back tightly, her legs wrapping around her waist. Her fingers, buried inside her, thrust forcefully, occasionally brushing against the clitoris hidden between her labia. She moaned softly, her body trembling with each thrust. After being brought to orgasm, Lan Wu showed no sign of stopping, instead continuing to thrust inside her, drawing upon the gushing fluids.

"Mmm…" Ji Lingyue groaned softly, opening her wet lips and pleading in a tearful voice, "Lan, Lan Wu, be gentle… it hurts…"

Lan Wu turned her head to the side: "Where does it hurt?"

"Inside," perhaps it was the little vampire's gentle manner that made her feel familiar, Ji Lingyue sobbed and said aggrievedly, "It was already swollen last night, and you still came…"

Lan Wu was quiet for a moment, then carefully withdrew her finger. Sure enough, there were some traces of blood on it. She stuck out the tip of her tongue, licked it gently, and smacked her lips: "Sweet."

Ji Lingyue: "…"

She stared wide-eyed in shame and indignation, tears welling up in her eyes again.

Lan Wu, however, seemed to have found something new and interesting. She put her legs on her shoulders and buried herself in the ground.

When she climbed back up, half an hour had passed. Ji Lingyue was covered in sweat and collapsed on the ground as if she had no bones. Lan Wu carefully picked her up. The girl's buttocks, covered with handprints, looked as if they had just been pulled out of the water, and water was still dripping down.

All her strength seemed to have been licked away, and she couldn't even lift a finger. Lan Wu took the torn pieces of clothing and patiently wiped her body. When she was completely dry, Ji Lingyue finally recovered and asked in a hoarse voice, "Do you still want to go?"

Lan Wu hummed in agreement.

"…" She closed her eyes, feeling that it would be better for her to faint.

After a moment of silence, the little vampire seemed to hug her closer and hesitated, saying, “Because, because that fellow vampire’s voice sounds a lot like my sister’s.”

Ji Lingyue was startled, slowly opened her eyes, and looked at her.

Lan Wu pursed her lips and said in a low voice, “So I have to go and see. If it really is my sister, no matter what happens, I have to rescue her.”

“Don’t you two have a bad relationship?”

“Who said that?” Lan Wu widened her eyes and retorted anxiously, “Don’t believe what the paparazzi write. She’s just angry with me because she doesn’t want me to hang out with humans all the time. Besides, isn’t that how sisters are? They bicker and argue all the time, but they never really hate each other. You’d know that if you had an older sister.”

Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes: “I don’t have an older sister, I have a younger sister.”

“That’s the same,” Lan Wu laughed. “Then you must understand how I feel. If your sister were in danger, you would also try to save her, right?”

Ji Lingyue was silent for a while, then gave a soft “hmm”.

“Great, we’ve reached an agreement.” Lan Wu picked her up and stood up, excitedly going to find clothes: “In that case, let’s go save her together.”

“etc.”

Lan Wu paused, looking at her blankly: “What’s wrong?”

“Let’s go tonight,” Ji Lingyue said wearily, closing her eyes. “You’re so stupid. Even if we’re going to save them, we should find a better time.”

——

As you can see, Lan Wu in the vampire AU doesn’t treat Yue as equally.

Vampire AU-10 po1 8r rc om

At dusk, two figures lay prone on a small earthen slope on the outskirts of town.

Lan Wu, holding an umbrella, cautiously peeked out with half her head: “Did you see that?”

Ji Lingyue held up her binoculars with a serious expression and looked at the courtyard below the slope for a while before saying, “No.”

“Is it locked inside?”

“I can’t see inside the house.”

This is a typical self-built house in a rural area. It is sturdy and imposing, with a gray-white sand-coated courtyard wall that is two to three meters high and covered with sharp glass shards. Inside is a three-story European-style villa, with the only entrance being a stainless steel gate on the south side.

There’s no way the two of them could break into this courtyard on their own.

Ji Lingyue observed for a while longer and found that there were two SUVs parked in the yard, and a steaming pot was set up in the corner. A girl in a white t-shirt was squatting by the tap rinsing rice and washing vegetables, seemingly preparing dinner.

She pondered for a moment and said, “Even if each car carries two people, there are at least four of them. Do you have a way to get in without making a fuss?”

Lan Wu thought for a moment, then honestly shook her head: “No.”

Ji Lingyue glanced at her sideways: “Then we’ll have to use the clumsy method.”

“What stupid method?”

“I’ll sneak in and put some medicine in that pot.”

Lan Wu was silent for a moment: “You’re not thinking of running away, are you?”

“…” Ji Lingyue put down the binoculars and looked at her expressionlessly: “If I wanted to run away, I would have run away last night. Why would I have waited until now?” More free articles are

available at: ji le 1.co m Lan Wu realized that she had spoken out of turn and obediently shut her mouth. After a while, she reached out her finger and carefully poked her.

Ji Lingyue said irritably, “What?”

“How are you going to sneak in? Didn’t they see you and me together last night?”

“Yes, so I need you to cooperate with me in acting out a play, but…” she frowned and hesitated, “it might be a little dangerous.”

As the sun set, the boundless sky was ablaze with fiery red clouds, while faint starlight gradually began to twinkle on the other side. The inky blue night slowly spread out, and a gentle breeze brought a touch of coolness to the scorching daytime temperature. Yu Shanye scooped up a spoonful of porridge, tasted it, and called out with satisfaction, “Danbai—”

“Hey,” the girl inside responded, “What’s wrong?”

“Take the bowl out.”

“good.”

A moment later, Danbo came out of the villa with clean bowls and chopsticks. Yu Shanye reached out to take them, saying proudly, “I’m not bragging, but the porridge I cooked this time was absolutely perfect…”

Before he could finish speaking, a terrified scream suddenly rang out from outside the door. Yu Shanye jumped in fright, exchanged a glance with Danbai, and looked up to call out, “Danqing, what’s going on?”

Soon, a clear voice came from the third-floor window: “Let me see… ah… it looks like someone is running this way.”

“Is anyone there?”

“Yes,” the girl looked through her binoculars for a moment, her expression changing slightly, “Wait, there’s someone chasing her, no, not a person, red eyes, a vampire! A vampire is chasing her!”

As soon as she finished speaking, a tall woman came out of the house, loading silver bullets into her gun while saying sternly, “Danbo, go

back inside."

Yu Shanye put down her soup spoon and picked up the compound bow beside her: "The teachers haven't come back yet, should we open the door?"

"Of course," Meng Changge frowned, raising his gun and pointing it at the door. "Are you just going to leave me to die? Open the door."

Yu Shanye took a deep breath, and after getting ready, he pulled the latch and pushed the door open abruptly.

A frail, staggering figure came into view. It was a young girl covered in blood, and not far behind her, a disheveled vampire was rushing toward her at a speed beyond human capabilities.

With a thud, the bullet grazed the vampire's shoulder, and the girl shuddered in fright, falling to the ground with a thud. Before she could even feel the pain, the little vampire pounced on her and bit her neck.

"Hmm!"

Ji Lingyue struggled weakly, hearing hurried footsteps approaching and several gunshots. Lan Wu nimbly dodged and tried to drag her away, but soon, a hand tightly grabbed her wrist. Ji Lingyue looked up, panting, and saw a girl about her age trying to snatch her away from Lan Wu.

"Bang—"

The gunshot was almost right next to her ear, followed by the little vampire's painful scream. Ji Lingyue's heart skipped a beat, and she subconsciously looked back, only to see a figure fleeing in panic.

The woman who had been firing the gun chased after her closely. The girl who was holding her called out anxiously, "Senior sister!" She stamped her foot and half-dragged, half-carried her back to the courtyard.

"Yamaha-neechan!"

Ji Lingyue looked up and saw two younger girls running out of the house. The man called Yamaha handed her over to the two girls and then hurriedly chased after them with his weapon.

The courtyard suddenly felt much more spacious, and the two girls who had gathered around her started chattering: “Wow, look at her neck, there are so many teeth marks, and she’s still bleeding.”

“I can see you. You stay here and watch over things. I’ll go get the first-aid kit.”

The taller girl quickly left, leaving only the child in front of her. Ji Lingyue coughed a few times and said in a hoarse voice, “Mine, mine…”

The girl helped her up: “Take your time, don’t rush.”

“My bag fell outside, could you please get it for me? There are some medicine for stopping bleeding inside.”

“Okay, wait a moment, I’ll be right back.”

Sure enough, she ran towards the door without a doubt. When no one was around, Ji Lingyue quickly took out the medicine from her pocket and poured it all into the still steaming pot. After doing all this, she threw the medicine bottle over the wall and sat back down weakly.

Next, she only needed to wait for them to return empty-handed, drink the rice porridge, and fall into a deep sleep.

A moment later, the girl who had gone inside to get the medicine box returned to her side, and paused for a moment: “Where’s Danqing?”

She guessed that the gullible girl was Danqing. Just as she was about to answer, she heard hurried footsteps outside the door, and then a tall woman walked in, pulling a rope.

Sizzle—

It appears that something heavy has been dragged along.

Ji Lingyue was startled and looked out along the rope. The little vampire was lying on the ground in a disheveled state, almost tied up like a dumpling, with a sharp silver arrow stuck in his shoulder.

…

Seeing Lan Wu in such a miserable state, she suddenly felt like laughing.

Oh dear, even a glamorous superstar can look like this after rolling

around in the mud.

Lan Wu's eyes were red and swollen, as if she had been beaten up and was crying from the pain. When she saw Ji Lingyue, she barely turned her head and bared her teeth fiercely at her.

Ji Lingyue frowned and tilted her head to look at her.

Lan Wu looked much more pleasing to the eye than usual.

Wait a minute, this does seem like a good opportunity…

She narrowed her eyes, lost in thought, her gaze towards Lan Wu growing increasingly deep and unfathomable. Just then, a panting voice sounded from the doorway: "I'm sorry, I've looked everywhere, but I couldn't find your backpack."

Ji Lingyue suddenly woke up, looked at the girl standing at the door, and said slowly, "It's okay, it doesn't matter if you can't find her." As she spoke, she slowly stood up, supporting herself against the wall. "Thank you for saving me, I almost thought I was going to die."

"It's nothing." It was the tall woman who answered her. She handed the rope to Yu Shanye beside her and walked over: "My name is Meng Changge, and you are?"

"Ji Lingyue".

"Ji Lingyue," Meng Changge nodded, looking her over: "So you're human. I remember last night when we hit this vampire, you were right next to her and helped her escape."

Ji Lingyue forced a smile: "We used to be good friends, and she wasn't a vicious vampire. I didn't expect her to suddenly change her personality after I got injured last night, and even tried to bite me to death…"

"Oh," Meng Changge nodded, her expression relaxing a bit: "That's true. Vampires are extremely treacherous and cunning creatures, and they are good at pretending to be friendly. It's good that you can see through her true colors."

As they were talking, Yu Shanye suddenly exclaimed in surprise, "How come this vampire looks exactly like the one we caught?"

Meng Changge was taken aback, then turned to look closely, finally

noticing something amiss on Lan Wu's dirty face: "What's your name?"

Lan Wu thrashed about on the ground, turning her head to one side.

"Ah, could she be Lan Wu?!"

Danqing exclaimed in surprise, and the people around her immediately looked at her. The girl was stunned for a moment, pursed her lips, and said guiltily, "I used to secretly watch TV on the mountain. She…she is a big star. I even voted for her."

"We both have the surname Lan," Meng Changge frowned, "You wouldn't happen to have an older sister named Lan Yuan, would you?"

Lan Wu blinked, finally deigning to look at her: "You've met my sister?"

Meng Changge chuckled: "More than just seen."

She pulled open her collar, revealing a still-healing, bright red tooth mark on her neck: "She's much fiercer than you."

Vampire AU-11

Ouch!

The door behind her slammed shut. Lan Wu grimaced and rolled over, struggling to sit up.

Looking around, the small basement was cold and damp, with the occasional dripping of water coming from the corner. Lan Wu frowned, then looked to the other side and quickly spotted a huddled dark figure. Her eyes widened in surprise, and she quickly scooted closer, calling out, "Sister!"

The figure remained motionless, its head buried in its knees, as if asleep.

Undeterred, Lan Wu, feeling she was moving too slowly, simply lay down on the ground and rolled over: "Sister, is that you?"

The person remained silent. Lan Wu called out several times but received no response, and began to wonder if she was dead.

After thinking for a moment, she tilted her head to look at the

person's hand, and sure enough, there was a scar about one finger wide on it. She immediately perked up and persistently called out, "Sister, sister, Lan Yuan!"

Finally, the figure moved, turning its body to the other side, leaving her with only its back: "You've mistaken me for someone else."

"How could I mistake you for someone else?" Lan Wu laboriously crawled to her leg: "I came here specifically to save you."

"…" Lan Yuan raised her head: "You? Save me?"

She sized up the disheveled Lan Wu and scoffed, "You got caught yourself, and now you're coming to rescue me?"

Lan Wu's eyes widened: "It really was you! Why didn't you admit it just now?"

Lan Yuan was silent for a moment, then buried her head back down: "Leave me alone."

Lan Wu suddenly realized: "Oh—I know! You used to look down on humans, thinking they were nothing but our food, but now you've been caught by your food, so you feel ashamed, right?"

"Who do you think I'm doing this for!" The girl suddenly raised her head, glaring at her fiercely. "If it weren't for finding you, I wouldn't have come to this remote and desolate place, much less be locked up in this… this filthy place!"

"You came to see me?" Lan Wu grasped the key point.

Lan Yuan said with a straight face, "Don't flatter yourself. My mother asked me to keep an eye on the vampires in the North District. I just happened to be passing by when I met you."

Where is Mom?

"She has other things to do."

Lan Wu nodded: "You came here specifically to find me."

Lan Yuan took a deep breath and closed her eyes: "Can you be quiet for a while?"

"No," Lan Wu shook her head, then stared at the choker around her neck: "Is this your new jewelry?"

"…" If she didn't know Lan Wu's personality, she would have suspected that her troublesome younger sister was deliberately trying to annoy her.

She took another deep breath and said, "This is a new weapon created by vampire hunters, specifically designed to control vampires."

How to control it?

"Voice-controlled," Lan Yuan explained succinctly, "The outer skin is made of silver, and it will tighten quickly as soon as the master gives the order. At the same time, the inner skin will also turn silver and become very hard. It cannot be torn apart by force and can only be unlocked with a special key."

As she spoke, she spread out her hands, revealing several burn-like marks: "I've already tried."

Lan Wu stared at it for a moment, then asked softly, "Does it hurt?"

Lan Yuan was taken aback, then awkwardly withdrew her hand: "It doesn't hurt."

Lan Wu pursed her lips, leaned to the side, and lay limply on her lap: "It's alright, I came to save you. In a little while, we'll be able to get out of here."

Speaking of this, Lan Yuan couldn't help but frown and shake her leg: "So how exactly do you want to save him? Explain yourself clearly."

"Ah, this is…"

thump—

As the last person collapsed unconscious, Ji Lingyue put down her spoon, walked over to Meng Changge who was slumped over the dining table, and took the key from her pocket.

This group could be considered experts at dealing with vampires, but they had virtually no wariness towards humans. Or rather, they were too busy feeling sorry for a poor soul like her, who was being ravaged by vampires, to even think about being on guard.

However, they will probably stop being so naive starting today.

Ji Lingyue walked expressionlessly to the basement door, which was secured with a heavy lock. Just as she was about to open it, she

stopped as if remembering something and looked at the metal cabinet on the table.

The secret weapon that Meng Changge mentioned earlier seems to be hidden inside.

She pondered for a moment, then went back and opened the cabinet. Inside, four or five collars were neatly stacked. She hesitated, then took one out and pressed the only protruding black button on the smooth surface. With a click, the sound of mechanical operation rang out, followed by a cold, electronic voice asking, “Would you like to record your voice?”

Ji Lingyue blinked, and after a moment, she gripped the collar tightly and said softly, “Yes.”

Ten minutes later, she returned to the basement entrance and unlocked it with her key.

The door opened silently, and the warm light from the living room cast her slender shadow, which flowed down the steps. Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and carefully walked in, holding onto the wall. Soon, she heard a joyful voice in the darkness: “I told you she would come to save us, but you didn’t believe me.”

Another voice said coldly, “Don’t be too happy yet.”

After her eyes adjusted to the darkness below, Ji Lingyue looked up at the two vampires standing side by side. Although they had identical faces, she could almost immediately recognize which one was Lan Wu.

She stepped forward and took out the collar from her hand.

Lan Wu’s smile froze on her face, and she stared at her blankly.

Lan Yuan, realizing something, suddenly changed her expression and lunged forward. The silver chains binding her ankles and waist rattled loudly, pulling her back sharply: “Don’t touch her—”

Lan Wu’s mouth was still open: “You…”

With a click, the cold collar was fastened around her neck, and Ji Lingyue cut the ropes on her feet: “Let’s go.”

The little vampire seemed to be still dreaming: “Why? This…” She subconsciously touched her neck, her fingertips touching the silver

skin, and she was immediately burned and shuddered. Only then did she realize what Ji Lingyue had done, and she stared wide-eyed in disbelief: "You, you lied to me."

"Really?" She pulled out another set of keys: "These are the keys to open the collar around your sister's neck. If you come with me, I'll help her open it."

Lan Yuan was so angry that she bared her teeth and brandished her claws, making the chains rattle loudly: "Get out!"

Lan Wu looked up: "Really?"

Lan Yuan was stunned, then laughed angrily, shouting with exasperation, "You still believe her now? Are you an idiot?! You dare to agree to her request and see what happens!"

Ji Lingyue glanced at her, then suddenly chuckled and grabbed Lan Wu by the collar, giving the little vampire a tender kiss on the corner of her lips: "Of course it's true. I just want you to come with me. As long as your sister doesn't cause me any trouble, I'll help her remove that collar."

As she spoke, she lifted her eyes and looked at Lan Yuan, who was frozen in place, with a smile on her face.

Lan Wu's eyelashes trembled slightly. She looked up at the girl so close to her, her throat bobbing slightly. After a long pause, she said, "Okay…"

"Good girl."

She affectionately stroked Lan Wu's cheek, pulled her to her feet, and after taking a few steps outside, Lan Wu turned her head uneasily: "The key…"

"No rush, let's go out first."

The rope was still tied to the little vampire's arm. She pulled hard, and the girl was dragged forward, staggering up the steps. The sudden bright light made her unable to open her eyes. Lan Wu groaned and vaguely saw the vampire hunters who were sleeping slumped over. Before she could even feel happy, she was pushed out of the villa and onto the off-road vehicle in the yard.

"Stay put, I'm going to release your sister."

Even after saying that, she was still worried, so she used a rope to firmly tie the little vampire to the passenger seat.

Lan Wu protested, dissatisfied: “Hey!”

Ji Lingyue ignored her and, after making sure Lan Wu couldn’t break free, returned to the basement entrance. It was eerily quiet inside, save for the constant dripping of water. After a long while, Ji Lingyue finally saw a pair of furious, scarlet eyes in the inky darkness.

She was certain that if Lan Yuan was released, she would kill her immediately.

But she had already promised Lan Wu that she would remove Lan Yuan’s collar.

This is such a hassle.

Ji Lingyue frowned, tossed the keychain in her hand aside, and threw it in forcefully.

With a loud scraping sound, the metal scraped against the ground. Lan Yuan paused, glanced down at the key, and then quickly looked at her.

Ji Lingyue said coldly, “It’s up to you now.”

After saying that, she closed the heavy door and locked it again from the outside.

How long would it take for the freed vampire to break through this door? She wasn’t sure, so she wanted to leave as quickly as possible.

The girl turned and left, hurrying past the several vampire hunters lying on the ground, gathering what she needed. As she took Meng Changge’s gun, the woman suddenly trembled and grabbed her hand tightly.

Ji Lingyue was startled and subconsciously looked at her, only to find that she had half-opened her eyes and was groaning with difficulty, “You… why are you…”

Ji Lingyue pried her hands off without hesitation, ran out, jumped into the driver’s seat, and Lan Wu stopped struggling and looked around in a panic: “Didn’t you go to release my sister? Where is she?”

“She’s not coming with us.”

"What do you mean?" Lan Wu's eyes widened. "I want to go home, of course I want to go with her."

"That's not up to you."

Ji Lingyue backed the car out of the yard and turned it around: "We are indeed going home, but it's my home."

"ah?"

"What do you mean, 'huh'? Sit tight." She tapped the steering wheel with her fingertips. "The road ahead might be a bit bumpy."

Lan Wu was taken aback, her expression changing slightly: "Wait, do you have a driver's license!"

Ji Lingyue: "I just turned eighteen this year."

"so what?"

"So," the girl turned and smiled at her, then stepped on the gas, "guess."

——

Yuebao: Did I offend all of you???

Vampire AU-12

Under the scorching sun, waves of heat swept across the land, and a small black dot gradually appeared on the distorted, undulating horizon. The figure wandering aimlessly through the fields seemed to have heard something, turned its rotting face, and staggered toward the road.

The next moment, a black SUV sped past and smashed it to pieces. Blood and rotting flesh exploded, covering half of the car window. Ji Lingyue frowned in disgust, turned on the windshield wipers, and barely managed to clear her vision.

She had been driving for seven hours straight since last night. Her fingers were stiff, her legs were numb, and she was feeling a bit dizzy, but she didn't dare to relax for a moment because she was afraid of being caught by Lan Yuan.

With such intense sunlight and such a great distance, even a vampire like Lan Yuan wouldn't be able to catch up in a short time.

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and looked at the little vampire curled up in the back seat through the rearview mirror. From the moment the first ray of sunlight pierced through the clouds and fell on the car window, Lan Wu began to scream and cry for help in despair. Ji Lingyue could only cover the back window glass and find a sheet to cover her body before she calmed down.

The girl was now quietly curled up under the sheets, not making a sound, which made her feel a little uncomfortable.

Ji Lingyue withdrew her gaze and focused on the road ahead. A cluster of buildings appeared faintly on the distant horizon. If she remembered correctly, that should be Linping City.

Hmm… we can rest there for a while.

Half an hour later, the SUV slowly stopped in front of a supermarket on the outskirts of the city. Ji Lingyue stretched her legs and turned to call out, "Lan Wu, let's go."

The object behind her remained motionless. Ji Lingyue frowned and nudged her through the sheets: "Lan Wu?"

After a moment, there was still no movement inside. Her expression changed slightly, and she suddenly had an ominous premonition. She reached out and pulled back the bed sheet.

Below it was a pale face fast asleep.

The little vampire even had its mouth slightly open, its soft lips looking plump and red.

"…"

Well, she's exhausted from driving, but this guy is enjoying himself.

Does she still know that she was being coerced?

Ji Lingyue stared at her expressionlessly for a while, then uttered two words: "Start."

The next second, the collar snapped, and Lan Wu jumped up with a scream, frantically grabbing at her neck.

"stop."

The silverware that had been scorching her skin was instantly

removed. She gasped for breath, and it took her a while to realize what had just happened. She said, both angry and aggrieved, “Untie me!”

Ji Lingyue stepped out of the car with one leg and snapped open her umbrella: “Let’s go.”

Lan Wu: “I won’t—”

“receive.”

The little vampire shuddered violently, clutching her neck and howling again. When Ji Lingyue told her to stop, she slid off the seat, tears welling in her eyes, and said resolutely, “I’ll go then.”

Ji Lingyue shoved the umbrella into her hand: “Sleeping with your mouth open will make you ugly.”

Lan Wu sniffed: “Hmm?”

The girl just smiled at her and walked towards the supermarket first. Lan Wu quickly followed with her umbrella. As soon as they entered the building, a cool breeze hit them. She wiped away her tears and was thinking about how to get Ji Lingyue to remove the collar when her stomach started growling.

The voice was quite loud in the quiet supermarket. The person walking in front paused, turned around, and asked, “Hungry?”

Lan Wu nodded quickly and carefully grabbed the hem of her clothes: “I’m hungry.”

Ji Lingyue smiled and said, “There’s duck blood in the cold storage room on the west side. Let’s go eat some.”

“…”

Lan Wu was silent for a moment, then said, “Are you kidding me? I don’t eat duck blood.”

“Duck blood and human blood are both blood, so what’s the difference?”

“Of course there’s a difference! Lamb and beef are both meat, do you think they taste the same?”

“Even if it’s not the same flavor, it doesn’t stop me from eating it.”

"I'm not like you," Lan Wu argued, her eyes wide. "If it's blood that's hard to eat, I'll get diarrhea. So, I will never eat any blood other than human blood!"

"Don't be a picky eater..."

"I don't!"

Ji Lingyue's face turned cold: "Then you can go hungry."

She turned and left, and Lan Wu was stunned. Her anger flared up instantly, and she lunged at her with bared teeth and claws.

"receive."

The little vampire, halfway through her attack, froze, then collapsed to the ground, howling and scratching at her neck. Ji Lingyue turned around, looking down at her: "Still want to bite me?"

Lan Wu sobbed, "No, I won't bite anymore..."

She then called a halt. The girl sniffed, got up from the ground, and obediently followed behind her. Ji Lingyue glanced at her and asked, "Aren't you hungry? Why don't you go eat?"

Lan Wu, her eyes red, said, "I'm not hungry anymore."

She's quite stubborn.

Ji Lingyue raised an eyebrow, truly ignoring her, and climbed up to the second floor along the out-of-service elevator. She skillfully found the furniture store in the southwest corner. The little vampire was still angry, and after holding it in for a while, she couldn't help but ask, "Have you been here before?"

"I used to work here."

"Do they hire child laborers here?"

Ji Lingyue threw the bag onto the carpet and climbed onto the bed: "Child laborers are under sixteen years old."

Lan Wu responded with an "oh," and stood by the bed, looking at her: "Are you going to sleep?"

"Otherwise what?"

Her eyes lit up, eager to try, but Ji Lingyue snorted and ruthlessly shattered her fantasy: "Activate the collar in five hours."

Lan Wu was stunned and before she could react, the collar around her neck emitted an electronic voice: "Command received."

She was horrified: "How could you do this? Why did you start it? I didn't disobey you!"

"It will start in five hours," Ji Lingyue turned over and closed her eyes leisurely. "I can stop the command when I wake up. In other words, if you escape while I'm asleep, or if something happens to me while I'm asleep, you won't get away with it."

"You!" Lan Wu clenched her fists, feeling like she had gotten herself into a really big mess. "Why did you do this? Haven't you always wanted to escape from me? Why are you still holding on to me now?"

"Things are different now." Ji Lingyue slowed her breathing, her voice gradually softening: "I'm not afraid of you anymore, and…"

After waiting for a long time without hearing anything further, Lan Wu went around to the other side and saw that the girl had already closed her eyes and fallen asleep without any warning.

She was so angry that her face turned red. She punched the air wildly, and when she got tired, she sat down with a huff and puff, leaning against the edge of the bed and staring at Ji Lingyue's face.

Good and bad little girl.

I should have known better than to capture her as a blood slave just because her blood tastes good. It's true what they say, fortunes change, and the peasants have risen to become masters of their own destiny…

Lan Wu regretted it more and more as she thought about it, and her stomach started rumbling. A sweet smell kept wafting into her nose. She swallowed and her gaze fell on the girl's delicate neck.

There were several pink bandages stuck on it, and the sweet smell was coming from the still unhealed wound.

She stared intently for a long time, but succumbing to the tyranny of the collar, she reluctantly looked away and curled up on the carpet. From this angle, she could see Ji Lingyue's sleeping face with just a

glance. Lan Wu counted her eyelashes listlessly for a while, then couldn't help but yawn. At that moment, the girl suddenly uttered a muffled murmur, and her brows furrowed.

She was startled, then carefully got up and put her ear to Ji Lingyue's mouth.

"mom……"

Lan Wu blinked and turned to look at her.

That's right, this person is a few months younger than her, of course she'll miss her mother too.

She thought for a moment, then quietly climbed onto the bed and put her arm around Ji Lingyue. The girl let out a soft hum and snuggled into her arms like a little animal, nuzzling her head against her chin.

The sweet scent wafted into her nose again. Lan Wu resisted the urge to bite, gently patting her back as she whispered, "Since I've been so obedient, can I drink your blood after you wake up?"

Naturally, all he could hear was the girl's even breathing in his arms.

"Hmm…"

After waking up, Ji Lingyue simply stretched, and her bones creaked all over. She sighed and lay blankly on the bed for a while before remembering something and turning her head.

The little vampire wasn't around.

They've probably gone to find something to eat.

It had only been four hours since she had gone to bed. Ji Lingyue got up and went to the nearby bathroom to wash her face. Afterward, she browsed around the clothing stores in the vicinity. Before the outbreak, these bright and beautiful clothes were displayed like exhibits under warm lights every day. Now, however, they were piled up messily, having been trampled on by countless people in a panic.

Just as she was trying on a pair of soft and comfortable shoes, a loud crash suddenly came from downstairs. Startled, she quickly grabbed her backpack and ran to the second-floor railing to look down.

A figure scrambled to her feet from the overturned shelf and stumbled toward the supermarket entrance. Behind her, the little vampire

nimbly caught up and tackled her to the ground.

Ji Lingyue quickly called out, “Lan Wu!”

Lan Wu paused, turned to look at her, and the woman she was pinning down took the opportunity to pull out a dagger and plunge it into her chest.

“ah……”

She groaned in pain, trembled as she pulled out the dagger, and furiously chased after the person who had fled again.

Seeing that things were going badly, Ji Lingyue quickly ran down the elevator, calling out, “Lan Wu, come back!”

A human and a ghost rushed out of the gate one after the other, followed by a series of crackling sounds. Ji Lingyue arrived in a panic and found Lan Wu struggling to drag the human from the sunlight back into the shadows. Lan Wu pressed her hands on her head and shoulders and then lowered her head to bite down.

“Lan Wu!”

She opened her eyes wide and realized for the first time that vampires sucked blood in such an ambiguous and intimate way, as if they were whispering sweet nothings or entwined like mandarin ducks.

A surge of inexplicable anger welled up inside her. She clenched her fists and said coldly, “Stop!”

The figure lying on top of the woman suddenly froze, trembled, and rolled to the side. The woman scrambled to her feet, exchanged a startled glance with Ji Lingyue, and then turned and ran into the scorching sunlight.

“Well……”

The little vampire reached out and futilely grasped at the ground, tears welling up in his eyes.

“Why are you crying?” Ji Lingyue shouted to stop, roughly pulled her up, and walked through the supermarket toward the back door: “Someone saw us, we have to leave quickly.”

Unexpectedly, the person behind her followed obediently without any resistance. Ji Lingyue sensed something was wrong, turned around,

and saw the little vampire with a blank face, but tears were streaming down his beautiful big eyes.

She paused, startled.

A sudden silence fell over the surroundings. The two stood facing each other, silent, with only the occasional soft sob echoing among them. After a long while, Ji Lingyue finally opened her mouth and whispered, “Don’t cry.”

Lan Wu remained silent, her thick eyelashes sticking together wetly, making her look quite pitiful.

“I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have yelled at you just now, I…” She pursed her lips and hesitated, “I don’t know what happened to me, I suddenly got very angry just now… You, weren’t you hungry? I’ll let you drink my blood.”

As she spoke, she raised her arm toward Lan Wu and said in a soft voice, “Don’t cry, okay?”

Lan Wu blinked, her gaze falling on the fair wrist in front of her, where the bluish veins were faintly visible, emitting an alluring sweet fragrance.

After a long pause, she choked out, “I want to suck your neck.”

Ji Lingyue chuckled, walked over to her, and tossed her hair aside: “What’s the difference?”

Lan Wu snorted: “The difference is huge…”

She buried her face in Ji Lingyue’s neck, about to bite down, when she was suddenly grabbed by the ear: “Wait.”

Ji Lingyue said calmly, “Rinse your mouth first. I don’t want to come into contact with other people’s blood.”

What a clean person!

Lan Wu wrinkled her nose, obediently went to the bathroom to rinse her mouth, and then impatiently pressed her against the wall and bit her.

“Ugh…” The canine teeth pierced her skin, and the girl couldn’t help but let out a soft moan. She rubbed the back of her head soothingly. As the electronic voice of the termination command fell, the little

vampire buried in her arms became even more unrestrained. The hand that was originally obediently placed on her waist lifted the hem of her clothes and crawled inside from below.

Thinking of her pitiful state just now, Ji Lingyue held back.

"Um……"

Lan Wu swallowed a few mouthfuls of blood, hummed contentedly, and then climbed her hands up to the girl's chest, grabbing it once and then again.

Ji Lingyue, unable to bear it any longer, slapped her on the forehead: "Enough, aren't you full yet?"

Lan Wu knew when to stop, licked her lips, and commented, "Your blood tastes better than hers."

"Don't talk nonsense. What's the difference in blood?" She exhaled, feeling dizzy, and decided to lean against Lan Wu to rest. "When you used to suck blood, did you just grab people and bite them?"

"Of course not. I used to have an assistant who would carry a cooler for me, which contained the freshest blood bags. If I got hungry, I could take them out and eat them anytime."

Ji Lingyue hummed in agreement, sounding somewhat tired: "We've already wasted too much time today, we should go."

Lan Wu: "Oh."

"So, take your claws out."

Vampire AU-13

After the sun set, the temperature dropped suddenly. Lan Wu rolled down the car window and stuck her head out. A cool evening breeze immediately brushed against her face, and her long hair was blown wildly.

She squinted contentedly, relaxed her body, and leaned against the car window.

Ji Lingyue glanced at her and casually asked, "Aren't you sleepy?"

"I'm not sleepy anymore." The girl turned her head, her beautiful face bathed in the cool moonlight, but her voice was soft and gentle: "We

vampires are all more energetic at night."

She nodded and teased, "You're a little bat."

Lan Wu was stunned and hadn't reacted yet when Ji Lingyue clicked her tongue impatiently: "Oh no."

To avoid encountering hordes of zombies, she kept traveling along the quiet, secluded suburbs, a much longer route than going directly through the city center, which quickly depleted her fuel supply.

Lan Wu tilted her head and glanced at the fuel gauge, saying, "Why don't we just find a gas station to fill up?"

"That's easy to think about. It was alright when the virus first broke out, but now gas stations have probably been looted long ago."

Lan Wu responded with an "oh," and asked with concern, "Then what should we do?"

Upon hearing this, Ji Lingyue couldn't help but turn her head to look at her: "Why are you worried? Shouldn't you be happy if there's no oil?"

Why should we be happy?

"If you lose your means of transportation, your sister will be able to catch up more easily, and you will be able to go home."

"But don't you want to go home too? And your mother is waiting for you at home, isn't she?"

Ji Lingyue paused, then gripped the steering wheel tightly: "You..."

Lan Wu sighed and crossed her arms: "Actually, I know you captured me so that I would protect you. Don't worry, I will protect you well. You will naturally let me go when you get home."

After a moment of silence, Ji Lingyue looked ahead and said, "Maybe."

Although she didn't have much hope, she still drove a little closer to the city center and finally found an abandoned gas station outside a row of residential areas. While she was examining the gas pump, Lan Wu wandered into the supermarket next door, found a bag of potato chips on the messy shelves, tore open the packaging, and took a bite.

Although it can't fill your stomach, it's good to have some flavor in your mouth.

Just then, a drop of blood fell onto her hand.

Lan Wu froze abruptly, and after a long while, she slowly raised her head. A disheveled vampire was hanging upside down from the roof beam, clutching a mangled human corpse in its hand—no, it looked more like a churned-up lump of flesh than a corpse.

"…"

Thud, the potato chip fell to the ground. Lan Wu opened her mouth wide, about to scream in terror, when Ji Lingyue called from outside the door: "Lan Wu, let's go."

Those scarlet eyes that had been staring intently at her suddenly blinked, as if they had caught the scent of prey, and greedily peered outside. Lan Wu immediately sensed something was wrong and turned to run outside, shouting, "Get in the car!"

Ji Lingyue frowned: "What?"

"Quick, get behind the car—ouch!"

A bloody chunk of flesh slammed into her back, and the stench-reeking vampire stomped on her shoulder, sending her flying like a giant bat. Lan Wu staggered to her feet, screaming in panic, "Run!"

A red shadow emerged from the supermarket and rushed towards her like the wind. Ji Lingyue's pupils contracted slightly, and she quickly opened the car door and jumped in. The vampire followed closely behind, smashing the car window with a punch and its sharp claws suddenly grabbing at her.

She screamed and struggled to move backward, reaching for her backpack. However, the vampire was much faster. Before she could even draw her gun, he grabbed her leg and dragged her forcefully out the window. Sharp shards of glass tore through her clothes, and blood gushed out. Amid the girl's painful groans, the vampire's eyes turned red, and he impatiently bit down.

"ah!"

Lan Wu's heart skipped a beat. Summoning strength from who-knows-where, she rushed forward, grabbed the vampire's shoulder, and

threw her violently out. Ji Lingyue lay pale on the seat, her bloodied leg dragged onto the window. She choked back a sob, trembling as she looked at Lan Wu, her usually beautiful black eyes brimming with tears: "Lan… Lan Wu…"

Lan Wu bit her lip, a nameless anger rising within her. But as soon as she turned her head, she was pounced on by a dark figure and knocked to the ground. The vampire riding on her was clearly much stronger than her. With a few claws, he tore her skin open. Even though these wounds would heal in the next second, Lan Wu was still in pain, her pupils gradually shrinking into vertical slits.

After being left with another deep, bone-revealing wound, she roared fiercely and forcefully broke the other's arm. The adult vampire also roared angrily, stomped on her calf, broke it, grabbed her by the collar with his remaining hand, and threw her away violently.

After the loud noise, Lan Wu, covered in dust, climbed up from the wall. When she looked up again, she found that the vampire had returned to normal and was forcibly removing one of the car doors.

A girl's terrified cries for help rang out from inside the car. Lan Wu, panting heavily and enduring the pain of her broken bones healing, limped towards the girl, shouting, "Stop!"

Under the cold moonlight, the vampire stretched her entire body inside, but the next second, a gunshot suddenly rang out from inside the car, and she let out a painful howl, staggering out of the car.

Taking advantage of the moment, Lan Wu pounced on her, tumbling to the ground with her in her arms. Blood gushed from the vampire's shoulder, where a silver bullet was embedded. Lan Wu endured the burning pain, pressing hard on the wound while panting, "I'll let you… I'll let you bite me…"

Finally, the vampire spoke his first words upon meeting: "Let go… I can, I can give you one of my legs…"

Lan Wu was stunned for a moment, then, after realizing what she meant, she laughed angrily: "I don't need you to divide her up, she's mine completely!"

While she was angry, the vampire suddenly attacked and knocked her over. Lan Wu was startled and quickly grabbed the vampire's leg, refusing to let go even after being kicked several times: "Don't even think about running away!"

"Are you… are you sick?!"

"You're the one who's sick! Your whole family is sick!"

When Ji Lingyue dragged her injured leg out of the car, what she saw was two vampires rolling together. She raised her gun with trembling hands, but after aiming for a long time, she couldn't get it to land. She couldn't help but shout, "Lan Wu!"

For a moment, Lan Wu was distracted, then her stomach was ripped open by another claw. She curled up in pain, and the vampire seized the opportunity to kick her away. Just as she got up, she was shot in the calf and fell to the ground. Struggling, she turned around, looking in terror at the girl approaching step by step: "Wait, wait…"

"Bang—"

The bullet pierced his brain, and the vampire fell silent, collapsing to the ground.

Ji Lingyue was panting, her eyes still red and swollen. After a while, she collapsed, her hands hanging limply, and turned to look at Lan Wu: "Ugh…"

Lan Wu's injuries had not fully healed, and her face was covered in patches of gray and white, making her look like a dirty little kitten. When she met the girl's gaze, she grinned and opened her arms to her.

Ji Lingyue choked back a sob, dropped the gun, staggered and threw herself into her arms, burying her head in the crook of her neck.

"Okay, okay, it's alright now." She patted the girl's back reassuringly and said in a hoarse voice, "You probably can't walk anymore tonight."

Ji Lingyue sobbed as she glanced at the car, which was now almost completely wrecked, and wiped her tears on her shoulder: "Mmm…"

But sitting outside wasn't safe either. Lan Wu looked around for a while and quickly spotted the small hotel across the street. She picked up Ji Lingyue and limped over. As soon as she pushed open the half-closed door, a rotting face howled and pounced on her. Lan Wu dodged in disgust, crushed its head without changing her expression, and muttered, "I need to take a good bath."

She locked the door from the inside and continued carrying the person

inside. Finally, they found a clean room, shutting out the screams that were rising and falling. Ji Lingyue relaxed, but immediately felt pain all over her body: "My legs…"

Lan Wu sat on the bed: "Let me see."

The girl nestled in her arms, obediently crossing her legs for her to see. As soon as Lan Wu saw the blood-soaked calves, her eyes widened.

It smells so good.

Anyway, since the blood has already flowed out, it won't hurt to lick it, right?

Seeing the little vampire's head lower and lower, Ji Lingyue grabbed her hair, feeling both angry and aggrieved: "Lan Wu!"

Lan Wu stubbornly lowered her head: "I did it to… to save food, and besides, there's a benefit to it if I lick it for you."

Ji Lingyue asked suspiciously, "What benefits?"

"Vampire saliva can stop bleeding, disinfect, and accelerate healing."

The girl frowned even more deeply: "Really?"

Lan Wu nodded like a chick pecking at rice: "Of course it's true."

"Then why have you never licked me before?"

Lan Wu blinked and stammered, "Before… I felt… it wasn't necessary."

"…"

She now realized how little Lan Wu had ever treated her.

But now is not the time to be angry. She sighed and numbly closed her eyes: "Then lick it."

As soon as she finished speaking, her pants below the knees were torn to shreds. Only then did Lan Wu take a closer look at her wound, which was nearly ten centimeters long, with the skin turned inside out and blood gushing out. There were also two deep blood holes in it.

She wouldn't even bite so hard…

Lan Wu pursed her lips and moved gently. Her previously strong appetite seemed to be suppressed by the gruesome wound. She carefully licked the edges of the flesh, trying to stop the bleeding as soon as possible.

Ji Lingyue groaned softly, and indeed felt a tingling and itchy sensation in her wound, which was not as painful as before. She looked down and saw the little vampire with its eyelashes drooping, its pink tongue licking the mottled bloodstains little by little, and its expression could be described as serious.

She called softly, “Lan Wu.”

Lan Wu mumbled a reply, “What’s wrong?”

“You couldn’t beat that vampire today?”

Lan Wu was taken aback, thinking that she was being disliked, and raised her head with dissatisfaction: “She has started eating human flesh, and it looks like she has eaten quite a lot. I am starving every day, of course I can’t beat her.”

“Eat human flesh?” Ji Lingyue exclaimed in surprise, “Vampires eat people?”

“Some vampires have this kind of fetish,” Lan Wu tilted her head and said disdainfully, “but noble vampires don’t eat people. Like me, I only drink blood.”

The girl laughed: “What’s there to be proud of?”

Lan Wu climbed up and leaned close to her, trying to scare her: “If I eat people too, you’ll know why you’re so proud.”

Ji Lingyue tilted her head: “I know, didn’t you say that I belong to you?”

Um?

Lan Wu froze, and it took her a while to realize what she had said. Her heart skipped a beat: “You, you heard that? I was just refuting her, not trying to eat you! I really don’t eat people, really!”

Under her tense gaze, the girl grinned and chuckled, “How can you be so funny?”

Lan Wu stared at her, her eyes wide.

“Alright, let’s continue,” Ji Lingyue said weakly, having laughed herself tired, as she put her leg on her knee. “It hurts…”

“…”

Lan Wu looked at her, then at her legs, then back at her, and suddenly took a breath, reaching out her two paws to scratch at her chest: “How dare you tease me!”

Ji Lingyue quickly curled up into a ball: “Don’t tickle me, ah—don’t tickle me, Lan Wu, haha…”

After some laughter and playful banter, the two pressed themselves together. Lan Wu looked down at the panting girl with bright, sparkling eyes. Ji Lingyue’s face was flushed, and when she met Lan Wu’s gaze, she suddenly pursed her lips, tilted her head back, and kissed Lan Wu on the lips.

The little vampire paused, staring intently at her. Ji Lingyue’s face flushed even redder. She clenched her fists and awkwardly looked away, saying, “What are you looking at? It’s just…”

Before she could finish speaking, a hand grabbed her chin, and Lan Wu lowered her head to kiss her, her tongue entering her soft, moist mouth and stirring up sweet saliva.

“Hmm…”

Ji Lingyue’s eyelashes trembled, and she subconsciously hunched her shoulders, but her hands climbed up her back and hugged her tightly.

“Huff… huff…”

Rapid breathing echoed in the dimly lit room. After a long while, their wet lips finally parted. Lan Wu wanted to kiss her again, but her lips were pressed against Lan Wu’s: “Wait, wait…”

Ji Lingyue took a breath, her eyes red, and said, “It stinks.”

Lan Wu: ?

Just as she was about to be heartbroken, the girl added, “It’s all that vampire’s scent. I want to wash it off.”

Lan Wu’s heartbreak vanished, replaced by a bright smile: “Me too!” She picked up Ji Lingyue and cheerfully headed towards the bathroom: “Let’s shower together.”

"It's all cold water."

"It's okay, it's okay, I'm not afraid of the cold."

"I'm scared."

"It's okay, I'll hold you while you wash."

"You are colder than water."

"Sorry, but what can I do? I'm a vampire."

——

If it weren't for the fact that our Guibao is older, she would be a sweet girl.

Vampire AU-14 ji zai8.com

The next morning, Lan Wu, feeling refreshed, walked to the wrecked SUV with an umbrella. The vampire's corpse had been charred black by the scorching sun and would probably turn to ashes soon. She casually stepped over the corpse, rummaged through the car, found Ji Lingyue's backpack, and carried it into the nearby supermarket.

Last night, the incident happened so suddenly that she ran away before she even had a chance to explore the place properly. Now, after carefully searching through the supplies, they discovered the body parts piled up in the cold storage, almost forming a small mountain.

A putrid stench assaulted her nostrils. Lan Wu forced herself to close the door, grabbed the remaining food, and hurried back to the hotel across the street. To her surprise, the once empty corridor was now teeming with three or five zombies, howling and scratching at the door with their sharp claws. Disgusted, Lan Wu pushed them aside and quickly squeezed into the dimly lit room, inevitably getting herself stained with the filth.

"ah."

She shook her hands in frustration, picked up her backpack and went into the bathroom. Soon after, the sound of rushing water reached Ji Lingyue's ears through the thin glass door.

"Hmm…" The girl groaned and frowned, turning over sleepily and burying her head under the pillow. When Lan Wu came out drying her hair, she was still curled up in the quilt without moving, with only her

calves wrapped in gauze exposed.

Lan Wu quietly sat down on the edge of the bed, carefully unwrapped the gauze, and glanced at the wound. The once gruesome wound had scabbed over, with a faint pinkish tinge around it, and it looked like it was healing well. Relieved, she bent down beside Ji Lingyue and shook her shoulder: "Get up, the sun's about to shine on your bottom."

After waiting a while, the person in bed still didn't react, so Lan Wu could only reach out and remove the pillow, asking in confusion, "Don't you feel stuffy?"

Her face, framed by messy long hair, was clean and delicate, her thick eyelashes drooping obediently. Lan Wu observed her with interest for a while, then finally reached out a restless hand and poked her face: "Get—up—of—your—face—" Finally, the girl, annoyed, frowned and turned her head to the other side: "I don't want to get up…"

Lan Wu gave an "oh," then wrapped her arms around her bare waist from behind, her lips slowly pressing against hers: "Really not getting up?"

Ji Lingyue struggled slightly: "Don't bite."

"Don't bite," she murmured softly, gently kissing the back of the girl's neck. Her fingertips kneaded the soft belly beneath her palms, and the girl in her arms trembled, instinctively curling up and moaning, "Mmm, don't pinch…"

"It's okay, I'll be gentle."

As he spoke, the little vampire lowered his palm and slid it into a soft thicket, finding the tiny fleshy stem between the clam's flesh.

"You, um…" Ji Lingyue bit her lip, raising her flushed face: "You're so annoying…"

"No way," Lan Wu muttered, cupping her breasts and gently playing with them before finding her lips and pressing them against hers: "You're not allowed to hate me."

"You're just so annoying…"

Ji Lingyue subconsciously closed her eyes, her entire body seemingly pressed down under the equally slender girl. The little vampire's lips were soft, but her tongue was icy cold. Ji Lingyue hugged her bare

back, and soon she was breathless from the kisses. At that moment, the fingers that were causing trouble between her legs also touched the entrance and tentatively inserted themselves.

Her eyelashes fluttered, and she began to whimper weakly, pushing Lan Wu's shoulder. Lan Wu blinked, reluctantly ending the kiss, and then pecked at the corner of her lips again.

For some reason, ever since last night, she'd had this urge to roughly squeeze Ji Lingyue, to pull her into her arms, to knead and squish her, or to stick to her side constantly, doing whatever she wanted with her. But humans, sigh… humans are so fragile. Even the slightest pressure would make her cry out in pain, leaving scathing red marks on her skin, unlike the dolls she'd bought as a child, which could be treated however they pleased.

Just like now, with just a gentle insertion into her vagina, she can't help but curl up into a ball.

"Ah…ha, slower…"

Tears welled up in her eyes again, and the only sound in the quiet room was her intermittent moans. Ji Lingyue closed her eyes with a muffled groan and nestled limply in Lan Wu's arms, but a strange sound came from her ear.

Sizzle—Sizzle—

It looked like something was scratching at the door panel.

She forced her eyes open and looked at the tightly closed door a few meters away: "What… um… what was that sound?"

Lan Wu glanced at it briefly, then said casually, "It's those zombies."

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: "What zombies?"

"What other kind of zombies could they be? They're just the zombies from the hotel. They probably heard your voice, so they all came over."

"…"

The girl's eyes flickered, and for a moment, her voice trembled with tears: "You mean…they, they're listening to me…"

"It's okay, don't worry about them."

Lan Wu gently coaxed her, lowering her head to kiss her, her fingers penetrating even deeper: “It’s okay if you moan.”

“No…there is a connection…”

She couldn’t bear it and shrank back, kicking her legs wildly on the bed: “I don’t want it anymore…”

“It doesn’t matter.”

“Yes, there is a connection.”

“It’s not off…”

Ji Lingyue suddenly raised her voice: “Lan Wu!”

Lan Wu flinched in surprise: “Huh?”

They even said “hmm”!

She said angrily, “Stop!”

No sooner had she finished speaking than the little vampire jumped up with a howl, then fell to the floor with a thud. Ji Lingyue helped herself sit up, panting, and said, “It’s… okay!”

As if on cue, the door was slammed shut, and the monster outside seemed eager to come in. Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, glared at Lan Wu with her watery eyes, and got out of bed naked: “I’m going to take a shower.”

Lan Wu clutched her neck, gasping for breath, and said, “Wait… wait…”

Ji Lingyue snorted and walked past her, saying, “Stop.”

The little vampire took a deep breath and collapsed to the ground. After a while, she curled up into a ball, looking aggrieved, her eyes turning red: “You are the most hateful human in the world.”

“You are also the most hated vampire in the world.”

After Ji Lingyue finished speaking, she slammed the door shut: “Remember to bring my clothes.”

Vampire AU-15

It seems that it really can't be opened anymore.

Ji Lingyue sighed regretfully, limped off the car, and left only shapeless ashes on the sun-baked ground, which were scattered by the wind.

Not far away, a slender vampire with fluffy curly hair stood listlessly under the eaves. Perhaps because the sun was too strong, she had finally changed out of her light dress and wrapped herself up tightly in a shirt and jeans, and put on a pair of brown leather boots.

It has to be said that even with such a simple outfit, Lan Wu looks like a model on the runway, which is very pleasing to Ji Lingyue's eye.

Yes, it would look even better with a choker around the neck.

She walked back with her bag on her back and casually complimented, "You look quite good like this."

Lan Wu was taken aback, and immediately forgot her decision to ignore Ji Lingyue for three hours. She crossed her arms smugly and said, "That's right, I look good no matter what."

Why are you so easy to coax?

Ji Lingyue pouted helplessly: "Show-off."

"What's the meaning?"

It means "to compliment you on being fashionable".

"Really?" Lan Wu saw her walk away and quickly opened her umbrella, jogging after her. "Are we going to walk to your house? Aren't there any other cars?"

"Where's the car? Even if there is, I don't have the key. I'm not like those people in the movies who can start a car with just two wires…"

As they were talking, a rumbling sound suddenly came from the other end of the street. Under their surprised and uncertain gazes, a motorcycle suddenly sped out from the street corner, carrying two fully armed men who raised their guns at them.

Lan Wu reacted instantly, pulling Ji Lingyue into her arms and turning her back to the incoming bullets.

"Bang—"

"Ugh!" The little vampire stumbled a step from the powerful impact, wincing in pain. "I just changed my clothes!"

Ji Lingyue quickly pulled her into a nearby shop, asking, "Where did it hit?!"

Lan Wu snorted and said aggrievedly, "Left shoulder."

She quickly pulled open Lan Wu's collar to take a look. The bullet was being expelled by the muscle. In just two seconds, even the dark bullet hole had healed, leaving no trace.

As expected of a vampire's powerful self-healing ability.

She was relieved and comforted him, "It's okay, it's not silver."

Just then, the motorcycle, emitting a piercing roar, stopped outside. The two men jumped off, guns in hand, and walked in: "Hey, you guys, hand over your bags if you don't want to die…"

Before he could finish speaking, he suddenly noticed something, froze in terror, and his voice became shrill and grating: "A vampire!"

Ji Lingyue straightened Lan Wu's collar, turned her head, and looked at him with a half-smile: "Alright, go ahead."

He paused, then added, "You are not allowed to suck their blood."

Lan Wu snorted in dissatisfaction and strode forward: "I'm not that indiscriminate in my choices."

After a series of loud cracking noises, the two who had been extremely arrogant just moments before collapsed to the ground like rag dolls. Ji Lingyue stepped forward and took off their helmets. Seeing the little vampire curiously coming over to look, she casually put them on her head. But as soon as she put them on, it was as if some switch had been triggered, and she let out a miserable scream.

Ji Lingyue was startled: "What's wrong?"

"The smell of sweat is so strong!"

Ji Lingyue quickly took it off: "Sorry, sorry."

Lan Wu tossed her hair with utter disgust and turned around: "I'm going to take another shower."

While she was washing up, Ji Lingyue squatted down and took out a lighter and a flashlight from the pockets of the two unconscious people. She then found a rope and tied them together tightly. After doing this, she fiddled with the helmet in her hand, looked at the bright sunshine outside, and had an idea in mind.

Why are you making me wear it again?

The little vampire, who had just taken a bath, was very uncooperative. When Ji Lingyue approached with her helmet in hand, he tiptoed and hid. Ji Lingyue could only explain, “I’ve already washed it and dried it in the sun. It doesn’t smell anymore.”

Lan Wu asked, half-believing, half-doubting, “Really?”

“Really, why would I lie to you about something like this?”

“But why should I wear a helmet?”

Ji Lingyue patiently explained, “Because we’re going to be riding a motorcycle in a bit, unlike a car, it can’t provide shade. Only a helmet can protect you, so do you want to wear one?”

Lan Wu pondered for a while, and finally obediently lowered her head. Ji Lingyue breathed a sigh of relief, then helped her put on gloves, and muttered, “Don’t move around after you get in the car. If you feel sunburnt, tell me immediately, and we can stop at any time.”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement and shook her head. She was completely bundled up and looked rather clumsy at first glance. Ji Lingyue chuckled and couldn’t help but tap her helmet: “Alright, let’s go.”

Lan Wu followed slowly behind her: “You can ride a motorcycle, drive a car, and even stab people with a knife. Is there anything you can’t do?”

“I’m not a show-off.”

Lan Wu was taken aback: “What does this mean?”

It means “to compliment your looks”.

“Don’t try to fool me,” she muttered as she climbed into the back seat. Just as she was about to press for more information, the girl suddenly twisted the accelerator and sped off. Lan Wu was terrified and quickly

grabbed Ji Lingyue's waist, saying, "Slow down, slow down!"

Ji Lingyue said happily, "Just hold me tight."

The wind, carrying the heat, ruffled their clothes as they sped along the road, quickly becoming tiny black dots.

After some time, another car pulled up in front of the gas station.

A tall, slender woman climbed out of the driver's seat, holding a compass-like instrument in her hand. She put on sunglasses, walked to the dilapidated SUV, glanced at it, and frowned, saying, "There's no one inside."

After saying that, he opened the trunk and expertly pulled out the GPS tracker that was stuck under the seat: "It was parked here last night, it probably hasn't gone far, look around."

"Okay." Yu Shanye responded, picked up his crossbow and headed towards the supermarket, while Danqing and Danbai ran to search other shops around the area. After a short while, they shouted, "Teacher, there's someone here!"

Ye Qingjun was startled. She looked away from the twisted car door and walked over quickly. The shop looked like it had just been through a catastrophe. All the glass products were broken on the ground, making a creaking sound when you stepped on them. Sure enough, there were two people lying in the back of the shop, not only tied together but also with their mouths taped shut.

As soon as Danqing removed the tape from the man's mouth, he exclaimed, "Vampire!"

Denber frowned: "Vampires? Where are there vampires?"

"Vampires! Vampires attacked us, knocked us unconscious, and stole our things!"

"Just knocked you out, didn't drink your blood?" Ye Qingjun looked down at them, raising an eyebrow: "There are vampires this restrained?"

The two nodded repeatedly: "She also has a human accomplice; they're in cahoots!"

Danqing quickly asked, "Is she a pretty human girl, about this tall and

thin?"

"Yes, yes, it's her!"

Danqing affirmed, "Then she really is very bad!"

Ye Qingjun shook her head: "With such a bright sun, how could she attack you? I think this is an arts and crafts shop. What are you two doing in a shop like this with nothing better to do?"

The two men exchanged a glance and hesitated for a moment. Just then, Yu Shanye rushed over and said, "Teacher, please go and see. There are… there are…" She pursed her lips, her face grim. "…lots of corpses."

Soon, the group stood at the blood-stained entrance of the cold storage. The stench of decay assaulted their senses, and flies buzzed around them. Danqing's face turned deathly pale at just one glance, and she rushed out to vomit. The two men who had been freed from their restraints cried out in alarm, "She did it! It must have been her!"

Yu Shanye frowned: "This body looks like it's been there for several days. They only arrived here yesterday. How could it have been her?"

"If it wasn't her, who else could it be? She's the only vampire around here! It's hot now, it's not impossible for it to have rotted like this overnight!"

Ye Qingjun clicked her tongue and closed the door again: "Stop arguing. We have to deal with these man-eating vampires. We need to find them quickly. It's better to kill the innocent than let the guilty go free."

"What about our senior? Aren't we still looking for her?"

Speaking of this, Ye Qingjun had an even bigger headache. She pursed her lips and sighed, "It seems that we can only rely on A-Jin to save Changge now."

——

In the vampire arc, Yao Lao finally got his own name—Su Jin.

At this moment, Lan Yuan was chasing after her younger sister, carrying Chang Ge with her.

Vampire AU-16

“Out of gas again.”

“What should we do then?” Lan Wu glanced ahead, where scattered cars lay on the wide overpass, and looked back, where the rolling towns stood silently in the dark night. “There’s nowhere to rest here either.”

Ji Lingyue fanned herself with her hand and said, “It’s only a few dozen kilometers to Huaguang City. My home is there. If we walk…”

“Ah ha,” Lan Wu said warily, “Don’t even think about it, I don’t want to walk dozens of kilometers.”

“I didn’t say I was leaving now, and I’m tired too.” As she spoke, she wearily twisted her neck. “I’ve been driving and riding the bike the whole time. You’re so comfortable, just sitting there. You can’t help with anything.”

Lan Wu didn’t like hearing that: “Since I can’t help you at all, why are you still holding onto me?”

Ji Lingyue glanced at her and casually said, “Because you’re cute.”

“I knew it! You…” Lan Wu started to say aggressively, but suddenly stopped midway: “Wait, what did you say?”

Ji Lingyue walked to an abandoned car, pressed her face against the window and looked inside: “What did you say?”

Lan Wu quickly followed, asking, “What did you just say about me?”

The girl looked up blankly, stared at her for a few seconds, and then smiled: “I said you’re cute.”

The little vampire visibly swelled up, and before she could show off, Ji Lingyue said at the right moment, “Since you’re so cute, could you open the car door for me?”

“What’s so difficult about this?” Lan Wu walked forward with her head held high, grabbed the car door with both hands, and ripped it off with a click. “Tell me if you have any other requests.”

“Can you stay here while I rest in the car?”

“sure.”

Ji Lingyue curled her lips and climbed into the back seat: “Thank you,

lovely vampire lady."

Lan Wu plopped down by the car door and cheerfully crossed her arms: "You're welcome."

Ji Lingyue glanced at her back with amusement, felt relieved, rolled over and curled up into a ball, slowly closing her eyes.

Soon, the empty elevated road fell silent again. Lan Wu sat upright, her two red eyes shining like small light bulbs, vigilantly and seriously surveying everything around her.

Gradually, the moon, radiating a soft glow, was obscured by dense dark clouds. The cars parked not far away resembled slumbering metal monsters in the darkness, their empty windows exuding a chilling and dangerous aura.

After an unknown amount of time, she squinted and yawned sleepily.

"Haa…"

Tears welled up in her eyes, and she patted her cheeks, forcing herself to stay awake. She stared blankly at the dark night outside the overpass when a pale hand suddenly reached out from under the bridge and grabbed the metal railing.

Lan Wu: !

She was startled and stared at the hand in disbelief, thinking she was hallucinating. But soon, another hand climbed up, and the owner of the hand used it to flip up from under the bridge, kneeling on the ground panting.

Lan Wu: …This viaduct is about twenty meters high, right?

Finally, the man caught his breath and wearily raised his head.

A pair of red eyes were staring straight at her.

"…"

After staring at each other for a long time, Lan Wu shifted her posture uneasily and tentatively asked, "Hello, are you a vampire?"

The girl frowned: "You're a vampire too?"

"Of course," Lan Wu looked her over carefully, only then noticing that

there was someone clinging to her back, which made her appear so tall: “What happened to her?”

The girl was taken aback and asked warily, “What’s it to you?”

Lan Wu sniffed and said, “She’s human, isn’t she? Is she your food? I smell blood…”

Suddenly, the vampire in front of her rushed up at an extremely fast speed. Before Lan Wu could react, she heard a rustling sound behind her, and then a hand was placed on her shoulder.

“Bang—”

A silver bullet pierced the girl’s calf. Ji Lingyue coldly lowered her eyes and pointed the gun at the head of the vampire who had fallen to the ground in a sorry state: “Please be polite, or I won’t hesitate to kill you.”

The distance was so close that Lan Wu’s ears were still ringing. She turned her head to look at the person leaning on her shoulder and asked in a daze, “When did you wake up?”

“When you say your first words.”

The girl, drenched in sweat from the pain, gritted her teeth and asked, “Are you a vampire hunter?”

“I’m not.” After saying that, Ji Lingyue raised her chin at Lan Wu: “Didn’t you want to ask her questions? Go ahead and ask.”

Lan Wu was taken aback: “You injured her because of this?”

Ji Lingyue frowned: “Otherwise what? Wait for her to pounce on you and beat you up?”

Wow—it was all to protect me!

Lan Wu blinked, her heart pounding, and said shyly, “You, you’re quite nice.”

Ji Lingyue: ?

Under her questioning gaze, Lan Wu jumped out of the car excitedly. But after taking only two steps, the vampire in front of her trembled like a startled bird and reached out to protect the person behind her. She was taken aback, stopped and looked her over for a moment, and

asked in surprise, “You don’t think I’m going to hurt her, do you?”

The girl said fiercely, “Otherwise what? I am a vampire, so of course I know what vampires are like!”

Lan Wu was even more surprised: “But isn’t she your food?”

“She’s not my food, she’s my best friend.”

“Vampires can be friends with humans?” Lan Wu asked incredulously. “You’re the first one I’ve ever met.”

The other person snorted and said rudely, “You are also the first vampire I have ever met who is friends with a vampire hunter.”

“A vampire hunter? You mean her? Ah, no, no, she’s really not, and we’re not friends either, we’re…we…” Lan Wu was momentarily speechless, turning to look at Ji Lingyue. The person leaning against the doorframe raised an eyebrow, looking at her with a half-smile: “What are we?”

Lan Wu blinked and said, “Master and servant, yes, we are master and servant.” She turned her head and said confidently, “I am the master, and she is my blood slave.”

Ji Lingyue: …

She narrowed her eyes, sneered, and was about to utter that word that sounded like a curse when Lan Wu grabbed her waist and whispered, “Please, give me some face, okay?”

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then crossed her arms: “Yes, we are master and servant.”

Lan Wu breathed a sigh of relief and became smug again: “So you see, I’m not hungry at all and I don’t have to worry about food, so why would I hurt your friend? Besides, I’m a friendly vampire and I never bite people randomly. Tell me what happened to your friend, and maybe I can help.”

The girl clearly didn’t believe her and remained vigilantly protecting the person behind her. Ji Lingyue sighed and jumped out of the car: “Let’s take the bullet out first. I have a first-aid kit here. If your friend is injured, I can help bandage him.”

“No, you mustn’t go…”

"Yaozhu..." Suddenly, a weak voice came from behind her: "They don't seem to have any ill intentions, don't be nervous."

The girl was startled, then turned around in surprise: "You're awake? When did you wake up? Are you thirsty? Hungry? Still in pain?"

"fine......"

Ji Lingyue stepped forward carrying a medicine box: "Where are you injured? Let me see."

Yao Zhu glanced at her quickly, hesitated for a long time, and then moved away: "When we were running away, her head was hit and she got a big gash."

Ji Lingyue squatted down next to her to observe her while opening the medicine box: "Where did you come from?"

Huaguang City.

She was stunned: "Huaguang City?"

Lan Wu also realized: "Huaguang City? Hey, isn't that your home?"

"This is my home."

"What, you're going to Huaguang City?" Yao Zhu frowned and glanced at them, then shook her head. "It's best not to. That place is practically a zombie abode. Vampires can come and go as they please, but as for humans, if I may be so bold, let's just forget about it."

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and silently cleaned the girl's wounds. Lan Wu, however, stood frozen in place, glancing uneasily at Ji Lingyue's retreating figure, and stammered, "The residents inside..."

"Where are the residents? Even if there are, they're all long dead. I barely managed to escape with Xuanyu. As for ordinary people..." Before she could finish speaking, her wrist was suddenly grabbed by the person next to her. Xuanyu's face turned pale, and she whispered, "Yaozhu, stop talking."

Yao Zhu was taken aback, her gaze falling on Ji Lingyue, and she obediently shut her mouth.

In the pitch-black moonlit night, only the girl's low moans of pain could be heard from time to time. Ji Lingyue did not say a word until the wound was bandaged. Lan Wu watched her pack up the medicine

box, bit her lip, and for the first time in her life, she felt a frustrated and distressed feeling that she could not relieve.

After the bullet was removed from her leg, Yaozhu stretched her legs and picked up Xuanyu again, saying, "Thank you."

Ji Lingyue said calmly, "No need to thank me."

"We need to keep heading south, you…" She hesitated for a moment, then said, "You should also head south, there are too many zombies in the north."

Ji Lingyue remained noncommittal: "I will consider it."

Yao Zhu opened her mouth as if she wanted to say something, but swallowed it back down. She swayed Xuan Yu on her back, turned around, and limped into the darkness.

Soon, only the two of them were left.

The wind howled past, and Ji Lingyue silently climbed back into the car, nestled against her arm, and curled up to lie down.

Lan Wu stood anxiously outside the car, tentatively calling out, "Hey."

The girl remained silent, leaving her only with her back turned.

Just then, a drop of rain fell, wetting the tip of her nose. Lan Wu was stunned for a moment, looked up at the sky, but received even more rain. She quickly squeezed into the small car and squeezed next to Ji Lingyue.

"Get down."

"It's raining outside, I don't want it to rain."

As she spoke, she climbed up the seat again, carefully snuggling behind Ji Lingyue, as if to confirm her statement. Before long, the rain intensified, cascading down the ground like a waterfall, splashing up droplets of water.

The little vampire instinctively curled up into a ball, hesitated for a moment, and then asked softly, "Are you sleepy again?"

"No."

Lan Wu gave an "oh," stared at the back of her head, and finally

mustered up her courage to say, “You…you don’t have to be sad. Your mother might be alright. What if Yao Zhu is exaggerating? The situation in Huaguang City isn’t actually that bad…”

Ji Lingyue suddenly interrupted her: “You don’t need to comfort me, I’m not sad.”

How could you not be sad?

“I’m not really sad, because I…” She took a deep breath and slowly closed her eyes: “I already knew my mother was dead.”

“…”

Now it was Lan Wu’s turn to be dumbfounded: “What?”

The girl said in a hoarse voice, “When the virus broke out, I was on the phone with her, and I heard… her voice on the other end.”

Lan Wu stared at her blankly.

“I heard it, but I… I could only listen.” Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, hastily wiping away the tears from the corners of her eyes, but her voice turned cold: “So I knew all along that she couldn’t possibly still be alive, and she couldn’t possibly be waiting for me to come home.”

Lan Wu frowned: “If that’s the case, why did you still want to go home?”

“Maybe it’s because I don’t want her to be like that.” Ji Lingyue’s voice grew softer and softer: “Like a walking corpse, wandering the streets and alleys, never finding peace.”

With a deafening roar, a ferocious bolt of lightning tore through the sky, illuminating the world in an instant as if it were daytime. The girl sighed, turning over amidst the pouring rain, her thin body almost completely buried in Lan Wu’s arms: “So, I must go home, I must find her, and then, and then…”

Lan Wu’s eyelashes trembled: “Kill her.”

The person in her arms trembled, her arms tightly wrapped around her waist, and a suppressed sob escaped her throat. In that instant, Lan Wu understood something and reached out to pull her into her arms: “Don’t be afraid, don’t be afraid.”

The girl sobbed, “What if I can’t find her? What if she’s not there

anymore? I… I don't know… what if I become one of those monsters too…"

"You won't become that kind of monster." She frowned and denied it, gently patting her back and clumsily coaxing, "I will help you. I will go with you to find her. We will definitely find her. When the time comes, we will let Mom rest in peace, and then… you will come home with me."

Ji Lingyue sobbed and asked through tears, "Go back to your home?"

"Um."

"Would you like to be a blood slave in your family?"

Lan Wu quickly shook her head: "That won't do. Being my blood slave alone is enough."

"…"

Ji Lingyue closed her eyes, and suddenly felt even more heartbroken.

Vampire AU-17

"here."

Ji Lingyue used her bag to shield herself from the torrential rain and quickly ran to the carport. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the sky was still covered with dark clouds, not a ray of light could be seen, and the rumbling thunder came from the horizon from time to time. The streets were filled with sewage and stagnant stench. Apart from the occasional rat running out of the damp corners, she could not see any living creatures. This once rich and peaceful city seemed to have completely turned into a dead city.

Behind her, Lan Wu stepped through the puddles and followed her in: "My clothes and my shoes are soaked."

Ji Lingyue wiped the water off her face and comforted her, "It's okay, just turn right at the next intersection and you'll be in my neighborhood. I can lend you my clothes when we get there."

Lan Wu remained noncommittal, turning to look around: "But don't you find it strange? We haven't seen anyone on the road, and why aren't there even any zombies?"

Ji Lingyue casually remarked, "Perhaps they also dislike getting wet in

the rain."

Moreover, the rain completely masked their footsteps, thus concealing their movements. Ji Lingyue breathed a sigh of relief and turned to look at the little vampire beside her. The girl was soaked to the bone, water dripping from her body, and strands of her hair were stuck to her face. At this moment, she was wringing the hem of her shirt, squeezing out the rainwater, which pattered onto the ground.

She pouted and started muttering again, "If they don't like getting wet in the rain, they won't hide inside, right? Then we'll just bump into them when we go in."

"Stop talking nonsense," Ji Lingyue raised her bag above her head again and urged, "Let's go, the sooner we get there, the sooner we can rest."

"knew."

Lan Wu sighed silently, looked up at the gloomy sky, and reluctantly rushed into the rain. The rest of the journey was still unimpeded, and before long, the two hurriedly ran into the residential area and disappeared into the dark building entrance.

A dozen seconds later, they rushed out again, looking flustered.

"You jinx!"

Lan Wu retorted, unconvinced, "It's clearly a reasonable deduction!"

Behind them, a dark mass of corpses surged forth like a flood. Lan Wu turned her head and couldn't help but gasp: "How can there be so many?!"

The sounds filtered by the rain seemed hazy and distant. Ji Lingyue shouted at the top of her lungs, "Why are you running? They won't attack you!"

That's right.

Lan Wu was startled, stopped in her tracks, turned around to face the hideous, rotting face, and punched it.

Blood and flesh flew everywhere, and the little vampire let out a scream.

Ji Lingyue was startled and quickly asked, "What's wrong?"

Lan Wu shook her hands in disgust and said from afar, “My hands are dirty! Ugh—so disgusting!”

Ji Lingyue clenched her fists, unable to contain herself any longer, and said, “Couldn’t you have found a tool instead!”

Amidst the lightning and thunder, a gust of foul wind suddenly swept from her side. She instinctively ducked, narrowly avoiding the sharp claws that were about to grab her. Through her rain-blurred vision, countless dark figures were pouring out of apartment buildings from all directions.

Ji Lingyue stopped in her tracks and looked around in a panic.

There were too many, too many. No matter which direction she was facing, there were dark shadows closing in on her. Only at this moment did she realize what Yaozhu meant by “zombie nest”.

“Huff, huff…”

Her breathing became more rapid, and she said in a trembling voice, “Lan Wu!”

Lan Wu was almost submerged in the horde of zombies. While struggling to smash the heads of the zombies in front of her, she staggered towards her, shouting, “Run to higher ground!”

“High up, high up…” She hurriedly glanced around and her gaze fell on a crooked tree not far away. It was the neighborhood’s favorite place for children to play. Because of its thick trunk and gnarled roots, they could easily climb up and jump to the roof of the neighborhood committee next door. In the past, many parents complained about this tree and demanded that it be transplanted elsewhere. Now, however, it has become her way of survival.

Ji Lingyue ran towards it without hesitation. At the same time, the horde of corpses surrounded her at an extremely fast speed. Before the encirclement disappeared completely, she quickly climbed the tree and stood shakily on the slippery branches that slanted towards the roof.

Lan Wu also squeezed under the tree at this moment. Ji Lingyue glanced down and her face turned pale. She swayed and took a deep breath. She stopped looking at the dense horde of corpses below, lifted her foot, and walked step by step along the tree trunk to the roof on the opposite side.

Seeing her land safely, Lan Wu breathed a sigh of relief, then nimbly climbed up the wall. The girl standing on the roof was startled, instinctively raising the steel shovel in her hand. After recognizing her, she opened her mouth and said in a hoarse voice, “Lan Wu…”

Lan Wu hummed in agreement, then frowned and looked down. The three-story building was completely surrounded by the horde of zombies, like an isolated island in a black ocean with no way to escape. She pursed her lips, then looked at the surrounding buildings, and soon came up with an idea.

What are you doing?

After being suddenly carried on her back, Ji Lingyue nervously hugged the little vampire’s neck. After what had just happened, her heart was pounding, and her limbs were weak. She didn’t have much strength left, but Lan Wu lifted her up a little more on her back and said, “Hold on tight and don’t let go.”

Ji Lingyue became even more nervous: “What exactly do you want to do?”

“I’ll get you out of here,” she gestured to the distance to the nearest building, “If I take a running start, I should be able to jump over it.”

Ji Lingyue glanced at it and gaped in shock: “That building? You’re going to jump over it?! Really?”

“I am a vampire.”

“Even for a vampire, twenty meters is…”

Before she could finish speaking, Lan Wu jumped up and down on the spot, then twisted her neck and stretched her muscles. She then jogged up from the far east end of the roof: “Hold on tight, I’ll only jump once.”

“Wait, wait!” Ji Lingyue exclaimed in a panic, “I haven’t answered yet—!”

Amidst a drawn-out scream, a dark shadow flew over the horde of zombies and landed firmly on the side wall of the building. Lan Wu raised the corners of her lips, about to show off triumphantly, when her body suddenly slid down. Startled, she quickly gripped the wall with her fingers and, before the zombies could bite Ji Lingyue’s feet, huffed and puffed her way up a bit.

Ji Lingyue turned pale with fright, burying her face tightly in Lan Wu's shoulder. As the little vampire climbed higher and higher, she dared not look down, and asked in a trembling voice, "Where are you going?"

"I should be asking you that," Lan Wu said, climbing up the wall like a spider in the rain, "What floor do you live on?"

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then slowly raised her eyes: "Not this building."

"I know," Lan Wu glanced at her sideways and smiled, "I'll jump again."

"…"

Half an hour later, a small window, damp with raindrops, was pushed open, and the little vampire, panting heavily, climbed in, gripping the windowsill: "We're here…"

The familiar bathroom came into view, its furnishings unchanged from when she left, but the floor was covered in dust, as if no one had lived there for a long time. Ji Lingyue got up from Lan Wu and looked around, her heart beating faster again.

She took a breath, picked up the steel shovel, pushed open the bathroom door, and went out.

Lan Wu followed behind her, hesitated for a moment, and then said, "There's no one here, at least not in this house."

How did you know?

"Because I didn't hear any sound."

Ji Lingyue paused, stopped in her tracks, and stood silently in place.

Lan Wu pursed her lips, took a few steps into the living room, and turned her head to see the dried and blackened bloodstains on the floor of the entrance hall. The door with the bright red "Fu" character pasted on it was also open.

She sighed softly, stepped forward to close the door, and said, "I'm sorry, but it seems your mother isn't here anymore."

Vampire AU-18

Soon, night fell again.

After taking a shower, Lan Wu changed into the clean nightgown Ji Lingyue had given her and shuffled out of the bathroom in her slippers. The rain had stopped, the dark clouds had dispersed, and the silvery moonlight streamed into the living room. She carefully peered down from the balcony and saw a dense mass of swaying shadows.

There are too many.

She sighed and went back into the candlelit bedroom. Ji Lingyue was curled up on the bed without moving. When she heard footsteps, she turned her head slightly and asked, "What are you doing here?"

Lan Wu replied matter-of-factly, "Go to sleep."

"Didn't I already tidy up the sofa?"

"What do you mean?" Lan Wu's eyes widened in surprise. "You want me to sleep on the sofa?"

"Otherwise what?"

"No, I want to sleep in the bed."

Ji Lingyue sighed: "Then I'll sleep on the sofa."

As she spoke, she sat up in bed and put both feet on the floor, but Lan Wu grabbed her wrist and said angrily, "You're not allowed to go."

Ji Lingyue frowned: "Let go."

"I won't let go."

"Have you forgotten that you also…"

Before she could finish speaking, Lan Wu interrupted her: "You mean this collar? I don't care. You can activate it if you want. I won't let go of it, and you can't go out to sleep either."

Ji Lingyue bit her lip unhappily: "Lan Wu, I'm tired. I don't want to do that kind of thing with you tonight."

"What kind of thing?"

The little vampire wrapped his arms around her waist and placed one leg on top of hers: "I'm not a pervert who only thinks about that kind

of thing all day long. I'm a very upright vampire, okay?"

As she said this, she clung to Ji Lingyue like an octopus. The girl struggled a few times but couldn't move at all. After a moment, she closed her eyes, panting, completely exasperated: "Then why do you insist that I sleep with you?"

"Because, I heard my mother say…"

Not hearing another word for a long time, Ji Lingyue couldn't help but turn to look at her: "What did you say?"

Lan Wu's pale face was inches away, her eyelashes fluttering so close they almost brushed against her face: "My mother said that humans are social animals."

"so what?"

"So… as social animals, do humans want to rely on their companions when they are sad?"

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then turned her head back and said stiffly, "I don't know what other humans are like, but when I'm sad, I just want to be alone."

Lan Wu chuckled softly, "That's perfect."

"What do you mean 'just right'? Don't you understand me?" She suddenly widened her eyes and said in a harsh voice, "I want to be alone."

"You're all alone." Before Ji Lingyue could question her, she said lightly, "I'm not a person."

"You, you're just making excuses."

"No way, I was perfectly reasonable." Lan Wu pulled her closer and patted her back. "You did walk a long way today, you must be tired. Get some rest."

Ji Lingyue was silent for a while before finally saying, "Lan Wu, loosen your grip a little."

"You still want to sleep on the sofa alone?"

She shook her head and whispered, "You're holding me too tightly, it makes me uncomfortable."

Lan Wu realized what was happening and quickly let go. The person who had been trapped in her arms let out a soft breath, then suddenly rolled over and straddled her waist: “Lan Wu.”

“Hmm?” she responded, raising her eyes. The girl’s thin face was dimly lit by the flickering candlelight, making her look gentle and soft. “What’s wrong?”

Ji Lingyue stared at her for a moment, then straightened up, grabbed the hem of the loose t-shirt with both hands, and quickly took it off.

A slender, fair body immediately came into Lan Wu’s view. She was startled, her eyelashes trembled uneasily, and she curled her hands in front of her chest: “What are you doing? I am, I am an upright vampire.”

“Won’t you get hungry after becoming a righteous vampire?”

Lan Wu was stunned for a moment, then asked blankly, “What?”

“You haven’t drunk any blood today, aren’t you hungry?” Ji Lingyue tossed her long hair aside, then quietly snuggled into her arms, her fair neck pressed against hers. “You helped me get home, so you can drink as much blood as you want tonight.”

“Really?”

“real.”

Lan Wu stopped talking, pressed down on her head, and her cold teeth touched the girl’s pale blue veins. The person in her arms trembled, her body tensed involuntarily, and even her breathing seemed to become lighter. Lan Wu lowered her eyes and thought for a while, then lazily moved her head away and yawned: “Consider yourself lucky, I’m not hungry today.”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: “Really not hungry?”

“I’m not hungry,” she muttered with her eyes half-closed. “I’m sleepy, let’s go to sleep.”

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, and after a while she relaxed and obediently curled up in her arms: “Lan Wu, thank you.”

Lan Wu asked a beat late, “What did you say?”

“nothing.”

In the middle of the night, a light drizzle fell from the sky, and the flowing water droplets painted distorted images on the window. Lan Wu was awakened by a lightning flash as bright as day. She frowned, turned over, and then closed her eyes again, placing her hand on the waist of the person next to her.

Just then, a strange sound reached her ears.

"Knock knock..."

Her eyelashes fluttered, she squinted and looked up at the tightly closed bedroom door.

It came from outside.

"Thump, thump thump..."

The noise continued. Lan Wu covered her ears and endured it for a while before sitting up in frustration. The girl beside her let out a soft moan and asked groggily, "What's wrong?"

"It's nothing, I'll go out and take a look."

Lan Wu slipped on her slippers and walked out of the room, but the sound disappeared again. She frowned in confusion, tilted her head and listened for a while, but there was no other sound except for the sound of rain.

Was it just her imagination?

Lan Wu glanced around the dark living room and was about to go back to her room to sleep when a series of hurried footsteps came from outside. Then, something slammed hard against the door with a loud thud.

This time the sound was unusually clear, and she suddenly turned her head, staring intently at the dark entryway.

Someone is in the hallway just one door away.

She tensed up immediately, listening intently, but heard no heartbeat or breathing sounds of any living being. Then, a hoarse voice came from behind her: "Lan Wu..."

Lan Wu turned around and saw Ji Lingyue with messy long hair, squinting eyes, and exuding the weariness of being woken up: "What are you doing?"

She hesitated for a moment, then said, “It seems like it’s outside…”

Before she could finish speaking, the door was banged on again. Ji Lingyue was startled. After exchanging a few glances with her, she tiptoed over and asked, “Is anyone home?”

Lan Wu shook her head: “I don’t think so.”

If it’s not human, then it can only be a zombie.

“Thump—”

Lan Wu shrank back, feeling uneasy: “Why would zombies come and bang on the door for no reason? We didn’t make a sound.”

“You’ll see when you see it.”

Ji Lingyue picked up her steel shovel, carefully walked over, and put her eyes through the peephole. However, the moment she saw what was outside, she gasped for breath, her blood seemed to freeze, and she stood motionless in place.

In the dimly lit stairwell, a woman stained with blood stood unsteadily outside the door, making gurgling sounds in her throat. As if sensing that someone was watching her, she slowly raised her face, which was both strange and familiar, revealing a pair of bloodshot, cloudy white eyes.

Ji Lingyue’s eyelashes trembled, and she staggered back a few steps, saying in a daze, “Mom.”

Vampire AU-19

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then took a few steps forward and tentatively took her hand.

Her palms were colder than usual. She glanced at Ji Lingyue with concern and tried to pull her back, but the girl remained rooted to the spot, staring intently at the closed door.

“Thump—”

The continuous impacts produced dull thuds, and soon, the chaotic footsteps from downstairs penetrated the thick walls and reached Lan Wu’s ears. She tilted her head slightly to listen for a while, her brows furrowing deeper and deeper, and she said in a low voice, “If she keeps ramming like this, she’ll attract all the other zombies.”

As soon as she finished speaking, Ji Lingyue seemed to snap back to reality, her eyes widening as she walked forward, her face pale.

Where are you going?

The girl said in a hoarse voice, “Kill it.”

Are you sure?

“Of course,” she said, her head bowed, fumbling for the doorknob as she stammered, “It’s not my mother. My mother is dead, long dead. It…it’s just a monster, a…”

“Thump—”

Ji Lingyue shuddered suddenly, her hand hanging in the air, motionless. Lan Wu carefully walked to her side and found her standing there blankly, her face expressionless, but wet tears kept falling from the corners of her eyes.

She immediately felt uncomfortable, clenched her fists, and said, “I’ll do it.”

Before Ji Lingyue could react, the little vampire snapped the doorknob open, and a putrid stench immediately assaulted her senses. Just as Lan Wu raised her fist, the vampire lunged at her waist and slammed her to the ground.

She screamed in surprise, trying to shake it off, but the zombie held on tightly to her forearm, its bite as fierce as if it wanted to tear a piece of flesh off. Lan Wu struggled repeatedly but couldn’t break free. Her eyes widened in terror, and she screamed in agony, “Help! Help! Ah! Help me—”

Ji Lingyue finally came to her senses, slammed the door shut, rushed over in three steps, and grabbed the zombie by the neck: “Let go!”

“Awooo—!”

Seemingly uncomfortable being restrained, it suddenly hissed and turned to bite the girl who was standing close by. Ji Lingyue hurriedly released her grip and took a few steps back: “Mom…”

Lan Wu took a breath, looked down at her arm that had been bitten and was now bloody and mangled, and her eyebrows furrowed in anger. She rolled over and pinned it to the ground, while angrily

raising her fist.

“Lan Wu!”

“What’s wrong!” Lan Wu suddenly looked up, baring her teeth fiercely at her: “Didn’t you say you were going to kill him? Are you having second thoughts now?!”

Ji Lingyue’s face was pale as she looked at the monster she had pinned to the ground, struggling and screaming, and stammered helplessly, “I, I…”

She stammered, unable to speak. Lan Wu scoffed and said impatiently, “Since you can’t do it, I’ll kill it for you.”

Ji Lingyue was taken aback: “Lan Wu?”

She suddenly sensed something was wrong, but Lan Wu had already picked up the hardcover book scattered on the ground and viciously smashed it against the head of the zombie beneath her. In a moment of panic, Ji Lingyue glanced at them up and down and exclaimed, “Put it away!”

The little vampire suddenly shuddered, howling and struggling as she grabbed her neck and rolled around. Ji Lingyue quickly called for a stop and rushed over to help her, but a cold hand gripped her wrist tightly.

Her heart skipped a beat, and it took her a while to slowly raise her eyes, only to meet another pair of scarlet eyes. The owner of those eyes stared intently at her, gritting his teeth as he said, “Ji Lingyue!”

The next instant, the world spun before her eyes, and her back slammed hard onto the ground. As she squinted in pain, the little vampire straddled her waist, and his two icy hands gripped her neck tightly.

“Uh… Blue…”

A feeling of suffocation washed over her like a tidal wave. She weakly gripped Lan Wu’s hand, her face quickly turning red, and her eyes filled with physiological tears, yet she still stared at her without blinking.

Why? Why, suddenly…?

The hand gripping her neck tightened its grip again, and Ji Lingyue's vision went black as her body gradually went limp. For the first time, she clearly sensed that Lan Wu was indeed a powerful vampire who could take lives at any moment.

The little vampire pressed lower and lower against her, panting heavily with excitement, his eyes filled with a gleam of exhilaration. The girl's weak moans were almost gone, and her consciousness was about to completely dissipate when the neglected zombie pounced on her again, fiercely biting at Lan Wu.

Lan Wu let out a low growl, grabbed its neck with her backhand, and slammed it against the wall. Ji Lingyue, however, got a moment to catch her breath. She clutched her chest, coughing violently, and turned to the side, shouting hoarsely, "Stop!"

The collar tightened with a snap, and Lan Wu collapsed to the ground in agony, yet she still managed to reach out to her, her eyes bloodshot, and cried out, "I'll kill you! I'll kill you—"

Ji Lingyue, leaning against the wall, staggered to her feet, her eyes red as she looked at her: "Lan Wu…"

The usually clean, beautiful, and arrogant little vampire trembled as she got up, then collapsed again, struggling awkwardly on the ground: "Ugh, ugh…"

Ji Lingyue choked back a sob, wanting to go over but not daring to: "What's wrong with you, Lan Wu, you…"

Halfway through her speech, she suddenly remembered something, and opened her eyes wide as if waking up to look at the black wound on Lan Wu's arm.

That was a wound inflicted by her "mother" just a few minutes earlier.

Because there had never been a precedent of zombies attacking vampires, she had never thought about what would happen if a vampire were bitten.

Will they become brutal and bloodthirsty, turning their backs on their own family?

She looked at Lan Wu, her face pale, and asked in a trembling voice, "How can you change back?"

The only response she received was a piercing groan. Lan Wu desperately clawed at her neck with her fingertips, leaving streaks of blood. Ji Lingyue took two steps back, tears welling in her eyes, but finally couldn't bear to torture her any longer: "Stop."

The little vampire suddenly gasped for breath, then slumped to the ground. A few seconds later, she tilted her head, her red eyes glaring at her with venom: "Ji…"

Before she could finish speaking, Ji Lingyue slipped into the bathroom and locked the door behind her.

There were rustling sounds outside the door. The girl seemed exhausted, panting heavily, but she still managed to get up on all fours and pound on the door again and again: "Open the door!"

Whether it was fortunate or unfortunate, she didn't have much strength left and couldn't break down the door in a short time.

Ji Lingyue scratched her hair anxiously, torn between not wanting to torture herself with the collar and not wanting to be hurt by the irrational Lan Wu.

If I feed her blood, will she return to normal?

Her head was throbbing with pain. She paced back and forth in the bathroom. Outside the door was a vampire going berserk and a zombie behaving strangely. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't think of a way to resolve the situation.

Suddenly, a click sounded behind me.

Ji Lingyue froze, then turned around abruptly. The person who had infiltrated her at some point had already grabbed her collar and slammed her against the wall.

Under the moonlight, the vampire who shared the same face as Lan Wu stared at her with a cold smile, while holding a cold black iron chain in his other hand. Ji Lingyue blinked in surprise and looked behind her along the chain. At the end of the chain was wrapped around a fair neck, and above that, there was a familiar face.

Ah, it's that vampire hunter named Meng Changge.

Ji Lingyue stared at her for two seconds before looking away and turning back to the arrogant vampire in front of her. Lan Yuan

twitched her lips and said in a sinister tone, “We meet again. You’ve really been a long time coming.”

Ji Lingyue pursed her lips and remained silent.

Where is my sister?

No sooner had he finished speaking than the door a few steps away was slammed shut.

Lan Yuan was taken aback and looked at her suspiciously: “Lan Wu?”

The little vampire outside ignored her, only banging on the door again and again, making grunting and panting sounds.

Lan Yuan’s heart tightened. She casually tossed Ji Lingyue aside and quickly walked over: “Lan…”

With a loud bang, the door, unable to withstand the weight, finally shattered into pieces. Lan Yuan, who had been slammed against the wall by the impact, scrambled to her feet, covered in dust, her eyes wide with disbelief: “You’ve really gone too far! You dare to hit me!”

Vampire AU-20

Lan Wu ignored her and went into the bathroom. Her eyes darted around and landed on Ji Lingyue standing by the window. She smiled excitedly and strode toward the girl.

This infuriated Lan Yuan, who grabbed Lan Wu by the collar and slammed her against the wall without any politeness: “What kind of attitude is that? Didn’t you hear me talking to you!”

Lan Wu bared her teeth and yelled at her impatiently.

“Aww—”

“Smack.”

After a crisp sound, the little vampire stood frozen in place, as if choking, her pale face gradually turning red. Lan Yuan, furious, grabbed her by the collar, her other hand still hanging in the air: “Who are you yelling at? Just say you want me to slap you.”

“…”

In the deathly silence, Lan Wu pursed her lips, glaring hatefully at Lan

Yuan, her eyes gradually welling up with tears. Ji Lingyue, hiding to the side, hesitated, but seeing Lan Wu's state, she realized a reassuring truth.

Lan Wu has shifted her target of hatred.

But Lan Yuan clearly hadn't realized it: "What kind of look is that? Don't make me slap you again!"

Lan Wu gasped for breath, her breathing becoming increasingly rapid. Suddenly, her eyes widened, and she angrily lunged forward, grabbing Lan Yuan's waist and slamming her against the wall. The impact nearly cracked the wall. Ji Lingyue glanced at her in alarm and cautiously moved towards the door from the other side, but Meng Changge grabbed her wrist.

Where do you want to go?

Ji Lingyue glanced back at her. The woman looked much more listless than when they first met, and her lips were pale. She had obviously suffered a lot at Lan Yuan's hands. But now was not the time for the two of them to fight amongst themselves. They should take advantage of the fact that the vampires were fighting each other and escape as soon as possible.

That's what she thought, and that's what she said, but Meng Changge narrowed her eyes and sneered, "I don't believe you. You're just trying to run away, aren't you?"

Ji Lingyue lowered her voice: "I know what I did before was not kind, but if you want to settle accounts with me, you should know the occasion. Now is a great opportunity, whether you run away or not is up to you."

After saying that, she shook off Meng Changge's hand and quickly left the messy bathroom. Meng Changge hesitated for a moment, then looked back at Lan Yuan. The irritable vampire was pinning her own sister to the ground, punching her twice in the head, and then grabbing her ear hard: "What's wrong with you? Wake up!"

Seeing that she hadn't noticed this side, Meng Changge took a step back, put the chain in her hand, and quickly ran out. What came into view was an even more messy living room. She glanced at it quickly and caught a glimpse of a dark figure rushing towards her. She quickly rolled forward and picked up the steel shovel on the ground, swinging it at the thing's head.

With a thud, the thing fell to the ground without making a sound. She breathed a sigh of relief and turned around to examine it closely.

“Zombies?”

How come there are zombies inside the house?

Without a second thought, she strode over, raising the steel shovel in her hand to finish the job, but Ji Lingyue, who had crawled out of the bedroom, cried out, “Stop!”

She instinctively stopped what she was doing.

Angry roars and loud banging came from the bathroom a few meters away, as loud as a battle. Ji Lingyue tried to ignore the noise and calmly said, “She is my mother.”

Meng Changge said, “She’s a zombie!”

“I know,” she said, walking quickly to stand in front of the monster on the ground. “Believe it or not, I think… I think she still has a little bit of her mind left.”

“What nonsense are you talking about? Once you become a zombie, you completely lose human emotions and intelligence, you’re just a walking corpse. It’s impossible for you to still have any consciousness. The virus has been out for so long, don’t you understand?” As he spoke, Meng Changge frowned and looked at her outstretched hand: “What are you doing?”

Ji Lingyue: “You’re holding my shovel.”

Meng Changge remained silent for a moment, then handed the shovel back to her.

Suddenly, another loud bang came from not far away. Whether it was their imagination or not, this time it seemed that even the ground beneath their feet shook. Lan Yuan’s voice, which she could no longer bear, reached their ears: “You better stop!”

Ji Lingyue glanced quickly at the smoke-filled bathroom and said, “It won’t take that long.”

Meng Changge was taken aback: “What?”

“The virus outbreak has only been going on for less than a year,” the girl looked up at her and said calmly, “so we have absolutely no idea

where this virus will lead humanity. Is losing emotions and reason and becoming a walking corpse the final state of evolution? If there really are zombies that can retain their minds, will they gradually revert to their original form, or will they eventually evolve into another kind of being…"

"Wait," Meng Changge gestured for me to stop, "so you're starting to talk nonsense to stop me from killing it?"

Ji Lingyue bit her lip, then suddenly squatted down and put her hand to the monster's mouth. Meng Changge was startled and tried to pull her away, but she stopped him: "It's been strange since tonight. We didn't make a sound, but she came back and banged on the door, as if she knew the location of the house. After that, except when I stopped her when she bit Lan Wu, she never attacked me. On the contrary… on the contrary, she helped me."

Under her tense gaze, the monster lying on the ground raised its turbid white eyes and looked at her for a few seconds, making a few gurgling sounds in its throat before turning its head to the other side.

Ji Lingyue suddenly breathed a sigh of relief, her eyes even welling up with tears: "Look, look, she didn't attack me."

Meng Changge raised an eyebrow in surprise, glancing back and forth between them. Just then, a voice rang out softly, "What did you just say? She bit Lan Wu?"

The two were startled and turned their heads at the same time, only to realize that the fighting had stopped for a while. Lan Yuan kicked away the broken bricks on the ground with a gloomy expression, grabbed Lan Wu's ankle, and slowly walked out.

She had only a hideous scratch on her face, while Lan Wu, lying limply on the ground, had her eyes closed, her long hair disheveled, and her face covered in bruises and red marks, looking utterly wretched.

Ji Lingyue was shocked and rushed over: "You, how could you beat her like this!"

"You dare ask me?" Lan Yuan gritted her teeth and said, "She was never this arrogant before. How come she was bitten? She's a vampire, how could she be bitten?"

Ji Lingyue carefully pulled Lan Wu's head into her arms: "Whether

you believe it or not, she was indeed bitten. After being bitten, she became like this, just like when she was hit in the chest by the silver bullet last time, she became irrational…"

The vampire, who was about to pull her away from Lan Wu, paused, then suddenly raised his voice: "What? Shot in the chest? When? Who hit you?!"

Meng Changge blinked, then casually turned her head to the other side, trying to minimize her presence.

Ji Lingyue shook her head and continued, "She returned to normal after drinking blood last time, so I think if we let her drink blood…"

"Then what are you waiting for?"

Lan Yuan impatiently pushed her away, then grabbed Lan Wu's head and shook it violently: "Don't pretend, I didn't hit you that hard. Get up and suck the blood."

A moment later, Lan Wu frowned uncomfortably and gagged. Lan Yuan then stopped what she was doing and said bluntly, "Are you more awake? If not, I'll continue."

Lan Wu took a breath, and when she saw that it was her in front of her, she bared her teeth fiercely. Lan Yuan clicked her tongue and impatiently raised her hand to slap the little vampire. The little vampire's pupils shrank immediately, and it let out a mournful cry like a small animal. It turned its head and snuggled into the arms of the person next to it.

Ji Lingyue instinctively hugged her, and noticing that she was trembling all over, she softened and patted the back of her head: "Don't be mean to her."

Lan Yuan, who had just calmed down, suddenly jumped up: "What right do you have to say such things to me? I haven't even settled accounts with you yet!"

The raised voice startled Lan Wu, who burrowed even deeper into the girl's arms. Lan Yuan, unable to bear it any longer, bent down, pulled her up, and strode over to Meng Changge: "Give me your hand!"

Meng Changge hesitated for a moment, then obediently extended her hand.

Lan Yuan then commanded, "Inhale."

Lan Wu was grabbed by the neck, and she curled up her arms and legs like a kitten, her eyes filled with tears and her lips stubbornly pursed.

"Go ahead and inhale."

Ji Lingyue whispered, "Lan Wu only sucks on the neck."

Lan Yuan: "…"

She lifted Lan Wu up expressionlessly and pressed her against Meng Changge's neck: "Suck."

"Ugh…" Lan Wu blinked her teary eyes and desperately tried to pull her head back. Meng Changge also tensed up, wishing they could get as far away from each other as possible.

Lan Yuan was completely baffled: "Why aren't you inhaling? Aren't you hungry?"

Forced love is never sweet. Seeing that Lan Wu refused to drink blood no matter what, she had no choice but to let go. But as soon as she was free, she ran back and buried herself in Ji Lingyue's arms.

Ji Lingyue was somewhat surprised by her clinginess. She patted Lan Wu's back and asked gently, "Aren't you hungry?"

After a while, Lan Wu choked up and said, "Hungry."

Ji Lingyue thought for a moment, then asked, "Do you want to drink my blood?"

Lan Wu nodded: "Yes."

Lan Yuan glared at him angrily: "No, what do you mean? I told you to suck it, why didn't you? I'm your sister, would I hurt you?"

Hearing this, the little vampire said sadly, "You hit me."

You hit me first!

Amid their argument, Ji Lingyue pressed Lan Wu's head against her neck. Her cold canine teeth quickly pierced the veins. Despite the familiar stinging pain, she tilted her head and gave Lan Yuan a provocative smile: "Sorry, you probably can't settle accounts with me for now."

Lan Yuan was taken aback, and frowned as she stared at her.

The girl smiled and nuzzled her face against Lan Wu's head affectionately, like a cunning little fox: "After all, she needs me so much."

Vampire AU-21

After a long while, Lan Wu's breathing gradually calmed down, and her cool lips left her neck. Ji Lingyue lowered her eyes and met her cautious gaze, which was gentle and soft.

She couldn't help but lower her voice: "What's wrong?"

Lan Wu looked away, hesitated for a moment, and whispered, "I'm sorry."

"What are you sorry for?"

The little vampire raised his hand and gently touched her bruised neck, saying guiltily, "I'm sorry."

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, and was about to say it was okay when Lan Yuan coughed loudly. Lan Wu looked up blankly and found Ji Lingyue with her arms crossed unhappily. When she saw Ji Lingyue looking over, she pointed to the scratches on her face with one finger.

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then mumbled, "I'm sorry."

Lan Yuan softened her expression and was about to turn away when Lan Wu called out to her, "Wait."

She raised an eyebrow and asked casually, "What's wrong?"

Lan Wu imitated her, pointing to her own face with her finger.

Lan Yuan looked her up and down at her pitiful little face, and after a moment, she sneered: "If I hadn't beaten you up, you don't know how long you would have gone crazy. I'm not apologizing."

Lan Wu: "!"

Her eyes widened suddenly as she stared at Lan Yuan in disbelief, her face growing increasingly red. Just as she was about to burst into tears of anger, Ji Lingyue said at the opportune moment, "Are you still hungry? Want some more?"

Lan Wu's attention was immediately diverted: "Is it okay?"

"sure."

Lan Wu perked up, and after a moment, she shook her head sensibly: "Never mind, I'm full." She obediently got up, and pulled up the girl who had been kneeling on the ground as well. After asking her if she was feeling alright, she turned and walked to Lan Yuan, who was standing on the balcony, and looked down at the dark building with her: "Are you here to take me home?"

Lan Yuan snorted, "Otherwise, why do you think I chased you this far? Was it for fun?" At this point, she recalled her conflict with Ji Lingyue again, but considering that Lan Wu had a good relationship with her, she just rolled her eyes in annoyance: "I'm magnanimous and too lazy to dwell on what happened before. When it starts raining at nine o'clock, you can have her take off the collar for you, and then leave here with me."

Lan Wu bit her lip and whispered, "I want to take her with me."

Lan Yuan didn't react immediately: "Who? Who are you taking with you?"

"Ji Lingyue".

Lan Yuan was taken aback, then turned to stare at her: "Why?"

"Because, because…" She pondered for a moment, then suddenly a thought struck her: "Because she is my blood slave! Yes, she is my blood slave. When I get hungry on my way back, I have to drink her blood."

Lan Yuan raised her voice and said sarcastically, "Really? She's your blood slave? I'm really out of touch. Blood slaves can put collars around their masters' necks, can they?"

"That was my own choice, I indulged her, otherwise she wouldn't have been able to put it on." Lan Wu raised her fist and said righteously, "You don't understand, this is just fun between the two of us."

Seeing that her words were becoming increasingly absurd, Lan Yuan's smile gradually disappeared, and her eyes turned cold: "I was there when she was trying to trick me, Lan Wu. Now you're blatantly lying. What kind of bewitching drug did you take? You're being sold out and

you're still counting the money for her!"

Lan Wu forced herself to remain calm and said, "Whether you believe it or not, she really is my blood slave. I need to…"

Lan Yuan interrupted her: "If you get hungry on your way back, you can drink the blood of the human I caught."

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then subconsciously glanced at Meng Changge, who was standing in the corner trying to make himself as inconspicuous as possible. A few seconds later, she suddenly turned her head and protested, "No!"

Why not?

"I… I only drink the blood of my own blood slaves!"

"Don't be silly, you weren't this picky about food before."

"I'm not being silly. I don't like other people's blood. I can't even swallow a single drop. I only like Ji Lingyue's blood!"

After she let out that howl, the girl who was squatting next to the monster not far away could no longer remain calm. Her cheeks burned, and her head drooped awkwardly. Her two exposed ears had turned completely red, whether from anger or embarrassment, it was hard to tell.

Upon hearing this, Lan Yuan remained silent for a long time before finally frowning and saying, word by word, "Ah, indeed, a blood slave."

Lan Wu felt a sense of relief, but before she could speak, Lan Yuan continued, "Lan Wu, haven't you realized yet? You've been tamed into a blood slave who can only drink her blood."

——

Sorry I had to go out for dinner tonight, so there wasn't much of an update. I'll continue tomorrow.

Vampire AU-22 po18 ai.co m

Lan Wu blinked, her gaze suddenly becoming unfocused: "You, you're exaggerating. I've just been a bit picky lately, and I only like her blood. By the way, didn't you also have a period where you only liked drinking a certain brand of blood? You can be picky about food, but I

can't? I'm exactly the same as you."

Lan Yuan said "Oh," and then added, "Since you put it that way, you probably don't mind me drinking her blood, right?"

Lan Wu was stunned, then raised her voice in surprise: "What?!"

"What? What?" Lan Yuan pointed at Ji Lingyue with a forced smile: "I want to drink her blood, are you willing?"

"I…" She subconsciously looked at Ji Lingyue. The girl heard these words and turned to stare straight at her. Lan Wu felt flustered by her dark eyes and hurriedly looked away, stammering, "You, didn't you capture someone? You could have just sucked her blood, why did you suck my blood slave?"

"I'm tired of what I'm eating and want to try something different, is that not allowed?" Lan Yuan tilted her head and said casually, "Anyway, she's just your blood slave, so it shouldn't be a problem if I take a sip, right?"

Lan Wu stammered, "Uh… well… it seems there's still a problem…"

"What's the problem?"

Lan Wu bit her lip, racking her brains, and said, "She…she's very fragile. She can't withstand two vampires. I just drank her blood. If you drink it again, she'll…she'll faint!"

"I'll only take one puff."

Not even a single bite!

"Don't be so stingy. I've given you so much since we were little, and you won't even share some of the blood slave's blood with me?"

Lan Wu said urgently, "I can give you anything else, but… but not her!"

"Why not?" Lan Yuan narrowed her eyes and pressed, "Is she very important to you?"

"Not important!" For more great articles, please visit: rouwenxiaoshuo.co m

"Then why don't you want to?"

"I…it's not a matter of whether I want to or not…"

"Then I'll go suck blood now."

"no!"

Lan Yuan hissed, crossed her arms, and stared at her with a half-smile: "You're really strange, Lan Wu. Why are you so protective of her? Do you like her?"

Lan Wu's eyes widened abruptly: "How could this be! How could I possibly like her!" Afraid that Lan Yuan wouldn't believe her, she clenched her fists and stammered, "I'm a noble vampire, and she's just a human. How could I like a human! Even if I did like someone, it would only be another noble vampire!"

"Oh? Is that so?"

Of course!

As soon as she finished speaking, her face turned bright red. Lan Yuan glanced at her with a sneer and lazily turned her head back: "You said it yourself."

Lan Wu was taken aback and subconsciously followed her gaze, only to meet a pair of dark eyes.

"…"

She froze, staring blankly at Ji Lingyue. The heat that had risen from the argument gradually cooled, and her hands and feet became icy. Ji Lingyue gave her a deep look, then turned away expressionlessly and walked into the bedroom without looking back.

Lan Wu quickly followed: "Ji…"

"Bang—!"

The door slammed shut, and the little vampire's eyelashes fluttered. She stopped just in time to avoid being hit on the nose. She opened her mouth, looking helplessly at the closed door, then at Lan Yuan standing behind her: "You…"

Lan Yuan replied calmly, "What? I didn't do anything."

Lan Wu's eyes instantly turned red with anger. She took a few steps toward her, then stopped, frantically grabbing her long hair:

“Aaaaaah! How could you do this? How could you do this!”

Lan Yuan frowned and said unhappily, “What’s wrong with me? You said those things yourself. If you’re going to lose your temper, you should take it out on the right person.”

“But if it weren’t for you… you deliberately provoked me…”

Lan Yuan interrupted her: “No matter how much I provoke you, you’re the one who said those things, so why are you angry?”

“Me!” Lan Wu suddenly raised her head, glared at her for a while with a mixture of anger and grievance, then slumped her shoulders in dejection: “I don’t know either.”

“Then think about it carefully,” Lan Yuan said coldly. “Don’t forget that you still need her to untie your collar.”

“Knock knock”.

In the dark and quiet moonlit night, a rhythmic knocking sound suddenly rang out, followed by a deep, muffled voice coming through the door: “Hey, Ji Lingyue, can you open the door?”

Ji Lingyue turned over and covered her head with the blanket.

Outside the door, Lan Wu pursed her lips in distress, persisting, “Can we talk? That’s not what I meant just now.”

After waiting for a while, there was still no movement inside the room. She sighed helplessly and looked at the monster standing beside her.

“Your daughter is really hard to talk to.”

The monster shook its head and roared at her.

On the other side, Lan Yuan leaned lazily against the sofa, her hands still chained to a tall, long-legged woman. Meng Changge knelt on the floor beside her with a stern face, his two slender and nimble hands massaging and kneading her legs, seemingly acting as a humiliating massage therapist.

Perhaps because she was the only living person around who could chat with her, Lan Yuan stared at the little vampire’s dejected back for a while, then clicked her tongue unhappily: “She wouldn’t have really fallen for her, would she?”

Meng Changge was happy if she made her unhappy: “Of course she likes it, anyone can see that.”

Lan Yuan glared at her: “If you don’t speak, no one will think you’re mute.”

“…” Meng Changge swallowed the curse words in his mouth and said dryly, “Well, I’m really sorry, I didn’t know you liked to talk to yourself.”

The whispers outside couldn’t reach inside. Even the knocking gradually subsided after a while. Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, turned to look at the closed door, and when she couldn’t hear a sound anymore, she couldn’t help but mutter in disappointment, “Damn vampire.”

He has no patience whatsoever, always gives up halfway, can’t even last ten minutes, and is a shameless vampire who won’t lower himself to coax people.

“Knock knock”.

Suddenly, the crisp knocking sound rang out again, eerily close by. Ji Lingyue was startled and turned around, quickly finding the source of the sound. She pulled back the curtains, and there was a small face covered in scars, peering at her through the window.

This is the seventeenth floor.

Although she knew vampires had the ability to scale walls and roofs, she still paused for a moment: “So you’re not using the door anymore, you’re using the window instead?”

Lan Wu clung to the windowsill, her long, disheveled hair soaked by the drizzle, looking pitiful: “If I go through the door, can you let me in?”

Ji Lingyue coldly replied, “No.”

Lan Wu gave a dejected “oh,” and cautiously asked, “Then I’ll go through the window, can you let me in?”

“cannot.”

Upon hearing this, the little vampire sniffed, his long eyelashes fluttering, looking like he was about to shed tears: “Alright, then I’ll put it this way.”

Ji Lingyue couldn't help but say, "Just say it, why pretend to be pitiful?"

"No," Lan Wu sniffed again, raised her wet eyes, and said bravely, "I just… my wound hurts a little, and it hurts even more when it gets wet in the rain, but it's okay. If you don't want me to go in, I won't go in. Even if it hurts a lot, I can bear it. It's okay."

Ji Lingyue: "…"

She couldn't take it anymore and flung open the window: "Come in!"

Lan Wu's plan succeeded, and she quickly climbed in through the window, throwing herself onto Yue, still covered in raindrops: "A-Yue…"

Ji Lingyue quickly stepped back: "Don't touch me with your wet hands, and don't call me so intimately."

Lan Wu stopped in her tracks obediently: "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said those things."

"Which words?"

"Those are the words."

What were those words?

Lan Wu pursed her lips and stammered, "It's just… it's just that you're a human, I could never like you…"

"Is there a problem with what you said?" Ji Lingyue looked at her coldly: "It doesn't seem like there's a problem. You are a noble vampire. If you don't want to be with other noble vampires, do you want to be with me?"

"yes."

"Why? Do you like me?"

Lan Wu hesitated for a moment, then nodded: "It seems so."

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then slowly frowned: "Do you know what you're saying?"

"I know."

Ji Lingyue laughed sarcastically: “You know? Then why did you say those things just now? Why didn’t you say that in front of your sister?”

Lan Wu opened her mouth, then lowered her eyes: “I don’t know, it seems… it seems like it would be a little embarrassing to admit it in front of my sister…”

“Shameful? Is liking me something shameful?”

“Of course not!”

“Then why do you feel ashamed?”

“I,” the little vampire frowned in annoyance and shook his head, “I don’t know either.”

Ji Lingyue was silent for a while, then said, “If that’s the case, then I don’t need your affection at all, and it can’t even be called affection.”

Lan Wu paused for a moment: “But…”

“I’ll help you take off the collar so you can go home with your sister.”

Lan Wu asked in surprise, “What do you mean? Aren’t you coming with me?”

“Why should I go with you? We have no relationship whatsoever.”

“How can it be nothing!” Lan Wu instinctively grabbed her hand: “You’re mine…”

“A blood slave?” Ji Lingyue stared straight at her. “You’ll get hungry on the road, so you absolutely have to bring me, your blood slave, with you?”

Lan Wu stared blankly at her, speechless. Ji Lingyue waited for a long time without getting an answer, then pursed her lips in disappointment and struggled to get up: “Let go of me! Anyway, you think it’s shameful to like me, and I don’t like you either. Let’s go our separate ways. Why do you have to hold me like this?”

Lan Wu’s eyes flickered, and she asked sensitively, “You don’t like me?”

“Yes,” Ji Lingyue said resentfully, “When I first met you, I told you that I had someone I liked. What makes you think I like you!”

Lan Wu couldn't help but grip her wrist tighter: "Then tell me, who do you like?"

"What does this have to do with you?"

"Of course there's a connection. If you're just saying this to fool me…"

"Ha," Ji Lingyue sneered, "You're being too presumptuous. Why would I lie like that for you? Let me tell you the truth, the person I like is prettier and braver than you. She's perfect in every way, and everyone likes her! You can't compare to her in any way. Are you satisfied now?"

Lan Wuqi said, "Ji Lingyue!"

Ji Lingyue glared back defiantly: "What, are you going to bite me?"

Lan Wu's breathing quickened, and a blush gradually rose on her face: "I won't bite you…"

She gripped the girl's wrist tightly, suddenly stepped forward, pulled her waist down onto the bed, and lowered her head to kiss her soft lips. Ji Lingyue groaned and struggled to push her shoulders away, but couldn't budge her an inch. Her cool lips and tongue swept across the wet and hot mouth, making a wet, watery sound. Her face flushed red, and she was so angry that she felt dizzy. Without thinking, she bit down hard.

"Hmm…"

Lan Wu froze for a moment, then pinched her chin, forcing her to loosen her teeth. An unusually sweet and metallic taste of blood filled her mouth, which was then swallowed in the chaos. After a while, she finally raised her head, her face hidden in the dim shadows.

Ji Lingyue looked up, panting, and glared at her angrily.

Snap—

A drop of cold liquid landed on her face.

Ji Lingyue was startled, her eyelashes fluttering as she looked at the girl lying on top of her with some surprise. The little vampire lowered her eyes, her scarred face exposed in the pale moonlight, and a tear rolled down her beautiful eyes that were so close to hers.

"Ji Lingyue," she murmured softly, then said blankly, "you make me

so sad."

——

I'm going to write a vampire side story about the two kids arguing like crazy—arguments they've never had before!

Don't worry, even the vampire side story is a pure 1v1 romance with no third party involved.

After seeing this, Yuebao exclaimed: "Aaaaaaahhhhhh, how could you make Lan Wu cry?!" (`Δ') /

Vampire AU-23

A vampire's tears are as cold as her body.

Ji Lingyue was silent for a moment, then silently exhaled and raised her hand to wipe away her tears: "I didn't even cry, why are you crying?"

Lan Wu sniffed and said stiffly, "I already said I'm sad. Of course you have to cry when you're sad. I'm not like you, with a heart of stone…"

"Heartless?" She repeated the word, feeling her anger rising again: "You provoked me first!"

"Then why are you angry?" Lan Wu raised her voice as well: "Since you don't like me, and prefer someone who is perfect, prettier and braver than me, then why are you angry when I say I don't like you?"

Ji Lingyue was taken aback; she was truly stumped by her question.

Lan Wu continued shouting, "You don't like me, but you still want to sleep with me! Tell me who you like, and I'll go find her right now and tell her everything we've done!"

Ji Lingyue raised an eyebrow in disbelief: "What?"

"What? What?" The little vampire, tears streaming down his face, bared his teeth fiercely at her. "You like her, but does she like you? Does she know you like kissing? Does she know you go weak at the knees when touched? Does she know you love oral sex, and that you get… ugh!"

Before she could finish speaking, the girl blushed and covered her mouth, saying, "Keep your voice down!"

Lan Wu instinctively embraced her as she lunged forward. With a blink of her eyelashes, tears streamed down her face, silently trickling down the back of her slender hand. Ji Lingyue, oblivious to their presence, said with a mixture of shame and anger, "You, aren't you ashamed! Is this the kind of thing you can just say so casually?"

The little vampire trembled at her shout, as if suddenly losing all her energy. She lowered her eyes listlessly, but mumbled something under her breath. The sound was muffled in her palm and couldn't be heard clearly, so she had to let go and ask, "What did you say?"

Lan Wu pleaded pitifully, "Can you please not like her?"

Ji Lingyue paused, her gaze falling on her wrinkled face, before she said softly after a long while, "But I've already fallen for her."

Upon hearing this, Lan Wu's tears fell even faster, and she choked out, "Alright."

As she spoke, she stood up straight and climbed onto the window using both hands and feet. Ji Lingyue was startled and quickly jumped off the bed to grab her: "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to the rooftop to clear my head."

"Don't be crazy!" She hugged Lan Wu tightly around the waist and dragged her into the house: "It's still raining outside, doesn't your wound hurt anymore?"

Lan Wu said defiantly, "It hurts even more to be with you!"

"Don't you even know what time it is? Can't you be a little more mature?!"

Lan Wu felt increasingly aggrieved as she listened: "It's not even four o'clock yet. I'm feeling sad, can't I even go to the rooftop to calm down?"

"There might be zombies on the roof!"

"I'm not afraid."

"Aren't you afraid? You'll behave once you get bitten!"

As she spoke, she used all her strength to pull the stubborn girl back. But as soon as she closed the window, she found Lan Wu standing behind her with red eyes, looking even more distressed than before.

Her heart skipped a beat, and she immediately sensed that something terrible was about to happen.

Sure enough, Lan Wu choked up and said, “Are you afraid that I’ll bite you and then suck your blood again?”

Ji Lingyue quickly said, “I didn’t mean that!”

Lan Wu acted as if she hadn’t heard him and continued, “Since you’re so eager to sever ties with me, then so be it! Even if I get bitten, I won’t suck your blood. Anyway, there are so many other people in this world. My sister has one by her side. I’ll go suck her blood right now and show you that I’m not necessarily going to hang myself on you!”

As she spoke, she angrily wiped her eyes, turned around, and walked towards the door.

Ji Lingyue strode up and blocked her way: “You’re not allowed to go!”

“Why can’t I go?”

“Because of me, because of me…” Ji Lingyue stammered, then said angrily, “Because I am your master!”

Lan Wu was stunned, her eyes widening in surprise: “What?”

Suddenly, the girl took two steps forward and reached out to press on the collar around her neck. Lan Wu couldn’t help but tremble and shrink her neck like a quail, but the person who came closer bit her lip hard.

She gasped and blinked frantically, but Ji Lingyue pressed her head down firmly, mixing the blood she had bitten with her lips and teeth. The sweet and metallic taste quickly filled her wet and soft mouth. Lan Wu was momentarily dazed, but couldn’t help but reach out and put her hand on her waist, biting down on the tip of her tongue.

“Hmm!”

Ji Lingyue frowned, stiffly gripping her clothes, then gradually relaxed amidst her rapid breathing, trustingly putting her arm around her shoulder.

Their footsteps were disordered, swaying and piling up on top of each other.

"Clang—"

Ji Lingyue groaned softly as her waist bumped against the desk, her breathing slightly disordered. As if sensing something, Lan Wu lifted her up and sat her on the desk, her hand sliding down to her lower back to soothe her.

"Mmm, um…"

Finally, the girl turned her head away, panting, her lips wet and her face flushed. Lan Wu rubbed against her, wanting to kiss her again, but her fair fingertips pressed against her lips: "Wait, wait a minute."

Ji Lingyue caught her breath and glanced at me with her shimmering eyes: "Have you calmed down yet?"

Lan Wu stared at her blankly for a while, then stammered, "You kissed me again, even though you clearly don't like me…"

Ji Lingyue couldn't help but say, "You still think liking me is a shameful thing?"

Lan Wu lowered her eyes guiltily: "I didn't say that."

That's what you think.

Lan Wu replied hesitantly, "I didn't think that way either."

"…" Ji Lingyue pressed the tip of her tongue against her palate, felt the familiar pain, and sighed softly: "Forget it, let's not argue."

Arguing with a stupid vampire will never get you the desired result.

Lan Wu was taken aback, then abruptly looked up: "You're not angry anymore?"

"I will stop being angry when you feel ashamed to like me."

"I… I feel right now…"

"I don't believe it."

Seeing that she was so unyielding, Lan Wu pursed her lips and said angrily, "I'm really sorry, but I'm neither brave nor pretty, and I'm not as perfect as the person you like. It's understandable that you don't believe me."

Ji Lingyue narrowed her eyes: “Are you being sarcastic to me?”

“No.”

He said no, but his face was full of resentment. The little vampire’s emotions were written all over his face, so it was not difficult to guess. Ji Lingyue crossed her arms with amusement and said slowly, “Okay, actually… I didn’t tell the truth just now.”

Lan Wu looked at her silently.

“It’s not that I don’t like you at all.”

“…”

After a long pause, Lan Wu gave a dry “Oh,” and asked, “Should I be happy?”

What do you mean—it’s not that I don’t like you at all? The condescending tone reminded her of the person Ji Lingyue liked, and she was so angry that she wanted to bite something.

Ji Lingyue chuckled softly: “If you behave well, maybe I’ll like you more and more.”

Lan Wu pursed her lips and said reluctantly, “So, you want to like two people at the same time?”

“How could that be?” She touched the wound on Lan Wu’s lips and said lazily, “If I like you more, I will naturally like her less. Maybe in the end, I will only like you.”

Lan Wu frowned, feeling that something was off about what she was saying, but she couldn’t quite put her finger on it. After thinking it over, she accepted the explanation and nodded seriously: “Okay, then tell me who she is, and I’ll bring her here so we can compete fairly.”

Ji Lingyue’s smile froze, almost losing her perfect expression. She sighed with a headache and reached out to press the little vampire, who was like a wooden stake, down: “You’re so stupid, haven’t you ever heard a saying?”

Lan Wu lowered her head blankly: “What did you say?”

The girl opened her arms and nestled into her embrace, her soft lips brushing against her cheek: “Being close by makes things easier…”

"…"

Lan Wu opened her eyes wide and suddenly realized.

——

In the vampire side story, our Moonbao will take the lead ξ(? > ??)

Vampire AU-24

The girl, finally snapping out of her daze, lowered her head in a flustered manner, but her movements were as gentle as a small animal licking its fur. Ji Lingyue couldn't help but chuckle, raised her hand to hook her neck, and took the initiative to meet her.

The girl's body was soft and warm, like a blazing little stove. In the past, Lan Wu would never have liked this kind of contact, but now she held her tightly, wanting to completely embed her in her arms until she was completely filled by this warm body.

Is this what it feels like when humans sunbathe?

My heart feels warm and comfortable.

If so, Ji Lingyue was the thing she had ever embraced that was closest to the sun.

Lan Wu closed her eyes, deepened the kiss with her lips, and lifted the hem of her loose t-shirt, gently caressing the girl's bare waist.

"Hmm…" Ji Lingyue frowned, panting as she shrank back, mumbling indistinctly, "Cool."

Lan Wu pecked at her wet lips: "It won't be cold in a little while."

As she spoke, she placed her fingertips on the girl's waistband and gently tugged at it. Ji Lingyue pursed her lips, glanced at her, and cooperated by lifting her hips, quickly becoming completely naked. Seeing her so proactive, the little vampire's mood improved considerably. She smiled and kissed her cheek, then knelt down and affectionately kissed her bare knees.

Ji Lingyue gave a low groan, her hands gripping the desk nervously, her voice trembling slightly: "What are you going to do?"

The little vampire looked up at her, grinned, and gave her a sweet smile: "Do what you like best."

Ji Lingyue curled her fingertips, blushing, and asked, “What do I like the most?”

“What do you think?” Lan Wu raised an eyebrow and gently blew on her leg. “You know perfectly well what I mean.”

“Hmm…”

Ji Lingyue shuddered, and before she could speak again, the little vampire had already lowered her head with a smile. After a few breaths, she couldn’t help but squint her eyes, and her voice turned into a soft moan: “Ah, um…”

It’s so cool.

It was like a slippery block of ice drilling into the most secret place, stirring nimbly inside. Although she had experienced it several times before, every time, she would be stimulated to the point of trembling and losing control, making Lan Wu’s face dirty.

“ah……”

Suddenly, her most sensitive clitoris was sucked by wet, soft lips and tongue. Ji Lingyue gasped for breath and couldn’t help but reach out and press Lan Wu’s head down. The little vampire seemed to be encouraged by something and sucked on her small clitoris even more vigorously, making smacking sounds as he licked it.

“Ah, ah, Lan Wu, um…”

The girl groaned with a sob in her voice, wet tears overflowing from the corners of her eyes, hanging on her thick eyelashes, about to fall but not quite. She pursed her lips and hummed for a while, then looked down in a daze. The face of Lan Wu, who was buried between her legs, was covered with water stains. After noticing her gaze, he slowly stuck out the tip of his tongue and teasingly licked her erect clitoris.

Ji Lingyue blushed, her lower abdomen twitched slightly, and a large amount of honey-like fluid flowed from her vagina, running down her thighs onto the table, quickly soaking her buttocks.

Lan Wu glanced at her with a smile, finally letting go of the swollen clitoris that had been licked, and probed into the opening of the vagina again. Ji Lingyue whimpered and arched her back uncontrollably, her fair buttocks shrinking back incessantly. But with

a gentle pull from Lan Wu, she slid back, as if she were deliberately arching her back to bump into Lan Wu's face.

"No, um, be gentle…"

Ji Lingyue was breathing heavily, her fair skin flushed, and her legs, which were dangling in the air, were trembling. During the long licking, the tip of the tongue buried inside her body seemed to be slowly getting hot, while her back was being blown by gusts of cold wind, and every now and then, slanting raindrops fell on her hands that were propped up on the table.

She glanced around distractedly and realized that the window had been blown open again sometime during the day.

Lan Wu noticed her distraction, looked up and licked her lips: "What's wrong?"

"The window, the window is open."

"It's open?" She stood up and glanced at it. "It's open, so it's open."

After saying that, she put her arms around Ji Lingyue's sides and leaned in to kiss her: "Are you still cold?"

In this position, she was almost completely enveloped in Lan Wu's arms. Ji Lingyue blinked, hugged her neck, and obediently nodded: "Cold."

Lan Wu chuckled softly and murmured, "Then let's turn it off."

Ji Lingyue paused for a moment, then, finding that she wasn't moving, she wobbled around on the slippery table and reached out to pull the window handle. But as soon as she touched the handle, the little vampire pressed down on her from behind, his lips sticky against her neck: "I like this position."

Ji Lingyue was stunned for a moment, not quite understanding: "What?"

Lan Wu kissed her shoulder, then gently massaged her firm buttocks with her hand before sliding it into the damp valley: "So warm."

Ji Lingyue shuddered from the cold, and her knees, which were kneeling on the table, began to tremble: "No, don't touch me."

"I won't touch," Lan Wu said, grasping and playing with her soft

breasts, her words muffled, “Just go inside.”

As soon as he finished speaking, his fingertips, which were stuck in the muddy crotch, peeled open the clam meat and inserted themselves into the opening that was constantly oozing honey water.

The clear sound of water reached her ears, and Ji Lingyue cried out in a sob-like voice, almost unable to kneel down. Lan Wu lifted her into her arms, inserted her fingertips to the deepest point, and then slowly withdrew them, stirring them inside her vagina along with the gurgling, wet fluids.

“Ah, Lan, Lan Wu…”

The girl grabbed her arm, her legs spread wide, and whimpered and sobbed. Seeing how pitiful she looked, Lan Wu couldn’t help but soften her grip and asked in a low voice, “I’m here, what’s wrong?”

Ji Lingyue glanced at her with tears in her eyes, bit her lip, and instead swayed her hips, taking the initiative to swallow: “Don’t stop, um… harder, harder…”

Lan Wu paused for a moment, then parted the two smooth labia and began thrusting rapidly and forcefully. The girl in her arms quickly went limp, tears streaming down her face. Her vagina was also being penetrated so much that more and more fluid was flowing out, dripping onto the table. Seeing that the girl’s face was flushed from panting, Lan Wu casually touched the girl’s wet crotch and held it up in front of her: “Look, so much fluid has come out…”

Ji Lingyue’s eyelashes fluttered, she turned her head away, and changed the subject: “The window, the window…”

Lan Wu was startled, only then realizing that the window was not closed. She looked away, hugged Ji Lingyue’s waist tightly, and her fingertips went even deeper into the hole: “Answer me a question, and I will help you close the window.”

“W-what’s the problem?”

Lan Wu asked softly, “Have you slept with that person?”

Ji Lingyue was momentarily confused: “Which person?”

Lan Wu frowned: “It’s that person, the one you said you like… the one you like!”

Ji Lingyue blinked her watery eyes, and after a long while, she finally realized, “Oh, that person…”

Lan Wu pressed anxiously, “Have you done it before?”

“Why would you ask such a question at a time like this?” She contracted her abdomen, her vaginal opening opening and closing tightly, holding the fingers inside her. “You’re doing this with me, and you’re still… you’re still spacing out…”

Lan Wu paused for a moment: “This isn’t daydreaming, this is…”

Before she could finish speaking, the girl reached out and touched her cheek, turning her head to kiss her in an uncomfortable position: “If I say we’ve done it, will you get excited, or… um… or if we haven’t, will you get excited?”

Sorry, I had to visit someone at the hospital again, so I can’t update twice a day again.